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ROUND TABLE



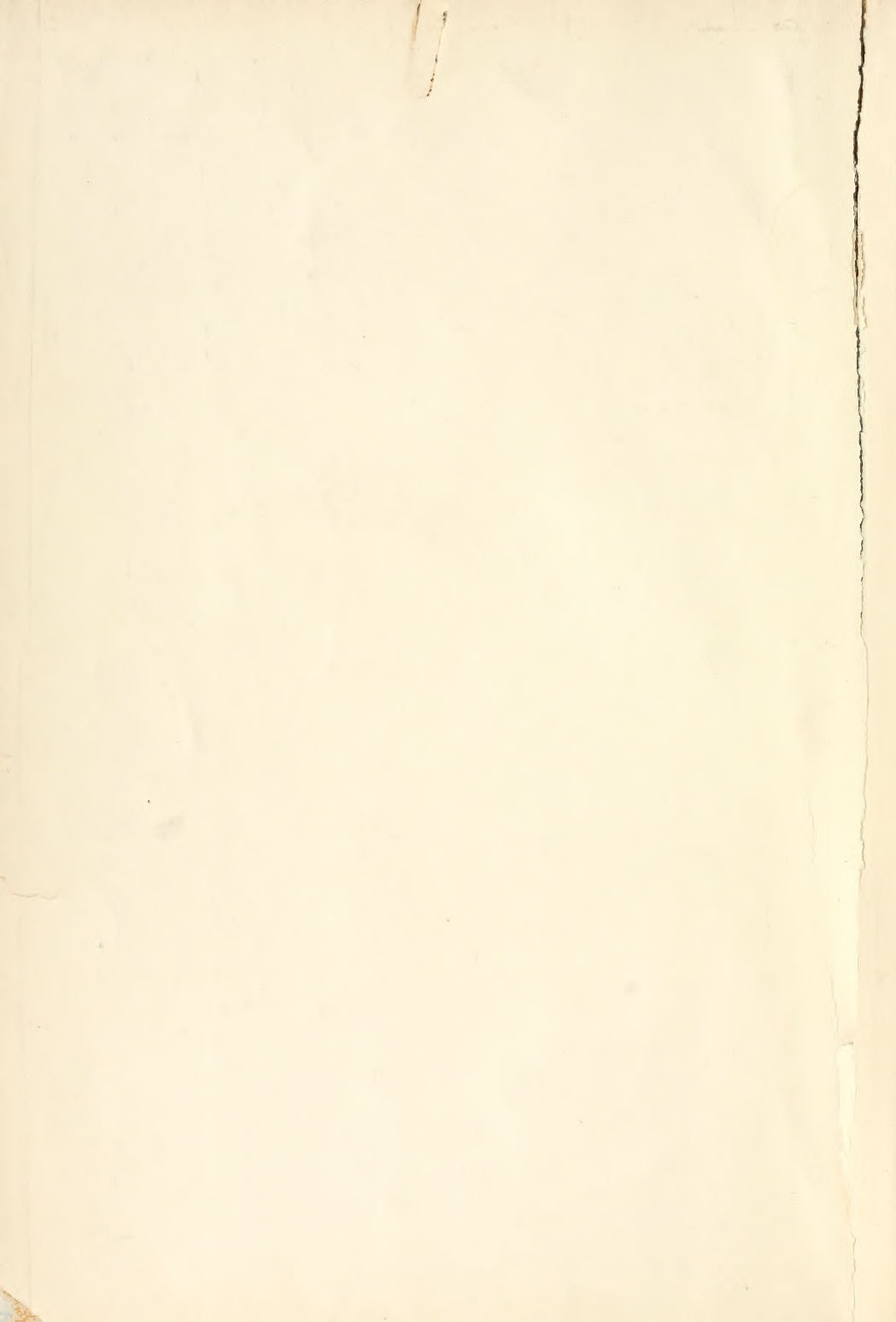
1895



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1895



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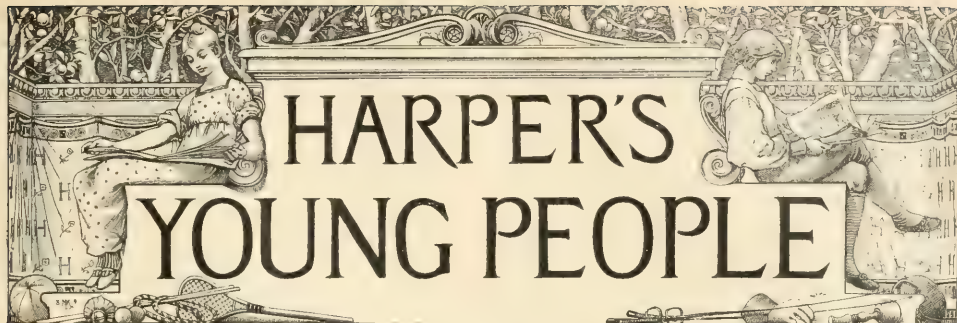
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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAPTAIN'S SORROW.

CAPTAIN HIRAM LOCKWOOD sat gazing out of the window of his unpretentious little parlor down the hot and dusty street toward the glint of blue which told where the swift tide of the North River flowed past. The brown lines of tall masts running up and down the shifting faces of the white clouds, and the yellow festoons of canvas hanging from dark yards, made a picture that might at any other time have attracted his eager atten-

tion, but just now they were lost on him, hardy old mariner that he was, and full of a real love for nautical pictures afloat or ashore. His mind was far away, and there was a mist in his eyes that would not clear up even when his daughter Minnie came and laid her gentle arms about his neck and kissed him.

"Father dear," she said, "you must stop worrying about Bob, or you'll be sick."

"My dear child," said the old mariner, "you can't possibly understand the way a man yearns over his own flesh and blood when it's gone astray."

"But we don't know that Bob's gone astray, do we?"

"Well, he's left his home without his father's consent, child, and that isn't a good thing for any one to do at any time or under any circumstances."

"But I'm sure he'll come back, father."

"But when, or how? Oh, the prodigal son is a very fine fellow when he's sighted bearing down on his old home, but he makes a heap of trouble while he's adrift."

"But, father, you must cheer up now. Here come the boys."

Three stalwart young figures were seen advancing up the street. They were young men about nineteen years of age, and all were strong, active-looking fellows, with bright eyes and sunburnt faces. They came along, keeping exact step, with a free, swinging stride and well-squared shoulders, which showed the results of sound training somewhere. And, sure enough, these young fellows had just been through four years of the most substantial mental and physical education that can be obtained in the United States, or, for the matter of that, in all the world. They were naval cadets fresh from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. One of them, a dark youth, with a restless impatient expression on his countenance, was Frank Lockwood, nephew of the Captain. His father and mother had both died while he was in his early days at the Academy, and now his uncle Hiram was his guardian, and with him the boy made his home. The boy walking in the middle had a face that was full of free careless enjoyment as he glanced right and left at the open windows of the houses. He was George Briscoe, a classmate of Frank. The third boy was more thoughtful in appearance than the other two, though he was undoubtedly not so attractive to look upon. His name was Harold King, and he was also a classmate of Frank Lockwood. Both these boys lived in the far West, and had decided to spend part of their furlough in New York in order to see the sights of the metropolis. At the same time they were in hopes that they would speedily receive the orders, which for some reason had been delayed, attaching them to ships for the customary two years' cruise which all naval cadets must make after completing their four years at the Academy, and before coming up for final examination for the grade of Ensign. As they came up to the house, they waved their hands to the Captain and his daughter, and entered with laughter and gay words.

"Where have you boys been?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, off looking at the war-ships in the North River," replied Briscoe.

"You know there are a good many of the Columbian review fleet still at anchor there," said Harold, "and I think it is the duty of naval cadets to learn all they can about them."

"Exactly my sentiments," said Frank, "only they make a fellow feel sore about his own navy. Why, that young Brazilian I met out there, Lieutenant Rodgerio Bennos, who showed me over the ship, simply laughed at me when I told him I thought her not so good as the *New York*. And the worst of it was he converted me before he got through talking to me. I tell you, Uncle Hiram, a vessel that carries four 9-inch guns in turrets with 18 inches of armor, and has a lot of 70-pounder Armstrongs to back them, is good enough for me. I'd like nothing better than to go to war in the *Aquidaban*."

All three boys suddenly stopped talking, and looked furtively at the Captain, who was watching them earnestly.

"You've been aboard the Brazilian battle-ship, boys?" he said, gravely.

"Frank has, sir," said Harold.

"We didn't go because we thought we might be in his way," added George.

"And you learned nothing, of course, Frank, or you would have told me right away," said the Captain.

"No, Uncle Hiram," answered Frank, "I can't say that I learned anything very definite."

"Very definite? Well, did you learn something indefinite?"

"I hardly know," replied Frank. "The young Lieutenant told me that there were two or three American boys in the Brazilian navy."

"But you gave him some bearings on Bob, didn't you?" asked the Captain, eagerly.

"Yes, Uncle Hiram, of course I did. All he could tell me was that he had seen a young American with reddish-brown hair and very dark eyes on board the *Tamandare* just before he sailed north."

"That must be Bob!" exclaimed the Captain; "that must be my boy."

"Wait a moment," said Harold. "How old was your son Robert when he went to sea?"

"Ran away, my lad, ran away," replied the Captain. "You may as well put the thing in plain English. I did all a man could do to drive all notions of the sea out of his head, and I did hope that, being brought up around ships and among sailors, he would have seen enough of the misery of the business to stay ashore. But he'd got his hands in the tar-bucket, and I suppose he had to go. Only, if he'd just have come to me and said, 'Father, I can't stand it, and I've got to go to sea,' why, I'd have sent him, though I reckon it would have made me feel pretty bad, too. But to have him just pack up his dunnage and walk off without a minute's warning, or as much as saying good-by, well, it's pretty hard, that's what it is—pretty hard."

"Yes, sir," said Hal, "it is hard, and you have our sympathy, I can assure you."

"Thank ye, heartily," answered the Captain.

"But you haven't answered my question yet," continued Harold.

"How old was he when he went away? He was just fifteen years old, my lad."

"And he's been gone two years?"

"Two years the Fourth o' July."

"Frank, did Mr. Bennos give you any idea how old the boy was that he saw on the *Tamandare*?"

"Well, he said he was a big strapping fellow, and had a small mustache."

The Captain's countenance became gloomier than ever. "That couldn't be Bob," he said, shaking his head; "you know he was small for his age, Frank."

"But he might have grown, mightn't he?" asked George.

"Sometimes fellows shoot up in a most surprising way. Why, there's Hal. He was a regular sawed-off a year and a half ago, and now look at him—five feet eleven, and still growing."

"But what makes you feel so sure that your son is in Brazil?" asked Harold.

"Why, when I made inquiries about him after he'd gone," answered the Captain, "I found out that a boy answering his description had shipped on a schooner bound for the Windward Isles. When she came back, he wasn't on her, but her Captain, from what I told him, was certain that he'd had my boy in his crew. And I'll go so far as to say that he told me Bob was going to make a good sailor. Well, the worst of it was that the boy ran away from the schooner down there, and I sent my schooner, the *Mary Lockwood*, down to hunt him up. We learned that he'd shipped on a schooner bound for Barbadoes. I've been a-tracking him in one way or another ever since, but I lost all trace of him three months ago in Bahia. I couldn't get anything except a sort of a rumor about him there, and it pointed toward Rio. I suppose the end of it'll be that I'll have to go down there myself."

"I think it would be the best thing you could do, father," said Minnie, who had just entered the room.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the Captain, relapsing into silence.

"It wouldn't take a great deal," said Frank, "to induce me to resign from the service, and ship on the *Aquidaban* in the hope of finding my cousin Bob."

"Why, Frank!" exclaimed Hal, "you're talking nonsense!"

"Why couldn't we all three go to search for him?" cried George.

CHAPTER II.

ORDERS THAT MUST BE OBEYED.

GEORGE'S speech was received with the sudden silence of astonishment. After a few moments had passed away, during which time all seemed to be lost in reflection, the Captain raised his head and said,

"My young friend, I don't think I quite see the bearing of that last remark of yours."

"And I must admit," added King, "that I don't quite understand your idea either, Georgie. Are you quite sure you understand it yourself?"

"Now just hold on a minute," said George; "perhaps I did blurt it out a bit hastily, without quite reflecting, but all the same I know what I mean. Give me a minute or two to think it out."

They all sat and watched him gravely while he endeavored to "think it out." Finally he said:

"This is what I mean: Here are Harold and I, two classmates and close friends of Frank Lockwood. Now his cousin runs away to sea, leaving a great sorrow behind him. What I say is that it is our first duty, as the friends of Frank Lockwood, to join with him in the search for the missing Robert."

"But, my boy," said Captain Lockwood, who was evidently much moved by George's earnestness, "aren't you going to think of your own future?"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Why, if you're going off to hunt for my boy Bob, how about your duty as a naval cadet?"

"But I think we could get leave of absence for two or three months, sir. They don't seem to be in any hurry at Washington to attach us to any ships."

"And if we could get leave," said Harold, "what then?"

"Why, we'd sail in one of Captain Lockwood's vessels for Rio Janeiro, and begin the search there. You needn't look at me so doubtfully, Hal. I mean just what I say."

"I know you do, George, and my heart is with you in this plan, but I am trying to examine it all round, to see how we can carry it out."

"Captain Lockwood," said George, "if we can all three get leave of absence, will you furnish us with the ship?"

"That I will not," said the Captain.

The boys looked at him in astonishment.

"Don't you approve of my plan?" said George.

"No, I do not," answered the Captain. "And if I did, I shouldn't start you down on a sailing-craft. Why, you might take up the whole of your leave in reaching Rio. If I approved of your plan, I'd buy you tickets there and back by one of the mail-steamers. But, as I said before, I don't approve."

"Why, Uncle Hiram?" asked Frank. "Don't you think we can find Robert?"

"I don't know," said the Captain. "To tell you the truth, though, I more than half believe that three such bright smart fellows would do it."

"Then why won't you let us try?"

"Because," replied the Captain, "I can't consent to seeing you three boys take a step that might get the authorities in the Navy Department down on you, and

spoil your whole future. You take my advice, and don't you go to doing anything so foolish as to ask for leave of absence right at the beginning of your service. It'll hurt you."

The three boys were silent for several minutes, and all of them looked very thoughtful. At length Harold arose, and said,

"Fellows, you want to find the Captain's son for him if it can be done, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, will you shake hands with me that we'll all three go to South America to hunt for him, provided it can be done without asking for leave of absence?"

"Certainly."

"Then what's to prevent us from making application to the department to be attached to one of the vessels on the South Atlantic station? That'll take us right into Rio, and once there, we can easily get ashore and start the search."

"Hurrah!" cried George. "Hal, you have a big brain. And wasn't I stupid not to think of that?"

"This plan will not call out your disapproval, will it, Captain?" said Hal.

"No, indeed, my lad," answered the Captain, heartily.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am to you two boys for your friendship to Frank and me. If you find my boy, the good Father of us all will surely reward you."

"Now, fellows," said Harold, "let us shake hands on it."

Just at that moment Minnie, who had left the room, returned with two long envelopes in her hand. "Two letters," she said; "one for Harold and one for George."

A single glance at the envelopes told the boys what to expect.

"Orders!" exclaimed George.

"It is too late for us to make application now," said Harold.

"Perhaps we sha'n't need to," exclaimed George, tearing open his envelope. "Let us see where we are ordered to."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

SPEAK of queen and empress,

Or of other ladies royal,

Not one of them has half the power

Or subjects half so loyal

As she, the little schoolma'am,

Who trips along the way

To take the chair she makes a throne

At nine o'clock each day.

Her rule is ever gentle;

Her tones are low and sweet;

She is very trim and tidy

From her head unto her feet.

And it matters very little

If her eyes be brown or blue;

They simply read your inmost heart

Whene'er she looks at you.

The children bring her presents,

Red apples, flowers galore,

For all the merry girls and boys

This queen of their adore.

The darling little schoolma'am,

Who reigns without a peer

In a hundred thousand class-rooms

This gayly flying peer.

MARGARET L. SANDSTEDT.

THE BUILDING OF MODERN WONDERS.

THE OCEAN GREYHOUND.

OVER in Philadelphia will be launched November 10th a steamship, which popularly has been called the "first American Ocean Greyhound." The event is of international importance, for far-seeing men say that it means that this country is again to take its former high place as a power on the sea. I suppose there is no one of intelligence in this country who has not read, or does not know, that practically in the first half of this century the United States was in the front rank in seagoing commerce, next to England alone in the number of ships, but far ahead of England and every other nation in the quality of these vessels. Then came the civil war, and with it iron ships, and the American flag disappeared from the ocean as if it had been wiped out by some power of tremendous magic. Except for supplying the coast-wise trade and placing four ships on a line from Philadelphia to Liverpool, this country ceased practically to build ships.

Then the new navy came into existence, and the world saw that the United States not only had not forgotten how to build ships, but that in quality this country could still surpass the world. Large ship-building plants were developed in this way, and it was seen that the time for the restoration of the American flag to the high seas had come. The Inman steamship line, operated under the English flag, was really owned by Americans, and at last Congress gave permission to the owners of that line to raise the flag of this country on two of its vessels, the *New York* and *Paris*, at that time two of the fastest ships yet built. Raising the flag on these ships meant that they were imported into this country free of duty, a most unusual exception to the law of the land; but it was to be

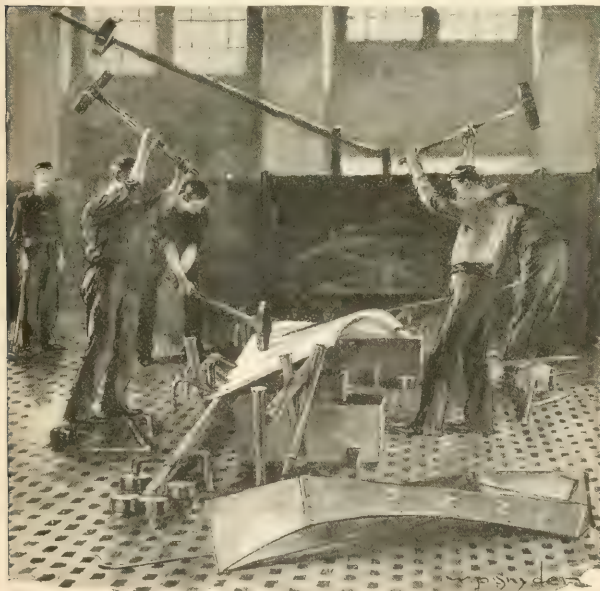
on one most important condition—that the owners should cause to be built in this country at least two ships of equal quality.

That is the way we came to build this new greyhound, the *St. Louis*, which is just being launched, and the *St. Paul*, which is soon to follow the *St. Louis*. These vessels are larger than the *Paris* and *New York*, and of course are expected to be faster, but they will not equal the *Campania* or *Lucania*. They are to be the predecessors, however, of two other ships, which, it is expected, will not only surpass anything afloat, but will be unbeatable. Indeed, Mr. Cramp, the head of the great ship-building company in Philadelphia, has said of these two forth-coming vessels, "They will not shrink from any comparison or competition."

Thus we see how important an event the launch of the *St. Louis* is. To build a vessel such as this requires two years of most skilful and delicate work. As Mr. Cramp said, these "ships are American from truck to keelson. No foreign materials enter into their construction. They are of American model and design, of American material, and they are being built by American skill and muscle." He might have added that they are almost exclusively products of the State of Pennsylvania.

In building a steamship there are two great departments. One has to do with the machinery, and the other has to do with the hull in which the machinery is placed. The first thing that is done is to prepare a "scheme." The owners and the builders talk over the matter of size, speed, space for passengers of various kinds, and space for freight. Rough sketches are drawn, this and that matter compromised, and finally a rough estimate of the cost is made. Then "general drawings" are made, which include a cross-section, a longitudinal section, and a water-line plan. These being acceptable, the contract is made and work begins in earnest.

The first thing is to prepare a model. This is the most important work of all, for it is the ship in miniature. Apparently it is only half a model, for it shows only half of the hull. It is as if you had cut the ship exactly in half from stem to stern, and kept only one half. Most delicate calculation is made in this model. The most complex mathematics are used, and with exceeding care every part of the model is shaped. Beginning at the centre, the depth and width are fixed, and then the vessel slopes away to bow and stern in curving lines. The first requisite is to secure a stable ship. English designers pay little attention to this, for if a vessel is top-heavy they load a lot of water in its bottom to make it sit low in the water, so that it can't tip over. Mr. Cramp thinks this is a bad practice. He doesn't believe in carrying ton after ton of water across the ocean, when this room might be used for freight. Nor does he think that the safety of passengers and cargo ought to be at the mercy, as he says, of some "tipsy tank-trimmer." Therefore Mr. Cramp made sure first that the *St. Louis* would be stable, so that, almost no matter what accident



BENDING A PLATE



AT WORK ON THE MODEL.

might befall the vessel, it would float. The reason why only one-half the ship is modelled is because the other half must correspond exactly to it, to prevent it from being lop-sided, and the best way to make sure of that is to reverse the plans for one side, and thus make the plans for the other side.

The model prepared, the next thing is to "lay down" the ship in the mould loft. This loft is a long rectangular building, with a spare black floor that may be lifted out in sections. This extra floor is called a "scribe-board." On it are marked chalk squares at intervals of every thirty inches, and what is called a "base-line" runs along its entire length on one side of the building. This line represents where the vessel is cut in two from bow to stern. Now for nearly nine months the men in that mould loft will be drawing white chalk lines on that detachable floor. These lines are mostly in beautiful curves, and as you stand and look at them, they are the most confusing things you ever saw. The chief moulder will take you from place to place in the loft, and in the most matter-of-fact way will tell you that here is the body plan, there is the bow, and there is the stern, and that looking at these lines on the floor you can see the entire ship just as if it

stood up right in that place before your eyes. He can see it that way, no doubt, but I own that it has taken me several days before I could see even part of a vessel lying there. Lines upon lines go curving here and there, and in one place you see them all drawn in, like the webbing on a balloon, to one vertical line, and you can easily imagine that this represents the stern of the vessel. You can also see the bow after long study, but the "longitudinal sections" and the "diagonals," which are lines made simply to test the accuracy of the drawings, are so plentiful and complex as to mix you up. Well, the result of all this drawing on the floor is that every frame used in the ship, every plate that is put on the outside, every beam and deck support, as well as every deck, is marked out on that board, and fashioned from this little half-model which I have described. The measurements of that half boat are placed on the floor in full size. If you are an expert at it you can see, as you look at the floor, how every frame would lie if it had been placed erect in this building, and had been allowed, for example, to fall forward flat on the floor. You can see how the sides of the ship, those long strips that run from bow to stern, and which are called "strakes," would look if they fell in and were flattened on the floor. Indeed, the whole ship lies there, theoretically, as if some giant had come along and crushed it to the floor, so that only the outlines of frames and plates, supports, and all kinds of sections, remained. This describes a mould loft as I have been able to see it after almost a dozen close



SHAPING A STEEL RIB ON THE CHECKER-BOARD.

inspections, and here it is that the hull is really fashioned.

Now comes the real work on the actual hull. The sections of these "scribe-boards" are taken down stairs; wooden patterns of every frame and plate are made and bent so as to conform to the curves exactly. Then the frames, each marked and labelled, are taken to a "bending-table," where the iron and steel counterparts are made. This bending-table looks like a monster checker-board. It is of iron, and full of square holes for the black spaces on the checker-board. At one side are three or four long furnaces. They look like long tree-boxes. Bright fires are under them, and inside are placed the frames and plates which are to be bent. The pattern is brought in, and a chalk line drawn across this checker-board, and then pegs with round tops and square pins beneath them are fitted along these chalk lines, and held in place by bent irons that look like the old-time freight coupling-irons bent out of shape. These irons are called "dogs," but I can assure you they are sorry-looking specimens.

Strong workmen stand about with sledges, and finally one of them pulls his cap down over his eyes, takes a long pair of tongs with him, and goes to the door of the furnace, which has been pulled up, thrusts the tongs in, and catches hold of the plate or frame, which has come from the iron-mill flat and straight. The men catch hold of a rope attached to the tongs, and they drag the red-hot fish they have caught out of the checker-board, and they pin it down with more "dogs," and by vigorous pounding bend it up against the curved pegs, and make it exactly the shape of the wooden pattern by the time it gets cold. Then the pattern is reversed on the checker-board, chalked out, and a reverse frame or plate for the other side of the ship is made. Thus bit by bit the hull of the ship is made, and is now ready to be put together.

In erecting a ship a lot of preparatory work is necessary. The blocks for launching (strange one would think at first) must be laid down first. They are about three feet apart, and rise higher and higher, so as to give the ship a proper grade for gliding into the water. Then a stout steel keel is placed on them. This is the backbone of the ship. The two frames for the centre of the vessel are brought out, and with extreme care are placed in position, and then the other frames follow fore and aft, and the outside plates are riveted on with much hammering, and a noise that resembles a regiment of soldiers firing rapidly in some skirmish. The interior braces are placed in position, deck frame after deck frame goes in, and in about a year the ship is ready for launching. Wood-work by the mile is being placed on board and finished up, and a regiment of draughtsmen are kept busy preparing plans.

While all this is going on, the engines are being made in other shops. There are big frames in which they sit and do their work, there are cylinders and shafts, condensers and pumps, to be made and planned for; weights are to be adjusted, and strains and pressures are to be provided for; castings must be made, boilers riveted together, rough edges must be planed, and enormous cranes and other big tools must be used to make two of these engines for our twin-screwed merchantman. There must be an engine to each screw, and as the pistons churn up and down they turn a shaft which makes the screw on the side of the ship near the stern go around and push the ship forward. After the engines are built they are erected first in the machine shop, and then part by part are placed and fitted in the ship, some before launching, and some afterwards. The vessel is launched with a good deal of ceremony. The machinists, wood-workers, upholsterers, riggers, come and go, and about two years from the time that the lines were laid down in the mould

loft the ship is completed. In round numbers from 4000 to 5000 men have worked on it in one way or another.

This in a general way tells how the *St. Louis* was built. If it were a naval vessel every inch would be open to the inspection of the public. As it is a private contract, and as there is great competition in the ocean-greyhound business, the owners and contractors reserve for themselves the secrets of the ship, except in certain particulars, such as general dimensions. This much may be said: The *St. Louis* has a tonnage of about 11,000, about 500 more than the *New York* and *Paris*; is 536 feet long on the water-line, 10 feet more than the *New York* or *Paris*; is 63 feet broad, or the same width as those two ships; and has a capacity for 1420 passengers—320 of the first class, 200 of the second class, and 900 of the third class. The cost, of course, the owners do not care to give, but it is safe to say that it is somewhere about \$2,000,000. The speed, by government requirements, must be twenty knots an hour, for the ship must be of the first class, and that class requires that speed. Those who have watched the work of the Cramps in building naval vessels know that there will be no trouble about speed, and it is safe to say that the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul* will beat the *New York* and *Paris* handsomely.

A very great advantage to this country in the construction of these ships is that in time of war they may be used as cruisers, and thus add immensely to our naval strength. These two ships are to be followed by two others, however, which undoubtedly will be the pride of the American nation. Although I confess that I know something about these ships, I must not at present say much about them. They will give our English friends much uneasiness, I imagine, for soon our neighbors will realize that at last the United States is to enter into competition with Great Britain in the field where she is most sensitive—that of ocean-going commerce. I do not know that I can better close this article than by quoting what Mr. Cramp has said on this subject:

"The work we have in hand is only the beginning. It is a pretty fair start, but if they (the English) should ask you what the future has in store, you may tell them, in the words of our Paul Jones, on a certain occasion well remembered by Englishmen, that 'we are just beginning to fight.'"

A. F. M.

FLUFFY.

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

HE came across from China
In a lovely White Star liner,
And you ought to hear the name that doggie brought.
But 'twould take too long to tell it,
And, besides, I couldn't spell it,
So suppose we call him Fluffy just for short.

He'd the sweetest disposition,
And he liked his new position,
And our funny, busy land across the seas;
Finding dogs of every nation
Standing round him at the station,
He addressed them in his very best Chinese.

But they growled, and seemed to hate him,
For they couldn't one translate him,
And he found himself in quite a dreadful row;
Till his mistress came and caught him,
And most patiently she taught him
How to talk the real American bow-wow.

The language wasn't easy,
And his phrases are Chineseey,
While a slightly foreign accent still prevails;
But he's paid for all his labors
By the friendship of his neighbors,
For they smile at him and wag their little tails

THE DIVER'S STORY.

BY ALBERT LEE.

"WHEN I was a diver," began the Bo'n, knocking the ashes off his pipe, and without any introduction or preliminary cough to attract the boys' attention — "when I was a diver —"

"But you never told us you had been a diver," exclaimed the Little Boy from Across the Street, laying aside a very badly tangled fish-line and glancing up at the old man in a suspicious manner. The other two boys, who had likewise been preparing for the morrow's fishing expedition, dropped their hooks and tackle, and came over from the rear end of the boat-house to the doorway, where the Bo'n sat smoking his pipe.

"Did you say you had been a diver?" asked Eric, who could tell from the way the old salt had crossed his legs and was gazing into the bowl of his pipe that he was preparing to tell a story. The Bo'n always seemed to draw his inspiration from the glowing bowl of his black clay.

"That schooner there made me think of it," he answered, and the boys glanced seaward and saw a weather-worn old two-master beating her way slowly down the channel toward the light-house. They looked from the schooner to their old sailor friend in a questioning way.

"I noticed her name as she passed by," he said. "She's the *Latona*, of Bath. I came pretty near ending my days in the hold of the wrecked steamship *Lodona*, of New Orleans, about twenty-five year ago," and he puffed at his pipe, and looked earnestly into the red eye of the bowl as if he could read there the events of a quarter of a century ago.

"But you never told us you had been a diver," repeated the Little Boy from Across the Street, and he looked inquiringly toward Eric and his brother, to see if they had ever had this mysterious fact confided to them. But they shook their heads, and quickly turned their attention to the Bo'n again.

"There's many a thing I haven't told you," said the latter; "but this story of the *Lodona* isn't long, and I guess I can spin you the yarn before the schooner there gets around the point."

The three boys sat down on the bottom of the old boat and prepared to give their undivided attention.

"It was after the war had been over some ten year, and I'd been out of the navy some eight year," the old fellow began, meditatively. "I'd been trading in South Africa, as I told you about, but I got tired of that, and finally came home and went into partnership with my brother down in Maine. He was a diver, and had a couple of wrecking-tugs, and did a good business. I learned how to dive, and after a while I got so I was pretty good at it. I liked the excitement and the dangers of the work. I was a young man then, and willing to take foolish risks. Well, one day I heard that the steamer *Lodona*, bound from New Orleans to New York, had struck on a reef about seventy-five miles southeast of Jacksonville, and had gone to the bottom with all on board. She had a valuable cargo inside of her, among other things half a dozen Gatling-guns that belonged to the government. I negotiated with the insurance people to recover the cargo, and secured the contract; but I was foolish enough to leave my own wrecking-vessel and crew at home, depending on getting a boat and capable men at Jacksonville. But when I got down there I found that the only craft I could hire was one of those light schooners used in the sponging business, which, with a little pirating, was the only means of subsistence the crew had, I guess. They were the most ignorant set of men I ever had dealings with; some were white and

some were negroes, and I guess they were all related by birth or by marriage. They were lazy and brutal, but, as I could not do any better, I had to employ them.

"When we got to the reef where the *Lodona* had gone down I made a preliminary examination, and found that the bow was well under water, as well as the hatches forward and amidships. The after-hatch was partly submerged at high tide, but I found I could get into the hold by that way, and so I rigged up my pumps on the stern of the vessel, and the next morning made my first descent into the ship.

"I was distrustful of my crew, and made shorter dives than I would ordinarily; but although there was no discipline, and the captain seemed to have no more authority than any of his men, they kept at work, and hauled out the boxes and barrels as fast as I sent up the signals from below.

"I had found out from the shippers that the Gatling-guns were stowed away pretty well forward, and I made up my mind that the easiest and quickest way to get at them would be to make a passageway through the rest of the cargo by removing the boxes and barrels that lay between the after-hatch and the guns. The cargo consisted of molasses, sugar, lined oil, spirits, silks, dress-goods and such things, and as fast as I would loosen a box or barrel I would make it fast to the tackle, and the men would pull it up on deck and send it ashore in the row-boat.

"Along in the afternoon of the third day I went down for my last dive, and calculated that a couple of hours' work would bring me pretty close to the Gatling-guns. I had been sending up boxes and barrels for an hour or so, and was bending over a big case, when suddenly I felt my air and signal lines moving without any apparent cause. I turned around to see what the trouble was, and found my way back completely barred. A big box, that had become loosened from having the heavy things on top of it removed, had floated to the roof of the deck. A moment before I had walked over it, and now it blocked my way. I tried to move it, but I might as well have tried to move the steamer. I tried to make a passage around it, but I could barely get my arm between the box and the rest of the cargo. Fortunately my air-line had slipped off the top of the box as it rose, and lay along the side, or it would surely have been caught and crushed between the case and the deck.

"The horror of my situation grew upon me as I thought of the ignorant brutes at the air-pumps and the windlass on deck. I had no telephone, as divers have nowadays, and there was nothing in the signal-code to explain my situation. Even if there had been, it is doubtful if the crew would have understood. It seemed to me that I was imprisoned in that dark watery hold with no hope of escape. I made up my mind that my time had come. I knew that when the men began to pull, as they doubtless soon would, and felt the resistance, they would work the windlass all the harder, and snap both lines. Then I would drown in my prison.

"I felt in my belt for my sheath-knife, but it had become loosened, and the wooden handle had let it float off above me. I knew it must be hanging somewhere about me, and I shuddered at the possibility of my air-tube rubbing against its keen edge. Then I looked for the little iron crowbar I had used in dislodging the bales and boxes, and I remembered I had left that on the other side of the big box which was now shutting me off from life and liberty. For half an hour or more I must have given myself up to the inaction of despair. Then I pulled myself together and tried to settle my nerves and to reason out the situation. I knew reason could not move the box, but it might furnish some suggestion that I could act on. And sure enough it did. I reasoned it out that the cause of the box floating up as it did must be because



NO SOUND WAS EVER SWEETER TO ANY MAN.

it was full of air. The box must contain silks, packed in tin or zinc so as to be air-tight. Then I figured that if I could only break into the zinc lining and let the air out, the box would sink, and I could escape over it. But how could I pierce the boards and metal of this box without any knife or crowbar? I could not tear it apart with my finger nails. My little prison was so narrow and cramped, too, that I could hardly move about to search for a weapon. And all this while time must be passing rapidly. I had no idea how long I had been imprisoned, and I feared every moment the crew would stop pumping to me. Several times the air current weakened, and I thought my end had come at last.

"Finally, in feeling around, my fingers met with the iron binding of the case. I tore fiercely at this thin strip, and struggled with the sense of desperation down there in the darkness until gradually I felt it loosen. For an hour, I suppose, I tugged at it before I got my fingers between the iron band and the box, and then I tore it

away and broke off a piece about a foot long. Using this scrap as a saw, I attacked one edge of the big box, hewing and sawing with all my strength. For four mortal hours I worked, and I thought I should never pierce the thick zinc lining inside that box. But at last I made a hole, and I heard the air come bubbling out of my prison door. No sound was ever sweeter to any man!

"The box sank slowly, and I aided it by pushing down on it, and as soon as I could I climbed over it and fell down on the other side almost tired out, but with strength enough left to grope my way back to the after-hatch.

"The danger that I had dreaded most while imprisoned in the hold was that the men would grow impatient at my long absence, and begin to work the windlass to pull me up. My surprise was that they did not do this, but continued pumping. I knew that it must be late in the night.

"As my head emerged above the hatch I felt myself jerked up on the deck, and my helmet hastily removed. I looked up at the bright stars of heaven, and drew in a long breath. Then I looked around the deck, and saw why my men had not tried to pull me out of the hold. They were every one of them asleep except the old negro, who now stood at my side, and who had been steadily pumping air to me for almost ten hours.

"He explained to me that at supper-time the men had decided to stop work, since they had not heard anything from me for two hours. They concluded I was drowned, and said there was no use in pumping air to a dead man. They did not even think it was worth while to pull my body up out of the hold; and I am grateful to them for that! But the old negro insisted that I was not dead, and said he was going to keep on pumping, anyhow. The others made all sorts of fun of him. They cooked their supper, and refused to give any to the negro, who still refused to leave the pump even for a moment.

"I didn't forget, Cap'n," he said to me, 'dat you done give me money to help cure my wife 'fore we left Jacksonville.'

"When he had finished telling me this story he rolled up his sleeves, and after drinking all the cold coffee there was left in the can, he went over to where the crew were sleeping, and threw every one of them into the water before they could wake up and defend themselves. There was the biggest row on that wreck I ever saw. The crew were floundering in the water, and the negro on deck was shouting about revenge. As each man tried to climb on board again, the negro would kick him back into the water. Finally I had to interfere, and when the crew got on deck I was forced to draw my revolver to keep them from killing my life-saver.

"With such a lot of brutes as that I decided that I did not care to dive into the *Lodona* any more. So I loaded the schooner with what little I had saved, and made for Jacksonville."

The three boys kicked their feet against the sides of the upturned boat for a few moments, without saying anything.

FALES'S OSHIA.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

CHAPTER I.

BROTHER AMOS GRAY had an excited and anxious air about him as he went up the steps of West House. When he laid hold of the door-knob, however, he fetched up rather short, and stood knotting his lean upper lip in a meditative sort of way. In point of fact, he was arranging in neat phrases the news he was carrying to the Eldress. And as he did so he gazed with an unseeing eye upon the smooth summer fields, rippling up to the very feet of the Shaker settlement. The road lay hard and white before him. Across it rose the meeting-house, white, stiff, plain, with windows so closely shuttered as to give it an effect of blindness. Other Shaker buildings rose big and stolid on the view. Nothing looked very cheerful except the breezy greenness of the trees and grass, the melting blue of the sky, one ancient rose-bush blushing against a wall hard by the church, and the broom shop over the way. The broom shop always looked worldly and comfortable. It was a low red house, about the sides of which a number of brooms were at present drying. As they stood in a row, lounging against the warm bricks, they resembled a lot of yellow-headed rascals lazily taking the sun and winking off good cheer to passers in the road.

Brother Lief Liefson, the broom-maker, stood in the door of the shop, chewing a wisp of straw, and regarding a great chrome-colored heap of broom stuff which rose at his gate and clashed back the sunshine like a cymbal.

He was a placid-looking old soul, was Brother Lief Liefson; and as Amos Gray's abstracted glance took in the aspect of his fellow in the Shaker faith, he gave an actual start. For the mild contentment of Lief's visage, as he stood nibbling at his straw and blinking at the morning brightness, suddenly recalled Amos with a strong sense of comparison to the scene he had just left—a dark, mean room, a dying man, and a weeping little girl, ragged, with scared face and a heap of curling red hair—a little girl who clutched the hand of the figure on the poor cot and screamed out: "Pappy! I'm here! your Oshia! Don't ye leave me—don't ye! I aims to be good. I won't walk the boom-logs no more, nor go fishin'. Pappy! pappy!"

Amos caught his breath at the memory. He was used to sorrowful scenes, having been long a Shaker, and given to ministering to the wants of the broken in body and the sick in mind. No wanderer is ever turned from the gates of a town of the Shakers, those good folk who live in villages of their own, scattered here and there throughout the land, tilling their fields, living simply, having all things in common. He had seen suffering. But usually it was suffering dignified with surroundings somewhat more respectable than in the present case.

The wretched cabin where Joe Fales had lived hung like a bird's nest on the edge of a cliff overlooking the river and the sawmill hamlet on its further bank. It belonged to no one; it was simply an abandoned hut,



NOT A SOUND CAME FROM THE PROSTRATE HEAP OF FADED GINGHAM.

which Fales, driven from farm to farm, always falling lower and lower because of his idle habits, had finally taken refuge in because there was no rent to pay. His wife had died while they were still moderately prosperous; and as to Oshia—Oshia did not mind it at all that the roof leaked. It was good to lie and watch the stars come out—a proceeding which a decent roof would have prevented.

"Poor little soul!" said the women in the hamlet below. "Growin' up like a weed that-a-way! She's wild as crab-grass, Oshia is, and that independent and red-headed as you don't feel pushed to do much for her."

She was certainly not pretty, this Oshia on whom Brother Amos Gray's mind dwelt as he entered West House. She was eleven or so, slim and wiry, with a pair of sharp brown eyes glinting from the tangles of her sandy hair. She was good at climbing trees, at running along the wet boom-sticks, at rowing a dugout, or riding like a cat on the edge of a raft of logs. Her ability at feats like these was not to be questioned. But Amos's heart failed when he considered how little such matters would commend Oshia to the Eldress.

He advanced down the hall; it was long, with a clock at each end and a strip of home-wrought carpet reaching over its entire length. The walls were stuccoed, and crossed with black beams. At regular intervals this checkered expanse was broken by the dark little doors of the living-rooms. Fifty Shakers made up the West House Family. On the right of the hall the sisters dwelt. The brothers had rooms in the left side of the house.

Amos plodded up two pairs of stairs. He rapped at a certain door and stood waiting; when the Eldress appeared he inclined his shoulders in a bow, but, according to Shaker rule, he kept his hat on his head.

"A matter of business, Eldress, brings me—"

"I should hope so," said the Eldress, objecting to an interruption at the hour which she was accustomed to give to her household accounts. "I should indeed hope it were an important matter."

She was tall and heavy. Her hair shone like steel in the coarse mesh of her house cap. She stood firm and square on her heelless shoes, and the linen cape on her broad shoulders was very stiff. There was something imposing in her presence, revealed thus upon a background of white walls, prim little windows, waxed floors, and stern-looking Shaker chairs with list seats.

"Yea, Sister, my business is pressing," exclaimed Amos, eager to justify himself. "Yea, truly. You recall Joseph Fales?—once a renter of our east farm, but long since a miserable idler, living in an old hut on the cliffs. I was called to his bedside this morning at dawn, my skill in medicines being well thought of; he had a seizure of the heart, and expired at ten of the clock."

The Eldress's face melted somewhat. "Poor worldly creature!" she murmured, looking past Amos at the bit of sky in the hall window, the clear blue floated with white that was like the dimpled faces of little angels. A breath of hay came sweet. Some one was whetting a scythe in the yard below, and the sibilant sound rose high and thin as the echo of an oaten pipe.

Amos drew his breath. "The—the child Oshia," he stammered, "is left utterly alone. I—perhaps I did wrong. But who can refuse a dying man's last request? Fales—I promised Fales that the Shakers would take Oshia."

The Eldress gasped.

"This community no longer takes in children," she said, severely. "The poor who come to us for aid we are ready to help—"

"But, Eldress, this child is at our very door! There is no one else to help her. Can we refuse her shelter, at least till she is old enough to work for herself, to make

her own way? She is wild—I admit it; but she has heaps of natural wit. And—and there is my word, Sister. It is gone forth!"

The Eldress stood pondering. Presently she said:

"I will receive this girl into the Family, for the present. She will be an element of discord. She will be a trial to me. There are no young people among us, save only Rachel Day. I trust that Rachel's sweet nature may be a lesson to this Fales girl. But I tell you frankly, Brother, I expect little of her. The last time I saw her she was riding down the mill-chute on a log-car. There was never a time in my life when I wished to ride on a log-car, dripping with mud. I hope for the best," said the Eldress, "but I hope against my own judgment." Then she added: "Tell Brother Hinson to hitch up. I am going to the Fales dwelling."

"Oh, Eldress, I thank you—"

"Tell him to hitch at once."

Whatever the Eldress felt she concealed under a calm face. But as she climbed into the covered Shaker wagon and rode off down the pike, Brother Hinson, furtively noting the austere countenance which her poke bonnet only half hid, was aware of being sorry for Fales's Oshia. He had not long been a Shaker, this Brother Hinson, with his fat pink cheeks and sleepily kindly eyes. He had once lived in the lumber hamlet, and he had often seen Oshia, a little barefooted thing, playing in the sawdust or paddling in the river mud, while her father sat by on a log, watching and smoking, and only by chance leaving the child for an hour's work at hauling waste stuff from the mill. Oshia had been poorly off, freckled, unkempt, clad only in a linsey slip. But as Brother Hinson figured her in the hands of the Eldress, he heaved a sigh. He had a deep respect for the Eldress, but yet he sighed.

"It'll be like plantin' a slip of red-bloomin' cactus in a teacup and settin' it in a cellar," he considered. "It'll quit bloomin', but the prickles'll be there jest the same."

Two or three neighbor women hurried to the threshold.

"We ben lookin' for you, Eldress," they said. "We've done what we could. But that there Oshia! we can't do nothing with her. Walk right in, Eldress."

A little fire of twigs burned in the loose and blackened stones of the hearth. Its pulsing light fell on the door of an inner room in which the master of the house lay. Against the rough panel, face downward on the puncheon floor, a little figure stretched at length. A bush of bright hair hid the sharp shoulders; but these were motionless; not a sound came from the prostrate heap of faded gingham, beside which squatted a lank Irish setter.

"Oshia," said the Eldress, deeply. "There was no response. 'Oshia,' said the Eldress again, 'rise at once. I have come to take you to West House. The Shakers will take care of you. Even in the midst of your grief you ought to be thankful that such a home is offered you. I hope you are. I am prepared to be very patient with you. You have had no rearing. This wretched habitation—" The Eldress paused.

The face under the red locks had suddenly disclosed itself, dry-eyed, sharp, indignant. There was a tremor in its lips, as Oshia rose on her knees and stood up in her rent frock, with her bare wrists and ankles. She looked straight at the face in the poking Shaker bonnet.

"You're the head one over yender at Shaker town," she said, getting her breath. "I've nothing agen you. But don't ye—don't ye pass a word agen *him* in there"—she pointed toward the inner room—"my pappy. Don't ye say as I hed no raising, or no home. Don't you *dast!* I've hed everything. I've run free as a squerr'l. And he never give me a mean word—he never lifted his hand to me, howsomever I let the fire go out, or forgot to lay in wood agen night, or burned the bacon. He's dead. He won't never speak to me no more. But I'll live here all alone before ever I'll go with you-un's to be pent up

into a house and be scolded and looked down on and made for to forgit *him*! I won't go—I won't!" She burst into wild sobbing. "Pappy! pappy!" she wailed, fumbling with the wood button of the door. "Oh, le' me git to see him!—le' me!"

The Eldress stood bewildered. Some one just behind her said, "Let *me* speak to her." Brother Hinson had come in. He looked big and gentle. He had forgotten his awe of the Eldress. He saw only Oshia struggling blindly with the door.

"Oshy," he said, "I've knowed you for a coon's age, and your father too—I knowed him well. He was a good man, though he hedn't no constitution fer work. Now listen, Oshy—you're a-grieving him a doing like this. He knowed what was best fer you. And he give you to the Shakers. He *give* you. Ain't I right?"

Oshia stared and left off sobbing.

"Hinson," she whispered, "you're right. He *did* give me. I heern him. I—I belong to 'em." She clutched at the neck of her frock. "I belong to 'em," she repeated. Then, turning to the Eldress, she said: "Lady, I ask your parding for what I 'lowed to you jest now. I'll go 'long with you—bein's as *he* fixed it that way. I don't see as I'm well fitten for to make a Shaker woman out of, no more'n you could turn a crow into a dove by a-caging of it. But I'll do as well by y' all as I know how."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BONBON OR WORK BOX.

TAKE old kid or Suède gloves. You have no idea how much may be done with them. They lend themselves equally well to tobacco-pouches, photograph-frames, bags, boxes, card-cases, and even bedroom slippers. The material, while it receives embroidery and paint kindly, is soft and pretty enough to do without their aid. Only be sure there isn't a spot or blemish on the surface, for that would spoil everything, and fifteen cents to a cleaner is but a trifle, after all.

The following directions will enable you to manufacture out of a pair of long Suède gloves a lovely work or bonbon box, the sole difference between the two being in the trimmings:

Cut for the bottom of the box a piece of pasteboard



FIG. 1.

4 inches square. Then a similar square of white cotton wadding. Split the wadding, and lay one-half on each side of the pasteboard, with the woolly part inside.

For the four sides of the box you had better first have

a paper pattern, and then follow it in pasteboard. To do this, trace with a pencil on stiff paper an oval 5 inches in diameter and $5\frac{1}{2}$ from top to bottom.

Fold one end across at a point where it will measure

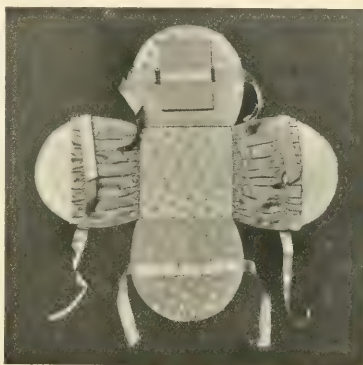


FIG. 2.

exactly 4 inches from side to side, as in the diagram, Fig. 1. Cut off the folded end. Pin the pattern on your pasteboard, and cut out four pieces alike for the box sides.

Arrange the wadding on each of these, as you did on the square.

Cover the bottom and four sides with silk of some pale shade brocaded with showy figures. The silk should be turned over the edge of the pasteboard, and lightly basted through and through.

Now place each section on the wrong side of the glove and trace the outline with pencil. Cut out, baste in position, and overseam the raw kid edges to the silk lining.

Conceal the stitches on the side pieces by sewing fine silk cord the shade of the glove, around the oval, but leave the lower end without cord.

Fit each side carefully to the square bottom and overseam, letting the stitches show on the outside of the box.

If it is to be used for candy the lining had better be of satin paper than silk.

Tack the sides together with enough stitches to stand a moderate strain from the weight of sugar-plums.

Have a strip of pink, blue, or any light-colored India silk, 20 inches long and 6 inches deep. Turn down a 3-inch hem and run a double casing, leaving a ruffle of two inches above the casings. Now make a narrow hem on the outer edge to prevent fraying.

Fasten the silk strip securely to the sides of the box. Run an inch-wide ribbon through each casing to draw in opposite directions. Fill the box with bonbons, pull the ribbons, and tie in short loops and rabbit-ear ends.

For a work-box, line with brocade. Make two full pockets of soft silk the shade of the brocade figures (Fig. 2). Sew these on the side sections of the lining before basting it over the pasteboard, otherwise you will find it hard to do the work neatly.

The top of the pocket should reach as in Fig. 2, and about seven inches of inch-wide satin ribbon is attached by a few stitches to the same points.

On the other side sections stitch the ribbon so that thimble, needle-book, etc., will have each its place, and leave ends long enough to tie. Turn up the four sides and tie.

A needle-book is made by covering pasteboard outside with Suède, lining with brocade, and fastening four leaves of white flannel between the covers.

EARLY DAYS OF SUCCESSFUL MEN.

THE NAVY—ADMIRAL GHERARDI.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.



AT 22 YEARS OF AGE.

thy distinction, but there also came to the Admiral special honors such as no naval official ever received. They have served to make his career marked in naval annals. In April, 1893, he had the great honor of leading a fleet of warships from a dozen nations of the world into New York Harbor to commemorate the discovery of America by Columbus. This was a pageant such as the world never saw, and scarcely ever dreamed of, and as Admiral Gherardi goes into retirement he may justly recall with pride that his record culminated practically with that unique achievement.

In studying the career of the man to whom all this honor has come it will doubtless surprise you to learn that only one strong personal distinction stands out prominent, and that a very commonplace one—conscientious devotion to duty. In all his career Admiral Gherardi never did anything unusual. He simply did the right thing at the right time, and the rewards that have come to him are an illustration of that old principle of life that to the man who does his duty faithfully at all times there comes compensation as surely as night follows day. Admiral Gherardi was never even wounded in battle, and yet there never was a braver man in the service. If he was not hit, it surely was not his fault.

A friend of the Admiral told me that he asked him once how he felt at the bombardment of Vera Cruz, which he witnessed from the deck of the old *Ohio* when a boy of fourteen. The Admiral said,

"You see, I was no bigger than a sailor's plug of tobacco, and of course I don't remember much of anything about it except that there was a lot of smoke and noise, and my patriotic spirits were aroused and I forgot danger."

That is the key-note to the Admiral's career, I think. When he entered the navy there was no naval academy. His uncle, George Bancroft, the celebrated historian, was Secretary of the Navy, and to that fact, I suppose, his appointment was due largely. His father was a professor in a Louisiana school, and young Gherardi had always been brought up in sight of the water, and thus became possessed of a desire to be a naval officer. He was made a midshipman, and he learned the work by experience, beginning at the very bottom. After nearly four years of service the Naval Academy was opened, and he went there to study for a year or so, but finally was sent back to his ship, and continued the study of practical things.

In 1852 Gherardi became a passed midshipman, and was sent to the Mediterranean in the good old ship, still

preserved, *St. Louis*. Commander Duncan Nathaniel Ingraham, an old-school naval officer, was in command. It was on this ship that Gherardi participated in the Martin Koszta incident. I have always envied any man who witnessed the sterling display of patriotism that Ingraham made on that occasion. It was of the Paul Jones stripe, and has always been an inspiration to the navy. In those days there was no cable, and naval officers defended the honor of their country according to their best judgment without consulting home authorities.

An American citizen, Koszta, had returned home to Europe, and the commander of an Austrian war-ship, the *Hussar*, made him a prisoner in Smyrna, refusing to recognize his American citizenship. Ingraham heard of it, and at once demanded that Koszta be set free. The Austrian commander refused, and then Ingraham gave notice to the Austrian on July 2, 1853, that unless Koszta was delivered to him by four o'clock on that afternoon he should fire on the *Hussar*. Now the *Hussar* was a great deal larger than the *St. Louis*, and in a fight Ingraham would doubtless have been beaten, but that mattered little to Ingraham. The stories say that after Ingraham delivered his ultimatum he flew into a mighty rage, and in a voice of fierce determination gave the order,



ADMIRAL GHERARDI TO-DAY.



WAR-SHIPS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS COMMANDED BY ADMIRAL GHERARDI ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOR

"Clear the decks for action!"

It was done in a jiffy, and all that morning the *St. Louis* lay there ready to fire when the time should expire. Ingraham did not know at the time that the Austrian commander had given orders that if the *St. Louis* should open fire Koszta should be shot at once in the place where he was kept in confinement in the ship. Throughout the morning the Austrian commander pondered on the situation, and at noon decided to surrender Koszta. Had Ingraham opened fire it meant war, and he knew it, but what was that when an American citizen was a prisoner? The shotted guns of the *St. Louis* told a story that meant bloodshed and death to many a sailor; but principle was at stake, and Ingraham knew no such word as fear, and would willingly have sacrificed his own life and that of all his crew to assert the dignity of his country. Gherardi never forgot what he learned on that occasion.

Five years later the adventurer Walker overran Nicaragua, and actually had himself proclaimed President of the republic. At last it became necessary for the United States to arrest him and bring him home. With Commander Hiram Paulding, on the *Saratoga*, Gherardi participated in this incident, and he learned some practical lessons in international law there. In that same year the Atlantic cable was laid—two previous attempts were unsuccessful—and the American man-o'-war *Niagara* and the English war-ship *Agamemnon* met in mid-ocean and spliced the cable, and Queen Victoria and President Buchanan exchanged compliments over the occasion, which meant so much for civilization. Events were now moving fast for Gherardi. The war came on quickly, and he got his first command. He was made a Lieutenant-Commander, and was assigned to blockade duty. He participated in the engagement of Fort Macon, and commanded the gunboat *Chocura* in the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron. He was kept at this work for nearly two years, but took part in the famous battle of Mobile Bay in August, 1864, and then commanded the *Pequot* in the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron. He was made a Commander in 1866, and commanded the *Jamestown* in the Pacific. He continued in the Pacific for several years, and became a Captain in 1874. He commanded the *Pensacola*, *Colorado*, and, finally, was in charge of the flag-ship *Lancaster*, at Alexandria, in 1882.

Arabi Pasha had started a revolution in Egypt, and his atrocities were so terrible that the English were compelled to interfere. On July 11th and 12th they bombarded Alexandria, and made havoc with the city. It was the first strong demonstration since our civil war of the great power of modern guns and projectiles, and made a spectacle the like of which had never been seen

before. Finally it became necessary to land soldiers and sailors from the American flag-ship to protect American interests, and on that occasion Gherardi was a sharer in the distinction that came to our navy, for it was agreed that no body of troops made a better showing than did ours at that time. Here was more practical international law for Gherardi.

In 1884 Gherardi became a Rear-Admiral, and was assigned to the North Atlantic Station, where he had already served more time than anywhere else. He sailed into Port-au-Prince one day on the *Kearsarge*, in 1889, and found that Hippolyte had beaten Légitime. The latter's life was in danger, and he was put under the care of the American minister. It was necessary to see him safe out of the country, and the war-ships of the other countries which were there were to co-operate with the *Kearsarge* to accomplish it. All the men-of-war in the harbor moved up close to the city and cleared their decks for action. Gherardi had been through this before, and he knew what he was about. A consultation was in progress at the American legation as to the best means to secure the safety of Légitime, when the latter drove down to the legation in a rush. It was reported that rioting had begun in the city, and Légitime had to fly for safety. As the carriage came dashing up to the door Admiral Gherardi rushed out, and drew his sword as he ran. He did not know what he had to meet, but he was prepared for personal combat if necessary. Légitime was saved, but there were several persons killed in the rioting in the town.

When the Columbian celebration came, Gherardi was ranking Admiral, and although there were other naval officers who desired to command on the occasion, Secretary Tracy gave it to the man to whom it belonged by rank, and he performed his work well. In the fleet that sailed up the Hudson River there were capabilities of death and destruction almost inconceivable, and probably under no other auspices could such a squadron have assembled. It was a monster fleet of war-ships proclaiming a spirit of peace. Two days after there occurred undoubtedly one of the most notable naval events in history—a land parade of the armed forces in the harbor. English, French, German, and the others, marched down the streets of New York in harmony and peace, and those who saw it might well have asked if the millennium had come. Gherardi had arranged this magnificent demonstration of the power and influence of the United States as a peace-maker among the nations of the earth, and well might he be proud of it. His career was practically closed with this incident. A year or so of active service remained to him, and it has been spent at the Brooklyn Navy-yard.

Such has been Admiral Gherardi's public record. To

show how little things in youth affect the after-life of great men, it may be said that all this success hinged practically on a French examination at the Naval Academy away back in 1852. Rear-Admiral Braine, now retired, outclassed Gherardi in all studies except French. Braine failed to pass in that. Gherardi was skilled in it, and so to him and not to Braine eventually came the great honor of commanding a fleet of the nations of the world. Braine did pass his examination in French finally, and had an opportunity to take his rank ahead of Gherardi, but his sense of honor was too strong, and he declined to displace his former classmate, who had fairly won a place by earnest and conscientious work.

In looking over this record of Gherardi, no particular personal achievement, as I have said, stands forth prominently. I do not know that he would be called a brilliant man. I do know that he has always been a faithful man, and I also know that because of that he has been an unusually successful man. Is there not a significant lesson in this for all young persons, and even others? And is not this lesson all the more potent because he achieved success not by reason of unusual gifts of Providence, but by reason of simply doing his duty day after day as it came, and by doing it well?

THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER.

I.

"IT couldn't be done—it's as impossible as for a man to get from here to Fort St. Denis all by himself without being chopped into cutlets by the Arabs."

"Well, I don't think *that* experiment is very likely to be made, for no man alive would be such a fool as to try it!"

The speakers were two young French officers, who were standing in the midst of a group of their comrades in front of the mess-room in Fort Victoire (one of the new military posts recently planted along the edge of the Sahara by the advance of French conquest), watching the sun rise over the boundless expanse of desert beyond them.

"What? when the forts are only twenty miles apart?" cried a smooth-faced young cornet of light horse, who had just come out from France to join the garrison. "Do you mean to tell me that a man can't even get over a short distance like that without being murdered?"

"Try it, and see!" answered the other, with a significant grin.

"But surely if a man were to disguise himself carefully," suggested the subaltern, who, like many other people, stood up as stoutly for the crude notions that he had gathered out of books as if they were fully borne out by his own personal experience.

"Disguise himself?" echoed the elder man, in a tone of utter contempt. "Why, Bertrand, do you know no more of these rascally Arabs than that? I tell you no disguise upon earth would be any good against them—they *smell* farther than a Christian can see. If a French soldier were headed up in a cask, they'd know somehow or other that he *was* there. I'm not very rich myself, but I'd wager fifty napoleons any day that no European ever goes from here to Fort St. Denis alone, and reaches there alive!"

"Done!" said a quiet voice behind him.

The speakers looked round with a start, and saw that a new personage had suddenly come upon the scene—a small, thin, swarthy Frenchman in civilian dress, with a face of settled gravity, though every now and then a strange half-mocking smile flickered over his dark features like lightning in a moonless sky.

The officers laughed, supposing him to be only joking;

but when they saw that he was really in earnest they began to remonstrate vehemently.

"You must not think of it, my dear sir," cried the young Lieutenant who had offered the wager. "You are our guest, and we cannot let you bind yourself to what would be nothing less than suicide!"

"Perhaps it may not turn out to be such a terrible business after all," said the little man, with a quiet smile; "and in any case," he added, more gravely, "I know that I need fear no hindrance from French officers in an affair which concerns my honor."

The last word touched all his hearers in the right place; and the speaker, seeing its effect, hastened to add:

"Now I'm going straight to the Colonel to ask his permission to make the attempt, and I have not the least doubt that I shall get it."

And he *did* get it, sure enough, though it was not without a severe twinge of conscience that Colonel Lagrange gave his sanction to a hazard the overwhelming peril of which was manifest at a glance to a veteran soldier like himself.

Rash as he was, however, the bold adventurer had a method in his madness nevertheless; for the first thing he did was to assume an Arab dress, knowing that however useless such a disguise might prove at close quarters against the keen eyes of his enemies, yet if they saw from a distance a solitary man in native garb, they might not think it worth while to ride after him, as they would certainly do after a European.

"You'll wait till nightfall, of course," suggested the Colonel.

"Not I," answered the guest, coolly; "the night's the very worst time for an expedition of this sort, because it's at night that such ventures are always made, and so, of course, it's then that these rogues will be on the watch. I shall go right in the middle of the day, when the rascals will be either asleep, or, at all events, not on the lookout."

When the hour for starting came, not merely the old Colonel, but every other officer who was not actually on duty, crowded to the gate of the little fortress to witness the departure of their adventurous guest.

"Can I carry any message for you to Fort St. Denis, Colonel?" asked the latter, turning to Colonel Lagrange, as coolly as if he were only setting out on a picnic, instead of running a risk in which the chances were ninety to one in favor of his being killed.

"Well, since you *will* go," rejoined the veteran, laughing in spite of himself, "you might give this paper to the Commandant; and I only hope you'll survive to deliver it."

"And I," said Lieutenant Dufaure, warmly, "shall be as glad to lose those fifty napoleons as ever I was to win double the amount."

"I trust to see you enjoy that pleasure very shortly," answered the hero of the day as composedly as ever. "*Ad revoir*, gentlemen."

II.

There is no more grim or dreary spectacle upon the face of the earth (except, perhaps, the kindred wastes of Central Asia) than the mighty desert that stretches almost unbroken from the palm groves of Egypt to the waves of the Atlantic. On every side, as far as the eye can reach, the dim unending level of the eternal wilderness melts into the quivering film of intense heat along the horizon, in an endless succession of wide wastes of sand, and bare stony plains, and dry dusty hollows, out of which the bleaching bones of camels and of men start up white and ghastly here and there.

All at once, in the very midst of the hot brassy glare which makes all earth and sky seem on fire together, the plummy crests of a long line of graceful palms are seen

standing like sentinels along the edge of a clear, still, shining lake. But it is only that fatal mirage of the desert, which mocks the weary eye of the lost wanderer in these awful solitudes with a deceitful semblance of hope, only to add a keener agony to the bitterness of his despair.

To the brave Frenchman, however, this visionary splendor and this weird everlasting desolation were alike hackneyed spectacles, and forward he went, without even troubling himself to look at them, as briskly as the scorching heat and his flowing Arab robes would let him.

Ten miles of the twenty had already been accomplished—then twelve—fourteen—fifteen. He had now achieved three-fourths of his perilous journey; and at length, mounting the crest of one of the long low wavelike sand ridges, he descended far in the distance the low white wall of Fort St. Denis, with the gay tricolor flag of France waving jauntily above it. But at the same moment he caught sight of something else which was by no means so satisfactory, viz., a distant group of white mantles and glittering spear points and Arab horses coming straight down upon him.

The fact was that the French had so often employed native messengers that every man, even if he looked like an Arab, was now an object of suspicion to these desert vultures. But when they neared our hero and saw that he quietly continued on his way, without taking any notice of them whatever, they began to think that they must be wrong in suspecting him, naturally supposing that his showing so little fear of them was a proof that he could have no reason to be afraid.

As the six wild horsemen closed round him, brandishing their guns and spears, but still in doubt whether to attack him or not, the disguised Frenchman drew himself up defiantly, indulged in a series of those excited gesticulations which are characteristic of Mohammedan pilgrims, and then called out to them fiercely in fluent Arabic:

"Begone, transgressors of the law! a true believer hath no fellowship with the sinners who violate the sacred commands of the Prophet!"

"What mean you?" asked the nearest horseman, in a tone of amazement, which was certainly not without reason.

"What call you *this*?" retorted the accuser, with stern emphasis; and quick as thought he drew forth (or at least seemed to draw forth) from beneath the Arab's white mantle an undeniable *pork sausage*!

A yell of mingled horror and indignation burst from his comrades as the "unclean flesh" came to light; and their holy anger broke forth anew when the reproving stranger produced a small flask of *wine* from the pouch of another of the band.

This was more than flesh and blood could bear. One of the zealous Moslems dealt a heavy blow to the wretch who thus defied the precepts of the holy Koran; whereupon the fierce Arab levelled his long gun and shot him dead on the spot, being himself instantly shot dead in turn by the slain man's brother.

Meanwhile the supposed sausage-eater, being coarsely reviled by two of his comrades, drew his sword and mortally wounded both. The next moment he went down before the sixth man's stroke, but, in falling, he avenged himself with a pistol-shot; and a scouting party from Fort St. Denis, drawn to the spot by the firing, found all the six Arabs dead or dying, their horses standing mournfully beside them, and the mysterious traveller looking on with the quiet satisfaction of one watching the success of a great scientific experiment.

"And *are you*?" asked the officer in command, wondering, when the stranger had told his story.

"I am a conjurer by trade, and my name is Robert Houdin," quietly answered the greatest juggler in Europe; and that name explained everything.

A CRANBERRY BOG.

THE men, women, and children of Cape Cod earn considerable money every autumn by picking cranberries in the bogs. A large portion of the cape is bog land, which was practically worthless a few years ago. Thousands of acres have been reclaimed, and extensive cranberry bogs have been constructed at a cost of from \$250 to \$300 an acre.

There is now a cranberry belt extending along the north shore of Buzzards Bay and the southern part of Cape Cod. This region has become one of the greatest cranberry-growing districts of the world.

The cranberry-growers make great preparations for the small army of people which must be housed and fed during the picking season. The accommodations are rather rude and primitive. Some of the pickers live in board cabins, but most of them dwell in tents. It is a curious and novel sight to see several hundred pickers in camp about the swamps.

The cranberry-pickers are out in the bogs soon after daylight, and they remain as long as they can see a berry. In large cranberry bogs, where several hundred people are at work, the pickers are divided into companies, each company consisting of 120 persons. The company is in charge of a "boss," who keeps account of the amount each picker gathers during the day.

The bog is lined off into rows with twine, and each picker has a strip about three feet wide, which must be picked clean. The pickers, men, women, and children of all ages, work along the bog on their knees. The berries are usually gathered from the vines by hand, although a picking-machine is sometimes used. When pickers are scarce the berries are raked off with a garden rake.

The pickers are paid by the measure, which is a broad six-quart pail. The price paid is from eight to ten cents a measure. The amounts which pickers will gather in a day vary from 150 to 250 quarts. Some of the most expert workers, when the yield is heavy, have been known to gather sixty-five measures, or 390 quarts of cranberries in a day.

There are always many boys and girls in the bogs picking berries, and when they work together time flies rapidly. After the day's work is done young couples are seen walking home hand in hand. The tots are carried in father's or mother's arms. The cranberry season lasts about three weeks, and when it is over the children are sent back to school and their lessons. Most of them are sorry that the vacation is at an end.

IF.

IF I were the basket for holding the cake,
I'm sorry to say that I fear

The buns and the cookies and jumbles they bake
Would in a short time disappear.

IF I had four legs, like a table or chair,
You'd never catch me standing still,
I'd be dancing a jig all the time with each pair,
With a marvellous, wonderful skill.

IF I were a bureau, with wheels on my feet,
The family 'd discover, I think,
Me soon rolling over the asphalted street,
Like the lads who skate down in the rink.

IF I had six arms, like our big chandelier,
They'd not be so quiet all day,
But hugging my mamma and sisters so dear,
In the lovingest sort of a way.

IF I were a book for a wee little boy,
Who never could read to himself,
I'd spout all my stories to him with great joy
From my place on the library shelf.

IF I were a pen near a big pot of ink,
I'd just have the loveliest times!
I'd go to the ink-pot, and deeply I'd drink,
And spend all the day writing rhymes.



A CAT BOAT RACE.

SAMMY'S WONDERFUL POP.

RAISES CHICKENS AND SCARES THE DARKY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The last time I was talking with Sammy (which was yesterday) he says to me,

"Harry, didn't your Pop ever do anything strawdinary?"

"No," I says, "I don't believe he ever did." (I didn't like to say it, but it is a fact.) "I guess he never travelled much, but just staid at home and tended to his business kind of pokey-like."

"Oh," says Sammy, "so has my Pop always tended to business. He's had some of the most 'stonishing things happen to him when he's been right at home tending to business every day. 'Member the time he 'listened up the jyffs behind so's they could get their heads down and eat grass?"

"Yes," says I.

"Well, he was right on his farm working hard all day. Pop has been a farmer a good deal. He had the jyaff farm in Africa, but he had a farm once in this country, too."

"Where was it?" I asked.

"Down in South Carolina. He had a farm there where he raised watermelons and chickens and all such things. There was a darky living near that give Pop lots of tronble, 'cause he liked chickens so well. This darky was named 'Poleon Bony-part, and he liked his chickens fried. But he never raised any chickens hisself, so he used to get 'em from Pop mostly, Pop says, in the dark of the moon, and somehow after bedtime, and quite a spell 'fore breakfast. This darky run off with the chickens so fast that Pop couldn't get none ahead to sell, and if he wanted one hisself for Sunday dinner he had to go to the market and buy it.

"Well, Pop tried all sorts of ways to catch the darky, or keep him away, but they didn't none of 'em work. One day Pop got a watch-dorg. That night 'fore he went to bed he walked out to see how he was getting 'long, and the dorg thought Pop was 'Poleon, and chased him up on a roost, and he had to set there all night, just 'sif he'd been a chicken. Pop got pretty tired of it 'fore morning. The only fun he had was when it was getting light and the roosters begun to crow. Pop just flopped his elbows up and down and crowed too, and larded to hisself; but it wasn't so very much fun, after all, and he was glad to fly down in the morning.

"Then Pop fixed up a spring-gun to go off and shoot fine shot into 'Poleon's legs and scare him away; but it went off 'fore 'Poleon come, somehow, and killed a whole roost-ful of chickens; and then the darky come and gathered 'em up and took 'em home. 'Poleon said to his wife that it was very kind of Pop to kill the chickens for him, and he spected the next thing he knew he'd begin to find 'em all ready fried.

"After this Pop didn't know what to do for a long time, till one day he was down-town and saw a man selling parrots, and he says to hisself, 'I've got it!' So he buys a parrot and takes him home.

"Then for a week Pop trained the parrot to stay with the chickens, and roost with them at night on the end of the front roost next to the window. The parrot didn't want to do it at first, and says to Pop that he'd got to have a cage and a big ring to set in, but Pop wouldn't listen to it, and told him his place was with the chickens. At last the parrot give in, and didn't kick any more 'bout it.

"Well, it went on for mebbly a week, and nothing happened. Then there wasn't any moon any more, and 'Poleon said he reckoned mebbly he oughter have some more fried chicken. So that night he went over 'cross the field a little while after midnight, and crep' up still-like to Pop's hen-house, and reached in the window, and got a chicken by the legs, and put it under his arm and started home. 'Powerful light fowl,' says 'Poleon to hisself, 'but I spect it's a spring chicken. It oughter be tender as n'lasses.' Just then that chicken opens his bill, and says he, loud as he could holler: 'Chicken thief! Chicken thief! Nigger, chicken thief!'

Then Pop and all the neighbors come running out, and the darky was so seart he just dropped the parrot and run so fast that Pop guesses he couldn't stop, 'cause nobody ever saw him again."

I was just asking Sammy if his Pa really thought the darky was running yet, like Suoper with the perairie-chicken, when I heard Ma calling me. I asked her what she wanted, and she said I hadn't filled the wood-box for night yet, and I had to go. Ma never will wait for anything, no matter how 'portant it is.

Yours truly,

HARRY.

IN THE HISTORY CLASS.

"Who was Washington's father, Jack?" asked the teacher.

"The Grandfather of his Country," replied Jack.

JACK FROST'S APOLOGY.

To strip you of your foliage
My spirit sorely grieves,
Nor will I in the task engage
Unless you grant your leaves.

SOME WERE BIGGER THAN OTHERS.

"WHAT have you got there, Jimmieboy?" asked his teacher, observing that the small youth was playing behind the cover of his desk.

"Two horsechestnuts and one little ponychestnut," said Jimmieboy.

BOBBY'S DECLAMATION.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled;
But just what happened after that
Has gone out of my head.

THE TROUBLE WITH A TUTOR.

"Do you go to school, Willie?" queried the visitor.
"No," said Willie, who has a tutor. "School comes to me. I wish it didn't, too. Some days are too wet for me to go out, but there ain't any too wet for Mr. Diggins."



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



FALES'S OSHIA.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

CHAPTER II.

"CUT it plenty long, Sister Lena. She is likely to grow. Straighten up, Oshia! how can we get the length when you hold your shoulders so?"

The Eldress spoke evenly, casting her eye upon the two figures in the middle of the sewing-room of West House. It was a big bare room, with linen sash shades at the little deep-set windows, against which a wilderness of beech-leaves glistened and rustled. A narrow cutting-table reached along one wall. Several women in Shaker garb of plain gowns, round capes, and thin lace caps sat about, sewing on garments of cotton stuff.

A length of this goods, dark blue in color, trailed from Sister Lena's hand as she measured the distance from Oshia's neck to her heavily shod feet. For she wore shoes now, and they were stout ones.

"So!" said Sister Lena, pinching a mark in theingham. "That 'll 'low for shrinking. She ain't over-size-ble for her age, Eldress. Hadn't I best cut out sever'l many aperns for her? I d'know as I ever saw a child worse off for clothes than she is, or worse on 'em when she gits 'em. Look at that frock, on'y made last week! It's split down the back like a locus'!"

Oshia lifted her chin sharply. "I never ast y' all for

clothes," she said, quivering. A month of Shakertown had changed her considerably. She was decently habited nowadays in heavy print frocks that reached to her ankles. Her curling hair was as straight as Sister Lena could make it, and over the loose waves a thick black net spread its constraining meshes. The freckles, too, which had been a leading characteristic of Oshia's face, were blanched, by the use of a Shaker bonnet and by long hours in-doors, to mere phantoms of themselves. Oshia looked pale; she flushed, however, as the Eldress held up an admonitory finger.

"Impertinence, Oshia!" said the Eldress. "It seems to me that I am always reproving you. As to these garments, I can only say that most girls of your age would be able to assist in making them. How does Oshia's sewing get on, Lena?"

"Her stitches are as long as time and as grimy as sin," said Lena, picturesquely. "And she draws up a seam till it looks like a frounce."

The Eldress shook her head. "Rachel Day could feel a seam beautifully when she was seven years old," she remarked.

Rachel Day, who was sitting hard by on a wood bench, smiled modestly. She was a little demure creature, with a gentle glance under her long lashes.

"Aw, Eldress," she said, softly. Then she held up a strip of green barge. "This is for the cape of Oshia's new bonnet," she said. "I am hemming it."

"New bonnet?" inquired the Eldress. "Why, what has become of the one Sister Jane wove for her three weeks ago?"

Oshia hung her head. "Sist' Hannah sent me to the cellar fer potatoes, and I fetched 'em in the bunnit, bein's it was handy. And draggin' it up the steps kind of tore the straw. But," broke in Oshia, fervidly, "I just as lief not wear a bunnit, Eldress. Makes my head feel like it were in a trap. I ain't used to wearing nothing on my head noway."

"You were mightily freckled when you came here," said Rachel.

"Was I? Well, I ain't ever keered 'bout skins or such if I could only git to run free in the sun. Oh, the sun! Eldress, I know I belong to you to do what you please with. I ain't whining. But I ben shut up in this contrapshun this house. I want to say for a pow'ful long time seems like. I'd take it mighty grateful if you'd give me leave to go out yender to Bailey's farm this afternoon."

"Bailey's farm!"

"Yes—I mean yea, Eldress. I'd like to see how them Bailey boys is treating our houn'-dog. It like to broke my heart to give that houn' up! but seein' Shakers don't keep nare kind of pet birds nor cats nor nothing—why, I reckoned I best leave Bailey's Jack hev him. And if Jack ain't treated that dog right, I aims to call him to time."

"Eight miles! Certainly I will not let you go eight miles off to Baileys!" The Eldress, as she spoke, turned and withdrew.

"You've got a mighty high temper, Oshia," said Lena, observing the girl's darkening face. "But you best learn to govern yourself. Eldress aims to be kind to you, but she won't put up with no airs. She comes from Ohio, Eldress does, and I've heard tell as her folks were mighty rich and imposing. She brought money and education to the Shakers. And for you that ain't ever had a decent roof over you to stand there pouting because you can't git to traipse round like a red Iujun, why, it's scandalous—ain't it, Sisters?" And the others agreed that it was. "Look at Rachel!" continued Lena. "She ain't always squirming round restless as a colt."

"I envies her mightily," said Oshia, wistfully surveying Rachel's small sober face. She greatly admired

Rachel; and Rachel took this admiration coldly, sweetly, just as she took everything.

"I d' know what makes me keer fer you like I do," Oshia said to her one evening as the two went for their daily walk "down yender as far as the graveyard." And she added, "You're like the things the frost spins on the winter-panes—pretty and fine and flowery and froze. You're pow'ful frozen-spereted, Rachel!"

And Rachel, smiling gently, said, "What queer notions you have, Oshia!"

The sun was just slipping out of sight below the black uplands, marked all about with Shaker fencing of piled stones. Its rays lingered rosiely on the enclosed space, where lay asleep all the Shakers of the town who had passed away since the time of the settlement's founding, eighty years back. A treeless unkempt lot it was, with scaling gray pickets all about. Here and there in the tall weeds a little wood head-piece showed white, or stone-colored, or quite black with time.

"I'm right glad pappy ain't laid there," said Oshia, gazing at the enclosure.

She stood quite still, looking down the 'pike. An empty farm-wagon was advancing into sight. On the low seat a bare-footed boy sat, flecking the flies from the slow-going horses with a willow switch. Oshia trembled.

"It's Jack Bailey!" she said. "Jack! Aw, Jack Bailey!" The boy stared. "It's me—Oshia Fales!"

"So 'tis! I never knowed you first off—in that rig. Huh! huh! you're a Shaker gyrl sure 'nough, ain't you, Oshy?"

"I reckon I be," said Oshia, climbing to the hub. "Oh, Jack Bailey, how's my houn' a-doing?"

The boy's face took on an embarrassed look. "We feed him to everything," said he. "But look like he's mighty spin'ling, Oshia. Mighty. He misses ye, I reckon. Sometimes dogs pine away missin' their masters. Can't ye come over 'n' see him? Our folks 'd be rale pleased. I could fetch ye in the wagon."

Oshia looked piteously up from the road. She had dropped limply from the wheel. "Eldress won't leave me," she breathed, sadly. "But, Jack!—oh, Jack!" She paused, and glanced at Rachel, waiting primly at the wayside, with a sprig of golden-rod in her hand. "Jack," whispered Oshia. She climbed again to the hub, and muttered something in his ear. He grinned.

"You wouldn't dast!" he said.

"You'll see!" cried Oshia, as the wagon moved on its way.

"Shakers ain't allowed to stop and talk to travellers," said Rachel, when Oshia returned to her. "I ought to tell Eldress."

"Be you going to?" asked Oshia, anxiously.

"Nay," said Rachel. Whereupon Oshia kissed her.

"I didn't mind her knowin'," said Oshia, "but my heart would o' broke, Rachel, if you'd done such a triffin' thing as to tattle."

"I never carry tales," remarked Rachel, holding her little head up.

She found Oshia a most exciting element in her life. She was even getting to be a little—a very little fond of her impetuous roommate, who, after Sister Lena snored soundly, was wont to whisper marvellous stories such as Rachel in the whole twelve years of her life had never dreamed of.

She was additionally glad later on that she had promised not to mention their encounter with Bailey's boy. For as the girls ascended the side steps of West House they heard the sound of an excited voice in the hall.

"Yea, Eldress!" said some one, who appeared to be old Sister Ruth, "them's the very words she used to me. I ben living here for a mighty long spell, and I never heard such words spoke to me afore, so I never!"

"Are you sure you understood Oshia correctly?" asked the Eldress.

"Understood? why, 'twas plain as day! There she is now, Eldress, coming up the steps. Ask her."

"Sister Ruth reports to me that you have been very rude to her, Oshia," said the Eldress, turning.

"Who me?" cried Oshia, aghast. "I never—I never sassed her in my life!"

"Eldress, she did. It was like this; I was a-stuffing emery-bags."

"Oh!" said Oshia, "I know what she means! She was a-stuffing emery-bags with cotton, and I says to her: 'Be you going to sell them there for emery-bags? They 'ain't got no emery in 'em,' I says. And she 'lowed she was. And I says it wasn't honest for to sell folks cotton when they thought they was buying emery. I never said a sassy word, Eldress."

"We always fill the bags with cotton," said the Eldress. "They look better."

"Tain't honest," said Oshia. "Cotton ain't no good to sharpen needles on."

"Oshia," broke forth the Eldress, unable to combat this view, "go to your room. Go at once. And come to me to-morrow at ten of the clock. I have been too lenient with you, and I shall now apply severer rules." Oshia looked sad. But she walked away without making any appeal.

The Eldress watched her with annoyance. She was not at all clear in her mind as to what should be done with this little barbarian, whose untutored ideas of honor were so painfully exact. "The rude child!" muttered the Eldress, as she sat down by her open window and gazed out at the starlight. She wondered dimly if it was Oshia's plain speaking or Oshia's plain thinking that was most irritating.

"I've tried to deal fair by all men," thought she. "Yes, to press the measure overfull, so that I might perhaps make up for—for—" But she broke off, as from a too painful vision. The notes of a distant whippoorwill sounded sweet and faint on her ear. Presently the bell for bed-time rang through the house. It rang again, and the Eldress knew that in each of the rooms a candle was being snuffed out. Darkness and quietude settled over the place; but the Eldress still lingered by the window. She was thinking of the Ohio town near which she had lived; of the days when she had been no austere person of importance, but only a red-cheeked girl whose frolic spirit made her the gayest of the throngs at quilting bees and country dances. She had been "lively as a cricket"—lively enough until that bitter, bitter day. But again the Eldress roused herself. She had long set herself the task of forgetting. Not for any spell of dim moonlight or far-off bird-notes would she break this rule. Every one else was sleeping. It was late. She heard the midnight express whistle for the bridge two miles off. She would go to bed and sleep too, as the rest were sleeping.

But was every one indeed sleeping? The Eldress paused. A soft rustling noise came from somewhere in the house. It sounded like the swish of skirts rustling gently from step to step of the stairs outside. But as the Eldress gave ear she failed to catch anything like a footstep. Still the faint noise continued. It appeared to come nearer, and, whatever it might be, to begin to go down the last flight of stairs.

The Eldress struck a match and lighted her candle. Then she opened her door and let a sudden flare of light out into the dark passages and narrow steep stairways. As her glance fell on the lower hall she gave a quick exclamation.

"I might have known," she said—"I might have known!" For there, motionless in the candle's rays, struck mute, perhaps with fear, stood a small figure, with hair unnetted, and with its shoes across its arm. There

at the very sill of the outer door she stood, stealing away like a thief in the night, this girl whom the Eldress had sheltered and fed and been kind to after her fashion.

The Eldress's heart swelled with indignation. If Oshia wanted to go, she herself would certainly make no objection to such a riddance, provided only that the child had a place to go to. But had she? And even if she had it was not in accordance with Oshia's usual straightforwardness thus to be sneaking away from Shakertown at dead of night. These considerations went in a flash through the Eldress's mind. Then very sternly she said, "Oshia!" At this the figure veered round. It gave a frightened sob, but the sound on its lips was drowned in the Eldress's sharp output of breath as she stood staring into the hall. For it was not Oshia's face which thus whitely regarded her, not Oshia's vivid, honest little visage at all, but the soft countenance of Rachel Day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RUNAWAY FIN-BACK.

A WHALING YARN.

BY A. J. ENSIGN.

IT was in the second dog-watch, and the wind was light but steady over the port quarter. The ship had her stuns'ls on, and her three milk-white steeples of canvas loomed fair against the deep blue sky. Away forward, where the draught out of her head-sails fanned their pipes to a red glow, half a dozen young and active fellows were clustered around a sailor known as Handsome, because he looked like the figure-head of a Greek battle trireme, designed to strike terror to the hearts of foes. Handsome was so old that he was a forecable patriarch, and had a fund of ocean experience that made every dog-watch a feast of yarns.

"Say, Handsome," said a sailor known as Farmer Joe, because he looked like a farmer, "did you ever sarve on a whaler?"

"Yes, lad, I did," said Handsome, emphatically. "Fact is, Joe, that was my start at sea."

"Yeou 'ain't never told us about that," said Farmer Joe.

"Well, that's true, but I'll tell you now," said Handsome. He leaned back against the windlass and puffed hard at his pipe, while he gathered his memories of the early fifties together. "I was the son of a farmer, lads," he said, "and I took to reading some of those silly yarns of the sea written by mer that never saw salt water. I ought to have known better, for I went to a good school and had a good home. But I thought I was badly off, and so one day I up and ran away. I made for the nearest seaport, which happened to be New Bedford. There I set about getting a berth. It didn't take me long to find out that merchant ships had no use for a farmer's boy. They wanted sailors, not landsmen. But I learned that with whalemén it was different. An old boat-steerer, who saw me standing on a wharf looking at a whaler, came up to me and said:

"Don't you want to ship? Good wages, and your outfit provided."

"I told him I'd never been to sea, but he said that didn't make any difference; whalers rather liked to ship green hands. So the long and short of it was that I shipped for the voyage, and when we cleared from port I soon found out that he had told me the truth. Our crew was the meanest mixture of greenhorns I ever saw. For nearly a week most of them were half dead from seasickness, and wished they'd never seen the sea. I was one of them. Then the mates began to teach us our work. They used to stand alongside the rigging and club us to make us go aloft. It took about a week to teach us that. Then came the job of showing us the

ropes. Some of the hands never did learn them. I guess I was meant for the sea, for I learned them without much trouble. Well, I don't suppose you want to hear about the early part of our voyage. What you want to know is what happened on the whaling-grounds.

"We were bound for the Indian Ocean, and it was the Captain's scheme to cruise along the Madagascar coast, which in those days was a fine whaling-ground. It may be yet, for all I know. To get to the point, however, imagine the whaler *Ellen Burgee* standing on an easy bow-line in a light breeze. You know the way a whaler covered a cruising-ground in those days was to beat to windward on tacks running from one side of the ground to the other and then run back to leeward—for the winds are mostly steady in those latitudes. Of course we were looking for sperm-whales, though we were willing to take anything that came along. All of a sudden the mast-head lookout yells, 'There she blows, and there she white-waters!' In a minute all was excitement aboard the ship, and we stood by to lower away our four boats. Some jumped to loosen the boat gripes, and others to put the line tubs in place. Lines had to be bent on, sheaths taken off the harpoons and lances, sails and spars made ready, and a dozen other things done that I thought might have been done long before.

"'There goes flukes!' yelled the mast-head man.

"That meant that the whale had turned his tail up into the air and headed for the bottom. Well, anyhow, you must know that once whales are sighted a whaler lowers away her boats, because the whales soon come up again. The whales had been sighted under our lee about two miles away, so as soon as the boats were in the water we got sail on them, and began to run down the wind. When we got to a place about a quarter of a mile from where we thought the whale was likely to come up we hove to and waited. It wasn't long before I heard a sound like a puff of a river steamboat, and our boat-steerer said, in a low tone:

"'There blows! Pull a stroke or two, boys!'

"We started the boat ahead, and then let her run under her canvas, the idea being to come on his hulks from astern, because you can't run alongside of a sperm-whale from abeam. His eye is fixed so he can see abeam, but not astern. We soon found out, though, that the first mate's boat was a good deal nearer to the brute than we were, so we rested on our oars and watched them go in. They sailed down pretty close, and then ran alongside under oars. The harpooner stood up, and let fly his iron, and the whale hove his tail into the air and went down—sounded, as they call it. The boat began to tow ahead a little, and we were watching the performance, when all of a sudden our eyes were taken to another sight. Right abreast of us, about half a mile away, the water burst wide open, and a dark-skinned monster shot his full length into the air, falling back into the sea with a terrible crash, and raising as much foam as a small white squall. That's what they call breaching, and it's a grand sight, I tell you, when you first see it. Well, we all braced up and gripped our oars, expecting an order to pull, but the boat-steerer shook his head.

"'It's a sulphur-bottom,' says he.

"'What's a sulphur-bottom?' says I.

"'It's one kind of a fin-back,' he answers. 'Look at him and you'll see the fin on his back.'

"'Ain't fin-backs good for anything?' I asked.

"'Yes,' says he, 'they try out a heap of oil; but they say that when they're struck all they do is to run like an express train.'

"All this time we were drifting down toward the brute, and I could see that the boat-steerer's eyes were burning with excitement.

"'Did you ever see one struck?' I asked.

"'No,' says he; 'but I'd like to.'

"'Let's have a go at this fellow,' says one of the other hands.

"'I've half a mind to try it,' said the boat-steerer.

"'With that we pulled ahead a few strokes, and that settled the matter.

"'Give way, lads,' says he; 'I'll put an iron in that fellow, and kill him, too, if he tows me to the Cape of Good Hope.'

"The boat-steerer, you must know, is in the bow of the boat all this time, and it's he that throws the harpoon. Well, he tells us that we must let the line run out at first, just as we would if we'd struck a sperm-whale, and that after a lot had run out we could check it a little, and get the boat going. All right. We pulled ahead at a lively gait. Say, boys, going on to your first whale is a pretty exciting business, because you can't see him, your back being turned, but you can hear him spouting and wallowing in the sea. I stole a look over my shoulder, and I was sorry for it. I was almost scared to death when I saw the size of the beast. I turned my head away, shut my eyes, and pulled. Presently I saw the big tail in the water, right alongside of the boat, it seemed. At the same instant I heard the boat-steerer's pant of exertion as he hove the harpoon with all his might. Instantly I heard the iron plunge into the fish with a sound like a shovel going into a pile of coal. And then—well, then there was a marine circus.

"The harpoon line, you know, is coiled in a tub. You ought to have seen it go out. Mr. Fin-back put his head level with the surface of the water, and started off like something crazy. The line went out of the tub so fast it made us dizzy, and it whizzed around the bow-chock, where a single turn is taken, so that it smoked. We threw water on it, and in a few minutes the whale slowed down. Now we got two turns around the chock, and let him tow us. And that's where we made our mistake. Say, there isn't any tow-boat on earth like a fin-back whale. This one seemed to know what our idea was, and he made up his mind—if you can say that a whale has a mind—that he would give us all the fun we wanted. He'd slowed down, as I was telling you, to what you might call a little better than steerage-way. As soon as we got those turns made he seemed to know just what we'd done, and he started off again.

"At first he went along at a six-knot gait, the whale-boat dancing over the swells as if she was a fish herself. Then he opened up a little more and lifted her to an eight-knot clip. That's hard pulling for a small boat, but he steadily increased his gait till he worked it up to fifteen knots. Then he let himself out. Great bacon, how he did go! The line hummed like a fiddle-string. The bow of the boat stood right up at an angle of forty-five degrees on top of the pile of snowy foam it made. The water hissed past the bulwarks like the boiling of a big tea-kettle. It made us all sick and dizzy, and we were half scared to death. How long do you suppose it lasted? I don't believe it was over five minutes, but I know we made two miles in that time. But it had to end. No whale-boat that was ever built would stand such a strain. Her bows seemed to bend in. Every seam in her opened. The water rushed in, and she was half full in a couple of seconds.

"'Bail her out! Bail her out!' yelled the boat-steerer.

"'What's the use?' says I, bailing all the same. 'She won't stay bailed.'

"'For pity's sake cut the line and let the demon go!' says another fellow.

"'Yes, yes; let him go!' cried the rest.

"The boat-steerer grabbed the axe, which is always handy in a whale-boat for just such a purpose, and cut the line. He drove the blade through two strands, and the others gave way with a report like a gun. The boat came to so sudden that some of the hands fell backward



"FOR PITY'S SAKE CUT THE LINE AND LET THE DEMON GO!"

off the thwart as if they'd caught crabs. The whale he just kept on going at his terrific speed. He looked like a first-class torpedo-boat as he went sizzling away through the water with our harpoon sticking out of his neck, and the line streaming away from it like a homeward-bound pennant. He was out of sight in an amazing way. Say, a fin-back whale is a real ocean greyhound, boys."

"Waal, Handsome," said Farmer Joe, as the narrator paused, "what became of you chaps in the boat?"

"I didn't know that you wanted to hear any more except about the whale," said Handsome. "However, I suppose a yarn can't end with a boat's crew adrift in a sieve on the Madagascar whaling-grounds. Well, then, as soon as the whale had vamoosed, the boat-steerer looked all around for our ship, but she was not in sight."

"Well, boys," says he, "we must keep this crazy tub afloat somehow, and trust to their finding us. They're sure to cruise around and hunt for us."

"So some of us pulled off our shirts, and ripped them up to make a sort of oakum to calk the boat. I suppose some of you may know that a whaleman is the worst-dressed sailor in the world. He generally takes rags that no one else would wear, and puts patches on them till you can't tell what they were made out of at first. So it's easy enough to pull such things apart. We stuffed the open seams as well as we could from the inside, and then we set to work to take turns bailing her out so as to keep her afloat, for she still kept on taking in a considerable amount of water. However, we did keep her on top of the ocean."

"Now," says the boot-steerer, "there's no use of our rowing, because we don't know which way to row to meet the ship."

"But the men couldn't stand sitting there doing nothing, so we just paddled along easily. Night came down on us and no sign of the ship. Toward morning the wind began to freshen, and by daylight it was blowing pretty briskly. Now we found ourselves hard put to it

to keep the boat afloat. She leaked like a mouse-trap, and we were mighty glad when we sighted a dismantled wreck drifting down on us. It didn't take us long to see that it was abandoned, but we decided to board it. We did so, and found that it was likely to float twelve or fourteen hours longer. So we made up our minds to let the boat go, take to the wreck, and build a raft to float us when the wreck sank. We were working at the raft when suddenly one of the men yelled,

"Sail ho!"

"Sure enough there was a vessel bearing down on us. She wasn't over three miles away, but we'd been so busy at our raft that we had not seen her before."

"By hookey!" exclaimed Bill Sudds, "it's our own ship!"

"So it is!" cried the boot-steerer.

"Then we all set up a cheer. But say, lads, it wasn't our own ship at all. It was her sister ship, the *Two Cousins*, which had sailed the year before. However, she took us off the wreck. It was six months before we saw our own ship again, and what happened to us aboard the *Two Cousins* I'll tell you some other time."

GRANDFATHER'S ADVENTURES.

BY PAUL HULL
THE BABOON

RALPH PELL was spending a few days with Grandfather Sterling. Although he lived in the same village, and could run in every day to greet the old retired sea-captain, it always delighted him to obtain permission to carry his valise over to "grandpop's" for a short visit, and take possession of his particular room, on the walls of which hung many of the trophies and forget-me-nots that his grandfather had collected in various quarters of the world, and had brought on shore with him when he sailed his ship into port for the last time. The boy had

been allowed to select from the general stock such articles as he fancied for the purpose of decorating the room, which the kindly and indulgent old man called "Ralph's bunk."

It looked more like a museum than a bedroom. Over the mantel were arranged with artistic effect a hippopotamus-hide shield, a dozen savage-looking spears, and several crudely shaped but keen-edged knives. This outfit had once been the property of a noted Zulu chief. Elsewhere on the walls were beautiful specimens of the saw and sword fish, elephants' tusks, harpoons that had time and again been buried deep in the body of some giant whale, and shark-hooks, to which were secured lengths of strong chain, showing the dents made upon the links by the formidable jaws and teeth of more than one blood-thirsty ocean monster. Bows and arrows from New Zealand, boomerangs from Australia, narwhal tusks from polar seas, and many other curiosities had a place in the collection. But the most striking piece of all was a huge stuffed baboon, standing upright, and holding in one of its hands a large stone, which it seemed to be throwing.

Ralph was still in the land of dreams when black Sam, his grandfather's old sea-cook, pounded on his door and exclaimed, "Six bells am gone, sah, an' de Cap'n say fo' you ter turn out!"

As Ralph jumped out of bed he saw by the clock over the mantel-piece that it was a few minutes past seven, so he was obliged to make a hasty toilet in order to join his grandfather for the latter's regular exercise up and down the piazza before breakfast.

"Grandpop," said Ralph, as they sat at the table enjoying the tasty dishes that Sam knew so well how to prepare, "every curiosity you own seems to have an interesting history, so I wouldn't be surprised if that big baboon in my room was no exception."

A far-away look crept into the old seaman's eyes. He was silent for a few moments, then he said:

"You are right, Ralph; it has a history, and a very peculiar one. We will go up to your room shortly, and I will tell it to you."

After Grandfather Sterling had made his customary "morning inspection," as he called it, of the grounds and out-buildings, he went up to Ralph's room and looked at the subject of his story.

"Well, old fellow," said he, "I'm going to tell Ralph something about your bad character, and I've come up here so as to show him how pleasant you looked when I first made your acquaintance." Then he seated himself in a quaint bamboo chair that he had brought home from India, and commenced:

"A good many years ago I was captain of a fine little clipper-ship called *The Merry Maiden*, which the owners chartered to a party of scientists from one of our great institutions, who proposed to explore a small island known as Anno Bom, situated in the Gulf of Guinea. We made a fairly quick voyage out, considering that we were obliged to navigate through the Belt of Calms, and as the island is only four miles long by one and a half miles in breadth, our party completed their examination in about one month.

"A day or two before the time set for sailing I sent the boats on shore with all our empty casks for the purpose of filling them up with fresh water for our homeward voyage, and as the hunting was excellent, I determined to try my luck in the woods just back of the beach. The taxidermist of the expedition, Professor Wilkins, asked permission to accompany me, so as to add, if possible, to the collection that he had made since the arrival of the ship, and as he was a most congenial companion, I gladly gave my consent.

"We had worked our way well across the island without sighting anything worth firing at, when certain inward pangs in the region of our belts told us that lunch-

time was at hand. After doing ample justice to the excellent meal that the steward had put up for us, we stretched ourselves on the long grass under a grove of wild orange-trees, and were rapidly drifting off into a nap, when we were brought to our senses by a confused grunting and chattering, and almost immediately from between the trees quite close to us came a half-dozen baby baboons and a little negro boy about three years of age, who gambolled and grunted away as playfully as the rest, seeming to find all the enjoyment he wanted in the society of his animal friends. The Professor leaned toward me and whispered:

"They have stolen that baby, and it is growing up into a baboon like its associates. I have read of such things. Let us rescue it and rush for the boats, for the old baboons must be near by, and they are very fierce when roused, and will be sure to fight us."

"We waited for a moment, until the little company had come close to our tree in their play, then we made a dash for the child. As quick as a flash they all scattered, setting up frightened shrieks; but the Professor caught the boy, and started on a run through the woods, I following. The way that little human monkey struggled and scratched was a caution, but the Professor held on to him, and his long legs had almost reached the edge of the woods, quite a distance in advance of me, when I heard an angry roar behind, and a huge baboon bounded by, giving me an ugly side look as he passed, as much as to say, 'I'll take care of you, my chap, after I've settled with the other chief.'

"It may have been my shout of warning that startled him so as to cause the accident, but, at any rate, the next thing I saw was the Professor pitch forward and roll over and over in the grass, holding safely through it all to his captive. I put out all the speed that there was left in me, but the baboon won the race, and just as the brave man struggled to his knees the enraged beast picked up a large stone and raised it to dash upon his unprotected head. At the same instant I brought my gun to the shoulder, pressed the trigger, and the baboon pitched lifeless at the Professor's feet.

"We took the boy, together with the big monkey and the stone, which was locked in his hand, off to the ship, where the baboon was stuffed and presented to me by the man whose life had nearly paid the penalty of its anger.

"Knowing that there was a small settlement of Portuguese negroes at the eastern end of the island, we made a journey there the next day, and were delighted to find the mother of the boy. She had lost it about a year before, and had long since given up hope of ever seeing it again, believing that it had wandered into the woods close by, and had been killed by the wild hogs that abounded on the island. And that, my boy," concluded the old sailor, "is the history of your roommate over there in the corner."

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER III.

PREPARING TO OBEY.

GEORGE tore open the envelope addressed to him, and read as follows:

BUREAU OF NAVIGATION, NAVY DEPARTMENT, June 20, 1893.
Naval Cadet George Briscoe:

You will immediately report for duty to Commander Willard H. Brownson, aboard the U. S. S. *DETROIT*, now at Norfolk.

FRANCIS M. RAMSAY,
Chief of Bureau of Navigation and Office of Detail.

"The *Detroit*!" exclaimed Harold.

"The *Detroit*!" cried George. "We'll be shipmates!"

"Are you ordered to her too?"

"Yes, and immediately."

"That's simply too fine for anything," said Harold.

"I congratulate you two fellows," said Frank, rather sadly.

"Frank," said George, "I'm awfully sorry you're not going with us."

"So am I," added Harold; "but you know it was not to be expected that the kings down at Washington would consider our wishes. We are in the service, and we must obey orders."

"But, boys," suddenly exclaimed Captain Lockwood, "didn't I read somewhere lately that the *Detroit* was to be ordered to the South Atlantic station?"

"Is that so?" cried George.

"Wait a moment," said Harold. "I read that too, but I am quite sure I have read since that the order had been countermanded, and that she was to remain on the North Atlantic station."

"But even that would mean a voyage to the West Indies in the fall," said Captain Lockwood, "and down there you might get on the track of my boy."

"You may depend on one thing, sir," said Harold, earnestly; "we have made up our minds to help you look for your son, and wherever we go we'll leave no stone unturned to find him."

Captain Lockwood grasped the boy's hand and shook it heartily.

And now began a time of bustle and hurry, for the orders said "immediately," and that meant that they must be obeyed within twelve hours.

"The first thing to do is to answer, isn't it?" asked George.

"Of course," said Harold. "Hurry up, too; we've lots to do."

Some regulation navy paper and two dignified white envelopes were procured, and then the two boys sat down and wrote letters like this:

NEW YORK, June 21, 1893.

SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the Bureau's order of the 20th for duty aboard the U.S.S. *Detroit*, and will proceed in obedience thereto.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

HAROLD KING,
Naval Cadet, U.S.N.

To Commodore Francis M. Ramsay, U.S.N.,
Chief of the Bureau of Navigation and Office of Detail.

"There!" said Harold, as he sealed his up; "now I'll go right out and post these, and at the same time hunt up a railway guide, and see at what time we can start for Norfolk."

"And while you're gone," responded George, "I'll be getting our things together."

"I'll help you, if you'll let me," said Minnie.

"It won't take long," answered Harold, laughing, as he went out.

"A sailor suit need much dunnage," Captain Lockwood said.

Frank stood at the window, drumming on a pane of glass with impatient fingers.

"Come, Frank," said George, "be a good fellow and help me to pack up."

"All right," he answered; "but you mustn't blame me for feeling sore because I'm not going with you."

"I don't; but just think, you may be ordered to the *New York* when she goes into service."

"Not much chance of that. Those gilt-edged berths are only for the elect."

A few moments later Harold came briskly in, with a fine color in his cheeks and a bright light in his eyes. "It's all right," he said; "we can leave at ten o'clock to-night, and be there early in the morning. I've got an expressman who has agreed to take our trunks down at

that outrageous hour. But I wonder what the matter with me: I feel so light?"

"I'll tell you," said Captain Lockwood: "You're hollow. You haven't had your dinner."

"But it's all ready now," said Minnie.

Captain Lockwood led the way to the dining-room, and for a few minutes they were all silent as they attacked the smoking dishes which had been prepared under Minnie's supervision.

"There!" said George, as he laid down his napkin at the close of the meal: "trunks packed and ready to go; boys packed too, and department informed. I guess there's nothing more to do."

"Yes," said Harold, "there's one thing more. We must go and telegraph to our mothers."

"That's so!" cried George, jumping up. "Come on, Hal; let's go and do that right away."

And George rushed out, followed with less haste by his more deliberate classmate.

CHAPTER IV.

PETER MORRIS, COCKSWAIN.

"How delighted my mother will be when she gets this!" exclaimed George, as he hastily scribbled his despatch.

"I don't know that my mother will be so remarkably glad," said Harold.

"Why not?"

"Because I think she had a little hope that I would be kept ashore long enough for her to make a trip to the East and spend a week or two with me."

"Well," said George, speaking slowly and rather thoughtfully, "I don't know but my mother would have liked pretty well to see me before I got under way for blue water; but who knows? We may be tied up in a navy-yard for two or three months, and so our mothers may manage to come and see us, after all."

"That's so, Georgie," said Hal, speaking affectionately. "You have a happy way of seeing things at their best."

"Oh, I suppose that's because I don't like to look at them the other way."

"We must make a move," said Harold; "we have none too much time to spare."

As the boys passed out of the telegraph-office they noticed a man in the dress of a United States sailor standing on the sidewalk, staring through the window. The man turned, and pulling off his cap, scratched his head. Then he said:

"Beggin' yer pardon, gentlemen, could ye tell me wot the time are?"

"Yes, my lad," said Harold, pleasantly; "it's half past eight. Can't you see the clock in the telegraph-office?"

"Oh, sure! I sees the clock all right, but wot I doesn't see are the time. Them there new-fangled figurations on the frontispiece o' a clock ain't no good fur to steer by at all. I reckon I'd run foul o' midnight if I was a hunt-in' fur the fast dog-watch by one o' them figured clocks."

Harold and George smiled, and were about to pass on, when the man turned again and spoke:

"Beggin' yer pardon the second time, I'd like to know wot are the nearest way to the Pennsylvania Railroad ferry. I reckon my dunnage are down there, an' it are my opinion that I ought to be there too."

Harold looked at the embroidered mark on the man's sleeve, and saw that he was rated a cockswain. "Cocks'n," he said, "you just walk down to the end of the block, and take a car going to your left, and it'll take you within a block of the ferry."

"Thank ye kindly, sir," said the man. "Cocks'n I are, an' cocks'n I'm likely to be. An' my name are Peter Morris, at your service, sir. An' so good-night."



"WHY, LOOK!... THE COCKSWAIN IS IN TROUBLE NOW."

With that the sailor started at a rapid though lumbering gait in the direction indicated.

"I always feel sorry for a sailor wandering about a great city at night," said Harold.

"Why?" asked George.

"Because he's sure to come to grief."

"I don't see why."

"It's the nature of the species. Why, look! Our friend the cockswain is in trouble now."

George's eyes followed the direction in which Harold's finger was pointing, and saw that the cockswain had got into an altercation with three men not more than half a block away. The warfare of words lasted only a few seconds, and then one of the three men aimed a blow at the sailor, who instantly began to lay about him most vigorously.

"Come on!" cried George, breaking into a run, "or he'll be murdered."

"We may miss our train, and not get to Norfolk in time," exclaimed Harold; "but we mustn't stand by and see a Jacky beaten this way."

The two boys went down the street at a swinging trot, taking care not to wind themselves, and to husband their

strength for the encounter which they felt must now take place.

"Stop that!" cried Harold, as he and George came up to the struggling men.

A fierce reply was uttered by one of the cockswain's assailants, who at once made a desperate lunge with his right fist at Harold. The boy sprang aside, and countered on the ruffian's jaw with unpleasant force.

"That's it!" cried Peter Morris, the cockswain; "let him have it broadside fur broadside. I kin sink this 'ere slob, if you gentlemen 'll ram the others."

Harold and George engaged the attention of the other two assailants, and for a few minutes the battle waged hotly. Both boys had their blood up, and they were making good use of scientific boxing learned at Annapolis. The roughs who had assaulted the sailor were beginning to show signs of distress, and the cockswain cried exultingly:

"Strike yer colors, ye slobs! Don't ye know when you're licked!"

"Hit 'im with yer brass knuckle, Jimmy!" cried one of the fellows.

"No, you don't!" exclaimed George, driving his right fist into the man's face.

"Cops!" cried another of the men.

At that very moment, when victory seemed to be certain for our young friends, two policemen came running up, and before the boys and the sailor could recover from their amazement one of the roughs had made a complaint against them, and they found themselves under arrest and marched off to the police station.

"Waal," exclaimed Peter Morris, "as my mother used to say when she were a-mashin' pertaters, 'This are simply crushin'!'"

At the station one of the roughs told a remarkable story of how the sailor had tried to snatch his watch, and how the two young men had come up and joined in the assault on them when they tried to defend themselves. As for Peter he was so astounded that he told a miserably bungling story of the real act—an attempt to snatch his pocket-book which he had incautiously exposed—and the sergeant on duty said the seaman was drunk, and ordered all three of them to be locked up for the night on a general charge of assault and battery.

"But we shall miss our ship!" exclaimed Harold.

"Miss your ship! You never saw a ship," said the sergeant, contemptuously. "Take them down and lock them in."

[TO BE CONTINUED]



THE DRAWING LESSON.—ENGRAVED BY C. BAUDE, AFTER A PAINTING BY C. W. BITTE.

THE SONG OF THE ANVIL.

LISTEN to the anvil's clang
In the gray old blacksmith shop!
What a clear and bell-like ring,
What an even steady swing!
How it never seems to stop—
Thwang!—thwang!—thwang!

Beating out the sparks of fire;
Forging iron shoe and tire;
Hammering the rosy steel
Till it fits the shaft or wheel;
Ringing out so cheerily,
Like a laugh of honest glee.
Sweeter music never rang—
Thwang!—thwang!—thwang!

Seems that cheery sound to say:
"Earnest work is happy, ay!
Let the task be what it may,
Do it promptly, do it well,
For to-morrow as to-day,
And heart's joy shall in you swell!
He who makes an honest thing
Hears the spirit in him sing.
None so happy, heart and mind,
As the man who serves his kind.
Not a task so humbly planned,
But to do it well is grand."
So the blacksmith's anvil sings—
While the hammer on it rings—
Sings, I take it, not untrue,
Though it only shape a shoe!
Well, if in its sturdy clang
We can find a lesson too—
How to make life's anvil peal
With the gladness that we feel,
Like the blacksmith's honest steel—
Thwang!—thwang!—thwang!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS, AND HOW
TO GET THEM UP.

BY EDWARD FALES COWARD.

I.—THE STAGE IN THE PARLOR.

WITH the wonderful growth of popular interest in dramatic matters, there is hardly a town or hamlet in the United States that does not boast of its opera-house or theatre. No place is too small to attract some travelling show during each season, and, as a consequence, almost every citizen of this great republic has at some time, either directly or indirectly, had brought home to him the glare, glitter, and fascination that belong to the mimic world of behind the scenes.

How many boys and girls have seen a theatrical representation, and not longed to act it over again among themselves? How many have not longed to give a play, an original play, with all the paraphernalia of a real theatre, with curtain, foot-lights, and scenery? The purpose of this article is to tell the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE how they may erect a well-appointed play-house at the least possible cost, and how, to their parents' peace of mind, a stage and accessories may be put up in a private house without injuring walls or ceilings. In a subsequent article the work of preparing, rehearsing, and producing a play will also be explained in detail, and then the plays published in coming numbers can be undertaken by our readers.

In most private houses, the parlor, in point of size and convenience, especially if the outside public is to be invited, makes the best room for conversion into a theatre,

or a large garret, if there is sufficient lead room, may also be used. Precaution should be taken in selecting a place for a stage to see that behind it there is some method of access with other parts of the house, that the ordinary living-rooms may be made available for dressing-rooms, property-rooms, make-up-rooms, etc.

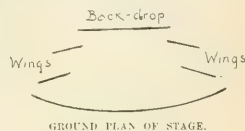
A raised stage is very desirable, even though it entails additional cost. It will not only add materially to the comfort of the spectators, but will conduce very much to the players' effects. A simple way to erect a solid platform, that will do away with horses and expensive cross supports, which would need the aid of a practical carpenter, is to utilize starch, soap, or canned-goods boxes of a similar size. Taking it for granted that the width of the average room at the disposal of the actors is 18 feet, get, say, 15 soap-boxes, and place 5 of them end to end in three rows, thus: Along the side of each section of boxes nail a strip of wood to keep the three separate rows in place. Place the two outside rows about three inches from the baseboard on either side of the room. Then take hemlock boards (they are the cheapest), and saw them in lengths two inches shorter than the width of the room. Lay them at right angles over the box supports, and fix them to the same. Screws are to be preferred, as the stage can then easily be taken up and put down again. Following out these instructions, a stage free from spring should be the result. The cost would be: 15 boxes at 5 cents, 75 cents; 3 pieces of strip, 25 cents; 225 feet of hemlock, \$4 50; screws, 25 cents. Total, \$5 75.

Stage clothes are a very desirable adjunct. If possible, the boards should be covered with a green or brown cloth, the thicker the better, in order to deaden the sound of feet on the wood. These colors are preferable because they represent either the earth or the greensward. For an interior they make a good ground-work, on which may be placed rugs of varying size.

The most important and at the same time most difficult parts of a theatre for an amateur to build are the framework of the proscenium and the outline of the stage by which the scenery is supported. The proscenium is the covered front of the stage which, with the curtain, shuts off the mysteries behind from the spectators in front.

Against the boxes at either side of the room, about a foot or eighteen inches from the edge of the same, nail or screw uprights two inches wide by an inch thick. These uprights should reach to within an inch of the ceiling. Take then a piece of wood, just short of the width of the room, and covering it with something soft, like Canton flannel, stretch it across the ceiling of the room, driving the ends over the uprights, making a close joint. Two similar uprights two feet from the side edges of the stage should then be placed in position. Brace them to the stage, and have them of a length that when bent under the cross-piece stretching across the ceiling they will be firm. Braces as shown in the accompanying diagram should be used to impart the necessary solidity to a structure which must bear the weight of the curtain.

If the stage is eighteen feet deep, nine feet from its outer edge (the foot-lights) erect similar uprights on the outside, with a cross-piece running the width of the room, covered, as before, with Canton flannel. At the extreme rear of the stage this arrangement should again be repeated, stays or braces being used to give it additional strength. The three uprights on either side of the stage should then be braced by a board two inches wide and an inch thick, running the full depth of the stage. By following out these instructions the entire stage will

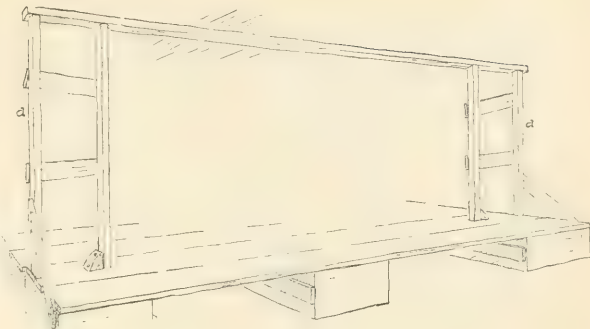


thus be outlined by a light but firm framework, capable of standing such strain as may be put upon it by scenery, draperies, changings. It is almost impossible to stretch wires or ropes from wall to wall and get a satisfactory result. They are sure to sag, and will present a most unbusinesslike effect. The method proposed, of course, entails work and some carpentering skill, but really half the fun of amateur theatricals is in devising effective substitutes for the conveniences to be found in an ordinarily well-appointed theatre.

The proscenium must now be covered and the curtain hung. If any one in the household has an artistic bent, the decoration of this part of the theatre will give his fancy an excellent outlet. The material used to cover this outer frame should be as light as possible. If the stuff is to be painted, white unbleached muslin—or cotton cloth, as it is sometimes called—is recommended. This should first be sized, and water-colors used. If there is no artistic talent to draw upon, something like Canton flannel may be used; the artistic colors it now comes in make it possible to produce with a curtain of a different shade some very pleasing effects. If possible, a curve effect should be given to the cloth which stretches across the opening.

The curtain once sewed together in perpendicular strips, brass rings should be sewed in (five lines equidistant every six inches from top to bottom). The top of the curtain should then be securely attached to the cross-piece of wood running the width of the room, and attached to the bottom should be a piece of batten (a stick of wood or gas-pipe). This batten should be wider than the proscenium opening, so as to prevent the curtain from getting out of place.

Calling the left-hand side of the stage as you face the audience the prompt-side—that is, the place where the man who prompts and runs the curtain stands—strong white cord is attached to the extreme right end of the batten. It is then passed up through the little brass rings sewed to the curtain, and through large screw-eyes attached to the cross-piece of the proscenium arch. At the left end of this cross-piece should be a large screw-eye, through which the cord descends to the curtain-man's hand. Another cord should then be similarly attached to the batten at the foot of the next row of brass rings, and so on through the screw-eyes at the top down to the curtain-man. Similar cords should then be fixed wherever there is a row of brass rings. The ends of the various cords should then be tied together, leaving plenty of slack to twist around a cleat on the prompt-side, that they may be made fast when the curtain is up. By this arrangement the cords, when pulled, will draw the curtain up in a satisfactory manner; but the man working them

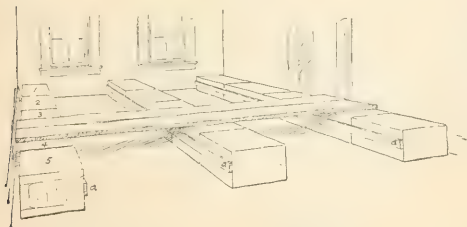


FRAME FOR PROSCENIUM.

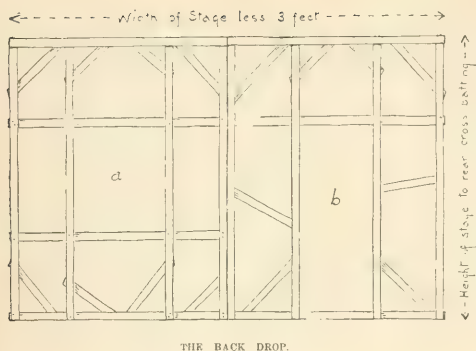
should see that the cords retain their relative positions, otherwise the curtain might not fold evenly.

The proper arrangement of lights is absolutely indispensable for artistic effects. It is most desirable that it should be thrown upon the faces. It shows off the expression better. Light from above is apt to cast shadows. If there is gas in the house, and the connection can be easily made, it is most suitable for foot-light uses. The fact that it can be controlled makes it doubly advantageous. In this way effects of nature can be simulated, and entrances of characters upon darkened scenes with lighted lamps or candles made entirely realistic.

In arranging the foot-lights every care should be taken to provide against danger from fire. Have the board which covers the supports of your stage from the eyes of those in front reach about four inches above the stage. Line the inside of this elevation above the stage with tin, and have the tin extend over the stage its full width, about eight inches, to the rear. This will not only protect the wood-work thereabouts, but will act as a reflector as well. In proportion to your other expenses your foot-lights and accessories will probably cost you quite a little sum, but the outlay will be warranted by the results you will obtain from having a practical plant. Go to a plumber, and get him to take a piece of regulation-size gas-pipe, cut it off the width of your proscenium opening, and close one end. Then at intervals of eighteen inches have him bore holes in it, inserting in each hole an ordinary gas plug. It will not pay you to have too many of these jets, because as you will get your gas supply from one ordinary burner, there will not be force enough to give you very many flames of any considerable size. Set this pipe on the tin, and fix it firmly by means of hasps and small wooden blocks, so that there is no danger of its toppling over. To the open end of the pipe affix a rubber tubing, tying tightly the joint, that there may be no leakage, and have the pipe run to the nearest side-wall gas-bracket, first removing the tip of the same, that the gas may have as free a flow as is possible. See to it that the tubing passes to the bracket in a way that will prevent its being stepped upon, otherwise your lights will be extinguished, and, very probably, your efforts as well. The ordinary stop-cock on the bracket will thus enable you to regulate the amount of light you wish to throw upon the performers and the scene. If it is not possible to surround each foot-light with a little bulbous wire screen, stretch some wire netting, such as is used on hen-coops, from the top of the piece of wood which screens the light from the eyes of the audience to the rear of the tin sheathing.



THE BOXES PREPARED FOR THE STAGE.



THE BACK DROP.

If a gas connection is impossible, lamps may be substituted at regular intervals, or candles. If the latter are used, those of paraffine that come sixteen to the pound should be utilized. Of course neither of these methods will permit you to get graduated effects of light.

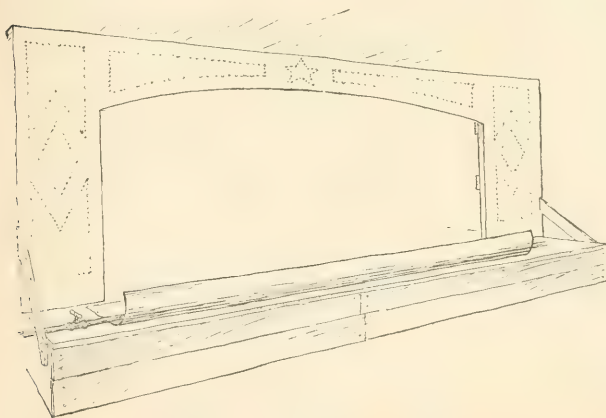
Scenery is the next important element to be considered. With that arranged for, your theatre will then be ready for practical use.

The usual piece adapted for amateur representation has its action take place in-doors. Many a good play has to be abandoned by beginners because it is impossible for them to rig up anything that will pass current for a wood, landscape, or seascape, as a view of the coast is called. The selection of a play which will lend itself readily to mounting by amateurs will be treated more fully in a subsequent article. As a general proposition it may be stated that for a beginning, anyway, a piece had better be selected which calls for an in-door scene.

If extreme simplicity is desired, the use of a back-drop and wings is recommended. If there is to be more than one play, both requiring interiors, it is more desirable to use the same background—much time will be thereby saved—and effect the changes by the use of different hangings, furniture, and bric-à-brac.

The back-drop had better be made on a frame in two pieces, covered with unbleached muslin—cotton cloth. A serviceable arrangement would be to make this framework on the outline shown in the diagram.

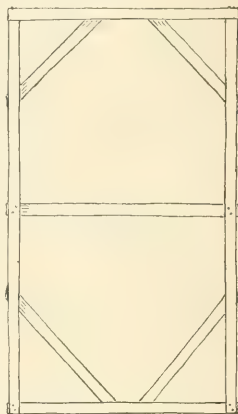
(a.) Open space for window. (b.) Open space for door.



THE COMPLETED PROSCENIUM WITH FOOTLIGHTS.

The material used should be (if possible) pine-wood strips, two inches wide, and one inch thick. The joints and corners must of course be carefully squared to make a good fit. The frame should then be covered with the cotton cloth, and if the interior to be used is to represent a drawing-room or bedroom, no better method can be devised than to cover this surface with some appropriate wall-paper. For the door and the window separate frame-work will of course have to be made. Painting these to represent the real articles will require a study of originals. For the wings, for the average depth of stage in a private house, two on either side will be sufficient. They should be made of the same material as the back frame, and should be similarly covered. To screen the sides they should be placed at an angle to the footlights.

For a box scene the sides should be made similar to the mounted back frame as just described, arranging them in the matter of doors and windows as the action of the average play calls for. This means, as a rule, that there should be at least one door on each side. If necessary, a door opening can very readily be converted into a window opening to the ground. For modern interiors it is useless to use other than wall-paper, and for even mediæval interiors something appropriate in the line can readily be obtained.



A DOOR.

A kitchen or a garret can also be made out of wall-paper if the amateur scenic artist at hand finds himself unable to cope with the requirements of such a scene.

If a palace interior is required, his utmost skill will be demanded. He had better take as a model some picture from a book. The one freest from architectural ornateness is advised. The back frame once covered—as a rule, the entrance in it should be in the centre, and have an arch—the cotton cloth should first be sized, and then allowed to dry. Sizing is a mixture composed of size, water, and glue, and is laid on with a broad brush similar to that employed by white-washers. For coloring purposes dry water-colors must be used.

As before stated, many a clever little play is barred from an amateur's repertoire because an interior scene representing a garden or wood is required. To paint Nature in her original mood is a severe task for any amateur artist. It is now possible to buy such scenes printed on separate sheets of paper, which can be pasted like wall-paper on some covered frame. A garden 15 feet wide by 8 feet high, with wings and borders complete, will cost \$7 50. One 20 by 11½ will cost \$10. Wood scenes in similar sizes cost the same.

This practically completes the working outfit of an amateur theatre. How to get a play ready for presentation, and how to run the stage on the night of a performance, will be described in a succeeding paper.

A GARRISON ON THE TOPS OF THE ALPS.

THE military situation in Europe has reached the point now where it is considered, if not necessary, at least advisable, to keep troops on the very highest mountain-tops in order to meet and oppose the enemy if he should choose that rather difficult approach to make an invasion. Both France and Italy have regularly organized regiments of Alpine soldiers who are armed, in addition to their rifles and revolvers, with alpenstocks, ice-picks, and ropes; and these men camp in summer and in winter on high peaks and glaciers, watching the frontier to see that no unfriendly move is begun by their neighbors. In the summer-time the Alpine corps makes difficult mountain ascensions, and the engineers draw plans of the surrounding country, and look for available passes between the higher peaks. Many hundred men are engaged in this work, so that the ice and snow clad Alps are almost as well plotted and mapped as the plains and fertile fields of the lowlands.

But in the autumn, when the weather begins to get wintry and the storms in the high mountains grow fiercer, the main body of Alpine troops is recalled into the valleys, and the soldiers go into winter-quarters.

The mountain posts, however, cannot be left ungarrisoned, and so a certain number of volunteers are appointed every year to spend the long winter months far above human habitations and away from all intercourse with their fellow-men. These posts are almost as isolated as if they were at the north pole, and they are pretty nearly as cold.

One of the principal stations is on the Grande Turra, a very high mountain which can be found on any good map of France and Switzerland near Mont Cenis, under which passes the famous tunnel of the same name. The barracks on the Grande Turra stand 7500 feet above the sea-level. The highest inhabited spot in this country is the signal station on top of Pike's Peak, and that is 14,147 feet above the sea-level.

Thirty Alpine soldiers, with a lieutenant and two sergeants, make up the garrison for these lonely barracks, and they go up into the region of perpetual snow about the middle of October. Their quarters are low houses built of stone, with very thick walls. The houses are grouped about a small court, with the officer's house opposite the entrance, and the men's quarters and the store-house on either side. A little to the rear is a snug stable, where a few mules, which do heavy work for the soldiers, are kept, and with them half a dozen goats that are depended upon to furnish the garrison with milk.

The nearest village is several miles away, and consists of only a few shepherds' huts. But at the hamlet of Lanslebourg there are some more of the Alpine troops, and they form a supply and aid station for the iso-



COASTING.

lated men high up above them. About once a month during the winter, if it is possible for a mule to struggle up the icy trail to the Grande Turra post, fresh meat and vegetables and letters and newspapers are taken up to the garrison. But sometimes such fierce wind and snow storms rage around these bleak mountain-sides that it is impossible to make way through the drifts for weeks and weeks. During that time the men in the Grande Turra garrison eat canned provisions, and remain in their little stone houses listening to the wind and sleet howling outside.

The principal work of the soldiers in the winter is to keep open the trail to the valley below, and to keep their quarters from being entirely smothered under by snowdrifts. The labor of keeping the path open is the hardest. After every storm the men go out with picks and shovels, and toss the accumulated snow aside, heaping it up to the right and to the left, until the trail actually seems to run along the bottom of a trench. At some points the road is so exposed to drifts and landslides that in order to protect it tunnels are built of snow and ice blocks, or else dug right through a drift. Some of the tunnels are over nine hundred feet long, and once built they will last all winter. They are made high enough and broad enough to admit of the passage of the mule which carries up the provisions from Lanslebourg.

Fresh water is obtained from a well situated some three hundred yards from the barracks, and is usually carried to camp in skins on muleback. But after a storm, or



DRAGGING WATER AFTER A STORM.

when the path is so heavy that it is impossible for the mules to work, then the men must put a barrel on a sled and haul the water up the icy mountain-side themselves.

Yet in spite of all the loneliness of their situation, the thirty Alpine soldiers manage to get some fun out of life. They have books to read and games to play in-doors, and they also have a mechanical piano. On fair days, when it is possible to go out, they indulge in snowball fights and in sliding down the steep hill-sides near the barracks. Their way of sliding is to sit astride of a snow-shovel, using the handle as a steering tongue, and so race with one another over all sorts of dangerous places. When the weather appears to be settled for a few days, the lieutenant in command takes his men out on trips in the neighborhood, and observations are made to find out what would be the best routes for troops to take in heavy weather if the journey were necessary.

Toward the end of April the snow begins to melt, and the ice tunnels thaw away. The road is kept clear more easily, and the mule from Lanslebourg comes more frequently. A month later the summer has set in, and a new detachment comes up the mountain to relieve the patient fellows who have passed nine months in the great solitudes where there were no other living creatures to be heard or seen.

A NATIONAL INSECT FACTORY.

BY J. EDWARD JENKS.

"I WAS in a bug factory the other day," said the traveller, as the boys gathered around him after supper. "Yes, a real bug factory; a place where they make bugs," he continued, as everybody yelled. "It belonged to the United States government, but I knew the man who built the establishment, and he let me go in and look at the interesting little creatures who live there. I call it a bug factory, but the scientists who work there, and who spend nearly all their time there, give the better-sounding name of insectary. It is located in Washington, and is a small but important part of the Department of Agriculture there. You know that department looks after all matters in which farmers take any interest. The official at the head of the Agricultural Department is one of the President's cabinet, so, you see, the office is a great one. The President is—"

"But tell us about the bug factory," begged one of the traveller's nephews.

"Well, the 'factory' is hidden in a large grove, raised with much patience and care by expert tree-growers, and is quite a walk from the Capitol, where the laws are made, and from the large glaring white mansion where the President lives. After you have wandered about some of the big department buildings in Washington, this little place of which I will tell you looks like a toy dwelling with a long glass-roofed L to it. The main building is a cozy house, where the scientific books are kept, and where the scientists do their studying and writing. The men who are employed here are called entomologists, and they make a special study of insects. There is always something to learn about the insects of the world, and hardly one matter is thought out before there is another subject requiring study.

"The government insectary is used for the cultivation and study of insects which prey upon plants, trees, and vegetables. There is a huge army of these kinds of pests, and they do great damage to nature, besides putting men to all sorts of dangers, trouble, and expense. Sometimes an insect will reach this country, no one knows from what place, and will increase in numbers so that the horde will actually eat up vast fields of hardy corn, and destroy, almost while I am telling you of it, the work of

days. If this sort of thing were allowed to go unchecked we would probably be eaten out of house and home by the little creatures which you can hardly see with a powerful microscope.

"The scientists not only closely watch the methods of living of these troublesome insects, but they find out what will drive them away or kill them. It would be a difficult matter to find out all this if the entomologist had to go out into the field and lie around among the plants and vegetables. It would be a long and tiresome work for him, and if he were in some parts of the country, while he was watching a very small worm something a good deal larger than himself might be waiting for him.

"This was the reason that the government built its bug factory. It wanted to raise insects, see how they lived, what they ate, how they changed in form, and find out what would finally destroy them. You can see how important all this information would be to a man who had every year been bothered by insects he could hardly see, and whose potatoes and strawberries were being eaten by a hungry army which paid nothing for the feast.

"The long room in which the insects are kept is built with a roof of glass, fixed with shades so that the amount of light may be regulated. There are two sections, one heated to correspond to the weather out-of-doors, and the other heated to any degree desired. Sometimes it is necessary to give the occupants of this room a greater heat than the ordinary temperature. One section is known as the forcing-room, and here are kept the plants in pots, while in the centre is a bed of rich soil where small trees and shrubbery are planted for the study of insects living upon these forms of vegetation. There are all sorts of things for the rearing of bugs, such as cages and jars, and there are two large glass cases filled with running water, little cascades, for rearing insects which live in the water; and there is a pitch-dark room, where some day they hope to experiment with bees.

"The insect is captured and brought to the insectary, as I shall have to call it now, and placed in a jar or a cage, or on a plant, where it can grow and change into its various forms. Its way of feeding, of living upon the leaf or flower or vegetable, is closely watched, and the result of its life on the plant is also taken notice of. Then when the scientists have studied the insect as long as they want to, when they have found out all the different shapes he takes during his life, and just how long he will live if allowed to go undisturbed, the watchers try different ways of killing the bug. Sometimes it is found necessary to burn certain plants where all the insects will congregate at a certain time in their life, and sometimes it is found that certain powders will kill the pests.

"The men who watch these little creatures find lots of things to interest them, and it takes away the weariness of their waiting. They find that marvellous changes often take place in the insects. Some of them alter their form so that you would not recognize them for the same insect. One will at first be a short thick fly, with sharp eyes, wings, and a minute feeler like an elephant's trunk, and he will next be a worm without legs and no eyes. It is always an easy matter to find out what the bug is doing and what will drive it away, but it is not always so easy to say where he comes from or how he happened to appear in certain places. The day I was in the insectary I saw a bug which had been found in California by a boy while eating boiled potatoes, and later his father found more potatoes in the cellar, which had been dug a short time before, also inhabited by this same worm. I was told that this worm had come all the way from China, probably, nobody knew how. Anyway, a member of the unwelcome tribe had reached the insectary, and was a guest there. He was a famous bug, did he but know it, for he was to be carefully watched, and his ev-

ery action was to be noted in a book each day. He would receive as much attention as any great man—probably more attention, for hardly any man has been closely watched every day of his life, as this Chinese bug will be.

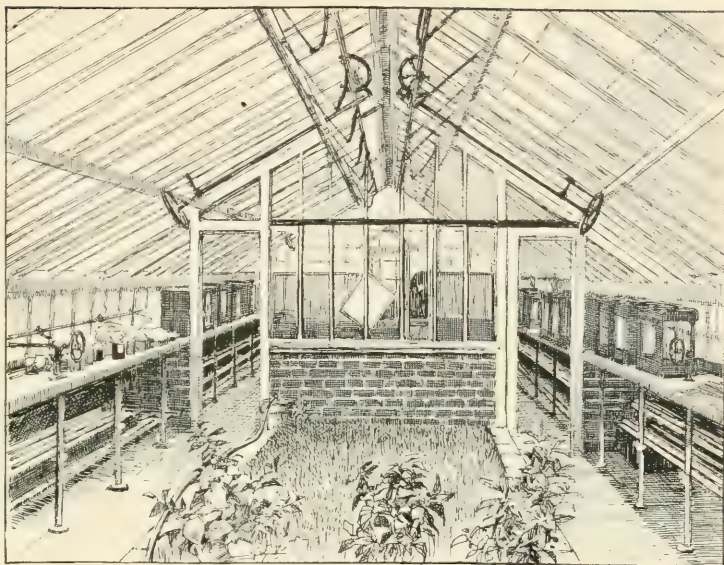
"This particular insect is capable of doing great damage to potatoes, and is the more dangerous because of his secretive habits. It digs its way through the ground to the potato, for which originally, it appears, the worm had no special liking. It used to live on a plant called flag, and is supposed to have acquired a taste for the potato because flag was used as a covering for potato-houses. It also lives upon tobacco. So you see it has a variety of tastes. There was another insect which I saw, and which also came from across the continent. It had travelled all the way from Europe, and fed upon the olive-tree. It is a difficult insect to see on the bark of the tree, where large masses of the pests gather. It is covered with wax, and one of the forms it takes finds it without legs and without eyes, and a mouth so very small as to be almost impossible to perceive.

"There was also a curious worm which fed upon the sugar beet. It looks like a small caterpillar, and is a very industrious insect. It is not at all sociable or friendly toward its fellow-worms, and when two of them met they would strike viciously at each other. After the caterpillars have served a term of life, they enter the ground and hide themselves in a little cave, which they dig for themselves and neatly line with silk of their own weaving. Then they come forth with wings, and each takes a mate. They lay eggs, and a new generation is started.

"Then they showed me other minute creatures, called weevils, which actually find room to live comfortably in a pea or bean. The weevils are hatched from very small eggs, and each one has six legs. Some of them are great miners, and dig through the pod and into the pea or bean, where they remain hid, and at last come forth completely changed, looking this time like a small beetle, and able to fly, where once they could scarcely crawl.

"While the insectary rears the dangerous insects, it also cultivates their enemy, known as the parasite. This creature lives off of the greater pest, and when a beetle or bug of some kind is found to have a liking for such a pest as this Chinese worm of which I have told you, the parasite becomes useful to man, and large numbers of them are raised and sent to the places where the troublesome insects are eating the plants, berries, and vegetables. Last year in New Zealand that country was overrun with an insect, and our bug factory sent a little destroyer to that country which drove out the dangerous pest, and the people were so grateful that they held a public meeting and thanked this government for its good deed.

"So you see our government does not forget the small



THE INSECTARY.

matters which have an effect on our daily life, and it looks after the health of other nations as well as its own."

And then the boys all trooped to bed to dream of winged caterpillars which live in the water.

CHANGELINGS.

THE ghosts of flowers went sailing
Through the dreamy autumn air
The gossamer wings of the milkweed brown,
And the sheeny silk of the thistle-down,
But there was no bewailing,
And never a hint of despair.

From the mountain-ash was swinging
A gray deserted nest;
Scarlet berries where eggs had been,
Softly the flower-wraiths floated in,
And the brook and breeze were singing
When the sun sank down in the west.

MARY THATCHER HIGGINSON.

GIVING HIM A CHANCE.

PERSONS who are envious of those whom they are pleased to call the fortunate rarely count the cost of success. Apropos of this, an amusing story is told of General Lefevre, Duke of Dantzic. One day the General had a visit from a friend of his youth, who commented, not without feelings of envy, on the dignities and riches which the Duke (who was born in a peasant's cottage) had acquired in many battles, and by his faithful services.

"Oh! I am prepared," was the rejoinder, "to hand them over to you at the very price I paid for them. We will proceed together into my garden. There you shall walk up and down for the space of half an hour while I command a company of infantry to fire on you—there were more in my case, but you shall have the benefit of altered circumstances. If you are not shot in thirty minutes all that is mine shall be yours."



"WHY, YOU NAUGHTY CHILDREN, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"
 "WE WERE PLAYIN' ROBBERS, AN' I HAD TO COME THROUGH DE
 FIREPLACE."

OVERHEARD IN BOBBIE'S DESK.

"HULLO, Reader!" said the Spelling-Book. "How do you feel this morning?"

"Pretty poorly, thank you. Bobbie is a nice boy, but he hasn't much regard for me. He's taken ten of my pages and dogeated them so that I almost find myself barking."

"I'm mad at Bobbie," said the Spelling-Book. "He told a story about me yesterday. The teacher asked him how to spell lion, and he said l-y-o-n, and when the teacher said it was l-i-o-n, he told her that I spelled it with a y, which I don't."

"He did something like that with me," said the Reader. "I've got a story in me about George Washington, and in one place I say, 'Nowhere do we find a more noble figure,' and Bobbie said I said, 'Now here do we find a nobby figure.' It's absurd to say I said that."

"Didn't his teacher keep him in for it?" asked the Spelling-Book.

"No; she got laughing, and then Bobbie laughed, and everybody else laughed. As for me, I was simply mortified to death," said the Reader.

"He's a queer boy," put in the Arithmetic. "I've tried to teach him lots, but he's ungrateful. Why, what do you suppose he told his uncle last week?"

"I haven't an idea," said the Reader.

"Nor I," said the Spelling-Book.

"Why, his uncle—you know his uncle George—one of those funny uncles that laugh when they say things," said the Arithmetic. "He asked Bobbie how he liked the multiplication table, and Bobbie said he preferred the dinner table."

"How dreadful!" said the Reader.

"Yes," said the Arithmetic. "You don't learn anything at the dinner table."

"That's what his uncle George said," put in the Arithmetic, "but Bobbie said he'd learned lots there. Said he'd learned how to subtract four cookies from one cake basket, and added that while in real arithmetic four taken from one leaves nothing, in dinner-table arithmetic you could subtract four cookies from a cake basket and have the basket left, which he thought was much pleasanter. Then his uncle asked him if he liked division, and he said he'd never studied arithmetic division, but when he had to divide an apple with two sisters he hadn't much use for it."

"What a dreadfully stupid boy!" said the Spelling-Book. "There's nothing sharp about him."

"Except his teeth," moaned the Pencil. "He's all the time putting me in his mouth and biting my head, and I tell you it hurts."

"Think of me!" said the Slate-Pencil. "When he uses me on the slate he pushes me down so hard that he just uses me up in no time."

"I suppose that's why you squeak so," said the Reader. "I wish you wouldn't. Your squeaking mixes me up so that even Bobbie can't tell me from his copy-book, which is why all my blank leaves are marked all over with all sorts of absurd figures."

"Well, I don't squeak because I like it," said the Slate-Pencil. "But listen—there goes the bell. We'll have to be quiet now."

And they all arranged themselves neatly in their accustomed places, and it wasn't until it came to the arithmetic hour that the Slate realized that while they were talking the Sponge had forgotten to wash his face for him.

THE TONIES—DANISH FOLKLORE.

THE BUCKET IN THE WELL.

THE bucket had fallen into the well of one of the tonies. For a long time he and his neighbors discussed, without coming to any conclusion, how they should get it out again; and finally hit upon the following plan. They laid a pole across the well, and agreed that one of their number should hold fast to it with his hands, that another should hang to this one's feet, and so on, until the last was able to reach the bucket. But just as they were all ready, and the one at the bottom was about to catch hold of the bucket, the hands of the one at the top began to hurt him tremendously. He called out to the others, "Wait just a minute till I spit on my hands!" Then he let go to spit on his hands, and—plump down to the bottom of the well they all went, and were all drowned.

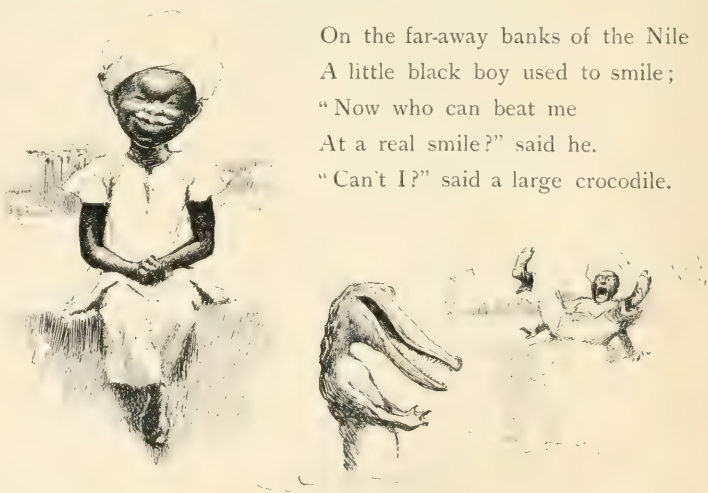
On the far-away banks of the Nile

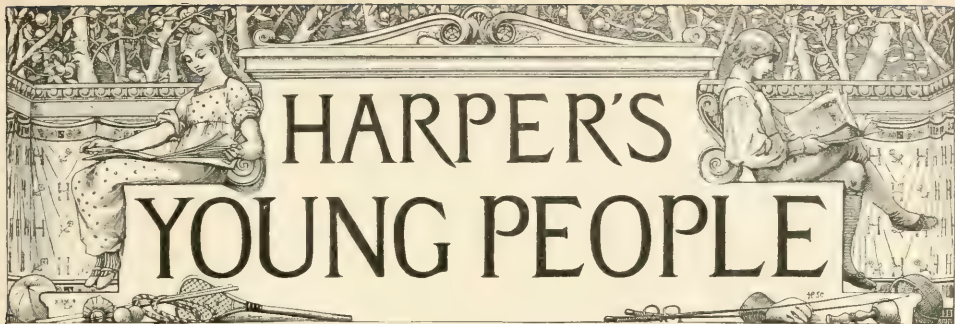
A little black boy used to smile;

"Now who can beat me

At a real smile?" said he.

"Can't I?" said a large crocodile.





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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE SCRUB QUARTER-BACK.

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

TOMMY WORMSEY was a meek little boy with an ugly face, mostly covered with court-plaster, and he would rather fall on a football than eat.

When he came trotting out upon the field, the college along the side lines always smiled at the way he tipped his head to one side with his eyes on the ground, as though he was ashamed of himself and of his funny little bumpy body, stuck into a torn suit and stockings which

weren't mates and had holes in them. When he skimmed over the ground and dived through the air and brought down a two-hundred-and-something-pound guard, with his knotty little arms barely reaching about the big thighs, it looked very absurd, and when he jumped up again, yelling "3—9—64" in his shrill earnest voice, and ran sniffling back to his place, with his sorrowful face seeming to say, "I know I oughtn't to have let him slide so far,

but please don't scold me this time," the crowd laughed uproariously, which hurt his feelings.

But he paid very little attention to anything except the scrub captain's orders and the admonitions of the coaches, to whom he said, "Yes, sir," and "I'll try it that way, sir." He was afraid of them, and looked down at his torn stockings when they spoke to him. Those of the crowd along the ropes who knew everything, as well as the other spectators who only knew a few things, said that Freshman Wormsey had more sporty blood and football instinct than any man on the field. But they did not know what a coward he was at heart.

More than once when a 'varsity guard had broken through and jumped on him, and the scrub halves had fallen on him from the other direction to keep him from being shoved back, and the other 'varsity guard and the centre, who were not light, had thrown themselves upon these, and one of the ends had swung round and jumped on the top of the pile on general principles, Wormsey, at the bottom, said "ouch!" under his breath, if he had any. He weighed 137 pounds stripped.

And at night, after the trick practice with checkers at the Athletic Club, he always hurried back to his room, and stacked the pillows and sofa cushions up in the corner of the room, with the black one in the centre, and taking his place on one knee in the opposite corner, socked the ball into the pile. Every time he missed the black one in the centre he called himself names.

Sometimes when he did this he became excited, and sprang forward and knocked down chairs and tables and things. But he paid no attention to that. He only gritted his teeth and fell to passing again, and kept it up sometimes until eleven o'clock, which was a whole hour later than he had any business to be out of bed.

But there were days when it became tiresome, this constant pound, pound, pound, fall down, get up and pound again, and once in a while there came dark times when he felt that it all didn't pay, which was very unpatriotic thinking; and the next day, when the crowd yelled, "Well tackled, Wormsey!" he wondered how he could have been such a mucker as to think it. But it was rather hard work for a seventeen-year-old boy whose bones weren't knit to play two thirty-minute halves every day as hard as they were doing now, and then practise place kicks and catching punts afterwards, besides keeping hold of all the signals and systems and stuff that were drummed into his little head every evening, along with the rest of the second eleven, in the room across the hall from the one where the 'varsity were learning their systems and signals and tricks.

It's all well enough for them. They have their 'varsity sweaters with the big letter on them, and have their pictures printed in the papers, and are pointed out and praised and petted and fondled and fussed over like blue-ribboned hunters at the horse show; but for the poor faithful unappreciated scrub it's a different story. There's none of the glory, and all work and grind and strain at the top notch of capacity. And nothing at the end of it but thanks and the consciousness of doing one's duty by the college. So about this time, when they were approaching that critical stage in training which is like getting one's second wind in a cross-country run, he used to have some terrible times with himself. If any one knew what muckerishly cowardly thoughts he had, he was afraid they'd fire him from college.

He was ashamed of himself, but he couldn't help it. He was getting sick of training, sick of getting up at seven o'clock in the morning and hurrying down to breakfast while the alarm clocks were going off in East and West colleges, and the frost was still on the grass. Every day, as soon as the morning recitations were over, no matter what kind of weather, he must jump into the buss at the corner of Dickinson Hall, drive down to the grounds, un-

dress and dress again, and hobble out upon the field, and get his poor little body bumped and pounded and kicked and trampled on, and the rest of his personality yelled at by the captain, and scolded by the coaches, who stand alongside in nicely creased trousers, with canes in their hands, and call out, "Line up more quickly, scrub," which is hard to do when one's lungs are breathless, especially when one is a quarter-back, and needs a certain amount of wind to scream out the signals in a loud enough tone to keep from being blamed. And that's the way they make football stuff.

To-day he let Hartshorn drag him five yards and missed one tackle outright, and he was discouraged. After the line-up, while they were practising him at catching punts, he seemed to have such bad luck holding the ball; and once, in trying for a wild one when he had run over by the cinder track, grunting and straining, and had put up his little arms, only to feel the ball bounce off his chest, he gnashed his teeth so loud and said "Oh, dear!" in such a plaintive whimper, like a child waking from a bad dream, that two pipe-smoking Seniors, who were trooping out in the rear of the crowd, smiled audibly and said something about him. He could not hear what it was. He only heard them laugh, and it nearly broke his heart. But all that he could do was to call them things under his breath, and run sniffing back to his place again.

The trouble with the boy was he had worked so hard and worried so much that he was overtrained, and so, naturally, there was not much ginger left in him. And the reason the keen-eyed trainer did not see this and lay him off for a few days was that Wormsey thought it his duty to make up in nerve what he lacked in ginger; and he was too bashful to tell any one how difficult it was to make himself play hard, and how that he no longer felt springy when he jumped out of bed in the morning, and that he slept all the afternoon after practice, instead of studying, as all football men should.

He went into the field-house the next day, unbuttoning his coat and hating football. He hated the dressing-room. He was sick of training, sick of rare beef and bandages and rub-downs, and the captain's admonitions and the coach's scoldings. He thought he would give anything not to be obliged to play that day. He was sore all over, and his ear would be torn open again, and he didn't like having the blood trickle down his neck; it felt so sticky.

It was a hot, lazy, Indian-summer day, and his muscles felt exhausted. He felt as much like exerting them as one feels like studying in spring term directly after dinner, when the Seniors are singing on the steps. As he came hobbling out of the field-house he laced his little jacket, and made up his mind that after the practice he would tell the captain that he could not spare the time from his studies to play football, patriotism or no patriotism. This was not necessary, because he was tumbled over in the opening play, and remained upon the ground even after the captain cried "Line up quickly," with his ugly little face doubled up in a knot.

"There goes another back," said the scrub captain, pettishly, snapping his fingers. "Rice, you play quarter; and, Richardson, you come play half in Rice's place."

Another sub and William, the negro rubber, picked Wormsey up, the doctor following behind, and turning back to see the play, which had already begun again; for he wanted to see how the new system was working.

As they approached the field-house he saw the two fellows who had laughed at him the day before standing apart down at the end of the field. One of them was tapping his pipe against the heel of his shoe, and saying, "I didn't know that that little fellow could be hurt. He always--" But just then the 'varsity full-back made a "twister" punt, and he interrupted himself with an ex-

clamoration about that. It sounded like a reproach to Wormsey, and he began to feel that he had somehow gotten hurt with malice aforethought. And this made him so ashamed that when they reached the field-house the trainer, sponging his face, said, encouragingly: "That's all right, me boy. Don't feel badly. You'll be out again in a couple of weeks. I've been meaning to lay you off for a while, anyway. I'll tell you for why; you're a little stale, Tommy, a little stale."

Every day now Wormsey trudged down to the field on crutches—they had to be sawed off at the bottom first—and watched the practice from a pile of blankets on the side-lines. It was a fine thing, he told himself, to watch the others do all the work while he sat still with four 'varsity sweaters tied about his neck. This was a great snap; he was still on the scrub, was at the training table, and would have his picture taken, would go to the Thanksgiving game free, and yet did not have to get pounded and pummeled.

He was made a good deal of now. The coaches patted him on the back and said "My boy" to him. He had a lot of sympathetic adulation from admiring classmates. Upper classmen whom he had never seen before, but who somehow knew him, came up and said, "How's the leg, Tommy?" At which he hung his head and sniffled, and said, "Getting along pretty well, thank you," and then grinned, because he didn't know whether they were geying him or not.

In a few days he could walk with a cane, and he put on his football clothes because they were more comfortable. He limped after the teams up and down the field, and squatted down to see how the 'varsity made their openings, and he learned how to tell, by the expression of his legs, on which side the quarter was going to pass the ball, which nobody else in the world could tell. Also, by carelessly daily sauntering into the cage during the preliminary practising, with a guileless smile on his face, he found out the 'varsity signals, which he had no business to find out.

Sometimes he became very much excited during the scrimmages, and once, when Dandridge, the wriggly 'varsity half-back, kept on squirming and gaining after he had been twice downed, Wormsey screamed, as he hopped up and down on one foot, "Oh, grab grab him! Please grab him! Oh! oh!" so loud that all the field heard it and laughed at him. When he realized what a fool he had made of himself he kicked himself with his good leg, and then limped slowly up the field to study the next play.

But conceited as it was, he really thought that he would have stopped that runner if he had been there. He imagined just how it would feel to have once more the thrill of a clean tackle, sailing through the air, and locking his arms tight, and squeezing hard, and both rolling over and over, while the crowd yelled in the distance. And he thought it would be fine to get out there again, and run his hands through his hair, and call out the signals, and plunge the ball home into the back's stomach, and then pitch forward, and push and strain and sweat and fall down and get up again. He had a firm healthy skin now, and had gone up to the tremendous weight of 138½, which was vulgar obesity.

One windy sunny day when Wormsey was limping friskily up and down the field with his hair blowing about, Stump, the 'varsity quarter, instead of springing up to his place after one of the tandem plays, as he should have done, lay still on the ground, while the college held its breath.

"It's Stump! it's Stump!" they whispered to one another with scared faces. Then they no longer held their breaths. They moaned, and stamped their heels in the frosty ground, and gazed out sadly toward the dear frowzy head of the man who was being carried to the field-house.

"It's only a wrench," said the doctor. "He'll be out in a few days."

The captain's mouth grew a little more stern, but he only snapped his fingers, and said: "Bristol! No, he's laid off too. Wait a moment, doctor," he called out. "Is Wormsey well enough to play?"

"Wormsey?" said Tommy to himself in little gasps. "Why, I'm Wormsey. What! play with the 'varsity!?"

And the doctor's voice came back through the wind, "No, I think not."

"Oh yes, I am!" yelled the shrill voice, which was heard all up and down both sides of the field, and reached to the Athletic Club; and throwing away his cane, and bending over to let some one pull off two sweaters, Wormsey ran sniffing out on the field.

"See, Jack," he called to the trainer, "I don't limp a bit." But he kept his face turned to one side so that the trainer couldn't see it twitch.

"Come here and I'll give you the signals, Wormsey," said the captain.

"I know them already," said Wormsey, looking ashamed of himself; and then he took his place on one knee behind the centre who had so often tumbled upon him.

Then he jumped in and showed everybody what he had been learning during the past ten days. He was in perfect condition now, except for the ankle, which he forgot about. He was quite accurate in his quick method of passing, and he tackled ravenously. Fellows like Wormsey never get soft. "Just watch that boy follow the ball," exclaimed one of the coaches to another. "Too bad he's so light," said the other.

Once when the scrub had the ball they gave the signal for a trick which they had been saving up as a surprise for the 'varsity. Tommy knew that signal. He dashed through the line between tackle and end, he caught the long pass on the fly, and having plenty of wind and a clear field, he made a touch-down unassisted, which made the crowd yell and applaud. Of course it was a great fluke, and Wormsey knew that, but all the same, while the crowd gave a cheer for Tommy Wormsey, and a three-times-three for "the little scrub," he grinned for a moment, and puckered up his eyes. But it is not the crowd that chooses the team.

That evening at dinner all the college was talking about the great tear the little Freshman had made, and down at the Athletic Club Wormsey overheard one of the coaches say: "When Stump comes out again, it'll make him work to see the Freshman putting up a game like that. But of course he can't keep it up. The pace is too fast."

Wormsey sniffled and had his own opinion about that. But whatever it might have been was never learned, because the next day he was taken off the field for the season. His bad ankle was sprained in the first half, which served him right for disobeying the doctor's order. But he should not have cared. Didn't he play one whole day on the 'varsity?

At one point during the Thanksgiving game of the following year a singular tackle was made by the quarter-back. He jumped up over the opposing side's interferers to reach the man with the ball. It was a desperate chance, but it was necessary, because there was no one between them and the goal-line. It saved a touch down. As he lay there panting and hugging the blue jersey under him, he became aware for the first time since the game began of the shouting and cheering of thousands and thousands of people over there in the stands. And all at once it came over him that they were cheering for him, and for a moment he grinned an ugly little grin. Then he remembered what a coward he had once been, and jumped up, copping out. "3 9 64."

EARLY DAYS OF SUCCESSFUL MEN.

THE ARMY—GENERAL MILES.

BY CAPTAIN C. A. CURTIS, U.S.A.



GENERAL N. A. MILES, U. S. A.

MANY an American boy with a military ambition has asked himself, "How can I become an officer in the army?" To be told that "where there is a will there is a way" affords him little encouragement. In a country of seventy millions of people, with an army of barely twenty-five thousand men, and with two thousand one hundred and fifty-nine commissioned officers of all grades, line and staff, the chances for securing a commission are slight indeed.

The writer proposes to show in the following columns how a New England farmer's boy, Nelson A. Miles, got into the army, and ultimately placed himself in the list of the most distinguished American generals.

The father of the General was born at Petersham, Massachusetts, but moved in early manhood to Westminster, in the same State, where he engaged in farming and the lumber business. The son says of his father: "My father's character was fine. He was possessed of many sterling qualities. I never knew a man whose promises and word

were held more sacred. In all business transactions he was the soul of honor. He heartily despised a hypocrite. In all his thoughts and acts he was thoroughly independent."

Of his mother the General says: "She was an intensely pious and Christian woman. She was more earnest in that respect than any person I ever knew. Her two chief ambitions were to set her children a good example and give them good educations. If prayer has any efficacy, I must have received its full benefit, for I was earnestly prayed for during childhood and manhood, through peace and war."

The General has been "a man on horseback" since his earliest recollection. He first sat a horse in front of his father, afterwards behind him, and later alone, clinging to the mane. He was given the care of a horse, and rode and managed him, at the age of six.

"I lived as a farm boy," said the General, "the happiest days of my life. I think such a life laid the foundation for my healthful constitution, its simplicity and purity having a great influence upon my after-success—greater than anything else. It taught me habits of industry and economy, and its freedom and independence caused me to acquire the habit of thinking for myself. The exercise of farm life gave strength and courage."

In boyhood he attended a district school three and a quarter miles from his home, carrying his noon lunch with him. In winter at recess and the noon intermission he joined his schoolmates in storming and defending forts of snow, or took part in field operations. He usually skated and coasted two or three hours daily. In summer he worked on the farm, but found many opportunities to amuse himself, rambling through the forests and fields, swimming and diving in the streams, and in the numberless ways familiar to the healthy and adventurous boy. When he grew older he went to an academy



GENERAL MILES IN HIS TENT DURING THE RECENT CHICAGO RIOTS.



CAVALRY BEING REVIEWED BY GENERAL MILES AFTER THE BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE.

in a neighboring town, riding his horse to and from school.

He had few companions near his home, for it was a farming region and sparsely settled. His only brother, twelve years older than himself, left home early, and his two sisters being much older, Nelson was left much to himself. He continued to ramble through the adjacent country, carrying his explorations farther than before, often taking along a well-trained dog and a shot-gun, for he was a natural sportsman, and was fairly skilled in setting snares, trapping, gunning, and fishing.

On Saturdays and other holidays the school-boys frequently met by appointment at the home of one of their number. They formed themselves into bands and clans, and drilled or carried on miniature warfare. They re-enacted scenes of the Indian and Revolutionary wars. The leaders drew lots to settle who should be the "British," the "Injuns," or the "Mericans."

Nelson Miles frequently led one band. They made expeditions through the open and wooded country. Sometimes imagining themselves roving Indians, they built wigwags, and sometimes as pioneer settlers they built log huts. They laid ambushes, attacked strongholds, captured parties, and did many other adventurous things. Their costumes were gathered from the farm-house garrets, and consisted of Colonial, Continental, 1812, and train-band uniforms—formerly common in old New England families—and imitations of the dress of the Narragansett and Iroquois Indians. The weapons were old flint-lock muskets, shot-guns, rusty swords, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

It is easy to infer that the Miles boy had military aspirations, and that the promise of an appointment to West Point when he should be of the required age would have been hailed by him with delight. But a farmer's boy without relatives or friends with political influence had no hope of such an appointment in those days, when cadetships went by favor, and not by competitive examination. Had some seer predicted that he would become a Major-General of the army without ever seeing

the military academy, he would have smiled at the prophecy as idle and visionary. At the age of sixteen he went to Boston to learn to be a merchant.

With the aid of a few of his fellow commercial apprentices Miles formed a military company in Boston, and engaged an old French soldier named Selignac to drill them. The organization was private, having no connection with the State militia; but it was a success, and soon swelled into a battalion. Selignac was a thorough soldier and an excellent instructor, particularly in the duties of officers.

When the civil war broke out many of these patriotic young men were qualified to take command of troops. Miles had been five years in the business house, and had saved one thousand dollars, which he had deposited in a savings-bank. He drew out all but one dollar, borrowed two thousand five hundred more, and spent the whole in raising and fitting out a company of volunteers.

The members of the company promptly elected him Captain, and the Governor of Massachusetts commissioned him to that grade. But visiting the camp one day, and seeing for the first time the tall handsome stripling of twenty-one, his Excellency pronounced him too young, and recalling the appointment, recommissioned him First Lieutenant, September 4, 1861. A wiser Governor, or one blessed with a keener perception of character, less than nine months afterward commissioned him Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-first New York Infantry, and four months later advanced him to full Colonel.

From the moment Miles reached the front he was engaged in active hostilities. In every battle of importance in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged during the Peninsular campaign he took an active part, up to and including Antietam. And in all the following battles of that army, except one, until Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, he bore an honorable and distinguished part. He rendered distinguished services at Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg. Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Reams Station, and

Richmond. He was three times wounded, and at the battle of Chancellorsville was borne from the field with what was thought to be a mortal wound. Fortunately for his rapid advancement and military success, and more fortunately for the country, none of these wounds kept him long from the field.

The General's division belonged to a famous fighting corps, where opportunities for gallant and daring service were frequent. Possessed of fine administrative powers, personal bravery, leadership, and a good knowledge of tactics and war as a science, intuitive and acquired, the young General came prominently forward in all the battles in which the corps was engaged.

He commanded the largest division in the army, and at one time, when but twenty-five years of age, was in command of the celebrated Second Army Corps, numbering twenty-five thousand men.

He was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers May 12, 1864, "for distinguished services during the recent battles of Old Wilderness and Spotsylvania Court House, Virginia," and three months later was brevetted Major-General of Volunteers "for highly meritorious and distinguished conduct throughout the campaign, and particularly for gallantry and valuable services in the battle of Reams Station, Virginia." Similar brevets were given him after he entered the regular army—that of Brigadier-General March 2, 1867, "for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia," and that of Major-General, same date, for similar services at Spotsylvania.

In 1866, after the close of the war, the regular army was increased by the addition of several new regiments. The vacancies in them were by law "original." They were filled by officers from the old regiments and from the volunteers. General Miles was commissioned Colonel of the Fortieth Infantry, and in 1869 was transferred to the Fifth Infantry.

His services since have been scarcely less distinguished than during the war. In 1880 he was promoted Brigadier-General, and in 1890 Major-General. He is now the second in the list of general officers, and by the laws of retirement became second in command of the army on November 10th, with a prospect of becoming the commanding General in 1895. On Saturday the 10th he was transferred to Governors Island, New York City.

In the Indian country General Miles's services have been of great value; the remarkable success of his campaigns has been unequalled in the history of Indian warfare. His command has been varied, and has extended over a great expanse of country. He has done much to open up for civilization vast sections of the great West, and has possessed the confidence of the settler and the Indian alike, for both respect his sincerity of purpose, as well as admire his firmness and bravery.

In 1878 he intercepted and captured Elk Horn and his band of red-handed murderers on the edge of the Yellow Stone Park. In 1886 he accomplished what seemed to be a wellnigh impossible task—the subjugation of the Apache chiefs Geronimo and Natchez and their bands which had made a large portion of the Southwest uninhabitable, and thus restored peace and prosperity to Arizona and New Mexico.

For his services against the Indians General Miles received the thanks of the Legislatures of Kansas, Montana, New Mexico, and Arizona, and was presented with a sword of honor at Tucson, Arizona, in 1887.

General Miles's last great service in Indian affairs was rendered in connection with the recent troubles in the Dakotas, where he undoubtedly saved the country from the most serious trouble that has threatened it in many years. By his firmness, his thorough knowledge of the Indian character, and by so disposing his troops as to effectually shut the Indians off from the settlements, and

so cut off their supplies and chances of escape, he forced several thousands of the most warlike bands to return to their reservations. For these services the General received the thanks of the Legislature of North Dakota.

His eminent services in the late railway strike in Chicago are too recent to be more than referred to. The country felt great confidence in the man upon whom devolved the duty of protecting its inter-State commerce and mail service, a man who from September 4, 1861, until the present time had always proved himself worthy of its confidence, and believed its interests safe in his hands. Always prudent, self-reliant, and humane in trying circumstances, he made no mistakes, and showed that he would have been equal to graver emergencies.

In closing it will be well, perhaps, to remind the boy readers of YOUNG PEOPLE, particularly those who may be cadets at the numerous academies and schools of our country in which military drill is taught, that although it may never be their fortune to attend the National Academy at West Point and become officers of the regular army, a careful and earnest attention to military instruction will fit them to serve the republic in time of serious need, and possibly to win laurels similar to those gathered by many farmers' boys, mechanics, clerks, students, and young professional men in our late war. Certainly General Miles's career proves that the way is open in time of war to the temperate, studious, ambitious, patriotic, and level-headed boy to attain a high command in our country's army, and win the confidence and respect of its people.

FALES'S OSHIA.

BY EVA WILDER MCGLOSSON.

CHAPTER III.

"RACHEL!" breathed the Eldress, in an extremity of surprise.

"Oh, Eldress," bleated Rachel, dropping her shoes, "it's me!"

"I see that it is," said the Eldress, going down the stairs. "Will you tell me what you are doing here at this time of night?" She had spoken with great sternness; but she felt herself relenting when Rachel, hiding her face in her hands, began to cry in a plaintive undertone.

"I can't tell," she whimpered. "She'd think it was mean. But, oh, Eldress! I'm afraid it ain't safe for her to go— Oh, I didn't mean to say that! I—I don't know what I'm talking about."

"Oshia is at the bottom of this," signified the Eldress, rather wrathfully. "She has gone somewhere? I command you to tell me. Has she gone away for good? And if so—"

"Nay, Eldress, not for good! Nay! It's only to Baileys." She told me all about it to-night after Lena went to sleep. Bailey's boy—we met him in the 'pike—told her that dog of hers was pining away on account of missing her. And she 'lowed to run over to see him. She had to tell me because I woke up when she was getting out of bed. Oh, I begged her not to go, but she said her pappy set great store by that hound. She said she could tell in a minute if the Baileys were giving him enough to eat. And—and—"

"Well?"

"She let herself out by the front door. And when I heard it shut I thought how mean she must think me never to offer to go long with her. I thought how awful it'd be for her to go alone that long ways all in the dark, and I got up and— Oh, I don't reckon she's got very far yet. I—"

"I will send Brother Amos after her," said the Eldress. "Go back to bed, Rachel. And stop crying. Nay! nay! I shall punish her in a way she little expects; but I will not mention you, Rachel."

She watched Rachel mount the stairs. Then she dispatched several Shaker men after Oshia. They came back shortly with the girl. The Eldress opened the door of her room for half an inch, and surveyed the truant. But she only said, "To-morrow at ten I shall expect to see you"; and motioning Oshia toward her own small chamber, the head of West House retired to a long-deferred slumber.

The next morning the Eldress awoke to an unpleasant sense of the task before her. And as she lay thinking over the best means of dealing with Oshia, it struck her forcibly that to remove the girl from her old associations might perhaps be well. She herself had exhausted all the penal resources at her command in the effort of reducing Oshia to the featureless state of being which seemed advisable. Oshia was not perverse exactly; she was only, as the Eldress phrased it, uncivilized. But the task of conforming the girl to the standards of Shakerism was one at which the Eldress felt no hope of success. Others, however, might achieve better results.

"I will send her to the Shaker settlement at South Union," said the Eldress. "It is several hundred miles from here. She will be far away from her old life, and Deaconess Maria Mook is good at discipline. I will take Oshia there myself. They set great store by me in Union. Maria Mook's always writing up to consult me on family management."

Having settled this question, the Eldress went about her morning tasks. She was still checking off orders for strawberry jam when a tremulous hand tinkled at her door.

"Enter," said the Eldress, whereupon Oshia entered and stood mute. Her long apron and netted hair gave her the effect of a small old woman, but the face above that part of the apron which Lena called "the choker" looked singularly childlike. The new bonnet, a long tubular thing of glistening straw, with a green barege cape and narrow green strings, hung from Oshia's arm. The Eldress laid her pen down.

"I shall not take time, Oshia, to speak with you upon your conduct of last night. You have repeatedly broken the rules of this house. I will only say this, that my duty to myself and to the family demands that I take sterner measures with you than heretofore. I have decided to send you away. I think you will be better off in another place. I shall therefore take you, on Wednesday next, to our town at Union, and give you permanently to the charge of Sister Maria."

She stopped. The bonnet had slipped from Oshia's arm, and had fallen to the floor with the light clatter of an empty egg-shell. Oshia's eyes were big with horror.

"Eldress," she quavered, "I—I always lived hereabouts. He's buried out yonder—my pappy! Don't ye! don't ye! I won't steal off to look arter that houn'. I—I—I—"

"What I propose is for your good," said the Eldress, coldly. She felt, at the sight of Oshia's anguish, an unaccustomed thrill at the heart, and this thrill she hastened to vanquish at once.

"Oh!" moaned Oshia. "Oh, Eldress! What 'a' I done as makes you'n's hate me so?"

"Hate? I am amazed! I desire your good."

"Ye hate me," said Oshia. "I reckon it's nat'ral. You've always been rich and imposing all your life, and never knowed nothing but plenty. And I wears on ye because I hain't been bred up to sleep in sheets, or hev my finger-nails trimmed reg'lar, or bide in-doors and handle a needle. I was getting to like it here real well. I

think heaps of Rachel Day. And now I got to go! I got to go! Oh, I'd as soon be dead—I would! Oh! Oh!"

"Hush!" motioned the Eldress, lifting her finger upon this wail. There was at her heart again that same queer thrill; and as she felt it, the Eldress was glad of a noise which just then arose in the hall below.

"We'd like to look around the village, and see what there is to see," said a woman's voice. "We're staying over at the camp-meeting grounds, and a party of us made up to drive over here to see Shakertown. I suppose we can get some one to show us about?"

There was a step on the stair. Sister Lena came hastily into the Eldress's room.

"There's a party of camp-meetin' folks askin' to be showed round, Eldress. They couldn't hev picked out a more ill-convenient time. I got my jam on boilin', and the rest of the women hev gone to camp-meetin'. I don't know who'll take 'em round."

"I will," said the Eldress. "As soon as I change my cap. Meanwhile you go down and show them the broom shop, Oshia. I will join you there in a minute."

"Yea, Eldress," said Oshia. And the Eldress had a sense of compunction at the child's ready obedience.

"I'm sent to fetch you over to the broom shop," explained Oshia, addressing the group in the hall.

There were half a dozen young women, and one who was gray-headed and wore crape trimmings in her bonnet.

The young women giggled. "Oh, isn't she a queer little thing in that Shaker bonnet? And what an odd accent!"

"Ma'am?" said Oshia, mystified.

"You talk so—so different, dear. Dialect, you know."

Oshia conceived this to be complimentary. "I talk jest like my pappy did," she explained. "He wasn't born round here. He was from Casey County."

She piloted the visitors across the street. At the door of the broom shop Lief Liefson received them, and while the young women went off with him into the fresh-smelling interior, the woman in the crape trimmings sat down to rest.

"I don't care much for Shaker sights," she said to Oshia, who lingered near, politely averse to leaving the old lady. "I live within six miles of one of their settlements in Ohio. When I was young I used to go over there with the boys and girls, and stay to supper. We thought it was great fun!" She sighed. "One of my most intimate girl friends," she went on presently, "went and joined the Shakers years ago. I don't know what ever became of her. She didn't stay in the Ohio community. She'd had a great affliction, and I guess she was glad to get away from those parts. Poor Liza! Her father—well, it's too long a story to go into! He'd always been well thought of, and all at once it came out that he was dishonest. He'd cheated a near friend out of a piece of property. I know about it, because the man he cheated was my uncle. And when my uncle found he'd been so deceived he gave right up, and kind of lost his head, and had to be shut up. And when Liza's father saw what he'd done—well, nobody ever knew just what happened. He died sudden, and they said 'twas paralysis. I don't know. Anyway, Liza, his only child, she took it pretty hard. She gave up everything, and went amongst the Shakers. She must be quite an elderly—"

The woman broke off sharply, suddenly. There was another sound also—a sound like a gasp, a sob.

In the broom-shop door, against a square of blue sky and yellow straw and distant greenness, the Eldress stood, holding fast by the post, as if to stay herself from falling. Her large face was mottled in purple, and she shook, as she stood there, almost like one who is taken with a violent chill. Even her eyes, shaded with the stiff rim of her fresh cap, looked fixed and glassy.



"ELDRESS," BREATHED OSHIA, "I ASTS YOUR PARDING OVER AND OVER."

"Jinny!" she whispered; "oh, Jinny!"

The woman in the crape bonnet had risen and stepped forward. Her face also had changed.

"You?" she cried. "Why, 'Liza Lincoln'!"

They stared at each other for an instant, these two old women, who had last seen each other in the spring of youth. Then Oshia, who stood hard by, observed a strange sight. The stern and awe-inspiring Eldress, sobbing like a child, was hiding her wet face in the other woman's neck—actually sobbing, while her old friend patted and consoled her.

"I have never got over it, Jinny!" she said, quite huskily.

"There, now!" soothed the other. "Don't you feel so! You did all you could—giving up your property to Uncle Jim's folks."

"None of them here know anything about it," murmured the Eldress. "I couldn't stand it to have them talk about my father—being—" She added: "The other Eldress knew. But she said I needn't feel as if I ought to tell about it."

"I should say not! I wouldn't ever let 'em hear. Are you Eldress?"

"Yea, Jinny."

"Well, I won't ever speak a word of it when the girls come back. You've had trouble enough. We may never see each other again."

The Eldress lifted her face thankfully. "You were

always so cheering," she began; and then she faltered, for her eyes had suddenly taken note of Oshia, standing very near, with wide eyes and parted lips.

Oshia had heard—Oshia, whose father's idleness and thriftlessness the Eldress had so severely censured—Oshia had heard of a father whose sins had been deeper than the sin of mere indolence. Oshia had heard all. Oshia knew that she who ruled things with so high a hand in Shakertown had long been weighed down with a painful secret. Oshia knew. And presently the folk of South Union, who held in such deep veneration the Eldress of the upper community, would wonder over the sadness and shamefulness of the story Oshia's childish lips revealed to them.

The Eldress drew a sickening breath. The place had grown dim to her—a great reeling space filled with musty odors of straw and mocking glints of gold. She seemed to feel her knees loosing. And then, oddly enough, something like a warm living embrace seemed to strengthen the relaxing joints. About them was a close, eager clasp; a moved, tearful little face was pressed against the stiff folds of the Eldress's skirts. Gazing down with bewildered eyes, the Eldress saw Fales's Oshia kneeling before her, pressing with passionate sympathy a wet cheek upon the Eldress's cold hand.

"Eldress," breathed Oshia, "I asts your parding over and over for ever a-grieving of you like I hev—when you had all that worry of your own—your pappy a-doing wrong, and—and all that! I thort you was mean, and hated me. But I see now it was only your trouble. I know! I know! If *my* pappy had done wrong by any person, oh, I know how I'd feel! I wisht I could of ben

some comfort to ye, instead of tormenting ye like I hev! But you'll forgive me, won't ye—when I'm gone away off to South Union, and you won't hear me stompin' round the halls no more, and laughin' loud? Won't ye, Eldress? I'll tell 'em all how good ye was to me. But I won't tell 'em 'bout *your* pappy. He's dead. I won't never pass a word 'bout *him*."

The woman in crape looked confused. "What on earth is the child talking about?" she asked. "She seems very affectionate. Has she been a trouble to you?—and where is she going to, anyway?"

The Eldress had stooped and lifted Oshia to her feet. She pushed back the rough red hair, and looked for a moment into Oshia's frank fervent eyes. And then she did what Shakers seldom do—she kissed Oshia's cheek.

"She is going to stay here—right here with me," said the Eldress, unsteadily. "She spoke of going to Union—another settlement of ours. But she isn't going. I want her here. I need her. I have made many mistakes in regard to you, Oshia. I have been too severe. But *now*—now we're going to get acquainted, to be real friends!"

"Eldress! oh, Eldress! sure 'nough do you *need* me? Oh! oh! I'll try, I'll try to do like you want me. I got a heap to 'arn."

"Not more than I *have*, Oshia!" said the Eldress, gently, as she straightened Oshia's net.

THE END.

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER V.

IN AND OUT OF THE SERVICE.

"I PROTEST against this as an outrage!" cried George.
"No back talk!" exclaimed the sergeant.

"One moment, please," said Harold, politely. "We are naval cadets, and are under orders to leave New York to-night to join our ship, the *Detroit*, to-morrow."

"W'y, that are my case too," said Peter. "I ought to ha' gone this mornin', but I got lost somehow from the crowd that went from the *Vermont*."

"This is a likely story!" exclaimed the sergeant.

"If you'll send for Captain Hiram Lockwood, he'll tell you it's true," said Hal.

"Captain Lockwood? Do you know him?" asked the sergeant.

"We are visiting at his house."

The sergeant thought a moment, and as the house was only a block away, sent an officer there. He returned in a few minutes with the Captain and Frank, who promptly confirmed the story of the boys.

"Well, Captain Lockwood, I know you, and this looks quite straight now, but I'd like to see these young gentlemen's orders."

Fortunately the boys had the orders in their pockets. They were now released, together with the cockswain.

"By the great hook block," exclaimed the Captain, "you've no time to spare! We'd better take a carriage."

"Cocks'n, you go with us," said Hal.

A coach was procured, and with the Captain and the

three boys inside and Peter on the box with the driver it went rattling away.

"We'll be lucky if we're not left," muttered George.

"We'll make it if we don't break down," said the Captain. "Meantime, boys, don't worry yourselves about hunting for Bob. Only if you get the chance, do what you can."

"That's all very fine," said Frank Lockwood to himself; "but their chances of searching for Bob are done. I have no orders, and I'll not sit still in idleness. I am the one who will find my cousin."

Clang! clang! went the bell in the ferry-house as the carriage drove up. The boys bounded out, and rushed to the ticket office.

"Hold the boat for ten seconds!" cried Captain Lockwood.

And, strange to say, it was done, so that the boys and Peter jumped aboard just as it moved out.

Bright and early next morning, attired in service uniform with swords and white gloves, the two cadets went off in the Norfolk navy-yard launch to the *Detroit*, which was lying off shore.

"Isn't she a little beauty!" exclaimed George, gazing with hungry eyes on the cruiser now to be his home.

"She is that," answered Harold, heartily.

Their enthusiasm was well deserved, for the *Detroit* is as neat a craft as ever filled a sailor's eye. She measures 257 feet long, 37 feet in beam, and 14 feet 6 inches in draught. She has two masts, fore and aft, schooner-rigged, with the usual signal-yard at the foremasthead. She has



GEORGE WAS ORDERED TO GO WITH THE WHALE-BOAT TO BRING OFF THE WRECKED CREW.

a topgallant forecandle and poop and two smokestacks. Her armament consists of two 6 inch breech-loading rifles—one mounted on the poop, and the other on the forecandle, and eight 4-inch rapid-fire guns on the poop and main decks. She has the usual secondary battery of Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns. Of course she is painted white. All the ships of our new navy are white, so that the term "white squadron," originally used to designate the first squadron of four—*Chicago, Atlanta, Boston, and Yorktown*—is now out of date.

"I wonder what sort of a fellow the first Lieutenant is?" said George.

The executive officer of a ship, who is second in command, is always called the "first Lieutenant," no matter what his rank may be, just as the commanding officer, though he may be only a Lieutenant-Commander, is always called "Captain."

"It can't make any difference to us," said Harold; "we've got to obey him anyhow."

"Yes, but he can make it mighty unpleasant for us."

"Not if we attend to our duties."

The launch ran alongside the starboard accommodation ladder, and Harold led the way up. On reaching the deck both boys faced aft and lifted their caps. This salute to the flag which floats at the taffrail is never omitted. The officer of the deck approached and lifted his cap.

"Come on board, sir, to report for duty," said Harold, standing at "attention."

"Ah, Mr. King and Mr. Briscoe, I suppose," replied the officer, pleasantly. "Orderly!" A marine in dress uniform and white gloves was standing under the break of the poop in front of the door leading to the Captain's cabin. He came forward and touched his cap. "Inform the Captain that cadets King and Briscoe have come aboard."

The marine saluted and went into the cabin. In a few moments he returned and said to the officer of the deck, "The Captain says, sir, to please send the gentlemen in." The boys followed the orderly, who led them to the after-cabin. There they found themselves before Commander Brownson, a man whose grizzled hair and bronzed face bore the marks of long and honorable service under the American flag.

"We have the honor to report for duty according to orders, sir," said Harold, as he and George handed to their commanding officer the letters received from Washington the night before.

"I see you have lost no time, young gentlemen," said Commander Brownson, glancing at the post-marks on the envelopes. "I trust you will always be as prompt and accurate in obeying orders."

"We shall try to be, sir," said Harold.

Something in the quiet modesty of the boy's manner impressed the Commander, and he smiled pleasantly as he wrote his name across the papers and said,

"Take your orders to the officer of the deck."

And now began a long arduous summer of routine and drill, the monotony of which was broken only by the pranks of the older cadets. They were bent on making the introduction of our two young friends into the service as lively as possible, and for weeks the boys were subjected to a series of petty annoyances such as they had not known since they were in the fourth class at the Academy. They bore it all very patiently, however, for their Annapolis experience had hardened them to this sort of thing. The older cadets were under the delusion that the executive officer did not have his eye on them; but he was preparing to put down the disorder with a stern hand when an incident occurred which ended it suddenly and decisively.

George and Harold had just received a letter from Frank Lockwood, and it made them thoughtful. "I

suppose you fellows have heard of the breaking out of a revolution in Brazil," he said. "I can't stand this inactivity any longer, so I have resigned from the service, and am going to Rio Janeiro to hunt for Bob. I shall enlist with the insurgent Admiral Mello. I mean to try for a berth on the *Aquidaban*, and I'll bet you I shall see some fighting."

The two boys had read this just before going on deck for the watch, and they were now standing near a port on the spar-deck discussing it.

"How can he search for his cousin, and be in the service of the rebels?" said George.

"Poor Frank," sighed Harold; "always crazy for adventure. He will live to be sorry that he has left the service of our flag for that of a foreign one."

Just then the time arrived for relieving the watch, and as George turned to go aft, the rammer of the gun beside which he had been standing was suddenly thrust between his legs. He made a violent effort to save himself from falling, and instead of doing so turned himself around, lost his balance, and fell through the open port into the water.

"You brute!" exclaimed Harold, to the now frightened cadet, who had been too playful. "He's a miserable swimmer."

And without pausing to take off his coat, Harold jumped into the water. Peter Morris, the cockswain, was leaning over the rail at the time of George's misadventure, and he yelled at the top of his leathery lungs,

"Man overboard!"

In an instant there was a commotion on the deck as the officer of the watch sang out:

"Call away the whale-boat! Heave a buoy there!"

"It are all werry well," muttered Peter Morris through his shaggy brown beard, "but if one o' them boys can't swim werry good, two o' 'em's werry likely to git drowned, 'less Peter Morris are also in the water, w'ich the same here goes."

And with that the honest fellow plunged overboard, and struck out for the spot where Harold, weighed down with his water-soaked clothing, was making a desperate struggle to keep George and himself afloat.

CHAPTER VI.

NEWS FROM MID-OCEAN.

"BEGGIN' your pardon, sir," continued Peter a moment later, as he seized George by the collar, and held both boys above the surface until help could come.

A few minutes later the three were hauled into the whale-boat, and were taken aboard the ship, where they were at once sent to the sick-bay to be attended by the surgeon. Peter did not seem to be in need of attention, but he was much concerned about George, who was almost unconscious. The efforts of the surgeon restored him, however, and then Harold turned around and held out his hand.

"Morris," he said, "I think he would have pulled me under if it hadn't been for you."

The cockswain pulled off his wet cap, which had stuck to his head, and shook the young officer's proffered hand.

"Bless ye, sir," he said, "it are all in the way of a day's reckonin'. An' you did me a good turn in New York, sir."

"Well," said Harold, "I sha'n't forget this."

This incident was the beginning of as warm a friendship as could possibly exist between a seaman and two junior officers, for George proved to be quite as sensible of the cockswain's gallantry as Harold. And this occurrence made the older cadets realize that they had carried their practical joking too far, and there was an end of it.

One morning the bugle seemed to sound the reveille

with a new vim, and the men tumbled out of their hammocks with unwonted celerity. For several hours all was bustle and hurry on the *Detroit's* decks. In the midst of it all the two boys met their friend Peter Morris under the break of the forecastle.

"Peter, we're going to sea, sure," said George.

"Werry good, sir, says I. 'Cos w'y: ships is built to go to sea."

"I suppose the men are all wondering where we're bound," said Hal.

"No, sir; most on 'em knows."

"Then they know more than we do!" exclaimed George.

"A werry good deal more, sir. Some on 'em knows we're goin' to China to join the *Leicester*, an' some knows we're goin' to England. Others knows we're goin' to Noo York, an' more knows that we're goin' to the West Indies. Werry good, says I. But them as don't know nothin' don't make no mistakes."

And the cockswain walked away gravely shaking his head. For some days after this all hands were busy in getting stores of various kinds aboard. Finally all this work was completed, and the *Detroit* left the wharf to lie at anchor in the stream, while she flew a square red flag at her fore-truck, signifying that she was getting her powder aboard.

At last all was ready, and to the steady haul of the steam-gear the anchor came slowly in. It was secured for sea, and before the sun peeped over the distant purple rim of the horizon the white hull of the cruiser was cleaving the green waters off Lambert Point, with the oily swell of a smooth sea brimming around her forefoot. Harold gazed straight ahead of him and saw the tremulous ripples aglow with the glory of sunrise, and it seemed as if the ship were carrying him straight into sailors' paradise. For many days the *Detroit* glided through an ocean of enchanted peace, but there finally came a change.

"Double-lens your eyes to-night, Mr. King," said the Navigator, as Harold came on deck for the first watch. "I am steering to make the South Point Light on Barbadoes to get a new departure."

"Very good, sir," replied Harold. "I'll keep a bright lookout myself, sir, and see that the men don't soldier."

"If I'm any judge of signs we'll have a taste of weather inside of twenty-four hours."

"Yes, sir," said Harold.

The boy was too well disciplined to venture an opinion unasked in the presence of his superior, but he had noticed that the stars appeared to be veiled in moisture, and that there was a deep-chested breathing in the long swell from the southward and eastward.

"Barometer 29.80," muttered George, who was in the habit of talking to himself under his breath when he was alone; "wind S.S.E., with a force of 4. Character of clouds, stratified; percentage of clear sky, 10; thermometer, 76°; wet bulb, 68°; there."

George was making the entries in the log-book at the end of his first hour on watch. Two bells pealed in dreary discord, and the lookouts forward passed the hoarse hail of "Mast-head and starboard lights burning brightly—port light burning brightly." The running lights were sending long flickering shafts of red and green out upon the ocean ahead of the ship, and one could see the big shiny billows glancing along toward the bows as the ship lifted her ram over the crests, and then plunged it with a great roaring and whitening of foam into the black hollows.

"Where was that blessed barometer at eight bells?" muttered George. "Whew! It's coming down with a rush. We're going to get a gale of wind right in the teeth."

He went out of the chart-house, and received a volley of rain-drops driven horizontally into his face.

"Here it comes," he said, "all a-piping out of the south-east."

For twenty-four hours it blew as it knows how to blow in the regions around the equator, and then it cleared up with amazing swiftness. The course of the cruiser was set once more, and now the men began to suspect her destination.

"If I might make so bold as to ask, sir," said Morris, who was on duty near Harold, "what are the course?"

"Southeast by east," answered Hal.

"Then this 'ere ship are bound around Cape St. Roque."

"You've been there, then."

"Bless ye, sir, I been all over this 'ere bloomin' globe, I have, an' this 'ere wessel are a headin' fur Brazil."

"Of course. Every one knows that now."

"Wot I hears I hears, an' wot I knows I knows; but wot I hears afore the mast I doesn't allus know, sir."

"Well, Peter, we're surely bound for Rio to help to protect American interests there. Mello's rebellion has turned out to be a serious matter, and the Navy Department is going to have in Rio Harbor one of the strongest fleets the United States has ever got together."

"Wich the same it are werry good. 'Cos w'y: them dagos 'ain't got no respect fur our flag."

"Well, there's going to be a different tune sung now."

"Wich are the tune o' 'Yankee Doodle.' Perhaps it'll so happen as we'll have to take a hand in the muss."

"I hope not," said Harold. "Fighting the *Aquidaban* would be no joke. Besides, there is something else."

"An' wot might that be, sir?"

"George and I would have to fight against our friend and classmate Frank Lockwood."

"That would be a werry bad business."

"Sail-l-l ho-o-o!" came the clear cry from the foretop.

The usual questions and answers followed, and it was learned that a wreck lay almost ahead of the *Detroit*.

"Evidently the work of last night's gale," said Mr. Burrell.

All hands were now intensely interested, for there might be living human beings in need of assistance aboard of her. The cruiser bore down on the dismasted hulk wallowing pathetically in the long glassy swells.

"There's a man, sir!" cried Harold, whose keen eyes had detected a hand waving from one of the cabin ports.

"Call away the second whale-boat!" cried Mr. Burrell, in short sharp tones.

The boatswain's shrill pipe and hoarse cry of "Away, second whale-boat!" sent willing feet along the deck. The cruiser's engines were stopped and reversed, and George was ordered to go with the whale-boat to bring off the wrecked crew. The boy obeyed most willingly, for it was his first experience of the kind and had all the excitement of novelty. He found some difficulty in getting the whale-boat under the lee quarter of the schooner, for such the vessel was, but finally succeeded in doing so. The man who had waved his hand from the cabin now appeared crawling painfully along the deck.

"Are you hurt?" called George.

"My knee is sprained, sir," answered the man.

"Where are the others of your crew?"

"The Lord alone can tell that, sir. We was dismasted in the gale yesterday morning, sir, just before daylight, and I never saw a soul afterward. All knocked overboard, sir, and drowned."

"Can you get into the boat?"

"I guess so, sir."

The man reached the boat with great difficulty and much pain.

"God bless you, sir, and the flag you're flyin'! It does my heart good to see an American cruiser. Are you goin' to Brazil?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"You're needed there, sir. They're treatin' Americans

shameful down there, though there's some of us in their service too."

George's heart gave a sudden bound.

"Did you know anything about any of them?"

"I saw some of them, sir."

George rapidly described Robert Lockwood to the sailor, and asked if he had heard or seen anything of such a young man.

"Seen him? Sure enough, sir. Why, he went down there as a hand on that very schooner you're just takin' me off, an' a good hand too."

"And where is he now?"

"That's what I don't know, sir. He left us there, an' some says he's shipped with Mello, an' some says he's with Peixoto."

As soon as they reached the *Detroit*, and George had completed his duty, he ran to tell Harold the news.

"He must be down there somewhere, Hal," he said.

"It looks that way," said Hal, "and I think we have as good a chance of finding him as Frank, if not better."

"Anyhow, we can keep our word to the Captain and go on with the search."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DOILIES FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

IF you wish to rejoice the heart of a good housekeeper make some bit of dainty drapery for her. Simple or elaborate, it is sure to be "just what she wants," and nowhere can you exercise more taste than on doilies of various kinds.

Designs for them are as plentiful as the sands of the sea; but if you have a talent for drawing, or even a moderate amount of inventive genius, I advise you to evolve your own patterns.

A little friend of mine, who is as dextrous with a brush as she is awkward with a needle, after vainly struggling

with silks, determined to try a set of finger-bowl doilies on an entirely new plan.

She cut 6-inch squares of bolting-cloth, and washed the space to be covered by her design with thin gum-arabic water, put on with a camel's-hair brush. Then she painted tiny oval and round marines, landscapes, and moonlit clouds in water-color. The four sides were her-ring-boned an inch from the edge with fine gold thread in small stitches, and the doilies fringed. No effect could be more delicate, or attainable with less trouble to girls that work rapidly and well in water-colors.

Appropriateness has its own charm, too. For instance, you might embroider a set of six doilies for a musician, each bearing on it some suggestion of her hobby. Let one square have a lyre—not too near the middle—the frame cat-stitched in white filloselle outlined with gold-colored silk; the strings also gold silk. Near the lyre draw the five lines called in music the staff, and outline them in white. On the lines and between the spaces embroider whole, half, and quarter notes, tumbling pell-mell over the staff. Some should be of gold silk, some of white. A bass clef chasing two or three treble clefs into a corner will add to the rollicking aspect and general character of the thing. A kettle-drum, cornet, trombone, harp—in short, any orchestral instrument could be used to make a variety; and think how attractive the set would look at a musical luncheon or tea.

For those not blessed with imagination there are plenty of ready-made ideas, if one may so express it, that can easily be copied or improved upon.

Our illustration shows a butter-plate doily of fine linen embroidered with violets, leaf and stems. The blossoms are worked in Kensington stitch, but the difficulties of shading being reduced to a minimum, no one having the slightest knowledge of embroidery need fear to undertake it.

First, you must disregard nature in the selection of your colors. Pompeian pink violets with almost invisible green stems and leaves would look strange in a garden, and purple violets on your linen would appear dull and heavy in turn. Silks generally come in five shades. In this case you want the three palest Pompeian pinks for your flowers, and the two lightest olives for leaf and stems.

Cut by a thread a 6-inch square of linen. In the middle of the square trace a circle $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Stitch around this with a lock-stitch machine, taking care not to stretch or draw the linen.

Work in Kensington stitch two violets, with the lower three petals in medium, and the upper petals in dark silk. Indicate the centres by a few short stitches of pale olive.

Between these two flowers is a bud of medium shade, with calyx and stem of the darker olive.

The third violet has the lower three petals of light, the upper two of medium shade. On either side of it is a dark bud, with calyx and stem of the darker olive.

The leaf from which violets and tendrils radiate is of the darker olive, and both shades are used for stems.

Button-hole over your machine-stitching with white button-hole twist, keeping the stitches close together, without crowding.

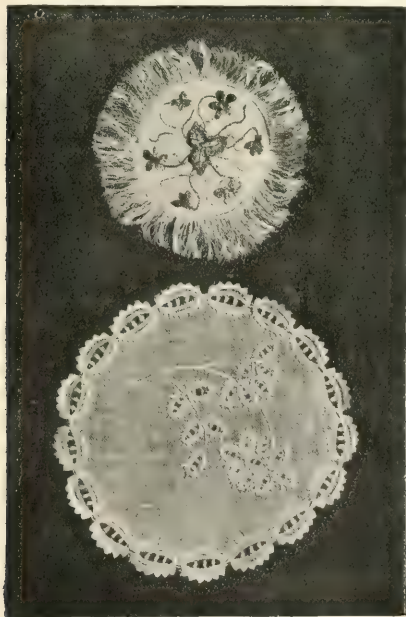
Now make a circle 5 inches in diameter of stiffish paper, and cut the linen by it.

Fringe the sides of your circle, then the corners, and trim the extra length from the corners with sharp scissors.

The finger-bowl doily is quite as simple and pretty as the other, and more quickly done.

Cut a circle 6 inches in diameter of ordinary wrapping-paper, and draw your pattern on it in heavy ink lines, proportioning the spray so that the stems will not present a spindling appearance. Baste over this an 8-inch square of transparent linen cambric.

Form leaves and flower petals by laying over the pat-



BUTTER-PLATE AND FINGER-BOWL DOILIES.

tern narrow Honiton braid, and basting this *only* through the cambric.

Button-hole around each leaf and flower petal with white embroidery twist (not too coarse) two short stitches and one long. The stems are in stem-stitch, which is nothing more than close outlining.

For the edge use $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch Honiton braid, basting it smoothly around the circle.

Button-hole the inner edge of the braid exactly as you did the spray, but simply run your silk through the spaces between the ovals.

The outer edge, a pointed scallop, has five stitches to each point, the middle stitch being longest; and it requires four or five stitches to fill up the spaces between the scallops.

With a very sharp pair of embroidery scissors cut away the cambric from under the Honiton, and snip the points close to the button-holing, and your doily is complete.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SHARE IN THANKSGIVING.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

ALTHOUGH the young people of each family revel in all the good things of the Thanksgiving festival, they seldom make any part in it peculiarly their own.

They lend a hand—at least the girls do—in a little of the preparation, and it is their delight to share in such agreeable toil as seeding raisins, picking over currants, and shredding citron for the mince pie, selecting fruit for the table, tasting the cider to see if it is at the proper stage of sweetness, and giving their aid in similar ways



THE SINGER CLAD AS A PILGRIM DAUGHTER.



THE CREAMY STICKS OF WELL-PULLED MOLASSES CANDY.

where the reward of diligence comes with the task. Such trifles as picking, slicing, and stewing pumpkin, making pastry and cake, stuffing turkeys, and cutting up chickens do not appeal to them. The important part of the labor which involves skill and responsibility must fall to older hands and heads; and in those homes where hired help take full charge of the culinary portion of the Thanksgiving celebration the young people are unfortunately banished from the kitchen and store-room—a step which deprives them not only of a little work and a great deal of fun, but also of many merry memories in the future.

Even when this is the case, however, the younglings need not feel that their share in the great American feast-day need be confined to going to church in the morning and eating more dinner than is good for them afterwards. Instead of this, they should make their influence felt by taking upon themselves the ornamental part of the celebration.

The boys and girls may have a charming expedition in search of the ferns that even so late as this are green in sheltered spots, and may load themselves down with soft gray and deep green mosses, running cedar, bittersweet, pine cones, and scarlet-berried partridge-vines, winter-green, and dogwood. Even the red rose hips will prove decorative. The children who live in the country will find these treasures almost at their doors, but even near a great city like New York there are such sylvan retreats as Pelham Bay Park and the banks of the Bronx, where nature is as wild as though the nearest town were a hundred miles away.

There is an especial fitness in having the adornments

of the Thanksgiving table native to the soil—hardy outdoor plants that testify to the character of the pioneers who founded the feast. Pine, spruce, and hemlock branches, studded with vines, may be grouped over pictures and in niches, streamers of running cedar may festoon the cornices and straggle down over the curtains, great plummy bunches of dried golden-rod may stand in tall vases, and the table itself will need no more beautiful decoration than the drooping jewel clusters of the bittersweet, the feathery sprays of the seeded-out clematis, the hardy green of the winter ferns, and the spicy brightness of the partridge and checker berries gleaming from the beds of moss in which they grew. A big flat dish filled with these may balance the low bowl in which the other larger berries and ferns are arranged. There is a fine chance here for the exercise of taste and for the display of quaint and graceful fancies. A very charming picture of a bit of woodland may be put before the guests.

Important as the floral decoration may be, it is but a small part of all that lies within the power of the young people to do for the Thanksgiving feast. The fruit must receive its meed of attention. To hold it a big pumpkin may be hollowed out, the edge cut into points or scalloped, and in this leaf or fern or paper-lined fruit-dish should be heaped golden and rosy apples, green and russet pears, and bunches of purple, crimson, and amber grapes—all fruits that flourish on New England soil. The pumpkin-basket may rest in a bed of moss or running cedar in the middle of the table. On either side of it may be horsus of plenty flowing over with white and black walnuts and butternuts, ready cracked, chestnuts, and the tiny sweet three-cornered beech-nuts. Checker-berries, their vivid pink softened by their green and bronze leaves, should be placed here and there in tiny dishes at a safe distance from the pumpkin centre piece. Other small dishes may hold salted and sugared peanuts—which, if they are not native to New England, are still distinctively American—and simple home-made candies. French bonbons and *confiseries* are out of their element at such a banquet as this.

Upon the dinner-cards and favors the young people's best ingenuity may be lavished. The ordinary square or oblong white or tinted dinner-card should be used, and the skill of the artist may render it a valuable souvenir. Subjects for the pictures are easily found. A vignette of a log cabin half buried in the snow, or of a ship ploughing her way through stormy seas; a figure of a sweet-faced Puritan maiden at her spinning-wheel; a spray of trailing arbutus, a shock of corn, or a single stalk of maize; a realistic sketch of a turkey, or of a pumpkin, or of a mince pie—all these and many others will readily suggest themselves to any girl who is skilful with water-colors or India-ink and sepia. The effect is still more charming where each picture can be accompanied with an appropriate quotation, such as "The dandelion Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth," for the Puritan maiden; "The glimmering sail of the *May-flower*," for the pictured vessel; "When the frost is on the punkin," and "The friend of man, Mendamin," for the pumpkin and the maize; "Let good digestion wait on appetite," for the mince pie; "The pale arbutus in our woods wakes . . . beneath the dead year's leaves," for the pink spring blossom.

The favors need not be expensive, but they should, if possible, carry out the same general idea of national and harvest products. An ear of ripe yellow or red corn in which is set a thermometer would do for one, a pin-cushion in the shape of a small pumpkin or of a gone-to-seed sunflower, a sunflower or autumn-leaf-pen-wiper, for others. It is all the better if the favor is chosen with reference to the tastes or whims of the person for whom it is intended—as a conch-stalk flute for a musician, a pen-wiper for the person of literary tastes, and so on. Paste-

board boxes in such fanciful shapes as tiny pumpkins, red apples, and miniature mince or pumpkin pies also make pretty favors, especially when filled with sugared peanuts.

The family which is so happy as to possess a member with the knack of stringing verses together should set their rhymester to work to compose a bit of humorous verse to accompany each favor. If this can be made to take a personal tone that is amusing without being ill-natured, there is a fair security that even if there is not very much wit, there will at least be plenty of laughter, which the Vicar of Wakefield assures us answers the end as well.

In most households it is hardly feasible that the costumes of the diners should imitate those of their forefathers and foremothers. Yet there are homes in which are treasured quaint old garments of a by-gone time which should surely be aired on a day like this. Or girls of deft fingers can by the help of kerchief and cap array themselves somewhat in the fashion of the Puritan maidens of the long ago. For the boys it is less easy to provide garments that will make them modern reproductions of the Pilgrim fathers. The knee-breeches, long hose, and even the "buckled shoon" might be achieved in these days of knickerbockers and bicycle or golf stockings, but the tail-coats, flapped waistcoats, and other clothing for the upper part of the body are seldom found except at the professional costumer's, and there one does not care to seek them. The day can be fitly honored in modern dress, and if heirlooms or home talent cannot supply the antique garb, it is not worth while to procure it elsewhere.

Even in those families where strict temperance is the rule, sweet cider is generally permitted on Thanksgiving day. Fate is rarely so kind as to have left in the keeping of a family the silver or pewter tankards or mugs from which our ancestors quaffed stronger drink. But the milder liquid is no less delicious when poured ice-cold from glass pitchers, and the young feasters should have arranged toasts to be drunk and speeches to be made in response. Among these may be toasts to "The Pilgrim Fathers—and Mothers," "The Pilgrim Sons and Daughters," "To the Inventor of Pumpkin Pie," or of any other New England dainty; and in the families that trace their descent, however remotely, from any one of the old worthies, there is little doubt that the memory of that ancestor will be honored by a toast.

While music is not always invoked to add to the pleasures of a Thanksgiving dinner, there are several ways in which it may be introduced. The grace before meat may take the form of the long-metre doxology, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," sung by all, standing behind their chairs at the table. And between the courses, or when the dessert comes on, the musical member of the family who is not afraid of the sound of his or her own voice in a solo may rise and sing "The breaking waves dashed high," or "The Pilgrim fathers, where are they?" And if the singer is a girl, and can be clad as a Pilgrim daughter would have been, the performance will be all the more charming. Even "America," or that well-worn old song of our mothers and grandmothers, "Over the mountain wave, hither they come," is stirring, if all join in singing it at the close of the feast.

The end of the Thanksgiving day does not, as a rule, carry out the promise of its beginning. Every one has eaten a hearty dinner, and that, too, in the middle of the day, when luncheon is usually served. A walk in the afternoon fails to entirely overcome the effects of oyster soup, chicken pie, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mince and pumpkin pies, and a variety of accompaniments. There is little appetite for the light supper that, more for form than anything else, is served at seven o'clock, and unless there is a large enough family party to make up

a little dance in the evening, the day threatens to close in a gloom that blots out thoughts of thankfulness.

The mother who owns a large roomy kitchen does a deed of charity when she permits her young people to ask the boys and girls who are also suffering from the prevailing Thanksgiving after-dinner depression to spend the evening in a merry old-fashioned candy-pull. The only stipulation should be that the servants, who have already given more than a full day's labor, should not be further taxed, but that all the work should be done by those who are to enjoy the frolic.

There will be no need of fine dressing, for big aprons must cover and protect the raiment of both boys and girls. The lingering effect of the big dinner and the constant tasting of the candy will make supper unnecessary—unless, indeed, the young people choose to amuse themselves by roasting apples, roasting or boiling chestnuts, and popping corn.

The character of the day must be maintained to the last. No French candies can be permitted, but in their place the time-honored taffy, the creamy sticks of well-pulled molasses candy, the mellow sweetness of butterscotch, and that sticky, indigestible, and altogether delicious compound, peanut, hickorynut, or butternut and molasses bar.

THE CONDUCTOR'S BIRD STORY.

ON the great railway trunk-lines we conductors constantly meet with poorly dressed people who have spent their money, not for clothes nor apparently for homes, but for railway tickets that are a yard in length, that cost as much as I get a month, and that require almost half that time to ride out. And, singularly, the number of children, bird-cages, etc., to be transported as necessary incidents of the long journey seem never to deter the undertaking of it.

I was bound East one day on my run—a Lake Shore flier between Erie and Buffalo. Just after leaving Erie a bird belonging to a passenger of the class described escaped from its cheap cage. There was a rustle of excitement among the passengers, that was not allayed by the shriek which came from the bird's female owner to "close them winders quick."

A half-dozen men by turns took spasmodic shies at the escaped prisoner, guided in their actions by the officious orders of a female passenger—another long journey traveller, who shouted that the bird must be caught, for she'd "feel jest dreadful 'twaz her Chippie!"

At last one heroic man more agile than the rest turned the empty cage upside down against the car ceiling at exactly the right moment, captured the truant, and received a hearty cheer.

Quiet reigned for perhaps a dozen miles. Then one of the five children of the woman who had superintended the catching of the first bird stuck a foot into the cage of "Chippie"—with the logical consequence. Down had to go the windows again, and up had to come the shrill-voiced woman, this time to superintend the catching of her own pet.

The car was in a general titter. One man suggested the appointment of a permanent bird-catcher for the train. Another shouted to me, as I entered the car to punch the tickets, to shut the transom above the door, else all would be lost! But "Chippie" was difficult of capture, and its owner even more difficult of control.

There was a universal call for the man who caught the first bird. In response, that person came modestly forward and caught the second bird, but not until he had spent fully an hour in chasing the truant up and down the car, now under the stove, now under a seat, and now above the heads of the passengers. At last successful, for which he received cheers that were nothing short of an ovation, he retired, a wilted-collar hero of two conflicts.

In those days our train was halted in the Buffalo yards, and there divided, a part going on East, and the balance into Exchange Street Depot. Some of the passengers changed into other cars. The hearty laughter over the bird-catching incidents which accompanied the separations and farewells caused the passengers in the other cars to suspect a boarding-school on a vacation.

We were waiting for the transfer of the baggage. The car was at a standstill. Perfect quiet reigned. Up in the front end of the car, in the tiny box in which it crossed the ocean, there was a third bird. The Lake Shore, I may observe, takes an active part in the annual "migration" of birds. A gentleman who had been the right-hand man of the hero of the day arose, walked down the aisle, and stopped opposite the seat above which swung the wooden cage. Turning, so that he faced everybody, he said to the occupant of the seat,

"Beg pardon, madam, but would you mind letting your bird out, so we can catch it?"

THE TONIES—DANISH FOLKLORE.

THE TONIES AS WOOD-CHOPPERS.

ONE time the tonies went out early in the morning into the forest to fell trees. Just as they had got one tree cut in so far that they could pull it over they noticed that they had forgotten to bring a rope with them. For a long time they didn't know what to do. At length it was agreed that one of their number should go up into the tree and lay his neck in a crotch, while the others pulled at his legs, and thus topple over the tree. This was done; but the plan wasn't a success; for just at the first pull, vips! off went the tony's head. It remained fast up there in the crotch of the tree, while his body fell flat upon the earth. The others were greatly perplexed at this; but as there wasn't anything else to do they laid the headless body in their wagon, drove to his home, and there arrived, inquired of his wife if her husband, when he started off that morning, had had his head with him, just as the rest of them. At first she wasn't sure, and went to see if it was, perhaps, in his old cap, which hung on the peg. But then she remembered that he had eaten red cabbage for breakfast just before starting, and so must have had his head on when he went away. What had become of it since then she couldn't say.

A YOUNG FISHERMAN'S SUGGESTIONS.

HE took his son a-fishing on a little mountain lake, To catch a trout to fricassee, or fry, or broil, or bake. He took, likewise, some angle-worms, but not a fish would bite;

Dame Fortune was a fickle jade, and kept far out of sight.

But Jimmieboy enjoyed it from beginning to the end; He had a deal of confidence that luck would shortly mend. And oh, the grand suggestions that young Jimmieboy did make

That morning that his daddy had no luck upon the lake!

"Why don't you bait your hook again? Perhaps the fish 'll strike

If you will, 'stead of worms, put on some other food they like.

D'yer think they'd bite at paucakes if you made 'em syrupy? I sorter think perhaps they'd like a cup o' cambric tea.

"Why don't you tie an apple on and see if they'd like that? Perhaps the worms ain't seasoned, and the fish don't like 'em flat;

I wish I'd brought the Worcestershire or the tubbasker sauce. Perhaps of hot tomallys they would like to try a course.

"Next time let's bring a hamper and a good stout trolling-line, And pull it gently through the lake I think that would be fine;

For then you'd catch a dozen all at once and maybe, too, We'd scoop the silver watch that man lost here in sixty-two."

All these in his soprano voice that little boy did make That day his daddy had no luck upon the mountain lake; And fishers say that in their minds there isn't any doubt They caused his father's bad luck, since they scared away the trout.

For fish are very sensible—they're unlike men in that They do not care for seasoning, and like their dainties flat. And from the mere suggestion of tannels, cakes, and tea, Unless they wholly lose their heads, they're very sure to flee.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



THE RHINOCEROS, THE ELEPHANT, AND THE OX.
ALL (*sotto voce*). "OH, WHAT FUNNY PLACES TO WEAR 'EM!"

HOW DOMINGO WENT FISHING.

HERE is a fishing story brought back by a traveller from Africa:

"It was on a little steamer off Sanga-Tonga, on the coast of Africa, near Cape Lopez, and I was sitting with my boy Domingo forward on the deck, looking at the sea, and smoking my pipe, trying to kill time. In the green and transparent waters there played myriads of little fishes, chasing each other, coming up to the surface and looking at us, and then diving down again, no doubt trying to kill time. The silent Domingo, who never opened his mouth to speak unless he had something useful to communicate, pointed his finger at the little fish, and said:

"Those are good to eat."

"No doubt of it, Domingo," I answered. "But to eat them you must first catch them."

"Yes," he replied looking longingly at them.

"And you have managed to lose the bag in which were our hooks and lines. What are we to do then?"

"Make some hooks and lines."

"Now when you have once proved yourself to a boy a man of resources, capable of extricating yourself from difficulties, his confidence in your ability is unbounded. So it was that Domingo found it perfectly natural to tell me to make some hooks and lines, and I felt constrained to execute his commands.

"On board I found some iron wire, a hammer, a file, and a fire, and after thirty-two minutes of hard labor I offered to Domingo a curious-looking sort of instrument which in that country might pass for a fish-hook. He received it with most unqualified delight, and then proceeded to bait it with corned beef and to throw it out.

"In the green and transparent waters the little fishes came up to the surface in larger and larger numbers, watching Domingo's operations with an air of interest. His face wore a sort of knowing expression that seemed to say, 'It's all very well for

everything that there was eatable on board. He sat silent and dejected.

"These little fishes would no doubt like fresh meat," I said to Domingo.

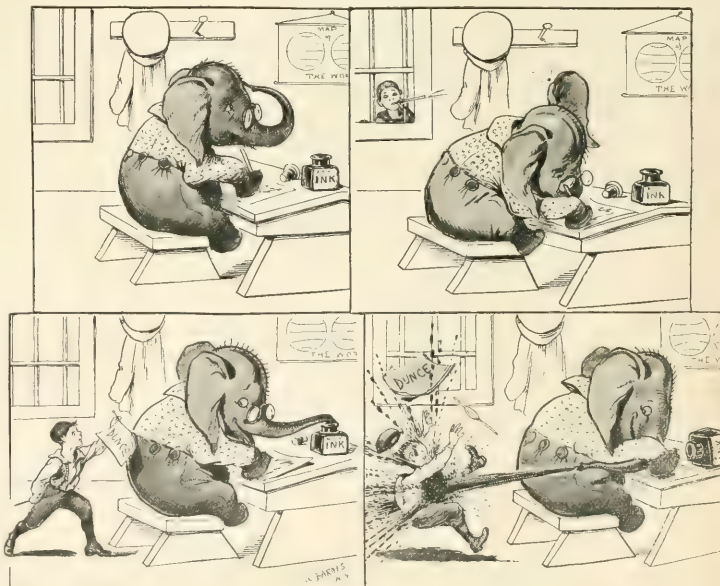
"I haven't any," he said, sadly.

"Then I couldn't help giving him the same answer that he had given me a few minutes before about the hooks and lines.

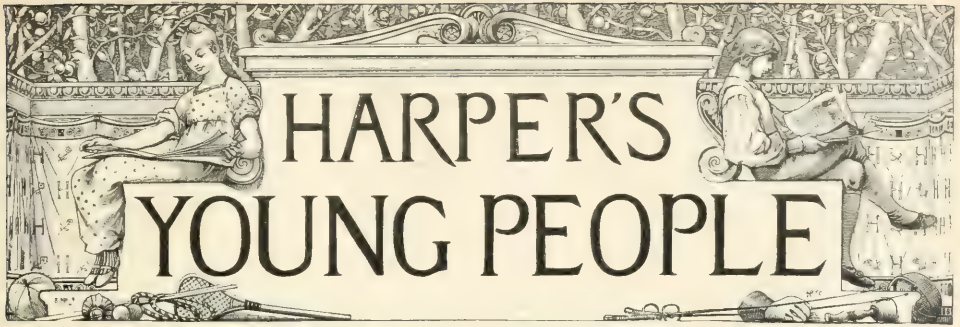
"Make some fresh meat," I said. And you may believe me or not, as you like, but he did. With his sharp knife, from the thick part of his heel, a little at one side where the hard flesh joins the tender, he proceeded to cut a little morsel with which he baited his hook. It was apparently exactly what the little fishes wanted, for they precipitated themselves upon it voraciously. The results were most satisfactory. And an hour later, in serving me a delicious dish of fried fish, Domingo said, proudly,

"Didn't I tell you they were good to eat?"

"Excellent," I answered."



TOBY, THE TRICK ELEPHANT, IN SEEKING A HIGHER EDUCATION, FAMILIARIZES HIMSELF WITH THE USE OF PEN AND INK.



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THE PRIZE PUMPKIN.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

UNCLE ICHABOD and Aunt Drusilla meant to be very kind to young Phineas and little Lizy Ann when they came, forlorn orphans, to the farm on Pippin Hill, but young Phineas found that they had many opinions with which he could not agree. They thought a boy ought to save up for a suit of clothes instead of a bicycle, and put his Fourth of July money into the contribution-box. They thought that having fun was a

waste of time, and that a boy ought to prefer hoeing potatoes to going fishing.

Aunt Drusilla wouldn't allow Lizy Ann to go out to play until she had sewed or knit a "stent," and she combed the little girl's tow-colored hair back from her high forehead so tightly that it seemed to keep her eyes wide open, and braided it in two tight little tails behind, and Lizy Ann cried because the girls said she was not fashionable.

Young Phineas lay awake nights and planned to run away; but, after all, home is home, and the world is cold and wide.

"What you want to do is to get your own way without letting them know it," said Pitticus Brown.

Pitticus was a tall boy with a sharp nose, and a pair of little sharp eyes that looked persistently at the nose. It was the general opinion on Pippin Hill that Pitticus was "too smart"; but Phineas thought this idea of his might be valuable. He remembered it when, in October, there was a great Jack-o'-lantern procession on the hill, and Uncle Ichabod wouldn't let him have a pumpkin to make a Jack-o'-lantern of. Enoch, the hired man, did at last find a little one that had a speck in it, and Uncle Ichabod said he might have it; but who wanted to parade with a lantern like that?

It happened on the night of the procession that Uncle Ichabod and Aunt Drusilla had gone over to Canterbury Four Corners to spend the night, and Enoch went down to the Bend to see his girl, and Priscilla, the hired girl, went to bed with the neuralgia.

Phineas took Enoch's lantern and went out to the squash-house, and there by itself on a shelf in the corner was the great pumpkin that had taken the first prize at the State Agricultural Fair.

Phineas's pocket-knife was sharp—it seems as if knives are sure to be when one is getting into mischief with them—and the work was soon done: the top cut off the pumpkin—if Priscilla's glue was all that she recommended it to be, that could be fastened on so that one could still take the pumpkin up by the stem—the inside scraped out, and delightfully effective features cut out in the great yellow face. When the candle was placed inside, there was a Jack-o'-lantern indeed!

A great shout greeted it when Phineas joined the Pippin Hill company; but he was able to hush it quickly, for the boys were friends of his and understood. He was a little afraid of Billy Bostwick, who was considered envious, and who told everything to his sister Maud, who was Lizy Ann's friend. But a boy must expect to run some risks, as Pitticus Brown said (Pitticus was at home, afflicted with mumps on both sides at once; Phineas thought mumps was the only thing that had ever been able to take an unfair advantage of Pitticus Brown).

When the Pippin Hill company joined the procession in the town the great lantern was not so conspicuous, but it still attracted much attention, and Phineas was very proud. He had not been able to fasten it upon a pole, as most of the other boys had done with theirs, and it was very bulky and hard to carry, and he was obliged to run home before the other boys to glue the pumpkin to its original shape before Enoch should return.

It was a difficult task to fit the pieces exactly, especially when one was in a hurry; and then Phineas was obliged to fill the hollow pumpkin with bran and meal, lest its lightness should betray the ruin it had suffered. But the work was done at last; and on the shelf, at least, no one would have suspected that it was not the solid pumpkin that had won a prize at the fair.

At the school recess the next day Maud Bostwick whispered something in Lizy Ann's ear, which caused Phineas's young sister to turn red and white and almost to burst into tears. And in the afternoon Lizy Ann carried to school her blue bead necklace that grandma had given her and gave it to Maud. (Aunt Drusilla thought little of necklaces, and probably would not even miss it.) Maud had great influence over her brother Billy, and could keep him from telling things.

At the very first opportunity she could find, when no one was looking, Lizy Ann went out to the squash-house. When she saw the prize pumpkin on the shelf she uttered a little cry of joyful surprise, and felt an impulse to run across the field at once and demand the re-

turn of her necklace. But Lizy Ann had a prudent mind, and she decided to investigate further. So she climbed up and felt all over the pumpkin. To her soft little fingers the lines that marked where the Jack-o'-lantern's eyes and nose and mouth had been were plainly to be felt. Lizy Ann prayed tearfully that night that Phineas might repent—but not be found out.

Lizy Ann blushed painfully whenever pumpkins were mentioned, but Phineas—as nothing happened, Phineas was forgetting.

The day before Thanksgiving Uncle Ichabod came home with a letter from Aunt Lucetta. She was the children's youngest aunt, and lived in Boston. She had taught in the High-School in Plumfield, and had married the master of the school, and he was now a thriving young lawyer in the city. Uncle Ichabod and Aunt Drusilla had visited them once, and brought home wonderful accounts of the flat in which they lived, where the book-case was a bed and the arm-chair a table, and everything turned into something else in the most fascinating manner. It was the dream of the children's lives to visit that wonderful place.

Aunt Lucetta's letter was an invitation to spend Thanksgiving with her in Boston.

Phineas thrilled with hope and fear, and Lizy Ann gazed breathlessly at Aunt Drusilla, her mouth a round O.

Aunt Drusilla shook her head; she was so apt to shake her head at delightful things. "That's just like Lucetty," she said. "She don't stop to think that there ain't room for us all to turn round in that flat. But I should kind of like to have the children go, if we could manage it; 'twould be something so new to 'em." Aunt Drusilla was kind like that sometimes, when one least expected it. "Besides, it always seems kind of an imposition to carry 'em over to Hiram's, where there's so many young one's already."

"I was calc'latin'," said Uncle Ichabod, with provoking slowness—"I was calc'latin' that it might be worth the while to send Enoch down to the city with a wagon-load of stuff—some of them turkeys are uncommon handsome—and the children could ride down 'long of him."

Lizy Ann fairly gasped with delight. Dreams were coming true, as if one lived in a fairy-book. Phineas's heart swelled as if it would burst his jacket, though he wore outwardly as calm an air—to impress Lizy Ann—as if he were in the habit of going to Boston every week.

Joyful days of preparation followed; joyful although they lagged, and at length came the eve of the exciting journey.

They were to start at three o'clock in the morning, for it was eighteen miles to Boston, and Enoch must be early at the market with his produce. The wagon was loaded the night before, and it was great fun to be in the barn by lantern-light, with every one helping.

"We must send a fine large turkey to Lucetty," said Aunt Drusilla. "And there! I shouldn't wonder if pumpkins were scarce in the city, and Lucetty used to like pumpkin pies; you had better send her the prize pumpkin."

"I declare, I b'lieve I will; guess 'twill astonish 'em some!" said Uncle Ichabod, with a chuckle of proud anticipation.

Phineas was helping Enoch to fill a barrel with the finest squashes, and he dropped one out of his hands when Uncle Ichabod said that. As for Lizy Ann, the joy went out of everything as suddenly as it did for Cinderella when the clock struck twelve.

Enoch brought the prize pumpkin from the squash-house under his arm. Phineas expected at every moment to see him lift it by the stem; then it seemed as if everything in life would depend upon the strength of Priscilla's glue.

"Jest slip it into that bag, Enoch. I shouldn't want it to get jammed or scratched," said Uncle Ichabod.

Enoch slipped the pumpkin into a canvas potato-bag, and tucked it into the wagon. Phineas drew a long breath, and Lizzy Ann swallowed a hard lump in her throat.

Then Phineas had a bright idea; he had heard Pitticus Brown say that "there never was a scrape without a way out of it," and one wasn't Pitticus Brown's friend for nothing.

Even before the start was made in the early morning—a very sleepy time, when even the delightful queerness would scarcely keep Lizzy Ann's eyes open—Phineas found an opportunity, while Enoch was harnessing the great roan horses, Tom and Jerry, to slip a large squash into the bag instead of the pumpkin, which he tucked away under the front seat. He would have liked to leave it behind, but Enoch might miss it on the way. He threw Lizzy Ann's shawl carelessly over it.

"If you want your shawl, you just tell me," said Phineas to her, gruffly.

It is scarcely too much to say that Lizzy Ann would have frozen before she would have admitted that she wanted that shawl.

Enoch stopped before the Brown farm-house and whistled sharply. "I promised Llewellyn Brown that I'd carry him down to Brockville," he said. "I guess we can stow him in somewhere. He's got a chance to work in a big manufacturin' concern down there; they're smart fellers, them Brown boys."

Llewellyn's conversation enlivened the long drive, and diverted one's mind from the dreadful worry about that pumpkin; he was so full of excitement and pride about the situation that he expected to get in the great manufactory—a better opening in life than often came to a Pippin Hill boy.

It was not quite daylight when they stopped in Brockville, but the busy town was already astir. Enoch stopped at the hotel on the main street to water his horses.

Llewellyn jumped out of the wagon, and carefully lifted out the box of butter which his mother had sent as a Thanksgiving offering to Llewellyn's prospective employer.

"Here, Llewellyn, you can have this too!" called Phineas, obeying a sudden impulse, and with a furtive glance towards the stable. "We—we've got a squash to carry to Aunt Lucetta." He drew the prize pumpkin out from its concealment.

Llewellyn's eyes grew wide with wonder and delight; this would be a better propitiatory offering than the butter.

Phineas kept an anxious eye on the stables as Llewellyn strode off, the pumpkin under one arm and the box of butter under the other; he turned a convenient corner, and still Enoch had not appeared. He had not missed the pumpkin; it would be very likely that Phineas could now convey that bag unopened to Aunt Lucetta. He drew a long breath of relief; but Lizzy Ann's small freckled face looked pitifully drawn, and her wide-open blue eyes were full of the horror of this deed without a name.

Aunt Lucetta would write a letter of thanks for the Thanksgiving presents, thought Phineas; she might specify the squash; then what would they think at Pippin Hill farm? Why, that she didn't know the difference, or that the pumpkin had acquired the peculiar power of the flat's belongings, and turned into something else! Phineas grinned broadly at this solution of the difficulty presented itself to his mind, so light-hearted had he become.

It was even more easily managed than Phineas had hoped; he jumped out of the wagon and seized the big squash, in its bag, before Enoch had been able to induce Tom and Jerry to resign themselves to the electric cars,

which ran through the street where Aunt Lucetta lived. He and Lizzy Ann had to take the other things, too, because Enoch dared not leave the horses long enough to go in the elevator up to Aunt Lucetta's fifth-story flat.

A proud elevator-boy made them take their rough and bulky packages to the freight "lift" in the back of the house, and Phineas cherished a wild hope that the squash might get lost, in which case he decided—with only a slight pang of conscience, so hardened in falsehood had he already become—to describe it as a huge pumpkin.

It came up safely, of course, and Aunt Lucetta called it "a delightful countrified squash"—as if, thought Phineas, she were accustomed to squashes that grew on pavements. He forgot all about it soon, in the excitement of inspecting this queer place to live, so far up in the sky and so small, with the great city roaring around it. Even Lizzy Ann forgot it when Aunt Lucetta really banged her hair; because her father-in-law and her sister-in-law, who were very stylish, were coming to dinner the next day.

Aunt Lucetta's father-in-law was a manufacturer in Brockville. Phineas did remember the pumpkin when he heard this, although with only a slight pang; there were so many manufacturers in Brockville. But Lizzy Ann had a more anxious mind; she forgot even the little frills and the big sash and the bangs with which Aunt Lucetta had adorned her, and stared at Aunt Lucetta's father-in-law with a fascinated dread all through the Thanksgiving dinner. It seemed to her that by this time all Brockville must be ringing with the report that the great prize pumpkin was only a hollow Jack-o'-lantern. It was no comfort even to be fashionable when Phineas was going to be found out.

When the dessert came on Aunt Lucetta's father-in-law sharply eyed the squash pies.

"Ought to have pumpkin pies at Thanksgiving, Lucetta," he said, with the frankness of a well-to-do father-in-law. "Reminds me of a saucy trick that was played on me yesterday. There was a fellow from Pippin Hill who had been recommended to me as smart. I meant to give him a good chance. But I hate a practical joke, anyway, and 'twas such an impertinence in a boy like him. He brought me a pumpkin from home—a present—the largest and finest pumpkin I ever saw. I said to my cook that we'd have some old-fashioned pumpkin pies. When she put a knife into it, out came a lot of bran and stuff; the pumpkin had been scooped out and filled up with trash. He brought a box of butter too. I suppose that is tallow. We've no use for such fellows in Brockville; they're too smart."

Phineas choked, and had to be patted on the back by Aunt Lucetta; he said he had swallowed something hard; he guessed it was a raisin seed in the pudding. But he had sufficient presence of mind to scowl dreadfully at Lizzy Ann, who looked as if she were going to cry.

"I just sent word to the fellow that he wouldn't suit me," continued Lucetta's father-in-law. "I didn't say anything about his pumpkin; I wouldn't give him the satisfaction."

Phineas drew a long breath of relief. He said he thought he would take a piece of mince pie, and he gave Lizzy Ann a warning kick under the table. Llewellyn Brown would never know why he had missed his great chance in life; Aunt Lucetta would scarcely think to mention in a letter that she had received a squash among her Thanksgiving gifts. Phineas ate his mince pie with relish, and said to himself that he was about as smart a fellow as Pitticus Brown.

He wished that Lizzy Ann would not look so woe-begone, and say that she didn't care for candy or nuts. Being only a girl, she couldn't understand that in this world, as Pitticus Brown said, you had to get there your-

self, and you couldn't stop to look out for the fellow that was left behind.

Aunt Lucetta gave a party for them that night, and the next day her father-in-law took them to the play; but in spite of the good times and of all the sayings of Pitticus Brown that he could recall, Phineas couldn't get rid of the thought of Llewellyn Brown going home, disappointed and humiliated, to the old farm-house, where they were ill and poor, and everything depended upon the boys. It was in vain that he said to himself that he was as silly as a girl—as silly as Lizy Ann, whose face looked worn, and who followed him with wistful eyes.

He seized the coat tails of Aunt Lucetta's father-in-law, who was entering the elevator for his final departure.

"I can't—stand it—anyhow!" he stammered. "It wa'n't Llewellyn's fault—that scooped-out punkin wa'n't—'twas mine!"

And out came the whole story, with a murmured accompaniment of excuses for Phineas from Lizy Ann. Phineas made no excuses for himself; he told the story in a manly fashion; and the manufacturer said: "Well, well; he believed he liked Pippin Hill boys after all, and he would send for Llewellyn and give him the place, and if Phineas ever wanted a chance for himself, why, he liked a boy that would not let another suffer for what he had done, no matter how hard it was to own up." Phineas felt as if he did not deserve any praise; he had come so frightfully near to not owning up.

It was great happiness to stop at the Brown farm-house on the way home and tell Llewellyn that the great chance was his—it seemed to fortify one for that owning up to Uncle Ichabod.

Almost before the first greetings were over, before Aunt Drusilla had decided whether to be angry about Lizy Ann's little frills and big sash and bangs, which made her look like a very serious-minded doll, Phineas stood forth like a man and told the story of his misdeeds.

"That prize punkin for a Jack-o'-lantern! Well, I wouldn't 'a' believed you'd 'a' darst to do it!" cried Uncle Ichabod. He was so overcome that he dropped heavily into his arm-chair.

"Aunt Lucetta's father-in-law said it was the finest punkin he ever saw. I guess they never saw our punkins down to Brockville before!" piped Lizy Ann, with the wisdom of the serpent.

"I guess it did astonish 'em some!" chuckled Uncle Ichabod, and lost his wrath's sharp edge in the chuckle. "I ain't goin' to say any more about this, young Phineas, seein' how it's turned out, but I'm goin' to raise a punkin next year that'll beat this year's all hollow, and that one won't be made into no Jack-o'-lantern!"

"I declare them children both look real peaked and worn out," said Aunt Drusilla, pityingly.

Uncle Ichabod shuffled his feet uneasily. "I never thought you cared so much about Jack-o'-lanterns, young Phineas," he said. "They're all foolishness anyway. But I'll tell you what I'll do: next spring I'll give you and Lizy Ann a punkin patch of your own, and you can raise a whole procession if you've a mind to."

MR. GOBBLER'S STORY.

BY R. K. MCKNITTICK.

DOWN behind the old farm-house, on the topmost limb of the scraggly but picturesque buttonball, sat Mr. and Mrs. Gobbler, huddled closely together, looking across the fading fields in silence. Beside them sat Willie Gobbler and his dear little sisters Susan and Araminta. It was the children's first autumn, as they had been hatched into the world some time during the previous month of May. They looked upon the glowing foliage with lively delight—just as they would have looked into a toy-store window if they had been little boys and girls.

"Oh, isn't this perfectly lovely, papa!" shouted Araminta, flapping her glossy wings as a little girl would have clapped her hands.

Mr. Gobbler in reply only shook his head gravely, while a tear dropped from Mrs. Gobbler's eye, for they were both thinking of Thanksgiving and its awful possibilities.

"Don't annoy your father when he is trying to rest and collect his thoughts," said Mrs. Gobbler, petulantly.

"I am not annoyed by a little thing like that," replied Mr. Gobbler, as he stroked his great old wattles as if they were side-whiskers. "I am too much accustomed to annoyance to be worried by so trifling a thing. Haven't I had fire-crackers set off under me when I was asleep on



THE FARMER PLAYED ACCORDING TO THE PIG'S FEET.



THE BEAR'S WORK IN THE MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

the wagon-pole? Haven't I had water thrown on me when I was sitting on the grass suffused with pleasant dreams?"

"But, papa," asked Susan, "have you ever had a fox try to gather you from the perch?"

"Once, Susan, and only once," replied the patriarch, "and that was when I was a little boy, with a tail no longer than a worn-out duster. The fox stood on his hind legs and reached up and grabbed my tail feathers, and I thought my end had come; but by a great effort I flew out of his mouth, and since that time I have always perched upon the highest limb I can find. Remember, my dear little children, that although foxes are very cunning they cannot climb trees."

Here the happy children looked upon their father with pleasant smiles, and the old gentleman waved his wattles, and looked into the hazy distance as if very proud of his great wisdom. While Mr. Gobbler was thus lost in deep reflection, Willie asked,

"Come now, papa, won't you tell us a nice little story before we tuck our heads under our wings for the night?"

"I have told you all the stories I know long ago, and I'm feeling very sleepy."

"Then tell us one of the old ones; tell us the one about the little pig that danced a jig while the farmer played the fiddle," pleaded Willie.

"Oh yes," chimed in Araminta—

"the little pig that danced a jig while the farmer played the fiddle. It is such a nice Thanksgiving story."

"See here," replied Mr. Gobbler, severely, "don't you allude to Thanksgiving again, unless you want my feathers to fly out by the roots, and my wattles to lash themselves into spoonfuls of cranberry sauce."

"Then tell us the story, papa dear, and we shall all be good little turkeys."

Mr. Gobbler then looked furtively about him, as if anxious to find some loop-hole of escape. He had told them the story so many times that he deeply regretted the fact that he had ever related it at all. And the worst of it all was that it was a Thanksgiving story that he could only enjoy telling in May. So while he sat in silence, hoping the little turkeys would fall asleep, one of them said:

"Come now, papa, you can't get out of it in that way; we want to hear the story of the little pig that danced a jig while the farmer played the fiddle."

So, seeing there was no use trying to evade the subject further, Mr. Gobbler began: "Once upon a time there was a happy-go-lucky farmer who had a cunning little pig—"

"Pardon me, papa, but the last time you told the story the pig had a black spot on one side of his face."

"Haven't I often told you," broke in Mrs. Gobbler, petulantly, "that you shouldn't interrupt any one, especially an elder, when speaking? You must remember this injunction if you would be polite and refined turkeys when you are grown."

"But, mamma dear," protested Willie, with a crest-fallen air, "I began by saying 'pardon me.'"

"I had forgotten that when I spoke," said Mrs. Gobbler, with an apologetic smile. Then she returned her husband's glance, and said, "Now tell them the story, Orlando."

"Once upon a time," continued Mr. Gobbler, "there was a happy-go-lucky farmer who owned a pig with a black spot on one side of his face. The little pig and the farmer were very fond of each other, and whenever the tiller of the soil gave Nathan—that was the pig's name—a nice red apple, he would be thanked in a bland sugared smile that rippled over the black spot on the happy porker's face. Now the reason that the farmer liked the little pig was all because the pig was fond of music and could dance; and Nathan was equally fond of the farmer because the latter played on the fiddle. The farmer would stand by the pen and fiddle, while the pig danced about



THE GOBBLER FLEW WITH FIDDLE AND BOW TO THE TOP OF A HIGH TREE.

in the airiest manner he could. Some men play by note, and others by ear, but this farmer played according to the pig's feet."

"What! Pig-foot music?" asked Araminta.

"There you go with another interruption," cried Mrs. Gobbler.

"Pig's-foot time would be more correct," said Mr. Gobbler, without appearing to notice the interruption; "for even as Nathan danced to the time of the music, so did the farmer play to the time of Nathan's feet, while he watched them as he performed as if they had been notes. When Nathan stopped dancing, the farmer had to discontinue playing; and as he was very fond of his fiddle, he would give the little porker another apple to resume. Now the pig was very fond of good things, and when he had had all the apples he wanted he would not dance until the farmer had given him a lump of sugar in advance. Now the farmer had also a very fine old gobbler of gentle demeanor, whom he called Alexander, and this gobbler was so fond of music that he would perch delightedly on a bar, of the pen while his owner fiddled and Nathan danced. He would also sit on the windowsill of the farm kitchen and watch the fiddle as it hung on the wall, and turn his glances upon the farmer, as if to ask him to play. This was usually too much for the agriculturist, who loved to perform upon his favorite instrument, and the result was that he would take it down and move to the sty even in the moonlight. Now you know, my dear little children, that it is very wrong for one to become a slave to anything, whether it be a fiddle or a mania for collecting postage-stamps, because such slavery tends to take one's mind off other things of greater importance. This farmer became so great a slave to the fiddling habit through the encouragement of Nathan and Alexander that he neglected his work upon the farm. He would argue that if he fiddled all one day and did two days' work in the corn-field on the morrow, a proper average could be maintained. But on the morrow the gobbler—I am ashamed of him as an ancestor—would glance at the fiddle, and the pig would squeal for music, and the poor farmer, through lack of will-power, would go to the penside and play cotillon after cotillon after the pig had started him with the motion of his feet. Then Alexander would march up and down with martial pride, for sometimes he couldn't stand still."

"Do you think the gobbler was as fond of music as the pig?" asked Willie.

"Which do you mean?" observed Orlando Gobbler, Esq., sarcastically; "was the gobbler as fond of music as he was of the pig, or was the gobbler as fond of music as the pig was?"

"I didn't intend to be rude, papa; but when I asked the question, I wanted to know if the pig and the gobbler were equally fond of music, that was all."

"Well, I cannot tell you as much as I should be happy to on this point, because I only know the story as it was told me by your grandmother, when I was beneath her wing. It was noticed by many of his neighbors that the farmer was fiddling too much and farming too little for his own welfare. The potatoes needed hoeing, and the tomato bed was choked with great weeds. The meadows remained unmowed, and the melons were rotting on the vines. It was predicted that the crops would not fail from the effects of drought, but from too much fiddling. The poor farmer with the ungovernable weakness for music was very sharply criticised by some and pitied by others, who regarded his case as a very pathetic one. Many of them tried to reason with him, and point out to him the error of his way. They advised him to farm during the day and fiddle in the evening. But their efforts were all in vain. As soon as he arose he would set out for the sty of the dancing pig, and fiddle until his arm was sore—"

"What was the upshot of it all?" asked Araminta.

"I told you before not to interrupt me," replied Mr. Gobbler, with a glance that showed how provoked he was. "When you break in on me in this way I lose the thread of the story, from which alone you may learn the fiddler's fate."

Little Araminta was greatly pained at this rebuke, which made her pout. But the pouting soon disappeared, and her father continued:

"Everything went well with the fiddle and wrong with the farm, until the crops were in such a condition that only immediate attention could save them. Still, the fiddling farmer continued to perform upon his instrument as if his crops were safely stored or profitably disposed of. At this time, on a fine moonlight night, a bear sauntered into the barn-yard, and having secured a good hold upon the pig, bore him swiftly away to the woods, and devoured him in the bosom of his family. On the morrow the farmer was prostrated with grief, because, you know, he had depended entirely upon the time of the pig's feet for his ability to carry the tune. Without the pig he couldn't play—"

"Didn't you say the gobbler Alexander was also very fond of the fiddle?" asked Willie.

"I did," replied Mr. Gobbler.

"Then what did he do?"

"Why, he moped about the doorway and watched the farmer as he looked dolefully at the fiddle on the wall," responded Mr. Gobbler; "and one day the farmer thought he saw the gobbler smiling, and this he concluded was a wicked smile of triumph at his woful state of mind. So he threw a pot-stick at the poor bird, and almost knocked the feet from under it. The gobbler repaired to the shadow of a convenient gooseberry-bush to think out a suitable plan of retaliation; and in about an hour, when the farmer had gone forth to look for rain, the musically inclined bird stepped into the kitchen, took the fiddle and bow from the nail on the wall, and flew with both to the top of a high tree in the middle of an adjoining wood. When the farmer knew that his fiddle had gone, probably to join the pig, he went to work to forget his trouble. He hoed and raked and weeded, and it was not a great while before his farm was in a flourishing condition. He saved all the crops, and that winter his family had plenty of Johnny-cake and pumpkin pie. He repented his weakness for the fiddle; and one day in the rosy autumn, when the mellow light of Indian-summer glimmered on the fields, whom should the farmer happen to see but the music-loving gobbler sleeping on a sapling. You know, the gobbler kept out of his way after the theft of the fiddle; and when the farmer saw him, it reminded him of his foolish weakness for his stringed instrument. And when he connected these painful thoughts with his prosperity that shone on every side in groaning bin and larder, he killed the gobbler and had a Thanksgiving feast."

"And now, my dear children," said Mrs. Gobbler, "the moon is rising, and it is time to retire for the night. One, two, three!"

At the word "three" they tucked their heads beneath their wings, and were soon lost in pleasant dreams.

TIS well for you you are a Yankee boy,
And in the English tongue express your thoughts,
For have you ever thought how 'twould annoy
If these were punned in tongues of foreign ports?

Suppose, for instance, you in German spoke,
Or e'en in Spanish had to say your say;
Suppose o'er Russian words you'd madly choke,
Or put your sentences in pure Français!

I shudder when I think how it would be
If you dropped English and spoke thus instead;
For neither pa, nor ma, nor nurse, you see,
Could understand a single word you said.

GREAT STATE PAPERS.

BY HENRY CLEMENT HOLMES.

I.—TITLES TO OUR TERRITORY.

YEARS ago, when I was in a history class at school, Tom Fellows, the brightest member of it, was relating an incident of the Revolutionary war, when the teacher asked,

"What ended that struggle—officially ended it?"

Tom hesitated. "Why," he said at last, "fighting ceased, and we were free, I suppose."

"But had Great Britain chosen at any time to renew the conflict, was there anything to prevent her from doing so?" inquired the teacher.

Tom stood while he thought, and Fred Brennerman raised his hand.

"I think Great Britain wrote us a letter, telling us we were free," he said.

"A letter? That would have read something like this," said the teacher, scarcely able to conceal a twinkle in his eye:

"LONDON.

"Brother Jonathan:

"DEAR SIR, You are free.

"Yours for peace, JOHN BULL."

The class burst into a laugh.

If you were called upon to draw up a contract between Great Britain on one side and the United States on the other, how would you begin it? Whom would you have sign it? What man is empowered to write his name, and by that act bind all of us sixty-five million Americans?

Contracts between nations are formal affairs, not alone in themselves, but in the preparations for executing them. It would not have taken George III. of Great Britain long to write a letter to "Brother Jonathan" telling him he was free. But such a letter would not have satisfied even democratic Jefferson, much less British royalty.

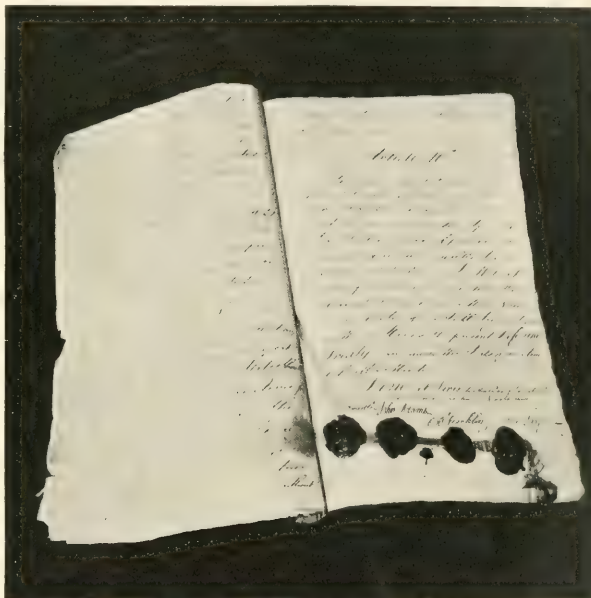
There were many things to do after we had whipped the Hessians and got possession of Cornwallis's sword. The first thing was to get from the King of England a statement that he and his ministers were willing formally to acknowledge American independence. When this was done three American commissioners went to Paris, in order to be upon neutral territory, and there they met one David Hartley, who had been named by the King to represent Great Britain. Each spent some time examining the other's credentials, to see that they were treating with the right parties. When fully satisfied on this important matter, they took a few sheets of common and rather coarse white paper, nine by fifteen inches in size and folded once, and at the top of the first page of it they wrote, in a coarse and crude hand, "In the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity."

Leaving a space of about an inch, they began in a little smaller but not a less crude hand:

"It having pleased the Divine Providence to dispose the heart of the Most Serene and Most Potent Prince George the Third, by the Grace of God King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and the United States of America to forget all past misunderstandings and differences that have unhappily interrupted the good cor-

respondence and friendship which they mutually wish to restore," etc.

Writing in unbroken lines across the entire page, on both sides of the paper, and frequently referring each to the other as "High Mightinesses," these commissioners filled nearly four sheets of the paper, and at the end they signed their names. David Hartley signed first, and he placed his name away up in the left-hand corner, just



THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES.

under the last line of the text, where it appears almost crowded off the paper by the names of the American signers, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and John Jay.

They tied the sheets together with some very narrow and very cheap blue ribbon, the ends of which they fastened to the paper with patches of red sealing-wax. This wax they needlessly burned in placing it just at the left of their signatures.

This is the Definitive Treaty of Versailles, now yellow and faded. By it Great Britain formally renounced all claim to the thirteen original States. These four sheets of cheap paper, with their "High Mightinesses," their "Most Potents," and their faded blue ribbon, constitute the official close of the Revolutionary war.

At the beginning of this century France owned Louisiana, and the United States sought to buy a bit of territory on the east bank of the Mississippi River at the very time that Napoleon wanted money to destroy England's merchant marine. Napoleon replied that for a round sum he would sell Louisiana—the whole, and not a part of it—and that the quicker the bargain was made the better it would suit him.

Our treaty purchase of Louisiana is written wholly in

French, and though affecting millions of English speaking people, it has never been officially translated into English. It is written upon eight pages of very white, and even now very fresh, paper. But it does not fill the pages, because the engrosser of it began well to the right of the page, and allowed his lines to run badly up hill.

There are many expressions of love contained in it. Indeed, the whole treaty is most extravagant in the use of terms of mutual admiration. The shrewd First Consul did not, however, forget the business part of the transaction. Attached to this extraordinary record of international puffery is a practical document—a sort of awakening to the prose of dollars and cents—by which the United States agrees to pay France a large sum of money. The amount, carefully stated, is 60,000,000 francs.

But it was a capital bargain for the purchaser. These sheets of paper represent the title-deed to almost all of our national territory lying west of the Mississippi River. It is signed by Marbois on behalf of Napoleon, First Consul of France, and by James Monroe and Robert Livingston for the United States. There are no ribbons through the seals, and the sheets are not fastened together. By this bargain, told in a few up-hill lines in a foreign tongue, we added more square miles of territory to our domain than we did by winning the war for independence and negotiating the more formal Treaty of Versailles.

If you were buying a new State for our Union, and had a King for one client and several millions of sovereign people for the other, and chanced to begin writing the contract with the wrong words, you would throw aside the sheet of paper, especially if it were coarse and cheap, take a new one, and begin again. The man who drew up the treaty by which we acquired the State of Florida was not so particular. He took some exceedingly poor paper, eight by twelve inches in size, and began to write. He wrote some wrong words, ran his pen through them, and began again. The lines he divided in the middle of the page, and he made the paragraphs to correspond in length. The lines on the left-hand half of the page are made up of English words; on the right, those of Spanish words. Of course both lines say the same thing.

The King of Spain is not mentioned by name, but by the title of "His Catholic Majesty." The writing is on both sides of the sheet, which is folded once—at the left—and the edges are now much frayed. The sheets are tied with very narrow lavender ribbon. Attached to the treaty is the ratification, signed by Ferdinand on the Spanish half of the page, and by John Quincy Adams and James Monroe on the English half.

The President's proclamation, announcing the purchase and its ratification by the United States Senate, is attached. Curiously enough, another mistake was made in beginning the proclamation. The clerk wrote the President's private name, and followed it with his title. But Presidential proclamations, from Washington to Cleveland, have always begun, "By the President of the United States of America, A Proclamation." So the clerk scratched out the President's name, and between the ugly erasures wrote in the correct words.

It has many times happened that Secretaries of State, and even Commissioners specially delegated for the purpose, have drawn up treaties and signed them, only to see the United States Senate repudiate their work. These are called "Unfinished Treaties," and many large envelopes filled with them are preserved in our national archives. Three or four such treaties were drawn during President Harrison's term, and in one of these envelopes are two early and official attempts of Texas to get into our Union. Indeed, all treaties relating to Texas are in these envelopes, for we acquired our largest State by joint resolution of Congress, dated December 29, 1845, and not by treaty at all.

The legal document by which Alaska is officially made a part of the United States of America is no such commonplace affair as the one that let Louisiana in, nor such a cheap bundle of paper rags, with its bungling errors and ugly blots, as Florida got in on.

Alaska came in with the finest parchment—the real skin of the calf. The treaty and President Johnson's proclamation are bound together. Six blank pages, ten by fourteen inches in size, were left vacant at the beginning, but ruled very near the edge by one pale red line. Then begins the proclamation, announcing to the world that Alaska belongs not to Russia, but to America. The lines extend across the entire page, and are so exquisitely written that they might have slipped out of your copy-books. The treaty proper has an illuminated heading, and begins, "Au nom de la Tres Sainte et Indivisible Trinité" (in the name of the very Holy and Indivisible Trinity).

Down the middle of each page is a faint blue line. On the left of this line is the English version; on the right, the Russian, written in French. These English and French versions are signed by William H. Seward and Robert de Stoecke. The seals are very large, and holes are cut in the paper against which they are folded, to gain space for them, and to prevent them from breaking.

Including the joint resolution of Congress by which we acquired Texas, these four contracts, all, save one, written upon cheap paper and kept in common manilla envelopes in pigeon-holes of an ordinary cupboard, form the legal titles to all, except a mere fraction, of our territory. They are the original treaties—the warranty-deeds to our territory.

The first title to the New World, however, is much older than any of these documents, and, next to Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence, it is the most celebrated original manuscript in existence—in a political sense, at least. This famous manuscript is the commission signed by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, appointing Christopher Columbus Admiral of his famous fleet and Governor of all the lands he should discover. It is owned by the great Admiral's lineal descendant, the Duke of Veragua, and was by him exhibited at Chicago in 1893, where, doubtless, many saw it in the Convent of La Rabida.

This commission is written in a very fine and very quaint hand, still preserved with remarkable clearness, upon parchment that is fourteen by twenty inches in size, the lines going lengthwise of the sheet. It is without a fold, and the royal signatures are so close to the body of the text as to be with difficulty distinguished from it. There is no introductory line, such as one usually finds at the head of state papers. It begins, however, much as do proclamations of the present day, showing that we borrowed our formula for the Presidential proclamations from the same nation that gave us a name for our unit of money. The parchment of this Columbus commission is now quite yellow, though well preserved. Indeed, it is better preserved than our own Declaration of Independence, which it made possible, and which it antedates by 284 years.

A DIVING ISLAND.

BY DAVID KER.

"AND do you mean to tell me, Mr. Readon, as how you've seed hislands come up to the top of the water to breathe, like whales, and then go down again?"

"Indeed I have, my man, and so have plenty more people, too. If you want to see an island of that sort, there is one now, before your very eyes!" And Professor Readon pointed, as he spoke, to the dark steeple-shaped mass of volcanic rock which, towering 2600 feet

above the smooth bright surface of the Mediterranean, with its halo of pale light playing restlessly around its rocky brow, looked like a colossal image of some saint or martyr of the olden time. "Two thousand years ago," continued the great scientist, "that thing came hissing up through the water piping hot, and, as you see, it has kept hot ever since."

"But it hasn't gone down again, though," cried the old seaman, triumphantly. "Come, now; it's come up, but it hasn't gone down."

"No, it hasn't gone down," said Dr. Readon, "but I could tell you of plenty of others which have. Just where we are now an island came up in 1861, which was called Graham's Island, and had the British flag hoisted upon it. It sank again a few months later, and came up a second time about three years ago, in the summer of 1863; but you won't find it now, for at the spot where it lay there is now a depth of 700 fathoms of water."

"I say, is all that really true?" asked the veteran, looking hard into the speaker's face, as if expecting to find some trace of a smile of mockery lurking there.

"You'll find it in any old newspaper of that time, if you don't believe me," answered the Professor, quietly; "and, besides, that's only one case out of many. In 1783 the islet of Nynöe rose from the sea off the coast of Iceland, and sank again at the end of a year. Off St. Michael, in the Azores, a small rocky islet has appeared and disappeared at the same spot five times in the last two centuries, and its last apparition took place only a few months ago, as I can bear witness, for I saw it myself."

"Well, I am blown!" gasped the ancient mariner, in a paroxysm of disbelief.

"And you'll see marked on plenty of old charts," went on the imperturbable Professor, as composedly as ever, "a rock called 'The Three Chimneys' (which no man of our time has ever seen) on the course from the west coast of Ireland to Newfoundland. But what of that? The same force which throws up a stone out of a volcano would suffice, if increased a hundredfold or a thousandfold, to throw up an entire island just as easily. I don't see anything so wonderful in all that."

"Don't yer? Well, I do!" rejoined the old sailor, with significant emphasis.

On her way up the Levant the steamer touched at Santorini, one of the southernmost islands of the Greek Archipelago; and old Ben Gaskett asked, with a sly twinkle in his dark gray eye,

"Is this one o' them *divin' hislands* you was a tellin' us about t'other day, Mr. Readon?"

"I don't know about its diving, my man, but it is undoubtedly volcanic."

"Well, I s'pose that's wot makes everything so precious hot," growled the honest tar, wiping his streaming forehead.

"Do you know, I rather think that comes from the heat of the sea," observed Dr. Readon, as quietly as ever.

"Wot? the sea git b'ilin' hot!" cried Gaskett, with an air of desperation, as if this were too much to bear.

"Well, fish up a bucketful, and try for yourself, if you don't believe me," said the immovable Professor, with a placid smile.

"So 'tis, by jingo! it's b'ilin', and no mistake!" cried the astonished seaman, dipping his finger into the bucket that he had drawn up, and hastily withdrawing it. "Well, I've seed the water *warm* in the Gulf Stream, but that warn't nothin' to this; why, I'm blown if yer couldn't bile a hegg in it!"

"Very likely, Mr. Gaskett," rejoined the scientist, becoming suddenly grave; "and that's a sign, unless I'm very greatly mistaken, that you're going to see a sample of the 'volcanic action' about which you have heard me talk such as you won't forget in a hurry."

In fact, once or twice in the course of that morning

the smooth surface of the bay was suddenly and strangely agitated, though not a breath of wind was stirring; and on each of these occasions a weird, hollow, unearthly rumble came sullenly from the depths below.

"Daddy Neptune's been and cotched a cold," said one of the sailors, forcing a laugh; but his mates were in no mood to join in the merriment, for these mysterious phenomena, following so closely upon the equally mysterious hints of the Professor, made them all more uneasy than they would have cared to confess.

All at once a louder rumbling was heard, the water boiled and bubbled like a seething caldron, several huge waves came rolling in upon the shore, making the anchored steamer rock like a toy, and then, to the amazement and terror of all who beheld it, a small rocky islet heaved itself up in the centre of the bay to a height of more than thirty feet above the surface.

As soon as the convulsion had subsided Professor Readon turned to the astounded Captain, and said, as coolly as if the whole thing had taken place by preconcerted arrangement,

"Captain Barnes, if you can spare me one of your boats for half an hour or so I should like to examine that island a little."

"You're quite welcome to the boat," answered the Captain, with a grin; "but if you mean to land upon that island, I expect you'll have a job of it to get anybody to go along with you."

In fact, so far from being slow of belief any longer, the sailors, after what they had just seen, were now ready to believe anything upon earth; and for some time they turned a deaf ear to all the Doctor's persuasions to venture near the "blowed-up hisland." At last old Ben Gaskett said, with impressive solemnity,

"Well, Mr. Readon, if you'll promise as how that 'ere hisland sha'n't go down again until we gits clear of it, we'll take the risk."

The Professor at once gave the required pledge, for his knowledge of such phenomena was sufficient to assure him that there was no immediate danger, and a few minutes later the boat was on its way to the new-born island.

As they neared it, Ben Gaskett (who was steering) gave a sudden start, and called out in a tone of the utmost astonishment, "Why, I'm a Dutchman if there ain't *houses* on it!"

"So there are, sure enough," cried the Professor, looking keenly at the mysterious island. "Well, there, you see, is a plain proof that this island must have risen and gone down again once before, for they don't build houses at the bottom of the sea."

In truth, every man of them could now see plainly among the rocks of the strange island two small but solid and well-built houses of hewn stone, of the type which one now sees only amid the ruins of Ephesus and other ancient Greek cities. A slight hesitation was visible among the crew as their boat ran alongside of this locomotive territory; but when they saw Professor Readon spring ashore, the curiosity of the sailors fairly gained the upper hand of their terror, and having made fast the boat, they crowded after him as eagerly as boys at a peep-show.

The two buildings—the larger of which appeared to have been a dwelling-house, and the other a kind of out-building attached to it—were both in the old classic style, and Dr. Readon, having examined their materials and style of architecture, pronounced them to be at least two thousand years old.

Masses of seaweed clung to the graceful columns, and the interior was almost blocked up with the drifted sand; but the masonry itself was in excellent preservation, and there was even an inscription legible above the principal entrance of the larger building, which the Professor de-

clared to be Greek, and translated as follows, for the benefit of the admiring sailors, "Glaucón, the son of Theophrastus, a merchant of Rhodes, built this house."

"Well, I'm glad we've been able to have such a good sight of this," said Dr. Readon, as he at length (after making a hasty sketch of this curious "antique") reluctantly gave the signal for departure, "for I doubt very much if we shall ever get another chance."

Nor did they; for when, two months later, they touched again at Santorini on their homeward voyage, they found that this "diving island" had taken another plunge, and was gone as if it had never been.

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER VII.

TROUBLES OF A NEW REPUBLIC.

THE troubles which had broken out in Brazil in the autumn were rapidly reaching their climax. It was a curious spectacle upon which the entire civilized world was looking with interest. The navy of a large and powerful republic had revolted against the government, and, shut up in a few stanch cruisers, lay at anchor in front of the capital city, which it bombarded with great regularity, but little accuracy. The ostensible cause of the revolt was the veto by President Peixoto of a law making it impossible for him to be his own successor in office. The true cause was a determination to restore the monarchical government in Brazil. Week after week, month after month, the insurgent fleet continued its depredations, in spite of the belief that the rebellion must speedily collapse for the want of funds and munitions of war. Somehow these necessities found their way into the hands of the rebel chiefs, but it was not until Admiral Mello was deposed and Admiral Da Gama placed in command that the latter's declaration in favor of monarchy revealed the true state of affairs. But President Peixoto found himself equal to the demands of the time. Trusted agents in New York set about organizing a fleet. The merchant steamers *El Cid* and *Britannia* were purchased, and hastily transformed into cruisers. Both were supplied with torpedo tubes and effective batteries of rapid-fire guns. In addition to these, *El Cid*, rechristened *Nitheroy*, after a suburb of Rio de Janeiro, was provided with a dynamite gun—a new and untested weapon whose value in warfare was an unknown quantity. Admiral Da Gama had once inspected dynamite guns in New York, and had made a report on them to his government. He had a wholesome respect for the weapon. Furthermore, the agents of the Brazilian President had purchased the Ericsson submarine gun-vessel, a Yarrow torpedo-boat, and five German torpedo-boats. It was the rumor in Rio Harbor that the government fleet was to assemble in some one of the sequestered harbors along the northeastern coast of Brazil, and thence steal down upon Da Gama. Shut up in Rio Harbor, with the shore batteries behind him and the loyal fleet blocking the entrance to the bay, his position would be precarious.

But Da Gama was not disposed to wait in idleness for the decisive blow. He stole in and out of the harbor at unexpected times, so that no one could tell just where he was. With his fleet, consisting of the *Aquidaban*, commanded by the deposed Mello, the *Republica*, *Tiradentes*, *Guacabara*, *Liberdade*, *Tamandare*, *Trajano*, and a few smaller vessels, he hovered like a mysterious pirate among the islands of the bay, and occasionally opened fire upon the city.

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro is justly celebrated as the

most beautiful in the world. The entrance is between two bold points, 1700 yards apart. Just inside, and nearer to the western point, Fort Lage rises out of the water. On the eastern point stands Fort Santa Cruz and a fixed white light, visible six miles. On the western point are forts San Joao and St. Theodosio. The harbor extends almost north and south. Outside of the eastern point of entrance, about a mile to the southeast, is Flora Point, from which runs back a spur of mountains nearly 1100 feet high. Three-quarters of a mile to the southward of Fort San Joao the Pao de Acucari, or Sugar Loaf, lifts its domelike back 1270 feet above the level of the sea.

Inside the entrance the harbor widens out. On the easterly side, behind Jurujuba Point, a little over a mile north-northeast of Fort Santa Cruz, opens the bight of Three Fathom Bay—a large expanse of shallow water, bordered by San Francisco Xavier Beach on the east and by Carahy Beach on the north. The northern boundary of Three Fathom Bay is a neck of land half a mile wide, at whose outer extremities are two forts, Boa Viagem and Gravata. Now comes another bight, forming Praia Grande Bay, on which fronts the town of Nitheroy or Nitheroy. To the northward of Nitheroy is Arcia Point, a bold head-land rising to a height of 550 feet, and beyond this is a cluster of lilly islands.

Inside the entrance on the western side is a small bight, bordered by Urca and Botofogo beaches, and extending to Flamingo Point, one mile west of Fort San Joao. Flamingo and Freiras beaches extend to the northward a mile and two-thirds, when the city of Rio de Janeiro is reached. Five-eighths of a mile off shore to the southeast lies the island of Villegaignon, on which there is a strong fort. Two hundred yards off the point at the northeastern extremity of the city is the Isle de Cobras, on which there is a fine dock, 385 feet long. Between these two islands is the anchorage for men-of-war, and to the northwest of Cobras Island is the anchorage for merchant vessels. Rat Island, on which the Custom-house stands, is 250 yards outside of Cobras Island. Enchadas Island faces the city a little over five-eighths of a mile north of the Isla de Cobras. To the northward the harbor opens out into a magnificent bay. The coast-line around Rio de Janeiro Harbor is over sixty miles in extent. There are from eight to ten fathoms of water on the bar at the entrance, while inside the depth runs from ten fathoms several miles above the city to twenty-eight half a mile north of Fort Lage.

These facts are necessary to a thorough understanding of the incidents about to be described in this story; but they give no idea of the enchanting beauty of Rio de Janeiro Harbor. Those who have ascended the Hudson River in a steamboat may conceive some faint idea of the glories of Rio Harbor by calling to mind the passage of the river between the mountains near West Point. But at Rio you come in from the open sea and behold the mountains apparently rising out of the rich blue waters. As you pass in you are close enough to see the luxuriant wealth of the tropical vegetation on the sides of the acclivities, and when you have entered the bay you are in a vast and splendid natural basin, with the dwellings and towers of the city rising proudly on your left against a background of flashing waters and olive mountain slopes.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDER A FOREIGN FLAG.

WE must now go back to a time previous to the events of the last chapter. The *Aquidaban* was lying at anchor with her consorts far up the harbor off Engenha Island. The silence and luscious warmth of the tropical night were about her. Near at hand the dark hulls of the other vessels of the fleet showed black and threatening

against the starlit waters. At some distance away lay the war-ships of the foreign powers represented in Rio Harbor. Great Britain, the haughty "ruler of the seas," had three cruisers there; Italy, three; Germany, two; France and Portugal, each one. "Old Glory," as the American flag has come to be called, was not represented in the bay except by unfortunate merchant ships. These were compelled to endure all kinds of high-handed treatment by the insurgents, who asserted that they were conveying stores to the government.

No sound, except the clinking of the cables as the vessels rode to the tide, and an occasional snatch of sailor song from a wandering boat, broke the silence that surrounded the dark men-of-war. Leaning over the quarter-rail of the *Aquidaban* was a young man whom his Naval Academy friends would hardly have recognized as Frank Lockwood. The deep sunburn on his face did not hide the heavy hollows under his eyes, nor the deep lines around his mouth. Frank looked ten years older than he was on the day when Harold and George had parted from him in his uncle's house. The boy stared at the blinking lights of the distant city, and heaved a sigh that was almost a groan. A light footstep followed by a tap on the shoulder caused him to start.

"Ah, Rodrigo," he said, "is it you?"

"*Si, amigo mio.* You seem not happy," said Lieutenant Rodrigo Bennos.

It was the young officer who had shown the boy over the *Aquidaban* in New York Harbor.

"No, I'm not," replied Frank, shortly.

"Why, are you not happy? Here we fight much—all the time—every day. That is what you say you want."

"But such fighting!" exclaimed Frank. "We lie hid two-thirds of the time behind some of these accommodating islands. About five o'clock in the afternoon we steam out, and in a most leisurely manner throw a few shells over in the direction of the city. Perhaps we hit the sea-wall in front of the Custom-house; perhaps we hit the heights beyond the town. We knock off for supper, smoke our pipes, fire a few more shells, go back to our anchorage, and—go to sleep. Pshaw! Why, an American naval officer would scare this whole fleet out of the water."

"Sh-sh! Not so loud. Not that kind of talk. You will be heard; then court-martial. The Admiral thinks to tire out the President."

"Well, he'll never tire out Peixoto by plugging those hills full of iron."

"You will see. We shall win yet."

"How is it possible?" demanded Frank. "Here we are practically penned up in these ships, and unable to get a footing on the land. Every time we try it we are driven back with a considerable loss, and we have no men to spare."

"That will be all right," replied Bennos, confidently.

"The land column will march up from Rio Grande do Sul. Then we will win."

Frank shook his head, and gazed out over the still waters. Bennos laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"I know what makes you unhappy," he said, kindly.

"Do you?" said Frank, with awakening interest.

"Yes," continued the Brazilian. "You are not happy because you have no heart in this fight."

"That's true, Rodrigo. What difference does it make to me whether we win or not? I've shipped with Admiral Da Gama, and I've taken his money. I've sold myself, and I'll stick to my bargain. My body belongs to the Admiral, and I must shed my blood for him if necessary. But what do I care for his success? I'm a miserable hireling. And that is not all."

"No?"

"No. I came down here to look for my missing cousin Robert, and I can get no chance to do anything."

"But you have learned something, *amigo mio.*"

"I know that a lad answering his description deserted from the *Tamandare* when she joined the insurgents, and is now in the service of President Peixoto on shore, where I cannot reach him."

"But when we have conquered—"

"I might find his dead body slain by my companions in arms."

"I am sorry," said Bennos, taking the boy's hand.

At that moment the bugle sounded.

"Ah!" exclaimed Frank. "The usual evening fireworks, eh?"

"Yes; we shall bombard the city some more."

The two young men went to their stations at the 70-pounder Armstrongs. The heavy guns in the turrets were under the command of more experienced officers. Steam was already up, and the *Aquidaban*, followed by three of her consorts in single column at distances of 200 yards apart, moved slowly and majestically out from the cover of the island. Frank listened with some contempt to the directions of the division officers. He had already learned to understand all the commands in the strange tongue, and he smiled when he heard the range given out.

"Going to pepper the hills again," he said to himself.

"Well, this gun of mine is out to hit something before this night's work is done. I'm sick of this fooling."

An American man-of-war's man would have been amused at the leisurely way in which the Brazilians went about the work of warfare, as exemplified in the business of bombarding. Ten minutes after the *Aquidaban* had taken up her position there was a brilliant flash, lighting up all the surrounding waters with a red glare, a deep-mouthed roar, and a rattling jar of the whole ship. Frank peered out of his port.

"That's one of the forward nine-inches," he muttered, "and I think I know just where to look for the explosion of the shell."

The projectiles of the modern rifles do not leave a trail of fire behind them as they go speeding through the air, because they do not carry the old-fashioned fuse which is lighted by the burning of the powder in the gun. They are exploded by a percussion fuse, and they rush through the darkness of night unseen.

"There she goes," murmured Frank, as he detected a flash of red light far up the hill-side behind the city.

"They'll have an iron mine up there in the year 1900. Now we'll see the *Republica* plant a shell in the same safe spot."

Boom! The *Republica's* gun spoke, sarcastically commenting on the ship's name by arguing in favor of monarchy.

"That's it," soliloquized Frank. "Same old place. I wonder if the people in the Rua di Ouvidor take off their hats as the shells go over?"

All the members of Frank's gun crew were gathered at the ports watching the firing, so the young man quietly went to the breech of the gun and reduced the range indicated by the breech-sight by 750 yards.

"There," he said to himself. "There's going to be a surprise party this evening."

The firing proceeded for half an hour, each ship in turn discharging one gun, before it was Frank's turn. He smiled slightly as he gave the word,

"Fire!"

The gun captain jerked the lanyard, the gun roared, and the 70-pound shell whistled off through the gloom. A few seconds later a dull report, a flash of light, and a crash near the water-front of the city showed that Frank's subtraction had been most accurate. The effect of that telling shot was as if a hornet's nest had been struck. Lights flashed along the water-front and up the hill-side. Tongues of fire shot out far down the bay, followed by



"FIRE!"

heavy reverberating reports, showing that Fort Santa Cruz had opened fire on Fort Villegaignon. Bugles blared and drums rattled, and for half an hour, as the hills hurled the myriad noises back and forth from peak to peak, pandemonium reigned. Then, as suddenly as they had begun, the forts relapsed into a sullen silence. The flashing of lights along the water-front of the city ceased. The order "Cease firing" was signalled from the *Aquidaban* to her consorts, and the three ships moved solemnly back to their anchorage behind the island.

"You are respectfully invited to attend our exhibitions of fireworks every evening from nine to ten," said Frank, under his breath, as he watched his crew securing the gun. "Coffee and cigarettes will be served out after the exercises."

The boy shook his head, and added, bitterly:

"I'm an idiot! How could I suppose that I would fight with enthusiasm under a foreign flag? Oh, Harold, old boy, if I only had you alongside to heave me a line and keep me from going adrift when I was about to ship for Rio!"

"All secure, sir," reported the gun captain, and Frank repeated the report to the division officer. The bugles should have sounded the retreat, but discipline was not strict in the insurgent fleet, and the division officer carelessly commanded Frank to dismiss his crew.

"Leave your quarters," said the boy to his men. Then he went out on deck again and resumed his unprofitable occupation of leaning over the quarter-rail and communing with his own spirit. Fortunately Bennis soon joined him, and led his thoughts into higher channels.

"Come, *amigo mío*," he said. "You must not think any more to-night. We must go below."

They went down to the half-deck, as that part of the gun-deck immediately in front of the ward-room is called, and there they found a gay party of young officers smoking cigarettes, laughing, talking, playing the guitar, and otherwise behaving as if a rebellion against one's country and a night bombardment were holiday amusements.

One of the younger men, noting the sober look on Frank's face, began to sing, in badly broken English, "Annie Rooney," which he had learned while the ship was in New York waters. Frank broke into a hearty laugh, and said:

"Oh, I'm going to turn in. Good-night, you fellows. Hope to see you all at the bombardment to-morrow evening."

"Good-night, sharp-shooter!" called one of the young men after him.

Frank was up bright and early the next morning, for he had not yet ceased to enjoy the beauties of the tropical forenoon. Bennis joined him on deck. A few minutes later they observed a good deal of hustling about on some of the foreign war-ships. Men were seen going to the mast-heads, and reports were signalled from one ship to another.

"I wonder what those fellows can see?" said Frank. "Let's get permission from the officer of the deck to go aloft. We can see over the point of the island."

The permission was granted, and the two young men were soon at the foremast-head. Far down the bay a white ship was cutting the blue waters with slow and steady prow.

Frank gazed at her steadily for a few minutes, and then his face turned pale, while his lips trembled with strong emotion.

"What is the trouble?" asked Bennis.

"Can you not see? Yonder comes the United States cruiser *Charleston*. She is sent here to protect American interests against us—against me! And here am I, enlisted to fight against my own flag!"

"But surely there will be no fighting, *amigo*. There is but one American ship."

"But one! Do you think the government at Washington will stop there? I tell you, Roderigo, there are more ships to follow that one. What have I done with my life?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THANKSGIVING AT THE EDSONS'.

BY RICHARD BARRY.

EARLY in the summer Franklin Edson, the city missionary, had accepted a call to leave New York and take charge of a little church in eastern Virginia.

His long work in the city had begun to tell on him; he was feeling worn and tired. But what he hated most was to see his dear wife's face becoming thinner, and her slender earnest hands becoming slenderer and whiter; for she never could get out of the habit of working for other people, and taking their sorrows home with her at night.

The little Edsons were as bright as ever, but they had begun to have that kept-in look that most town children have; and it was so far from where they lived to the Park and sunshine, they had been hemmed in by busy narrow streets and tall crowded tenements, with stuffy little back yards filled with rubbish and creaking clothes-lines.

So the Rev. Edson had left the great work that will never end as long as people huddle together in great cities, and had gone down to take charge of the little white church at Lonely Pines.

Here they lived in a little house that stood a few hundred yards from the white church itself. From the rickety front gate they could see four and one-half other houses; for one had been burned, all but one wing (during the war), and the ruined walls had never been torn down. That is about all there was to see, except a long tobacco-shed at the end of a great wide field, and a negro cabin with a few tall sunflowers ruling it over a patch of garden. There was a good deal of sameness at Lonely Pines.

The little Edsons had never ceased to talk of the times they had had "at grandpa's," up in New England, and the people up there had never ceased to talk of the wondrous change that had come over old "Flint" Edson since Frank, his only son, had first brought the little Edsons to the farm for New-Year's week. This change was as astonishing as if a withered apple had turned into a great big rose, and Grandma Edson had actually grown young again—she had found once more the pretty little laugh and the sparkle in her eyes that she had when she was a girl.

It was a year now since Flint Edson's heart had softened towards the world one night, as if an angel had smoothed it with a touch; one year since he had forgiven his only son Frank for becoming a missionary and marrying a city school-teacher, instead of coming back to the farm.

The little Edsons, who wondered why they had never

seen "dear grandpa" before, had chirruped their way into the old man's affections, and had touched chords of tenderness and love that had long been hidden under the hard strong-willed exterior. Late in the spring—just before they had moved South—had the children visited the old place again for a few short happy days. It was haying-time; bumble-bees were climbing in and out of honeysuckles, crows were cawing, and thrushes singing in the woods; the air was full of scents; and in all this world there is no such a ride to be had as that on top of a soft, swaying load of hay. Oh! the delight of it all—the swallows that played harlequin in and out of the holes in the gables of old stained barns, and the owl that used to "whoo! whoo!" at night in the orchard!

When they had to go back to town, old Flint, who, as I once said, had earned that name because he had been so "hard," stood on the station platform waving a good-



THE LITTLE EDSONS HAD NEVER BEEN IN A SLEEPING-CAR BEFORE.

by with his hat, two big tears rolling down to his coarse grizzled beard.

They were all well and not at all unhappy at Lonely Pines. The air was fine, the sky was blue, and the wind used to sigh and whisper through the trees as it came up from the sea at night. But there were no mountains, no joyful brook that swept under the shadows of old gray bridges and danced out into the meadows, no long stone walls that climbed up the pasture hills, along the tops of which the sheep used to walk against the sky. There was no view down the valley to where the river spread out, narrowed again, and roared over the dam at the busy singing saw-mill. There was nothing to do but the same things over and over again. Nothing to see but skimping pines, and sand, and old fields, and polite people who were poor, and who drove to church from all directions in their worn-out carriages and their best clothes on Sundays. There were the colored people, of course, who were poorer and quite as polite, who sang and worked slowly in the sun all day long. Thus it was no wonder that the little Edsons used to talk of the times "at grandpa's."

The fall had come upon Virginia, the wild-geese could be heard honking up in the sky, and, joy of joys! the Edsons, one and all, were going to make the long trip up to New England to spend Thanksgiving day.

Tired from the excitement of a long journey in the cars, perhaps it would have been better had they rested on their way and spent the night in New York. But this is what they did not do. Mr. Edson had left the children and their mother to continue the rest of the trip in the sleeping-car that left on the night express, while he staid in the city to attend to some important business, meaning to follow on the next day, and join them later on at Milford Centre for the Thanksgiving feast at Burr Oak farm.

Little did poor Mrs. Edson think as she bade good-by to her husband at the Grand Central Station that she was going to have an experience the memory of which would never leave her.

The little Edsons had never been in a sleeping-car before. They looked with wonder at the white-coated porter as he pulled down the ceiling into big shelves, and turned the shelves into neat little beds with red blankets and very small pillows; they almost forgot they were sleepy as they watched a fat old gentleman climb into an upper berth. Their own section was made up last, and Grace and little Lola and the dolls said their prayers and were soon tucked in the lower half, and their mother was smiling at them reassuringly over the edge of the upper one.

"Now don't be frightened, little girls," she said, "mother's here." What comforting words these are to little people!

Harry, the eldest, who had spent most of his early evening talking to the brakeman in the back part of the car, slept with his mother.

The train roared angrily under bridges, and shot along through towns and forests out into the open moonlit country; it swung about curves and past sleeping villages, with the wheels always keeping up one tune—now faster, now slower, but always the same old tune. The whistle blew every now and then, and it seemed to say, "Hurrah! hurrah! we're all right!" And at last the little Edsons fell asleep.

Two or three times during the early part of the night Mrs. Edson had looked down at the little girls as they lay there sharing one of the small pillows between them. At last, lulled by the song of the wheels, she too fell fast asleep, and did not wake up again for four long hours. When she did it was very early morning; little Harry was wide-awake beside her. He had raised an edge of the window-shade and was looking out at the fast-fleeing

fences and telegraph-poles, and at the great red sun climbing up out of the clouds in the east.

"We'll soon be at grandpa's, mamma," he said.

It was almost time to begin to dress, and Mrs. Edson looked over the edge of the berth. Only one of the little figures and one doll were there. Mrs. Edson's heart almost stopped with horror. Just as she was she slipped down into the aisle of the car, and just as they were the other passengers slipped down too, for her scream had aroused even the sleepy porter dozing on his camp-stool.

"Lola! Lola!" shouted the poor distracted woman. "Where is Gracie? Where is Gracie?"

The poor baby, awakened so suddenly, began to cry. "Gracie! Gracie!" she wept, repeating her mother's words.

Mrs. Edson felt as if she were dreaming—she must be dreaming some horrible, horrible dream. "Gone! gone!" she said, in a hoarse voice, pointing at the berth. "She isn't there—my little girl—she isn't there!"

A kind old lady, with her hair in curl-papers and a shawl thrown over her shoulders, put her arm about Mrs. Edson's waist. "She must be in the car," she whispered. "Don't take on so—don't take on so, dearie." She forced her down, and sat beside her on the berth. Men were hurrying on their clothes and stamping into their boots, and the trainmen came rushing up.

Mrs. Edson found herself praying—praying out loud; and as she prayed the thought came to her frightfully, Gracie had once or twice walked from her bed when fast asleep. As she thought of this she would have fallen had not the old lady held her close. Oh yes, yes; it *must* be a dream! It could not be true! She would soon wake up. But there were the people all about her, and there was the conductor, who was asking her some questions in a whisper, with a frightened look on his face. Somebody said, "It's the last car." But Mrs. Edson could not hear anything. She was telling herself that she would soon wake up again. She felt numb and cold.

Just then the train, which had been slowing gradually, stopped suddenly at a small station, and a man came running down the car. "For Mrs. Edson, Train 34," he said.

A young man opened the telegram with a quick motion of his fingers, and read out loud:

"Miss Grace will meet you at Milford station. Don't worry; she is all right.

"JOHN DOOLEY, Brakeman, Train 23."

"That's on the other road," said the conductor. "She's safe. I thank the Lord!"

"She's safe," whispered the old lady. Then Mrs. Edson seemed to awake and understand, and fainted.

Of course all this that brought Mr. Dooley into the story requires some explanation, which can best be made by telling what some people saw and what some people did, or, in fact, exactly what happened.

Two night-watchmen standing on a station platform on this eventful night were talking quietly together when train "No. 34" came crashing by. When it had gone, one of them grasped the other by the arm.

"Did you see it?" he said, hoarsely.

The other did not answer for a moment; his eyes were following the fast receding lights.

"Yes," he said at last, "I see it plain. I wonder what's its meaning?" His face was full of horror.

What they had seen was this: A little white figure in the moonlight, standing on the swaying platform between the last two cars; one of its arms was outstretched as if pointing, and the other was grasping something close to its breast. It was only a glimpse they had, but it was

before them now as strongly as if it had been photographed, and they could look at it again.

"I never seed one before, Bill," said the second speaker. "Nor I nuther," responded the other; "don't let's say anything about it."

But that evening Bill had said something about having seen a ghost, at which Mrs. Bill had sniffed suspiciously.

Just beyond the station where the two watchmen stood was Langford Junction, and here the train made what is known as a "flying switch"—that is, the last car of the train, which was a day or passenger coach, was detached from the rest while the train was in motion, and creeping along the track in the wake of the express, was switched off to the branch road which ran parallel to the main line for many miles, separated from it by a line of hills, and a distance not over ten or twelve miles.

Brakeman John Dooley, who let loose the coupling between the cars and managed the end brake on the front platform, turned to go back into the car after it had safely run some distance on the branch road—in a few minutes more it would be coupled to the other train that was waiting to take it. As Mr. Dooley looked down the aisle he saw there were only one or two occupants, huddled up in the uncomfortable seats, and fast asleep. But what was that? Just to his right, on one of the worn red cushions, lay a little figure, with one bare little foot thrust out from beneath the soft white night-gown. Close to its breast it hugged a doll that was arrayed also for a night's repose. To say that Mr. Dooley was astonished would not express it. How did she get there? Where did she come from? He leaned over and touched the little shape gently on the shoulder.

"Hello, young one!" he said. "What are you doing here?"

Gracie looked up. For a minute she was frightened, and her little mouth quivered as she looked at the strange surroundings.

"I don't know," she said, her face trembling. "I dess I belongs in the other car, with mamma and Lola."

"Well, how did you get here, then?" inquired the brakeman, kindly. "And what's your mamma's name? And where are you going?"

"We're going to grandpa's at Milford," was the reply.

"We're going to spend Thanksgiving, and my mamma's and papa's name is Edson. I went to bed last night in a funny little place jess like a bureau drawer, and I don't know"—here the little mouth began to quiver—"how I came here or where I is at all. I want mamma." Then the floodgates were broken, and the poor little girl could not keep back the choking sobs.

The big brakeman was touched, and sat down beside her in the seat. He put one arm about her shoulders, and his great big voice sounded just as softly as a woman's. "Never mind, little one," he said; "we'll get you home all right." And again he asked her name.

"Edson?" he said to himself; "and you're going to Milford? You must be some relation to old Mr. Edson on the hill, aren't you, little one?" he asked at last, aloud.

"Yes—grandpa," sobbed the voice. "But I wants mamma."

Then it crossed the brakeman's mind how the poor mother would worry when she awoke and found the little one was gone. He took off his thick coat and threw it about Gracie's trembling little shoulders, and darted out at the station, where they were making up the train.

"I can catch her at Colburn," he said to himself. "That's the next station before Milford, and they will get there just about daybreak, I reckon."

With that he ran in, explained the situation in a few words to the operator behind the ticking instruments, and the result was the reassuring telegram that told Mrs. Edson her darling was safe; but where or how it did not say.

Back to the car came John Dooley, and with him came two or three other kind men, with mufflers around their throats and brass buttons down their blue coats. Gracie had gotten over being frightened by this time, and she answered all the questions from the crowd about her quite compositely.

"I dess I walked in my sleep here," she said.

The men looked at one another in astonishment; the idea of this frail little thing crossing that platform with the wind blowing half a gale, and opening the heavy door of the last car, as she must have done, they could not understand.

"Ever done it before, little miss?" one inquired.

"Once I waked up down the road almost at old Uncle Peter's," she said; "the dogs they woke me up, but I's not afraid of dogs."

"Well, I swim!" said one of the men. "I reckon she's not afraid of anything."

"I'll tell you what I can do," said John Dooley, addressing the group. "We get to West Milford before the other train gets to Milford Centre, and I can hire a team and drive her over to old Flint's in time to catch them at the station. The old woman will tog her up, I reckon. Ye ain't afraid to come with me, miss?" he said, turning to Gracie again, and addressing her as if she were a grown young lady. "I'll take you to your grandpa's."

"I want mamma," said the wee voice again.

"You'll see her, too," said the brakeman.

Then, for the first time, Gracie seemed to be conscious of her bare little feet that were sticking out into the aisle, and that her doll and herself were not dressed for travelling in day coaches. She crouched under the thick overcoat, and hid the doll under the wide sleeve. One of the men brought her some candy, and in a few moments she forgot that it was strange, and even laughed when one of the men said something about lending her his rubber boots. She even went to sleep again, and awakened in the arms of Mr. Dooley, as he carried her up to the front door of a little house, where a kind, red-cheeked woman received her, and kissed her over and over again, while she tearfully listened to John's story of how she must have caught that dreadful platform.

In a few minutes she was "toggled up," and wondrously indec., and was speeding across the hard frozen road behind two fast horses, with John clucking at them every now and then, and tucking her and the doll in the seat beside him. Very soon they crossed the old gray bridge, just as the sun showed himself above the hills, and the gray morning light grew wider and brighter as they drew up before the old red barns, turned the short corner at the lane, and arrived at grandpa's.

Great was the astonishment, the exclamations, and tremendous the joy!

"I reckon the best place for her is down at the station at the Centre to meet her mother," said the old man. "I was just harnessing up to go and fetch them; the train will be along in half an hour."

And thus it happened that as poor Mrs. Edson, still pale and trembling, was helped down the steps to the platform, the first thing she saw was little Gracie, "toggled out," as Mr. Dooley expressed it, in two or three flaring petticoats and several heavy shawls, and wrapped up besides that in a great fur robe, waving a very cold-looking doll over her head, and shouting just what the whistle had been blowing all night, and what Mr. Dooley's telegram had proclaimed:

"I's all right, mamma; I's all right!"

So it happened that Thanksgiving day at the Edson farm had a double meaning to all of those who sat about the long table and watched grandpa deftly carve the fat brown turkey. Outside it had begun to snow, and as the children went to bed, through the frosty window they

could see down the white valley and hear the river water thundering over the dam.

"There'll be coasting to-morrow," said Harry, "and grandpa's got a sled for me."

And little Gracie said that night, as her mother held her close in her arms: "I duss I won't walk in my sleep any more, mamma, dolly and I. We's tired of waking up and not knowing where we is." And Mrs. Edson kissed her and pressed her closer, and breathed another prayer.

And, strange to say, Gracie has never walked from that day to this, unless she knew exactly where she was going, and was very wide-awake indeed.



ZEBEDEE

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

JOE was in the loft of the old barn hunting for eggs in the hay, when he heard stumbling steps coming up the steep stairway, and then smothered sobs.

"That you, Teddy?" he called out, and came leaping over the hay, an egg in each hand. He knew it could be no one else, for Teddy was the only one about the place who ever shed tears. "What on earth's the matter?" he asked.

Teddy had seated himself at the head of the stairway, and was rubbing his eyes with both chubby brown fists, while down his little freckled face the tears rolled fast, splashing on the front of his striped shirt waist.



BUT ZEBEDEE ACTUALLY SEEMED TO LIKE IT.

"It's—it's—about—Zebedee. Aunt—Aunt—Aunt Silence has—sold him!" he sobbed.

"Sold Zebedee!" cried Joe. "Sold your turkey! Oh, Teddy, how could she? Stop crying, and tell me about it," and he sat down beside his little brother, his face showing his deep concern.

Teddy made a desperate effort and conquered the worst of the sobs; but his blue eyes were drowned in tears as he raised them to Joe's face. "The man's out there now," he said. "It's Mr. Hampson, the marketman, you know; and Aunt Silence promised him twenty-four turkeys, and she couldn't make up the twenty-four unless she took Zebedee, for he didn't want the sick one or the one that's lame. So she said just to take Zebedee along, and—he's got him now—tied by the legs—in his wagon."

Joe started up. "Come along," he said. "I'll just speak to Aunt Silence about it. She oughtn't to have taken Zebedee; he was yours."

"I raised him all by myself," wailed Teddy, as he followed Joe down stairs and out of the barn.

Miss Silence Withers was standing on the back porch, with an old woollen shawl over her head and shoulders, and near her was a stout, good-natured-looking man, who had just handed her some money, which she was pushing into a little leather bag. He was turning away with a "Good-afternoon to you, ma'am," when Joe came hurrying up, closely followed by Teddy.

"Aunt Silence, Teddy says you've sold Zebedee," cried Joe, excitedly.

"Yes, I have," answered Miss Silence. "I needed him to make up the two dozen I'd promised Mr. Hampson."

"But Zebedee was Teddy's, Aunt Silence. You gave him to Teddy when he was hatched, and you said it wasn't worth while letting a hen run round with only one turkey. Teddy raised him, and—"

"Oh, I know all that," interrupted Miss Silence. "But one turkey's as good as another for a pet. Teddy can have the sick one."

"I don't want the sick one," wailed Teddy, beginning to cry again.

"Well, you can have the lame one, then."

"I don't want the lame one."

"Well, then, do without any. Now, Joe, I won't have no more words. It's all foolishness makin' a pet of a turkey, anyhow. Teddy, you go in the house and sit on that bench by the clock until you can behave yourself. Good-by, Mr. Hampson. I hope to have a bigger lot for you next Thanksgiving. My turkeys didn't do well this year, somehow."

Mr. Hampson nodded, and walked slowly around the house to the front gate, where his wagon and team stood. It was a covered market-wagon, and in the back part lay the two dozen turkeys he had just bought from Miss Silence. He didn't altogether like the idea of carrying away the little boy's pet turkey, but reflected that he couldn't very well have interfered in the matter without giving offence to Miss Silence, and that she ought to know what was best. She had said it didn't do to give in to every whim a child might take, and he supposed she was right.

So he climbed up on the seat of the wagon, whipped up his horses, and went off, doubtful if he would be able to reach his home before dark.

Joe stood by a corner of the house and watched the wagon until it disappeared around a bend in the road. His heart was hot within him. In his opinion his aunt had been guilty of almost a crime in selling Zebedee. The big bronze-green turkey had been Teddy's only pet. It would come at his call, follow him around the yard, and allow him to stroke it. Teddy had never had any idea that his aunt would lay claim to it. No wonder the blow had fallen heavily.

The more Joe thought of it the angrier he grew, and the more deeply was he impressed with his aunt's injustice. And to add to the intensity of his feeling, he could hear little Teddy still sobbing.

"I'm going to have that turkey back at any cost," Joe muttered; and without giving himself time for further reflection, he sprang over the fence, and started at a run down the hard rough road.

But Mr. Hampson's horses were good ones, and had a long start; so, though Joe ran until he was out of breath, he did not come in sight of the wagon. This did not deter him, however. He was determined to keep on, even if he had to go the whole four miles to Mr. Hampson's farm.

But just as the short November day was at its close,

and the darkness made it impossible to distinguish small objects, Joe came up to the wagon, standing in the road before the blacksmith's shop. Only one horse was attached to the pole. The other, no doubt, was in the shop, having a shoe put on, and Mr. Hampson was watching the operation.

Joe's heart beat fast. It had been his intention to bargain with Mr. Hampson for the turkey, to offer him his jack-knife, and the old silver watch he had inherited from his grandfather Withers; but he now concluded that he had better do his bargaining after the turkey was secured; for in case Mr. Hampson refused to consider the offer, poor Zebedee would be taken to market the first thing on the morrow, and it would be too late to effect a rescue. Joe was as honest as the day, and had not the most remote intention of keeping the turkey without giving the farmer another in its place or its equivalent. But under the circumstances he did not think it wrong to make sure of Zebedee while he had a chance. He sprang up on the back of the wagon and looked in. There lay the turkeys, each one tied separately by its legs.

It didn't take Joe a minute to decide which was Zebedee. It was not likely that even in the dusk he could make a mistake. Zebedee was darker than any of the rest: he was of a different breed, and was bronze-green, instead of gray or black like the others.

Joe seized him, lifted him carefully, sprang down from the wagon, and the next moment was speeding down the road toward home, his prize held close to his breast. In an hour he was at home and had waked Teddy, who had gone to bed.

"You needn't cry any more, Teddy," Joe said, in a

whisper. "I've got Zebedee. He's down in the old corn-shed in the south field;" and then, while Teddy clasped him close, he told what he had done.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Teddy, with a long sigh of relief. "But I wish you hadn't had to take him without asking, Joe."

"If I'd asked I mightn't have got him," answered Joe. "and there was no time to fool. Mr. Hampson is sure to go to market to-morrow by five o'clock, and Zebedee'd been sold like a shot. We'll get another turkey from Luke Poulton—the biggest he's got—and take it over to Mr. Hampson's to-morrow evening after he gets home from market. I feel 'most sure Luke'll take my silver watch when I tell him all about Aunt Silence's selling Zebedee."

"I want to go to the corn-shed and see him, Joe," he said. "And I guess he's awful hungry. I'll carry some corn in my pockets."

"We'll have to watch our chance," rejoined Joe. "Wait until breakfast is over and Aunt Silence is seeing to the milk."

Miss Silence's ill humor still enveloped her. She had prepared only fried potatoes and boiled hominy for breakfast, and served them in silence.

"I don't like hominy," Teddy said, as his aunt was about to help him to some. "But never mind; I don't care if I don't eat much to-day, as to-morrow's Thanks-givin'."

"If you are expectin' to fill up on a big Thanks-givin' dinner to-morrow, all I can say is that you won't do it here," said Miss Silence. "I ain't goin' to have no dinner more'n common. I don't believe in stuffin' boys 'n' pumpkin pies 'n'

cranberry sauce after they've behaved the way you and Joe did yesterday over that despicable turkey."

Teddy's lower lip quivered. "Aren't you goin' to have any pie—even apple?" he asked, timidly.

"No, I ain't."

"Nor any doughnuts?"

"No."

"Ain't you goin' to kill the lame turkey?"

"No, I ain't goin' to kill the lame turkey."

"Is everything goin' to be just the same as it is every day?"

"Just the same. You can set your mouth for pork 'n' beans 'n' boiled potatoes. There's no use makin' a fuss over Thanks-givin' when a body 'ain't anything to be thankful about. Perhaps you think I'd oughter be thankful for havin' you 'n' Joe to raise?" with a short, hard laugh.

"Well—if you didn't have us you wouldn't have anybody, you know," rejoined Teddy, reflectively. "Except Adam," he added.

As soon as Miss Silence went to the dairy, where she usually spent an hour every morning, the two boys hurried to the old corn-shed. A soft "gobble, gobble," as they drew near made Teddy's face beam. Joe pulled



IT DIDN'T TAKE JOE A MINUTE TO DECIDE WHICH WAS ZEBEDEE

away the stick that he had propped against the door the previous night, and they both looked eagerly in.

One moment of utter silence, then they faced each other, bewilderment and dismay on one countenance, bitter disappointment on the other.

Teddy was the first to speak. "That ain't Zebedee," he wailed.

"Oh, Joe, you took the wrong one!" said Joe, leaning against the shed, and gazing at the turkey as if he could not believe the evidence of his own eyes. "I was *sure* it was Zebedee."

"And now he's been taken to market and sold," whimpered Teddy. "He'll be stuffed full of chestnuts 'n' bread, 'n' eaten up to-morrow;" and the ever-ready tears began to flow.

"It can't be helped," said Joe, in despair. "It's too late to do anything now, except take this one back to Mr. Hampson. We haven't any right to this one, you see."

"Well, I don't want it, anyhow," rejoined Teddy. "It ain't Zebedee. I didn't want any 'cept Zebedee, 'n' now he's killed."

Joe did not know how to comfort him, and they went back to the house with heavy hearts.

The hearts of the two boys thumped loudly late that afternoon as they went in at the front gate and made their way around to the back of Mr. Hampson's farmhouse. They were very uncertain how Mr. Hampson would receive the story Joe had to tell.

"Why, if here ain't the very boys we were just talking about, wife," cried the farmer, in a hearty voice. "Come in. Why, what are you doing with that big turkey? Want to make an exchange, I guess."

Joe, terribly embarrassed, stammered out his story, while Teddy stood by, his anxious eyes fixed on Mr. Hampson's face.

"Please don't put Joe in jail, sir," he pleaded, in a tremulous voice, as his brother stopped speaking. "Here's the turkey, you see, an' it ain't hurt a bit."

Mr. Hampson laughed, and his wife crossed the room and put her arm around Teddy.

"Indeed he sha'n't go to jail," she said, with a kiss on the child's forehead. "When Mr. Hampson come home 'n' told me about your turkey, I said it was a shame for him to buy it; and it never went to market at all. Look here."

She opened a door which communicated with a woodshed, and motioned to Teddy to look in. There was Zebedee strutting around in all his green glory, as handsome and proud as ever. And in another minute Teddy had him in his arms, hugging him in a manner that any other turkey would have resented. But Zebedee actually seemed to like it.

"I'll make him a present to you, Teddy," said the farmer, as they started home. "And by next Thanksgiving he will be too tough and old for anybody to want him."

Before they had gone a mile the snow was falling in such great flakes that they couldn't see a yard before their faces, and it had turned very cold. Teddy said his fingers were freezing and that his legs ached.

"I don't believe I can go on any further, Joe," he whimpered. "The snow's gettin' so deep."

"You've *got* to go on," rejoined Joe, who had no idea how far they were on their way, and he shifted the turkey to his other shoulder and held it with one hand, giving the other to his little brother.

They struggled along for another half-mile, perhaps, the snow growing deeper every moment, and Teddy's step lagging more and more, until Joe had to fairly drag him along.

"I'm so sleepy and tired, Joe; let's sit down and rest a little while," begged the child.

Rest! Joe's heart stood still at the suggestion. He knew what it meant to rest in a snow-storm.

"We'll soon be home now, Teddy," he said. "It *can't* be much further."

"If you'd only let me sit down and rest," whimpered Teddy. "You could go on then by yourself, and send Adam after me."

But Joe still dragged him on. He was almost exhausted himself, and his breath came in gasps. His steps grew slower and slower, until at last he paused—"just for a minute," he told himself; but in that minute Teddy sank down.

"I can't go another step, Joe," he said. "Give me Zebedee, and you go on."

Joe put the turkey in his little brother's arms, and Teddy clasped it close. The next moment his head had fallen on his breast, and he was sound asleep.

"Perhaps I can get on alone and send somebody," thought Joe. "It *can't* be far to Aunt Silence's now."

He struggled on a few steps further, the snow above his knees; and then it seemed to him that a light was dancing just before him, but before he could decide what it was his strength deserted him suddenly, and he sank down exhausted. He was conscious of hearing a familiar voice calling his name, or some one or something pulling at his coat, and then all was blank.

When Teddy sank down in the road and closed his eyes in sleep, the probability that they would ever open again in this world was very slight. But they did open, and their owner became dimly conscious that he was lying on the bed in the spare room that opened off the kitchen, and that his aunt was bending over him. Then he heard some one—it sounded like Adam's voice—say: "He's all right now; don't you worry. Just let him sleep."

And then he didn't know anything more until he was roused by talking going on in the kitchen.

"Aunt Silence!" he said, and, oh, how weak his voice sounded!

His aunt came hurrying in, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows, and a big apron on. There was a patch of flour on her cheek and dough sticking to her hands. "So you're awake at last!" she said, and Teddy wondered what made her voice so gentle, and why she looked so kind. "You're a lazy one. Joe's been up and about for ever so long."

"What time is it?" asked Teddy, languidly.

"'Most nine o'clock."

"Is it Thanksgivin' day?"

"Yes," answered Aunt Silence, with a little break in her voice; "and if you want any dinner, you'd better get up."

"Are you going to have just bacon and beans, as you said you would?"

"No; better than that."

"Turkey?"

"Yes; Adam killed the lame turkey the first thing this morning."

"And pies?"

"Yes, pun'kin 'n' apple pies."

"Not cranberry sauce, too?"

"Yes, of course; cranberry sauce and doughnuts besides."

Teddy smiled, and sat up. "I guess you must be gettin' thankful about something, Aunt Silence," he said. "Is it"—his memory returning suddenly—"because you've got Joe 'n' me back again?"

"Don't ask so many questions, child," said Miss Silence, turning from him that he might not see the tears in her eyes. "Look there. Who's this marching in to say good-morning?"

Teddy looked. There in the doorway stood Zebedee, just ready to utter a "gobble."

THE CONQUEST OF SANTA CLAUS.*

A Christmas Entertainment.

BY CAROLINE A. CREEVEY AND MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

CHARACTERS

SANTA CLAUS.
MRS. SANTA CLAUS.
BERTHA { their children.
FRITZ {
MAIL-CARRIER.
REINDEER-BOY.
MISS-NIGHT-BOY.
JACK FROST.
TELEGRAPH-BOY.

ELVES OF THE WOODS (four or two).
FAIRIES (the Queen and three others).
MISS AURORA BOREALIS (a young lady).
CHRISTMAS TREE SPIRITS (four or two).
KNIGHTS OF THE SNOW-PLUGH (four).
DELEGATION FROM THE SCHOOL (four or two).
DELEGATION FROM THE MISSION SCHOOL (four or two).

This little play is designed for use among children in day-schools or Sunday-schools.

The dress of the different characters may be simply and inexpensively made from cheese-cloth (price six or seven cents a yard), cambric (seven cents a yard), gold and silver paper, and tinsel. Let the children be well clothed in flannel under these thin materials, to avoid taking cold.

With the exception of Santa Claus, Mrs. Santa Claus, the Mail-carrier, and Miss Aurora Borealis, the parts may all be taken by children from eight to twelve or fourteen years of age.

SCENE.—The home of Santa Claus in the far North. Santa Claus in smoking-cap, dressing-gown, and slippers, smoking a meerschaum (empty) pipe, is seated in an easy-chair beside a table. Behind the table is supposed to be a fire in a fireplace. On the table is a lamp with shade, books and papers, and a plate of apples. Mrs. Santa Claus sits on the other side of the table knitting. She is a placid, pleasant woman, plainly dressed, with cap on her head, like a German housewife. She and Santa Claus are quite stout. Santa Claus reads a paper and smokes. Two children, Fritz (eight years old) and Bertha (ten years old), are seated on the floor, building a house of blocks. They should be dressed plainly, in every-day costume—Bertha with an apron and Dutch cap of grey flannel. (The cap is like a small night-cap without strings.) The two children are in the foreground.

TIME.—Afternoon of the day before Christmas. Being so far North, it is quite dark outside, and the lamp is lighted.

Bertha. I'm tired playing with blocks; and all the other playthings are worn out. You know we get only the broken toys that papa has left over every year. But they are sometimes pretty good. What do you hope we shall get this year, Fritz?

Fritz. I want a Noah's ark, and a climbing monkey, and a twain of cars, and a tin cart, and—

Bertha. Well, you won't get all that; you know you won't. I think you're a greedy boy. Now all I want is a French doll that says "papa" and "mamma," a doll-carriage, a set of furniture for my doll, and jewelry, and a fan, and a parasol, and—

Mrs. Santa Claus. If Fritz is a greedy boy, Bertha Liebchen, what do you call yourself? You won't get any French dolls, for your papa is very careful of them. He has special orders for these nice toys, and he puts them in a separate bag, so as not to get them broken. You have only the left-over things.

Santa Claus (turning towards the children, and speaking gruffly). You gets nodings at all dis year. I don't go no more. Dey will have der Christmas mitout me dis times, and you, mein Kinder, you not get nodings, no damaged Noah's arks, nor no talking dollsies.

Bertha and Fritz. Oh, papa!

Fritz (begins to cry). I want my Noah's ark, and a woolly dog, and a lamb, and a squeaking kitty, and—

Santa Claus. You shoost stop dis howlings. I said I was not goings, and dere's an end of it. Vat I says I means.

Bertha (comforting Fritz, and wiping his tears away). 'Sh-h! Don't cry, dear. We will have fun some other way. Papa gets angry if we cry. Leave him to mamma. (In a lower tone of voice.) If she can't manage him, nobody can.

Mrs. Santa Claus (to her husband, in a soothing tone of voice). Why are you not going, dear?

Santa Claus (testily). Vell, I have rheumatics in my knees, and I ain't so strong as I used to vas, and dey shoost got to have a younger man, dot can climb up and down der chimneys friskier than me.

Mrs. Santa Claus. True, my love. You are getting rather old. And your work is not easy.

Santa Claus. Dot is drue, dot is drue. I don't know how many hundred years I bin in dis bizness. De bizness gets harder all de time. De big houses has furnace and steam heat, and dey expect me to hunt after der chimneys just like I used to do. De open fireplaces ain't so many no more. And dose folks vat lives in flats, how shall dey suppose I can find dem, and take my time hunting up der chimneys? Und I got so stout de small chimneys scratch my clothes, and I come home so tired. I don't get rested all de year round. Den all dose Sunday-schools.

Dey send for me, and vants me to trot out de reindeers, and stay von while, and shake hands all round. It takes my time too much. I'm tired. I don't go no more.

Mrs. Santa Claus. Is there any one to take your place? You are so fond of children, you would hate to disappoint the dear little things.

Santa Claus. I don't know about dat. Perhaps I don't love 'em so much no more. Don't bodder me. De liddle children vill look for me in vain.

[Puffs at his pipe violently, and reads. A knock at the door is heard.

Santa Claus. Who is das? Come in.

Enter a Mail-carrier, with a bag dragging behind him filled with letters. Lifting his cap in greeting, the Mail-carrier opens his bag, and pours a heap of letters on the table.

Mail-carrier. Good-evening, sir. It's pretty frosty outside. (Warms his hands by the fire.) I suppose you'll be starting soon on your journey to the South.

Santa Claus. No, I don't go dis year. I has de rheumatics very bad. I'm not young like I vas once. No. Dis fire and de company of my Frau (reaching his hand courteously towards his wife) are good enough for me.

Mail-carrier. What's that you say, sir? You are not going this year?

Santa Claus. Dat's vot I says.

Mrs. Santa Claus. He feels quite worn out, poor fellow. I am sure he is not to be blamed. Let us see what these letters say. Here, Bertha, come and read some of them. My eyes are a little dim.

[Bertha rises and goes to the table, breaks open several letters, and reads.

Bertha. This is from the head of the firm of toy manufacturers, Nuremberg:

"DEAR SANTA CLAUS,—We have had an unusually busy season, and have finished an immense number of the finest toys. Many are new and most ingenious in construction. Our mechanical toys we are sure you will like. The brass band, the hand-organ, and monkey play real tunes, making the proper motions, when wound up. Our Bluebeard and Puss-in-boots are said by every one to be among our finest contrivances. Our trains of cars and steam-boats are better than we have ever turned out. In short, we have made extraordinary efforts to meet the demands of this approaching Christmas. We await your orders, sir, which, allow us to remind you, are later than usual.

"We are, dear sir, yours most respectfully,
"TOY-MANUFACTURERS, Nuremberg."

Fritz. Oh, papa! Bring me a hand-organ and monkey!

Santa Claus. It makes no difference. I hab served dat firm many, many years. Dey shoost depends on me. I don't make der fortunes no more. I don't go.

Mrs. Santa Claus. Read another letter, dear?

Bertha (reads). "DEAR SANTA CLAUS,—I am a little girl in an orphan asylum. My father and mother are dead, but I have a nice home here. I always had a good time on Christmas at my other home. But here the matron says it has been hard times, and she can't afford to give us a Christmas. Now, dear Santa Claus, can't you come here just as you used to do at my old home, when my papa and mamma were alive, and bring us all just one toy? There's a fine chimney on the north side of the house, and I will hang my stocking there, and get the other little orphans to hang theirs, too, all somewhere in that room. Good-by, dear Santa Claus.

"Your little friend STELLA STEBBINS.

P.S.—"Don't forget the address, please."

Santa Claus (musing). I knows dot Stella Stebbins. So her barents is dead? Too bad! too bad! Vell, I'm sorry. But I don't go.

Bertha. Papa, you may take my French doll to that little girl, if—if—you will bring me something else.

Santa Claus. Don't talk. My mind is made oop; I don't shange. I sdays shoost here, py dis fire. It's bretty cold out, hey?

[To the Mail-carrier.

Mail-carrier. It's fine Christmas weather, sir. Crisp and clear. It is no colder than you have often been in, I think.

Santa Claus. Vell, I can't stand vat I could once. Bertha, Papa, here is a letter from Minnesota. It is from a little girl who signs herself Alice. Do listen:

"DEAR SANTA CLAUS,—I am one of those poor little children whose homes have been burned by the great forest fires. Our

* This Christmas entertainment is published thus early in the season to give any Sunday-school Superintendent sufficient time to make the necessary preparations for having members of his Sunday-school present it on Christmas eve.

family all escaped—papa and mamma, the boys and me. Papa says he's glad of that, but he is so discouraged! He says it makes him crazy to hear about Christmas; he can only just find bread for six hungry mouths like mine. Don't you think you could bring me the bound volumes of *YOUNG PEOPLE* to read? I haven't a single book left. And baby Tom would like a wagon, and Arthur a sled, and Fred a cap (he hasn't any, and mamma ties a handkerchief on his head), and Bert a game of some kind. The boys wouldn't think of asking you for anything, but I am a girl, and girls think of a great many things. Please come this way first, and go to the prosperous people last. They will let you just this once. I am your little friend.

ALICE."

Santa Claus. What's dot about fire? I didn't hear nodings. *Mail-carrier.* Why, didn't you read the papers? It was in September, I believe. A good many people lost their homes, and some their lives.

Santa Claus. Is dot so? No, I bin asleep, a long nap. I hab not seen about dis fire. Too bad!

[*I knock at the door. Sound of sleigh-bells outside. Enter Reindeer-boy—if possible one who can sing. He is dressed for cold weather, in overcoat, cap, ear-muffler, and mittens.*]

Reindeer-boy. Good-day, sir. Fine cold weather! The sleigh is ready. The reindeer are at the door, impatient to be off.

[*Sings.*]

RYHME OF THE REINDEER.

Accompaniment of sleigh-bells outside to the music.

Adapted from a German air.

Sure and fleet are the rein-deer's feet, O-ver the fro-zen

ground they skim, they skim. Far and near, far and near are the

children dear, Wait-ing for San-ta Claus and call-ing him, call-ing

him. { San - ta Claus is nev - er cross, Christ-mas bells with sil - v'ry swells

Jol-ly, and kind, and full of fun! Rein-deer, Hur - ry, in-gle and clash as the rein - deer fly!

haste, rein-deer, haste and cross the waste, scur-ry, hur - ry, scur-ry o'er hills and dells!

Bring the i-dol of ev - 'ry one, ev - 'ry one. It is San-ta Claus pass-ing by, pass-ing by.

Santa Claus. You can take dose reindeers out, and put 'em in deir pasture. I got no use for 'em. I don't go dis year.

Reindeer-boy (*in great astonishment*). What do you say? You are not going? And won't there be any Christmas? Great Scott! You don't mean it, sir?

Santa Claus. I said I should not go, and vat I say I means.

[*Reindeer boy takes outwaer with hands in his pockets, and gives utterance to a prolonged schistle. "Then my occupation is gone." Throws off overcoat and caps on the floor, and builds Fritz a house of blocks. Bertha takes up another letter, and is about to read, when a knock is heard.*]

Santa Claus. Come here in.

Enter a Messenger-boy, puffing and breathing hard, as if he had been running.

Messenger-boy. Here is a letter for Santa Claus with a special-delivery stamp on it. It was brought by a special train from Paris, and I have run all the way from the station. I feared you would be gone, Santa Claus. I am in time, I see.

Santa Claus. Blenty of time, my poy. Help yourself to an apple.

Reindeer-boy. Here, give me the letter. I'll read it, Bertha. From the head manufacturer of dolls, Paris. Sealed with the seal of the French Republic, M. Casimir - Perier, President. I guess this is a letter of some importance. [*Reads.*]

"PARIS, December 24, 1894.

"DEAR SANTA CLAUS.—This is to inform you that our ware-houses are literally bursting with French dolls. They are of all sizes, from one inch long to those resembling full-grown children. Many of them talk a dozen or twenty sentences. One lot recites part of the 'Lady of the Lake.' Some sing 'My Kitty is gone up a Tree.' A novelty this year is the *Twins*, made exactly alike, and when their hands are joined they do the same things at the same time. They are named Castor and Pollux, and they recite in concert 'The boy stood on the burning deck.' Another novelty is a young lady playing the piano. She sits at an instrument of our own contrivance, and executes 'The Blue Danube' with perfection.

"We are quite impatiently awaiting your orders, and hope you will give our wares the preference over all other competitors.

"Au revoir.

"FROM THE HEAD OF THE GREAT WORLD FAMOUS FIRM OF FRENCH DOLL MANUFACTURERS."

Bertha (*clapping her hands ecstatically*). Oh, papa! oh, dear papa! How beautiful!

(*She comes coaxingly to Santa Claus, as if she would put her arms around his neck.*

Santa Claus (*pushing her off*). No, you don't. You can't come none of dese games over me. Dose wonderful French dolls will get left dis time. My rheumatics is too bad. I don't go no more.

[*Mrs. Santa Claus beckons Messenger-boy to her side, whispers in his ear, and he leaves the room. As he goes out, enter Jack Frost. He dances and jumps around, pulls Fritz's hair, and still dancing, speaks.*

JACK FROST'S ADDRESS.

Hurrah! for the time when the nights are long,
And the ice grows firm on the brook and river;
When the air is cold, and the frozen mould
Is enough to make you shake and shiver.

Then, Santa Claus, is your time and mine;
We come to the front when the north wind blows;
We string our jewels on holly and pine,
And paint the cheek of the child with rose.
Hurrah for our partnership, Claus and Frost!
You are the saint, and I but Jack!
But which of us two enjoys it most—
I with my icicles? you with your pack?
When do you start, my good old friend?
And what are your plans? But pardon me;
I am ready and willing my help to lend,
For now on the march you should surely be.

Santa Claus. Vell done, Jacky. I like to hear you speak your little piece. But no matter. I don't go this year.

[*Jack Frost steps dancing and looks at Santa Claus with great surprise. Peers into his face.*]

Jack Frost. May I be allowed to express my feelings in the German vernacular? Donner und blitzen!

[*Re-enter Messenger-boy with a bottle.*]

Messenger-boy. I have been to the Board of Health, Santa Claus, and they send you a bottle of St. Isaac's oil, said to be an infallible cure for rheumatism. Now, sir, if Jack rubs one knee and I the other, perhaps we can limber you up in time.

[*Messenger-boy and Jack Frost kneel before Santa Claus, and prepare to rub his legs. In great alarm Santa Claus pushes back his chair.*]

Santa Claus. Danks, danks, tear poy-s. You are von very goot leetle poy-s. But I vil rub myself by-and-by. Gif me dot St. Isaac's oil. I danks you ten thousand times.

[*Takes bottle and sets it upon table.*]
Enter Elves of the Woods—four or two little boys dressed in green cambric and (where possible to obtain) sprigs of holly. Bouncing to Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus and the audience, they repeat in concert:

From deep green woods we come,
From elm and pine and fir;
We tell you, dearest Santa Claus,
The forests are astir.

The sleeping sap has thrilled,
And baby leaves unborn
Are dreaming of the spring,
For dawns the Christmas morn.

We elves and fays are sent
To give you greeting fair,
And, dear old Santa Claus,
We bow before your chair.

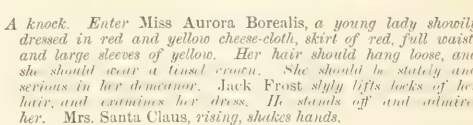
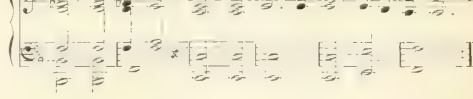
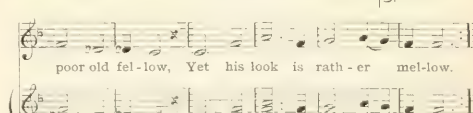
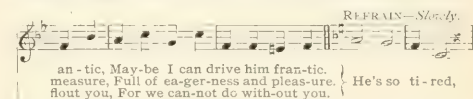
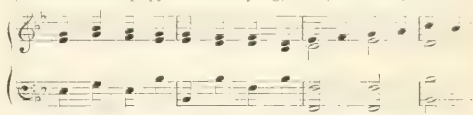
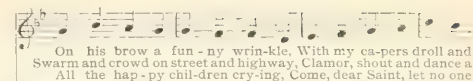
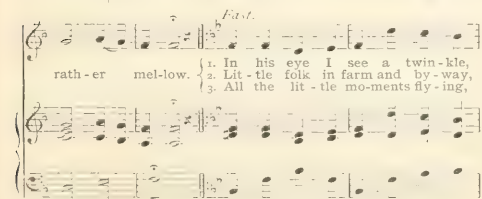
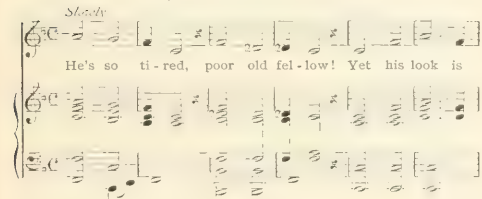
If we can help along,
Command us as you may;
The hardest work we do for you
Will seem the lightest play.

Santa Claus. A goot leetle biece, and you have spoke it egceedingly vell, mine Elves. But I haf decided to sday at home dis year. I don't go no more mit dose reindeers.

Elves of the Wood. That is very singular. What is the reason?
Mrs. Santa Claus. He is getting old, dear Elves, and does not feel able to run up and down chimneys as he used to. It is too bad, isn't it? But perhaps you cannot blame him.

[*Jack Frost cuts up and catches it. He tosses an apple to each of the Elves. Then he pinches their noses and sings.*]

JACK FROST'S SONG.



A knock. Enter Miss Aurora Borealis, a young lady showily dressed in red and yellow cheese-cloth, skirt of red, full waist, and large sleeves of yellow. Her hair should hang loose, and she should wear a tinsel crown. She should be stately and serious in her demeanor. Jack Frost shyly lifts locks of her hair, and examines her dress. He stands off and admires her. Mrs. Santa Claus, rising, shakes hands.

Mrs. Santa Claus. Husband, here is the young lady, Miss Aurora Borealis.

Santa Claus. Good-day, mein tear Fräulein. It is a most unexpected pleasure to see you on dis oggusion. You are welcome. Haf an ab—

Bertha. Oh, hush, papa! She doesn't eat apples.

Miss Aurora Borealis (screets)

When nights are cold and skies are clear,
All in the sunset of the year,
I watch the stars that wheel and sway
Along the sparkling Milky Way.

Then with my wand of arrowy light
I flit along each heavenly height.
The traveller far out at sea
Is joyful at the sight of me.

And people, lifting up their eyes,
Behold my glories in the skies,
And walk with step elate and brave,
And sing a merry, rolling stave.

For when the nights are cold and clear,
It is the sunset of the year.
Then Santa Claus, with joy and mirth,
Brings dear good-will to house and hearth.

Jack Frost. I say, Santa Claus, you wouldn't catch me staying in the house with this superb creature lighting up the skies for you. She paints beautifully. She and I have had many a lark together, haven't we, miss?

Santa Claus. Dot's so, Jacky; but dere's no blace like home, my poy. De case, miss, is shoost dis. I am a great sufferer mit mein rheumatics, and I tought I wouldn't go dis year.

Enter Queen of the Fairies, with three Fairies in her train. These are little girls dressed in white, with gold and silver stars on their skirts. One large star adorns the Queen's forehead; she holds a small golden sceptre tipped with a star.

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

1. Tra - la - la, tra - la - la, who so gay As the fai - ry
2. Tra - la - la, tra - la - la, San - ta Claus We have
3. Tra - la - la, tra - la - la, Christ-mas cheer Can-not

train at the close of day? Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly,
come from the pa-tient moss, We from the flow - ers that
wait for a whole round year, Tra - la - la, tra - la la.

now they come, To San - ta Claus in his north - ern home.
wait to blow, Please won't you to the chil - dren go?
fai - ries coax, San - ta Claus for the lit - tle folks.

REFRAIN. *Staccato.*
With dance of the light - est and smile of the bright - est, We

End. for 1st and 2d stanzas. End. for 3d stanza.
fai-ries will help you, Oh, dear San-ta Claus, dear San-ta Claus.

Jack Frost (with mock concern addressing Queen of the Fairies). He's too tired, your Majesty; he's not going this year.

Queen of Fairies. Is that so, Santa Claus? I hope Master Frost does not tell me the truth.

Santa Claus. Veil, yes, ma'am, dot's de truth. I tought I wouldn't go. I have a comfortable home mit madam, mein Frau, and I vill leaf de Christmas bizness to anoder and a younger man.

Queen of Fairies. But who will do it, Santa Claus? I do not believe there's another in the wide world who can undertake this job. You see, you have done it so many years.

Santa Claus. Dot's shoost it. I haf done it already so many years. I don't go no more.

Knock at door. Enter Telegraph-boy. He presents a telegram to Santa Claus, who passes it to his wife.

Mrs. Santa Claus reads: "From the — (Sunday) school. [Here let the name of the school or Sunday-school be inserted in

which the play is being performed.] Rumor has it that you are not coming. We hope to see you. Everybody depends on you. There will be no pleasure if you don't come. Children assembling."

Jack Frost. Going, Santa Claus?

Santa Claus. No, tear poy.

Miss Aurora Borealis. I don't see how he can resist that appeal.

Telegraph Messenger. Any answer for the Sunday-school, sir?

Santa Claus. Shoost answer dot I don't be dere dis year. I've got rheumatics, and—

Jack Frost. Now if you would only let me apply that infallible cure.

[Snatches up bottle from the table and attempts to rub Santa Claus.

Santa Claus. Haf de gootness to be quiet, vill you? Eef I was young and smard lige you I could get down deir furnace-pipes still; but now I'm old and weary.

Elves of the Woods (stoutly and very distinctly):

Now he's old and weary,

And life is growing dreary;

There isn't any pleasure, and there won't be any fun.

Some spell is wrought upon him,

Some troll has thought upon him.

Alas! we're very sorry, but dreadful mischief's done.

Mrs. Santa Claus (aside to Telegraph Messenger). Don't send any answer to that Sunday-school's telegram. I think he will go. [Exit Telegraph-boy.

Enter Sprites of the Christmas Tree—four (or two) little boys, dressed in red cambric covered here and there with fir branches. Each boy can have a string of pop-corn around his neck. Let each bear in his hand a lighted torch. Each one speaks, in turn, a stanza.

First Sprite.

I perch upon the highest bough,

And when the gifts are given,

In each I drop a little thought

Of the Christ Child and Heaven.

Second Sprite.

And I remind the older ones

Of those who have not many

To send them pretty Christmas gifts,

Poor dears without a penny.

Third Sprite.

I fly around from leaf to leaf,

And twinkle 'mid the tapers,

And o'er the children's faces peep

When they untie their papers.

Fourth Sprite.

I take my stand, in every land,

Beside my dear Kriss Kringle.

You hear my laugh, as sweet by half

As is his gay-bells' jingle.

Santa Claus. Much opliged, mein chiltren. Frau, gif 'em an abble. Has de trade in Christmas drees been henfy dis year?

First of the Christmas-tree Sprites. Very heavy. Last year it was hard times, and but few trees were cut. This year loads and loads have been shipped, and everybody is expecting you.

[All eat apples.

Santa Claus. Is dot really so? Vell, I don't go.

Christmas-tree Sprites. What does he say? He doesn't go?

Santa Claus. Dot's vot I says.

Enter Knights of the Snow-plough—four boys dressed in white cheese-cloth, with strips of white cotton radding sewed on the bottom of the skirts. Each has a small shovel in his hand.

SONG OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE SNOW-PLOUGH.

1. Ho! ho! with shov - els and spades we go, And we
2. Ho! ho! we go where drifts are deep, And we
3. Ho! ho! we've lev-eled the way for you, Good
4. Ho! ho! we've climbed to chim - ney tops, And

care not for the weath-er; We wan-der high, and we
cut the path be-fore us! We toiled when you were
Saint with rein-deer mer-ry, We like your eyes like the
cleared the path be-fore us, You've on-ly to fol-low and

wan-der low, But we brave-ly keep to-gether.
fast a-sleep, And the stars were shin-ing o'er us,
clear blue skies, And your cheeks as red as cher-ries,
where it stops, We will give the word in cho-rus.

Stacato.

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Santa Claus. So you haf de paths all shovelled, haf you? It does me sorry you haf so mooch vork for nodings. I don't go dis year.

Knights of the Snow-plough. What does he say? He won't go this year?

Jack Frost. He is old and weary. Now if he'd let me rub—
Santa Claus (shouts). Poy, you shoost give me dot pottle. So! I vill put it in mein bucket, and you can't say nodings more about dot rubbing business.

Enter Telegraph-boy. Hands a telegram to Bertha, who reads.
Bertha. From the same school, father, that sent the first telegram: "No answer received. How soon shall we expect you? Children assembled. Everything ready. Come."

Santa Claus. I vish dey wouldn't bodder deirselves mit dose delegrams. I don't go. Shoost answer and say please to egs-cuse me dis time. I'm a sick man.

Fritz. Oh, father! you are not really sick.
Santa Claus. Yes, I am sick mit all dese beoples coming here, and dese letters and delegrams, and dis surbrise barty. But you're all very welcome. Help yourselves to ables.

Enter a delegation from the school which sent the telegrams—two boys and two girls dressed in their usual dress, with hats and coats.

Little Girl. Dear Santa Claus, our superintendent has sent us to inquire if you will come to see us immediately. He sent you two telegrams, but you did not answer, and he is beginning to get anxious. He says he can't possibly spare you from our Christmas celebration. Perhaps you will come right along with us.

Santa Claus (shouting signs of unassess). My tear children, I am sorry you haf such a journey, and for nodings. Don't you see I am old and vorn out. And I tought you would gif me a rest dis time. I vish not to go. In fact, I haf decided not to go. Warm yourselves, my tears, and take an able.

Enter (two or four) members of the mission-school. They are shabbily dressed. The girls have shawls over their heads, the boys tip-pets. Their voices are sad. Their whole demeanor is abject. They kneel before Santa Claus, and say, in concert:

We haven't many pleasures; the house is often cold;
We're sometimes very hungry; we're often very sad;
But the blessed Lord, who gathers the little lambs in fold,
Has always sent us Christmas day to make us bliithe and glad.

Then we go to great cathedrals, and we hear the organ swell,
And voices sweet as angels' sing the carols pure and clear.
Then we listen to the story that is ever sweet to tell,
How Christ is born in Bethlehem, on Christmas of the year.

And best of all is Santa Claus! We love his very look.
O Santa Claus! dear Santa Claus! behold us at your feet!
We do not want you for the toy, the coat, the picture-book;
Oh no! oh no! dear Santa Claus. 'Tis you yourself we greet.

So please be very gentle. Please listen to our prayer.
Why, this is Christmas to the poor! just Santa Claus's day.
The children, oh, the children! they are waiting everywhere,
And a million little hands are waved to cheer you on your way.

Santa Claus (in great excitement). I cannot stand dis no more no longer. Frau! frau! get my overcoat. Here you (to Rein-deer-boy), harness up dose reindeers pretty soon quick. Fritz—Bertha—vere be mein mittens and fur cab? Vill you hurry, mein goot children? I brings you somedings nice. Come on, you sbrites and elves and knights, ve vill go and mage von merry Christmas for de poor children. I don't feel old no more. Liddle children, your Santa Claus vill come.

Jack Frost. I guess that bottle of St. Isaac's oil in his pocket has cured his rheumatism.

Santa Claus. Somedings has cured it. I feel smard and able to climb dose small chimneys. I vill go, shoost as usual. Ven dose poor leetle dings from de mission-school comes to me so bitifol, so bleating, mein is not de heart of stone I haf to go. Tell your Sunday-school vill be dere as soon as possible. I am on de way. Perhaps dot Frülein Borealis vill rite mit me a leetle vay, so as to lide up de road. Vere are de toys? So! Now, den,

[*Everybody helps Santa Claus to get ready. Some put his cape over his shoulders. Some strap bags of toys on his back. Mrs. Santa Claus takes off his dressing-gown, puts on his cap, and keeps cool amid the general excitement. Jack Frost whirls Miss Aurora Borealis in a dance. The Elves of the Woods and Fairies clasp hands and march up and down. The Knights of the Snow-plough pretend to dig furiously. Bertha catches up Fritz and kisses him. Everybody must do something till Santa Claus is ready for his journey. Then they form in a tableau, something like the following:*

MESSENGER-BOY.		TELEGRAPH-BOY.	
MISS AURORA BOREALIS	MRS. SANTA CLAUS.		
REINDEER-BOY	MAIL-CARRIER.		
ELF	SPRITS.		
KNIGHTS.	SANTA CLAUS	FAIRIES.	
MISSION-SCHOOL CHILDREN.	SUNDAY-SCHOOL DELEGATION.		
	BERTHA. FRITZ.		

[*All sing, and wave handkerchiefs and flags. Sleigh-bells ring outside.*

HURRAH! HURRAH! FOR OLD SANTA CLAUS.

Hur-rah! hur-rah! for old San-ta Claus, Ban-ners are

wav-ing, and sleigh-bells ring; Hur-rah, Hur-rah, for

old San-ta Claus, Mer-ri-ly, cheer-i-ly shout and sing.

[*This refrain to be repeated.*]

CURTAIN.

BOBBIE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

"WHAT am I thankful for?" said Bob, as he sat down to dine—

"I'm glad I'm me for one thing, and that what I have is mine; I'm glad my dad's my daddy, and I'm glad that ma is ma, And that my little brothers are just who and what they are.

"I'm glad I live in this old house where I was born and bred, I'm glad my hair is curly, and I don't care if 'tis red; It serves its purpose just as well as 'twould if it were pink Or green or yellow, blue or gray, or black as Popsy's ink.

"I'm glad that John's our hired man; that Norah is the maid;

That Bridget does the cooking, though sometimes she makes me 'fraid

By telling me queer stories 'bout that busybody Jake, Who fell into the batter-bowl and got cooked in the cake.

"I'm glad that turkey's turkey, and that pie is simply pie—I see two lovely mince ones from the corner of my eye—I'm glad to-day's Thanksgiving, and there's plenty here to eat, With some to spare for some poor boy who's waiting in the street.

"In fact, I'm thankful as can be, more than I'd hope to say If I kept on a-talking for the balance of the day, Because things are just as they are, and not a single jot, No, not the slightest little bit, like what they're really not."

THE TONIES AND THE STORK.

ONE summer, just as the wheat was growing nicely, a stork began to come into the tonies' field every day hunting for toads. This annoyed them greatly, as they saw that he was treading down the wheat. At last it was decided that the village constable should go into the field and drive it out. But they noticed he had very large feet, and would tread down more wheat than the stork. Then they advised that they should put him on a platform, and thus carry him through the field. They put the constable on a platform, which eight men bore through the field, so that he could drive out the stork. Not a bit of wheat did he tread down.

A THANKSGIVING TURKEY MADE OF A GOLDEN-ROD STALK.

CHILDREN in these days have a much better time, I think, than they used to when I was a little girl, although there was plenty of fun going on then, I remember well. Nowadays even little tots are taught how to use their fingers and make all sorts of pretty things in clay, to embroider, to make picture-frames and lots of other useful things which are splendid to give for Christmas presents. The kindergarten teachers are all the time puzzling their brains to find new devices to please and interest their pupils; and last summer a teacher—such a pretty young teacher as she was, too!—thought how nice it would be to make some fancy little things for Thanksgiving day. You know everybody likes to have their dinner-table on Thanksgiving day look pretty and different from everybody else's, and that on that day the children eat their dinner with the big people; so it is very nice if the children have some interest in the table decorations. And so this pretty young teacher kept puzzling to think of something the children could make and put on the Thanksgiving table to surprise the grown-up people.

She was walking in the fields with two or three of her little pupils, and they picked some bunches of golden-rod which was then (late in August) beginning to flower. Golden-rod, you may remember, is our national flower, the children voting it so. Among the bunches of golden-rod was one that had a queer swelling on the stalk that looked like a chrysalis. When the teacher examined it closely she thought, "Why, how much it looks like the body of a fat turkey!" And then she dropped all her golden-rod, and clapped her hands in delight, saying, "Oh, I know now what the children can make for Thanksgiving!"

You can see in the picture just how it looks. The body and neck are of the golden-rod stalk. The head is made of an apple-seed, sewed on with the small end of the seed pointing out. Sometimes the stalk of the golden-rod grows so that it forms a head, and then there is no need of the apple-seed at all. The tail is made of a stiff piece of arbor vitae, and the legs are formed by two pins stuck through a piece of card. The heads of the pins must be on the outside of the card, and to give a neat finish to the whole thing should have a second card pasted over them. If the card be large enough, the name of the person at whose plate it is placed can be written on it.

I hope you little people will think the Thanksgiving turkey as clever as I do, and that you will go straight to work to make some. They are not hard to do, if you only work carefully and keep your hands clean, so as not to soil or muss the work.



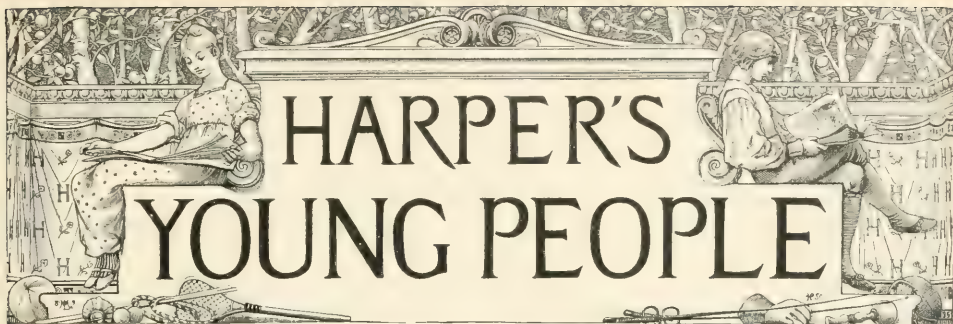
A MATTER OF TASTE.

PUNCH. "MESSY SAKES, JUDY, WHAT A LOT OF CHILDREN!"

JUDY. "YES, AND QUITE PRETTY TOO, PUP."

PUNCH. "KIND OF. BUT THEY'RE NOT AS PRETTY AS OUR BABY HERE. WHY, THERE ISN'T ONE OF 'EM'S GOT A NOSE MORE 'N TWO EYES LONG."

JUDY. "THAT'S SO. I DON'T SEE WHAT THE POOR LITTLE THINGS HAVE GOT TO TALK THROUGH."



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"MEAN AS WERE THE SURROUNDINGS, I ASSURE YOU IT WAS A TRAGIC SCENE."

[SEE "CAPTAIN BILLY," PAGE 74.]

CAPTAIN BILLY.

BY LUCY LILLIE.

WHEN the General invited the Fortescue girls and their friends to spend an evening in the house on the Square, it was always understood that part of the entertainment was to be a "war story," and on the special evening I refer to a barrel of apples, sent from the "northern part of the State," gave the subject.

"Oh yes, Molly," said the General to the girl whom the old nurse now called "the eldest Miss Fortescue," "you can put the apples out, and they've just made me remember I never told you about 'Tobacco Billy,'" and as his eager auditors settled themselves comfortably about the fire, the General, with his peculiar quiet smile, began.

"Just hand me down that old photograph in the little black frame; there you are—poor old Tobacco Billy!"

"Old!" exclaimed Tom Fortescue, in surprise, for the picture was that of a plain-looking, rather gawky lad of only nineteen—a "boy in blue"—with honesty and fearlessness in every line of his homely, gentle face.

"Well, I don't say in years, perhaps," said the General, "but in wisdom. Anyway, here's his story. Give that coal a stir, will you. Now, then, here we are:

We were in camp, not very far from Charleston, and it was a pretty serious business with us. You see, we hadn't the least idea what the enemy were up to. My particular friend, Captain Kard, of the Confederate army, and I were talking about it not long ago, and he said he well remembered how, on their side, they were chucking over our perplexity. Well, I must tell you that at the extreme end of our camp we had a bridge, and it was regularly patrolled by two of the men I picked out for the purpose, and the "other side" had a place beyond similarly patrolled. If any message had to be sent over, the sentries reversed their guns as a signal of truce, and word was exchanged.

Now although we were pretty badly off for provisions, and even ammunition, it wasn't a circumstance to the condition of the "Johnnies," as we called the gentlemen over the way, and, worst of all, the poor chaps hadn't the comfort of a "smoke" even, which, as all soldiers will tell you, keeps the gnawing feeling of hunger away for a time at least. No, sir! they hadn't five pounds of tobacco in their camp. But never mind! I'll tell you what they did have. They had regularly every day a copy of their own Charleston paper, which, of course, was printed for Confederate eyes alone. I was sitting in my tent one night smoking and thinking and wondering how I could lay hands on one or two of those papers. You must know, my dear children, stratagem is always allowed, and understood to be used on both sides in war. It is as much a part of the whole unhappy business as loading guns and firing them, and far better if it leads to peace and an end of cruel feeling. Now, if I could only get a copy or two of those papers, do you see, the key to the enemy's next movements might be in our hands, and I suddenly struck a bright idea. I sent a man to replace Billy Forbes on the bridge, and presently that lad appeared in my doorway. He saluted, and I motioned him to come inside. Then, after warning him of the need of secrecy and caution, I told him my dilemma. Billy rubbed his head, whistled softly, looked up and down anxiously, and finally, after a moment's star-gazing, "Lieutenant," says he, in his slow Connecticut voice, "I've hit on a way—if you don't mind."

"Go ahead, Billy," I rejoined.

"Well, sir, you see those poor devils have scarcely a chew or a smoke of 'baccy among them."

"How do you know?"

"Johnny on the other side made signs, sir, and mate and I weren't slow to understand."

"Well. Go on."

"Now, if I could sneak over a bit from those great packages in the Quartermaster's department, and make him know what we were after, sure as guns, Lieutenant, you'd have the papers."

"Billy," said I, "you are a credit to your regiment, to say nothing of your Yankee mother. Come here in an hour, and I'll see you have the tobacco."

Some enterprising dealer in the North had received a contract for that lot of stuff, and we had really, for the time being, an overabundance, so that it was by no means a difficult matter for me to secure two half-pound packets, done up in blue paper, and in about as short a time as it takes to tell the story, Billy Forbes had it tucked away, and went whistling back to his post.

It was a clear, soft, starlight night. I sat up attending to various duties—listening to the fussy complaints and talk of one of my colleagues in command, who had it on the brain, and felt we were disgraced not knowing how to get in there. Somehow, I relied on my friend Billy to win the day by his fair "exchange," and he didn't fail me.

Towards morning I went down to the bridge, having sent a relief for the lad, who came back simply grinning.

"Easy as could be," he whispered. "Here you are, sir."

And from the depths of his trousers he produced the coveted little sheets.

"Billy," said I, "when the war is over you are likely to be a great man."

And I turned in to read the news.

About 10 o'clock I received an awful message, in answer to which I started post-haste for the guard-house, meeting my anxious comrade Captain Hubert on the way.

"A nice mess your protégé is in, Lieutenant," he exclaimed. "I've had to put him under arrest, and he's doomed, sir, doomed. Will no doubt be shot, and a good warning to all like him."

As the Captain—in temporary command—marched on, I stood rooted to the ground. What had happened! Well, I soon found out. Billy, white to the lips, but with his head well up, told me the story. His companion, cherishing some old grudge, had watched him making the exchange—tobacco for the journals—and had made haste to report him. Billy well knew the penalty. A court martial had to be held at once.

Billy, poor lad, for violating the law which forbids absolutely giving aid or comfort to the enemy, must be shot! That was the law, and you must bear in mind that the wellbeing of a whole nation, especially in time of war, depends upon the strict discipline of the army being maintained. There were important reasons why I could not at that moment say I had, through Billy, procured the papers, and relieve him of the extreme penalty. Yet something must be done, and I must try and think it out, even though in discharging my duty I must sit in the council, which would undoubtedly condemn him.

"Billy," said I, with my hand on the lad's shoulder, and looking at his white and haggard young face, "I'll do my best. Unless compelled to, don't mention the papers. That can't be known just yet."

"God bless you, sir," said Billy, with tears rolling down his cheeks. "You see, mother'd be proud if I had to die in battle; but shot down, Lieutenant, for treason."

Well, I can tell you, I couldn't stand it much longer, and I went dismally enough to the court martial. You needn't imagine it was in any fine court-room. Dignified and often tragic as were the cases, the court sat in an old tool-shed; planks on barrels formed the tables, and for seats we had empty provision boxes turned upside down. But there was about it the solemnity of such an occasion—of a death charge, perhaps, and all the grave

formality of the promptest law known. When in the paltry place the court martial began I knew that my colleague, Captain Hubert, was in a great state of excitement, and determined, if possible, to "put down" such recklessness as had been Billy Forbes's. We had some minor cases first quickly disposed of, and then my poor fellow was led up.

Mean as were the surroundings, I assure you it made a tragic scene. And there the Connecticut lad stood—thinking of the mother who could never bear to hear of shame upon her soldier boy, nor care to hear after where they had made his grave.

The Captain began the formal questioning; and Billy, in a clear, low voice, answered. Asked if he knew what it meant to converse with the enemy, he said,

"Yes, sir."

"Had he reversed his gun?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had he handed the enemy a package?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did it contain?"

"Tobacco, sir."

Billy whitened again, but he did not lie; and I seemed to read in the depths of his blue eyes a thought of "mother." There was a brief pause, and then I knew my moment had come. From my coat pocket I produced a packet of the tobacco sent by our Northern contractor.

"Forbes."

"Yes, sir."

"Was the tobacco you gave the enemy like this?" I spoke, breaking a deathlike stillness.

Billy's lips quivered. His look was like Cæsar's "*Et tu, Brute!*" But he did not flinch. Honest eye and proudly uplifted head were there when he answered, "Yes, sir."

"Captain Hubert," I observed, turning to my superior, "there is a cart-load of the stuff still unused, for the reason that this tobacco was condemned as unfit, owing to some poisonous substance in the blue paper wrappers.

I need scarcely point out to you," I continued, "that sentence of death could only be passed on Forbes for 'carrying aid or comfort to the enemy.' Now, then, Captain, if you will kindly fill your pipe from this package, I feel sure you will decide whether Forbes can be condemned to death for providing the Johnnies with comfort from old Briggs's consignment."

The tension was too great for even a smile, and Captain Hubert's face flushed scarlet. He put out his hand, then drew it back. "This being the case," said he, in a stifled voice and rising to his feet, "we—we can consider the case dismissed!"

I met Billy a moment or two later, standing like a statue near my quarters. He looked at me piteously; but when I held out my hand, did not at once take it.

"Lieutenant," said he, with the queer smile in his honest eyes I somehow felt he'd learned from his mother, "I—I—God bless you, sir; but did you send me with poison to those poor chaps?" His voice shook, but he held up his head proudly. "Killing them in battle, sir, would be fair and square—"

"Billy," said I, "give me your hand, and you'll get your shoulder-straps before the week is out! No, my boy! I picked out papers that hadn't a speck of white stain on them. No, you're not a murderer, my poor Billy; and go to your tent and write to your mother, for we're near a battle harder than what you and I fought this morning, thanks to the papers from the enemy."

"Oh, General!" exclaimed Molly, "and what happened then?"

"Why, my child, Billy went home on a furlough six months later Captain Forbes, if you please, and at present he owns a fine country grocery, from which the apples you're eating this minute here just come, as they do every year regularly, and not once but he encloses a big packet of tobacco marked, *Not dangerous, General, even to the enemy!*"

TYPICAL AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

BY JAMES BARNES.

IN writing a sketch of the boys' life at St. Paul's School it is hard at the outset (especially for a Concordian) to avoid being personal and reminiscent. The name of the founder, Dr. George B. Shattuck, can never be forgotten. The school among the New Hampshire hills will be a monument to his honored memory when the boys who so often listened for the sound of the "quarter-bell" have grown old and gray and other generations have succeeded them. The school was his idea, and he lived to watch it change and expand, until from two or three small houses and a score or so of scholars it has become a park of two hundred or more acres, covered with beautiful buildings, and thronged with a healthy, contented population of over three hundred boys. There are about thirty buildings in all, but we give only one, the "new school"; these top a hill, and look away on a stretch of country unequalled in its New England beauty.

The school was incorporated in 1855, and one year later the present rector, the Rev. Dr. Coit, took charge of its future. In looking at the history of any great success we find usually the influence of one mind, one personality. So it has been with St. Paul's. It is this influence that has brought it to what it is at the present, and it is of the present that I am going to write (perhaps a little of the past may creep in here and there).

St. Paul's is about two miles and a half from Concord "on the Merrimac." It is situated at the bottom of a bowl made by the surrounding hills, and clusters about a little lake that shoots out miniature bays and armlets into the woods and meadows. A famous place it is for red-winged blackbirds and bull-frogs and spiny-backed sun-fish. On some of the higher land, quite a distance from the older buildings, are the great dormitories that at night twinkle with myriads of lights until the quarter-bell tolls nine, half past, and then out the lights go all at once.

Supposing it is a winter's day (we will take up a spring day in its turn)—one of those crisp New Hampshire days when the sky is clear and blue, and the thermometer seems to have made a mistake and allowed the mercury to drop further down than was absolutely truthful. In the numerous dormitories the "upper school," the "lower school," the "new school," and the various masters' houses in which some of the older students live—at seven-thirty to a minute there is a great stirring out in the morning. The bell in the old "study" is clanging musically—and it is a very musical old bell. Somebody, however, soon drowns this out by walking up and down before the "alcoves" (each boy has a compartment to himself a little larger than a steamer stateroom) in the

dormitories, and as he walks he raises a din on a great clattering gong. He stops for a little while before some of the curtains and gives a few extra twirls; he knows the sleepy-heads. In half an hour breakfast. This over, long lines of boys wend their way towards the chapel,



THE "NEW SCHOOL" DORMITORY.

where the morning prayers are held. On Sunday they form together two by two, and march in; but on week-days if a boy can reach his seat before the bell stops ringing he is on time. At nine the study hour begins, and lasts until it shows quarter of one by the big clock at the end of the great school-room.

This is the noon hour, and until the bell calls "dinner" the fun is furious. Remember it is a winter's day. Leaning against the walls of the school are innumerable sleds, most of them long, some six feet and more in length, and every one the same width, only nine inches. They call them "Poland sleds," after the man who first made them, I believe, and they are the fastest coasters in the world. Painted on their sides are their names—"Jolly Rover," "Black Bess," "Artful Dodger" (the "Slow Poke" was the fastest sled in school some years ago; I wonder if she still exists?), and so on—any name for your choice. The ice on the pond hums with the sound of skating, and soon the hill from the old lower school is covered with boys toiling up and shooting down one after another. The heavy double runners roar over the icy parts of the hill, and some of the coasters have a habit of shouting "Road! road!" no matter if they have the whole coast to themselves. It is a very easy habit to get into; I think it makes you seem to go faster; I knew a boy who used to shout it in his sleep. Of course they have tobogganing, but I don't think a St. Paul's boy will ever cease to feel proud of his graceful Poland sled. After dinner, which arrives in the nick of time, it is play hour again until half past four, when the "quarter-bell" (so called because it gives you fifteen minutes' warning) starts all the boys towards the study-rooms. Oh! the delightful winter afternoons, the long tramps over to "Turkey Pond," and down the half-frozen stream; the fun of tending traps, and peering over the bank to see if you've caught a muskrat or a mink; the hockey and the races on the pond; and the crowd gathered about the young master who skates so well, and does figures out of the geometry on the ice; the long afternoons in the gymnasium when the snow is falling outside and loading down the pine-trees, and

the boys are tumbling about on the mattresses, crowding the ladders and the parallel bars, and rumbling the balls in the bowling-alleys, and the whole place is so full of merriment and chatter that you wonder if these are the same boys who keep so quiet during study hour. And here an odd thing: a boy at St. Paul's doesn't have to learn a lot of rules; he finds out that certain things are done because they always have been done there, because they are the best, and that other things are left alone because they are unnecessary and contrary to the spirit of the place; he finds that custom and tradition govern mostly, that rules as to conduct are not given him to learn, nor hung upon the walls before his eyes. The boys help to hand them down from one to the other; this makes them stronger than if they were recited every day. During the winter months the racquet-courts are filled, and the "squash-ball" courts, from whence the boys graduate to the racquet-courts, are well patronized. At Christmas and Easter tournaments are held, and the winners' names are inscribed upon tablets in the wall.

But, oh, the charm of a late spring day—the time of the year when the young birds are learning to fly and the voices of the frogs have changed from a shrill pipe to a mellow contralto! Then is St. Paul's seen at its best. There is no more beautiful sight in the world than the lower grounds—the finest cricket turf in our country. They play cricket at St. Paul's, and the eleven has carried the cherry ribbon to the front in many matches with the best teams in this country and Canada. Of course they play baseball, but cricket is the school game, and will always remain so. The whole school is divided into three cricket clubs—the Isthmian, Delphian, and Old Hundred. Each club has three elevens and two football teams, besides hockey sets and baseball nines. The school eleven is composed of the best players in all the clubs. On any fine spring day the wide stretch of green is dotted with moving white figures; outside the running-track are numerous tennis-courts, and all in full blast. The bowlers and batsmen are practising at one end of the turf, and a cricket match is in progress on the centre wicket.

"I say, thank you, there, please!" shouts a voice, as a hard-hit ball comes bounding over the grass. That means that the person shouted at stops his own game, whatever it may be, and cheerfully tosses back the ball to its owner. You hear this cry often from all over the field, for it is big enough for several games, and often a score and more of balls may be seen flying about; for two-thirds of the school seek the lower grounds on a fine spring day.

Healthy minds, healthy bodies, and courteous behavior



ON THE LOWER GROUNDS.



THE HALCYON AND SHATTUCK CREWS.

—these are some of the results of the school spirit. A boy is not given any one of these or taught another; these benefits seem to grow upon him naturally enough, as might be expected from his life. The space here is too short to dwell long on the subject of the sports, but the enthusiasm is very catching, and a sight of the lower grounds on a half-holiday will never be forgotten. On a field-day the cricket-house is filled with wiry young runners, who tiptoe about in their spiked shoes until called to take their place at the starting-point out there on the well-rolled running-track, and many records are inscribed on the various cups and challenge trophies that vie with the figures made in the college games.

The swimming-pool is in the upper pond. The boys, in charge of a master, bathe in divisions on the warm spring days. Each boy gets one swim a day. And how refreshing a plunge off the old spring-board is! When a boy is having a good time he generally makes a noise, and the shouts grow louder and louder as one after another plunges into the cool of the water. I have often noticed that the first one in usually takes the longest time getting back into his clothes again.

The next thing to be taken up in the out-door life of the Concordian is the rowing on Lake Penacook. This is a long narrow lake, three miles long, with an average width of half a mile, and is situated two miles from the school proper. Never was there a stretch of water more suited for rowing, and St. Paul's, you must know, turns out some famous oarsmen. One year, if I remember rightly, three men in the Yale boat and four in the Harvard had rowed in the annual races on Lake Penacook. Again, the whole school is divided into two rowing clubs—the Halcyon and the Shattuck. Each club has three crews, the first, second, and third, respectively. A place in the first is the coveted honor. Forty or fifty boys thus compose the crews and compete in the various races. The old boys return to school to coach their successors, and the athletic instructor is himself one of the best coaches in the country. This accounts for the fast rowing time and the number of Concordians in the college eights. Football in the fall, hare-and-hounds across the hills, long excursions after minerals and rare New England plants and flowers help to take up the days that go only too quickly. But space is again too short.

You see that I have said very little about the school studies or about the management. I have left this to the last on purpose.

The school is divided into forms—six regular and two

extra forms. The first is next lowest, and the sixth is the highest. The “shell,” for very young boys, is preparatory, and the “upper sixth” is a post-graduate course. The rector, Dr. Coit, and his brother, Dr. Joseph Coit, have been here nearly forty years. They have built the school, one might almost say; and many masters have grown up with it. When they left, they returned to take their places as instructors where they were boys before. They play on the teams, belong to the clubs, cheer for the winners, condole with the losers—belong to the boys. This is one of the secrets of the “spirit” of which you hear a Concordian speak. Of course it is often their unpleasant duty to set some youngster writing “*Arma virumque cano,*” and much more of the same great poet's



THE NEW CHAPEL.

verses, on a bright sunny day, when, if he had been more circumspect, the same youngster would be out on the pond or down at the grounds crying, "Thank you, that, ball, please." But every cloud has a silver lining.

The old St. Paul's boy in his journey through the world feels one thing to be certain. If he meets another from the old place, they will never lack material for conversation. The mere phrase "Do you remember?" will start a train of delightful reminiscences.

JIMMIEBOY'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

DEAR Santa Claus, if you could bring
A parent doll to dance and sing,
A five-pound box of caramels,
A set of reins with silver bells;

An elephant that roars and walks,
A Brownie doll that laughs and talks,
A humming-top that I can spin,
A desk to keep my treasures in;

A boat or two that I can sail,
A dog to bark and wag his tail,
A pair of little bantam chicks,
A chest of tools, a box of tricks;

A scarlet suit of soldier togs,
A spear and net for catching frogs,
A bicycle and silver watch,
A pound or two of butterscotch;

A small toy farm with lots of trees,
A gun to load with beans and peas,
An organ and a music-box,
A double set of building-blocks—

If you will bring me these, I say,
Before the coming Christmas day,
I sort of think, perhaps, that I'd
Be pretty nearly satisfied.

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.*

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STARS AND STRIPES AT RIO.

THE white ship far down the bay seemed to have stopped her engines. At any rate she barely kept steerageway, but just to the northward of Fort Lage she drifted idly. Suddenly Frank saw what looked like a small ball rising to her fore-truck.

"Going to salute the flag of Brazil?" said Frank to his companion.

"Si; but the forts must answer, not we."

"Of course not. You won't catch the Captain of the *Charleston* paying any deference to Admiral Louis Philippe Saldanha da Gama."

The little ball at the *Charleston's* fore-truck broke out into the green square and yellow diamond of Brazil. At the same instant a streak of blue shot out from her starboard bow and burst into a swirling cloud over the water, while the sharp incisive report of a Hotchkiss 6-pounder set the tired echoes jumping about the hills once more. The port gun speedily followed the starboard, and the two were fired alternately.

"Twenty-one," said Frank, "and fired as if by clock-work. That's not an Admiral's salute, Bennos."

"The *Charleston* does not salute us."

"Ah!" exclaimed Frank; "there goes old Santa Cruz in reply. Oh, glory! what a salute! It sounds as if the fort were lame."

"I think she is," said Bennos, smiling.

"The Brazilian flag is stowed away in the quarter-

master's locker by this time," said Frank. "How the ship is coming on up the bay."

It was such a calm clear morning that there was no difficulty whatever in detecting the smother of foam under her bows, which told that her speed had increased.

"She's a sweet ship," said Frank, with pride. "I fell in love with her when I saw her in New York Harbor. She looks like a fighter."

"Si, si, *amigo mio*," said Bennos, warmly; "that's a good ship."

"But not as good as the *Aquidaban*, eh?"

"No, not that good."

"No, she hasn't any armor, and her guns are lighter than ours. But I'll tell you one thing, Roderigo."

"What's that?" inquired Bennos, with interest.

"She'd hit us a heap oftener than we'd hit her."

"You could hit her," said the Brazilian, significantly.

"Yes, I *could* hit her," said Frank.

"And you would, eh?"

Frank turned a trifle pale under his sunburn as he answered:

"What's the use of talking about that, Roderigo? You know that there isn't going to be any fighting between the American ship and any of ours."

"No, the American will not fight. He will let a foreigner insult his flag. We Brazilians would rather die!"

Frank made no reply to this, for it would have been useless. It would have been impossible to persuade Bennos that an American commander might be found who would take the responsibility of using powder and shot without waiting for permission from Washington, or that the national government would support any such officer if he were found. We Americans are very boastful, but the foreign powers—even the small Central American states—have not had much respect for our flag until lately.

"I wonder where she's going to anchor?" said Frank.

"Up the bay, near the other foreign ships. She must keep out of the line of fire."

"Yes, and a good way out of it, too. If she isn't astern of us when we open up with our batteries, she's very likely to get thumped."

"You do not like the way we shoot?"

"We can't shoot at all in this fleet, Roderigo. Why, my class at the Naval Academy could have given lessons to your gunners."

Bennos smiled a good-natured smile and turned his attention to the *Charleston*. She was now above Cobras Island, and was still steaming ahead at a six-knot gait. Frank's heart beat with mingled emotions of pride and grief as he got his first fair look at the stars and stripes floating over the taffrail.

"Alas, for my folly!" he muttered. "I ought to be afloat with that flag, not with this."

Bennos overheard his words.

"I do not blame you for feeling so," he said, simply.

A few minutes later the *Charleston* ranged abreast of the *Aquidaban*. Frank straightened himself up as he stood in the top and raised his cap.

"What is that for?" asked his companion.

"I salute the flag of my country, which I ought to be serving," replied Frank.

"That is right," said Bennos.

"Right!" exclaimed Frank. "Are you serving your country's flag, or are you a rebel?"

"I fight for the best. I want my country to have an emperor. A republic is not good here."

"Roderigo, I ask your pardon. I know you are enlisted in what you believe to be the right cause."

The two young men were again silent for a few minutes as they watched the *Charleston*. Then, for some unaccountable reason, Frank turned his gaze toward the entrance to the harbor.

"Look!" he cried, pointing.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 784.

Bennos followed the injunction, and saw a noble bark-rigged white cruiser coming in between the forts.

"I know her!" exclaimed Frank. "The *Newark*."

"Four thousand ton; twelve 6-inch guns," said Bennos.

"Uncle Sam means business," said Frank, exultingly.

"Only two," said Bennos, smiling.

At that moment they were hailed from the deck, and at once descended from the top. An orderly handed Frank a letter, which he eagerly opened. As he glanced over it his face became clouded.

"You have bad news?" asked Bennos.

"I hardly know," answered Frank. "My uncle and cousin are coming to Rio in search of Bob. I am afraid Uncle Hiram will find this a troublesome port for an American merchant vessel."

CHAPTER X.

THE "DETROIT" COMES TO ANCHOR.

We left the *Detroit* plunging over the swell left by a southeasterly gale. We meet her again sailing through an enchanted ocean on a fine tropical winter morning. She was alone on the unruddled bosom of the South Atlantic, for as far as the eye could see there was nothing else in sight save sky, water, and a few birds wheeling across the burnished waste. The cruiser was reeling off ten knots an hour with the regularity of clock-work. Her clean white sides were reflected in grotesque distortion in the ribbonlike waves that streamed sternward from her cutting prow, where the lucent blue broke into fountains of silver that leaped almost to her hawseholes. She rolled slowly and gently, and as she swayed the sunlight came and went in gay flashes along the slender chases of the broadside guns, which seemed to peer out of the ports like living creatures sniffing the strange air. A canopy of light brown smoke spread from the tall yellow stacks far away astern and made shadows on the sea, out of which an occasional flying-fish sprang with a silver flash like a shooting star. The sun beat down upon the decks with a heat that would have been distressing had it not been for the breeze the vessel's progress created.

Mr. Burrell was pacing up and down the bridge with his hands behind his back, his dark blue uniform making his form stand out in sharp silhouette against the bright sky. The man at the wheel stood stolidly gazing into the compass-bowl and occasionally giving the spokes an apparently careless twist, but the broad straight path of foam astern told that he was holding the ship to her course. A dozen or more white-garbed figures sprawled in the sun on the forecastle deck, while under the awning on the quarter-deck several officers sat enjoying the breeze. The marine on duty as orderly before the cabin-door looked uncomfortable in spite of the summery appearance of his white helmet and duck trousers. The rescued sailor had been transferred to a steamer bound for New York. George Briscomb was walking up and down the starboard waist; and Harold King was leaning against the fore-stay, looking straight ahead, and letting his eyes feast on the splendid blue of the tropical sea. The whole ship's company had an air of indolence, as if smitten by the languor of the southern clime, and a touch of fitting sentiment was added by the mellow tones of a negro sailor's voice singing "'Way Rio." But just as the kiss of the Prince in *The Sleeping Beauty* threw the whole slumbering castle into a clatter of wakeful action, so a sudden clear and musical cry from aloft swept away the languor, and strained to alert tension every figure aboard the ship.

"Land, ho!"

"Where away?" cried Mr. Burrell.

"A point off the starboard bow, sir," came the answer.

Harold straightened up and sent a keen gaze forward.

The sprawling figures on the forecastle deck sprang to their feet and looked ahead. The man at the wheel forgot the compass-bowl. The officers on the poop-deck ran to the rails on either side. George sprang to the platform of one of the Hotchkiss 6-pounders. Every eye on the ship was gazing eagerly ahead. The door of the navigator's room swung open, and Mr. Flower hastened to the bridge.

"That should be the mountain-tops on Flora Point in range with Pai Island," said he. "The Captain laid the course to pass outside of the island, and I got a Summer line early this morning bearing for the westerly end of it."

Commander Brownson now came forward and mounted the bridge. "How far away are the mountains?" he asked.

"About forty-three miles, according to the time they were sighted from the masthead, sir," answered Mr. Flower.

"And how does that agree with our reckoning?"

"Pretty well, sir," answered the navigator. "We are about five miles nearer to the coast than we thought."

"Hum; but as I laid the course so well out we have run into no danger. We shall be up with Pai Island in four hours or a little more. How far is it thence to the entrance of the harbor?"

"Four miles nor'west by nor'," answered Mr. Flower, "with nothing less than seven fathoms."

"Mr. Crane will take the bridge when we are abreast of the island," said the Commander, turning to descend from the bridge.

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Flower. "Mr. King."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Harold, starting suddenly from his position near the foot of the forestay.

"Go to the masthead and tell me what you see."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the boy, with one foot already on the sheer-pole. His little form sprang up the rattlins, and in a few seconds he was in the top.

"Hills, sir," he called, "and plenty of them on both bows, with a narrow opening dead ahead of us. It looks as if it might be a river's mouth, sir."

"Where do you find the highest point?"

"Just clear of the starboard bow, sir."

"Let me know when it is dead ahead.—Port a little." The last injunction was to the man at the helm.

"Meet her, sir, meet her," cried Harold. "Now, steady as you are, sir."

"Very good. Lay down from aloft."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the boy's reply, as he dropped down the rattlins like a young cat.

"The high peak will be in direct range with the westerly end of Pai Island," said Mr. Flower to Mr. Burrell. "Keep the ship heading for it till you raise the island, and then call me."

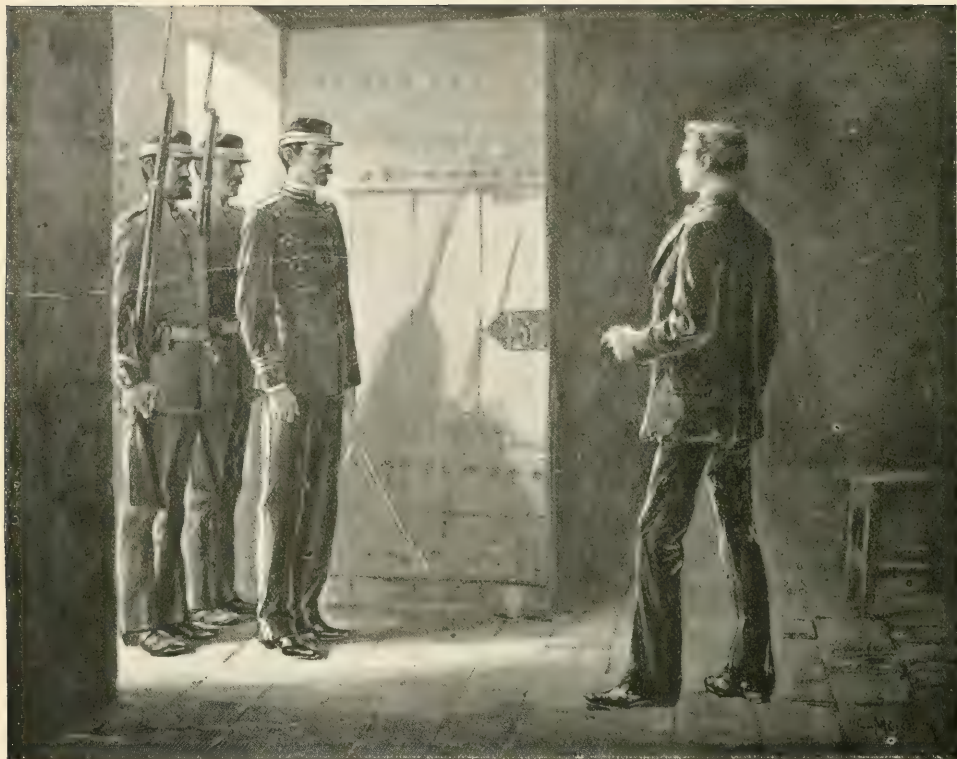
Mr. Flower went below, and a few minutes later, when four bells struck and George went to the chart-house to make his entries in the log, the blue mountain peak was visible from the bridge.

"The rift in the hills that Harold reported will be the entrance to Rio Harbor, won't it?" asked George, after making his report to Mr. Burrell.

"Yes; and we shall be at anchor with the *Charleston* and *Newark* this afternoon."

George went aft thinking a little more seriously than was his custom. "Frank is in there, I suppose," he reflected, "aboard the *Aquidaban*. I wonder how he likes foreign service?"

At a quarter of two o'clock Pai Island, with its bosky hills rising 325 feet above the sea, was on the *Detroit's* starboard beam. Mr. Crane and Mr. Flower appeared on the bridge, and the latter stretched the chart of Rio Harbor on the chart-board. Harold and George were off duty, but they remained on deck to enjoy the glorious



"WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH ME NOW?" ASKED THE YOUNG MAN, IMPATIENTLY.

beauties of the entrance to the harbor. As the cruiser passed up the bay George said, "I don't see anything of any war-ships."

"Neither do I."

The same thing had just occurred to the group of officers on the bridge. They were anxiously scanning the short stretch of water between Villegaignon and Cobras islands, set down on the chart as the anchorage for men-of-war, but it was clear.

"They've gone further up the bay to be out of the range of firing," said Commander Brownson.

"Here they are!" exclaimed Mr. Burrell.

"And there's the *Charleston*!" said Mr. Flower.

"With signals flying. Here, Mr. King," called Mr. Crane, turning and catching sight of Harold, "bring my signal book as quickly as possible."

Harold sprang to obey the command, and was on the bridge with the blue-covered book in a few seconds. Mr. Burrell took a look at the flags on the *Charleston* through his glass. In the mean time the quartermaster on watch had got the answering pennant from the locker, and had bent it on the signal halyards ready to run up.

"Two-thirty-seven," said Mr. Burrell, lowering the glass.

"Anchor in column," read Harold from the book.

"Run up your pennant," said Mr. Burrell.

A quarter of an hour later the *Detroit* lay at anchor.

"Look, Hal! Look!" exclaimed George. "Yonder lies the rebel fleet."

"And there's the *Aquidaban*! I wonder if we shall see Frank?"

"Them as doesn't see folks sometimes hears 'em," remarked Cockswain Morris, who was passing.

"Talking of hearing," said George, "I wonder if Frank has heard anything of Robert?"

At that very moment a tall bronzed young man, with reddish-brown hair and dark eyes, was pacing up and down a narrow cell in a prison in Rio. A rattling of bolts warned him that he was about to receive a visit from his captors. The door swung open, and an officer entered, while four soldiers halted outside.

"Come," said the officer.

"What is to be done with me now?" asked the young man, impatiently. "Haven't I told you over and over again that I'm no spy; that I deserted from the *Tamandare* as soon as she joined the rebels, and came ashore to offer myself to the government service?"

"We have other information," said the officer; "and now we are told that plans are being made for your escape. You are to be taken to another place of confinement."

The boy said no more, but marched out between the soldiers. He was blindfolded and handcuffed, placed in a vehicle, and driven over several miles of rough road. When he was left alone in his new prison he peered out between the bars, and saw that he was somewhere among the hills back of the city.

"I suppose I shall stay here till the war is over if they don't take a notion to shoot me," he muttered, as he buried his face in his hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE RED BOOK.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER I.

"I'M older than you, and so I know better than you!" The speaker was Bertha Weld, aged fourteen. She was leaning over the gate in front of her own home, occasionally opening it wide and letting it swing to with a click. Two girls stood outside on the flagged sidewalk of Deane Street.

"Pooh! You don't know as much as you think you do about this, anyhow, for your sister is not getting them up, and mine is," returned Madge Barnes. "And you're not so very much older than we are, either." This question of age was a sore point. It was provoking that Bertha should always have it ready and waiting to clinch an argument. "Come along, Nell. Let's go up to our house and have some fun. Good-morning, Miss Weld."

And Madge walked away across the road, her short yellow curls bobbing on either side of her delicately featured face, her arm thrown about Eleanor Rogers with an air of exclusive devotion.

Bertha looked after them. "Now she's mad," she thought, as she took one more swing on the gate, then closed it, and went slowly into the house. "Nasty old theatricals! Madge Barnes is so proud because her sister thought of the old things, and orders us all round. Oh, dear, I wish I had something nice to do! Those girls are perfectly horrid."

In the mean time Madge and her friend had passed through the gateway opposite Bertha's home, and walked up the long avenue which led to the Barnes's house on the hill. There were a great many hills in Durham. When you were not climbing up one you were pretty sure to be walking down another. It was fine in winter for coasting, so the young people of the place thought, but it was harder work to get about in summer.

At present it was a Saturday in early spring, and there were ever so many delightful little impromptu brooks that came tumbling down the hill-sides.

"I wish I had on rubber boots; I'd wade in this brook," said Madge, as she paused a moment and looked longingly into the clear water. "I'll tell you what we might do, though. We might take off our shoes and stockings, and really and truly wade."

"Why, Madge Barnes, what are you thinking of?" cried Eleanor, quite shocked at the suggestion. "Wade right here near Deane Street?"

"Oh, you're so terribly proper!" returned Madge. "Well, if you won't wade here, let's go do it on the billiard table."

Both children laughed at the joke, and hurried into the house and up the stairs.

The Barneses lived in a very large house, and on the upper floor was an immense room containing a billiard table, a huge old-fashioned sofa, and a few old pieces of furniture. In days gone by, when old Dr.

Barnes, Madge's grandfather, was alive, he had been fond of the game, and had fitted up this room for the purpose. But it had fallen into disuse, and was now used partly as a lumber-room, partly as a play-room for Madge. It was her chief delight to come here with Eleanor and "dress up" in the various odd garments to be found in the chest of drawers.

All kinds of fantastic games were invented by these two original and congenial minds, but each one included "wading on the billiard table," which meant that they removed their shoes, and in their "stocking feet" tripped gayly about on the broad smooth surface.

"Are you going to be mad at Bertha long?" asked Eleanor, as she pinned a long towel about her head, and proceeded to twist it into a tight coil. It was the trial of her life that her hair was somewhat short and hopelessly straight, so she always supplied the deficiency with towels, except when playing that she was a boy. A fairy prince was her favorite character, or Laurie in *Little Women*. They liked to take one of their best-loved books and act out the story.

"There!" continued Eleanor, with a fine disregard for the becoming, "that's a regular Psyche knot. But tell me, are you going to be mad long?"

"I don't know," returned Madge, who had "spoken" to be Laurie to-day, and was artistically painting a black mustache on her upper lip with a burnt cork. "Let's see how things go. Are you going to be Jo or Amy?"

"Amy," returned Eleanor, promptly. "Let's do the scene in the boat where Amy says, 'How well we pull together, Laurie,' and he says, 'Let us always pull together, Amy!' That is just perfect."

"Ouch! This cork is hot!" exclaimed Madge. "Now I'm all done, so let's begin."

The fun lasted for an hour, and then Madge, looking out of the window, chanced to see Bertha Weld coming up the hill.

"Goody Two-shoes! Here comes Bertha!" she cried. "We're mad at her, and we don't want to see her. What shall we do?"



"LOOK AT THIS!"

"Hide," said Eleanor, promptly, "under the sofa."

And without a moment's delay they were down on their hands and knees and creeping under the old square chintz-covered lounge, leaving their shoes and the dresses they had been wearing in full view in the room.

They heard the maid coming nearer and nearer. She was searching for them in every room in the house. Finally she came up the third-story stairs.

"Miss Madge!" she called, "Miss Bertha Weld is downstairs. She wants to see you awful bad. She said she had something great to tell you. Where are them children?" continued Bridget, looking into the billiard-room.

Not a sound could be heard. The children under the sofa had their handkerchiefs stuffed into their mouths to stifle their laughter. It was just as much as they could do to manage it.

"It looks like their shoes and their dresses," murmured Bridget to herself. "Miss Madge must have changed her things up here and gone out, but it's awful funny."

Then she went down and told Bertha that they were not at home.

When she was safely out of the way Madge and Eleanor crept from their hiding-place and rolled on the floor, speechless with laughter.

"It is the best joke that ever happened," cried Madge, as soon as she could speak.

"Let's have it for a secret!"

"Yes. We can call it 'U. S.—Under the Sofa. It will be such fun to talk about it before Bertha.'"

For it was the fashion in Durham for intimate friends to have secrets together, which they called by initials, and aggravatingly flaunted in the ears of the uninitiated.

"There she goes down the drive now," said Madge, who had gone to the window.

"Nell, did you hear Bridget say she had something to tell us? I wonder what it was?"

"Nothing much, probably," said Eleanor. "Let us go on with our play."

"Oh, I don't feel like it any more! We've been playing it for ages. I'm tired of being Laurie."

"Then you can be Jo or Amy. I don't mind changing."

"No; I don't want to play another minute. I do wonder what that was Bertha had to tell?"

Eleanor was accustomed to these sudden changes on the part of her friend, but they always provoked her.

"Oh, you are so curious!" she said. "Who cares what Bertha Weld has to tell? We are mad at her, so it doesn't make any difference."

"I'm not a bit curious!" cried Madge, who detested this accusation. "I think you were very mean to hide from Bertha. Mamma and Ruth both say we treat her badly, and this time it is all your fault."

"Mine!" exclaimed Eleanor, in astonishment.

"Yes. You said to go under the sofa. I never should have thought of it. I'm going to get dressed, and go down to see Bertha this very minute at her house. I'm not going to be mad at her any longer."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Eleanor. "I don't want to go."

"Very well, Miss Disobliging, you needn't; but if you don't I'll be mad at you, and I'll tell Bertha we were under the sofa, and it was your fault."

Madge was hurriedly putting on her shoes as she spoke.

"I suppose I'll have to go," grumbled Eleanor, and proceeded to do the same, thinking while she did so that Madge Barnes was the most provoking girl that ever lived.

The truth is that Madge was somewhat spoiled. She had a sister who was several years older than herself, and who, with her parents, made a great pet of little Madge. She was a very fascinating and lovable child, but she had two great faults. One was an inordinate

curiosity, and the other was a sort of surface fickleness. In certain things she was very determined: "when she wanted to have her own way, for instance. In her heart she loved Eleanor devotedly, but she knew her power over her, and used it to the full. Nothing delighted her more than to make Eleanor miserable by pretending to "be mad" at her, which was the favorite Durham mode of expressing a temporary cessation of friendship.

Eleanor, on the contrary, was incapable of doing anything of the kind. She was faithful through and through. Her feelings were easily hurt, but she would not show it if she could help it. She always had the uneasy consciousness, however, that Madge knew just how much she was torturing her.

They dressed almost in silence, Madge occasionally humming a bit of a tune, or breaking into a short laugh, which she immediately suppressed as if with a great effort. She was rapidly getting into her most tantalizing frame of mind. Eleanor knew from experience that her wisest course was to say nothing, but it was a difficult matter. She would have much preferred to talk it over.

As they approached Bertha's home Madge suddenly changed her tactics.

"I think I won't be mad with you any longer, Nell. It isn't worth while for Bertha to think we've had a fight. You're coming in, aren't you?" For Eleanor had shown some signs of continuing on to her own home.

"Well," said Eleanor, weakening, "perhaps I had better."

So they passed in together, and Bertha, seeing them from the window, came running out to meet them.

"Why, girls, I've just been up to your house."

"I know," returned Madge. "Bridget couldn't find us. But she said you had something to tell us, so we hurried down to see you."

Bertha looked at her doubtfully. "Where were you?" she asked.

"Way upstairs."

"Bridget went up stairs."

"Yes, but she couldn't find us. She doesn't know every place in the house, does she? Anyhow, we came right down to see you. What was it you wanted to tell us?"

"It is a perfectly splendid secret," said Bertha, pleased to find herself so important. She had no especial friend, and when she was "dropped" by Madge and Eleanor, she usually did all she could to make them take her up again. It was not very dignified, but Bertha did not mind that.

"You'll just scream with delight," she continued.

"Well, hurry up and tell us," said Madge, impatient to hear all there was to be learned.

"First promise that you'll never, never tell."

"I promise," said Madge, readily enough.

"On your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor."

"And will you do the same, Eleanor? On your word of honor?"

"Yes," said Eleanor, "on my word of honor."

This formality over, Bertha, with an air of deep mystery, put her hand into her pocket and drew out a small book bound in red.

"Look at this!"

"Well, is that all!" exclaimed Madge, in a disappointed voice. "Bertha Weld, I thought you had something splendid to tell us!"

"So I have. I found this this afternoon."

"But what is it?"

"A diary."

"A diary? Whose?"

"Mrs. Brewster's; for her name, M. B. Brewster, is on the first page. And it is full of the most interesting things."

"Why, Bertha Weld, you surely haven't read it?" cried Eleanor, with flaming cheeks.

"Of course I haven't read the whole thing, but I've read some, and it's awfully interesting."

"Read my dear Mrs. Brewster's diary—mamma's most intimate friend! I shall tell her what a mean dishonorable thing you've done."

"Indeed you won't do any such thing!" exclaimed Bertha. "You've promised on your word of honor you wouldn't tell my secret."

"But I didn't know it was this."

"Of course you didn't, but that makes no difference. You've got to keep quiet about it. You've promised."

Bertha felt quite safe. She knew that Eleanor never broke her word.

"Oh, do hush, Nell! There's no harm in our reading it," interposed Madge, whose curiosity was already on edge.

"Madge!" cried Eleanor, reproachfully. "Mamma says it is the most dishonorable thing in the world to read anything that other people have written unless it is intended for you to see. And your mother thinks so too. I know she does."

"Well, maybe Mrs. Brewster meant some one to see this," laughed Bertha. "She ought not to have been so careless about dropping it unless she did."

"Are you sure it is Mrs. Brewster's?"

"M. B. Brewster," I tell you. But of course you would not look at the name or anything else for anything. You are so honorable!"

"Indeed I won't," replied Eleanor. "I'm going home. And, Madge, you had better come too."

"Well, I like this!" cried Bertha, angrily. "Madge, are you going with your nurse or your governess or whatever Eleanor Rogers is? She seems to order you around a great deal."

"Of course I'm not," said Madge, bobbing her curls with decision. "I'm going to stay here and hear what is in the diary. I won't read it myself, perhaps, but I am calling on you, Bertha, and if you choose to read some of it out loud I can't help it, can I?"

"Madge!" exclaimed Eleanor, almost too angry and horrified to speak. Then without another word she left them and went out of the house.

She went home, and, finding a book, tried to read. It was dull work, and almost impossible. To think of Mrs. Brewster's diary being read by those two girls was almost more than she could bear. Her mother was not at home. Eleanor had no brothers and sisters, and her father was dead.

Mrs. Rogers was not at all well off, and being a very cultivated woman, she added to her small income by teaching classes in literature and by reading with one or two people. Consequently she was out a great deal, and Eleanor would have led a lonely life had it not been for her intimacy with Madge Barnes. Mrs. Barnes was very fond of her, and encouraged her to be with Madge as much as possible; for in addition to the fact that Mrs. Rogers was an old acquaintance, she felt that Eleanor had a noble character, and that it was well for Madge to have such a friend.

Bertha and Madge, left to themselves, looked at each other. Madge's conscience picked a wee bit, but she turned a deaf ear to its reminders.

"Do you want to hear it?" asked Bertha, holding up the little red book.

"Of course I do. Hurry up!"

Bertha opened it. She read various little entries that were of no particular importance or interest—notes of the weather, calls that the writer had made, books that she had read.

"I don't think much of it," said Madge at last. "Let me see it."

She took the little book, and turned over the pages. Presently she gave a cry of astonishment.

"Bertha, listen to this! Look! look! Doesn't it mean Mrs. Rogers and Eleanor?"

Together they read the following entry, under the date of July 20th:

"Passed the morning with Mrs. R. She told me much about her life. E. is adopted, but is never to know it. Came from an orphan asylum. Loves her, however, like her own child."

"Do you suppose it means Mrs. Rogers and Eleanor, Bertha? You know Mrs. Brewster is Mrs. Rogers's dearest friend, and always has been."

"Of course it does," said Bertha, her eyes fastened upon the page. "Who else could it be?"

"What a good thing she went home before we found it out," said Madge. "We'll never tell her. But, oh, Bertha, what a secret for us to have!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRIVATE THEATRICALS, AND HOW TO GET THEM UP.

BY EDWARD FALES COWARD.

II.—HOW TO PREPARE A PLAY AND GIVE IT.

SOME of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE may have taken advantage of the paper on Amateur Theatricals recently printed to build themselves theatres. If so, they now want an attraction with which to amuse themselves and entertain their friends. "The play's the thing," as Hamlet says, and now one of the greatest tasks that befall the professional as well as the amateur manager presents itself.

What to act is a question that to be answered satisfactorily requires much thought and the exercise of no little judgment. As a bit of advice, the amateur manager is cautioned to be modest. It is extremely likely that the acting material he has to draw upon is not of the stuff of which stars are made. It is therefore better to begin with a play that calls for the display of the simpler emotions. Then, as experience is gained, it is possible to try something more ambitious. But in the search for something simple care should be exercised that trash is not mistaken for simplicity. A play with little point and dull dialogue would tax the most experienced corps of actors to make interesting, and the play publishers have printed hundreds and hundreds of pieces that have now become utterly unsuited to modern requirements.

If these words are read by the younger subscribers to the paper, they cannot do better than confine their attention to the little pieces which have appeared in these pages from time to time. They require little scenery, are simple in action, and the characters are quite within the artistic resources of the youngest aspirant for theatrical honors. But a play of olden times that requires costumes is always picturesque, and adds an element to a performance that often makes up for some deficiency. A young player, too, always feels that he is doing more acting when he arrays himself in some garb out of the ordinary. There is great fun to be had in trying to effect inexpensive substitutes for the robes of kings and queens, and the shape dresses, as they are called, of the dukes, courtiers, and titled personages of melodramatic and romantic plays. Canton flannel, cheese-cloth, paper muslin, silesia—they all come nowadays in such varied and artistic colors—lend themselves admirably to the make-up of effective



PROMPTER'S BOOK.

costumes. The useful gilt paper must not be overlooked either where regal glitter and pomp are needed.

If the amateur actors, after appearing in some of the pieces already referred to, seek for some higher outlet for their histrionic gifts, an excellent medium may be found in some of the principal scenes of Shakespeare's plays. The quarrel in the tent from *Julius Cæsar*, the scene between Arthur and Hubert in *King John*, the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, the wooing scene from *Richard III.*, scenes from *Othello*, *Macbeth*, etc., which have done service so many times for school recitations, might also be acted out. Perhaps a trifle crudely, to be sure; but there is a keen satisfaction about playing something very worthily that spurs one on, and often results in achievements that are really valuable from an artistic point of view. It is also possible to play selections from some of the old comedies by Sheridan and Goldsmith, but in such cases, as well as in the tragic selections, it is wiser to first get the advice of some older person.

Publishers of plays print nowadays very complete catalogues, dividing the pieces up into classes, and detailing in each case the style of the characters, the number of men and women required, the scene or scenes necessary, and the time occupied in playing.

To start with, it is not desirable to have a play that requires very many characters. The larger your dramatic company is the harder it is to get it together for frequent rehearsals. Plenty of time and hard work must be expended in the work of preparation if there are any

ment, it is not altogether advisable to select him to direct the rehearsals. As a general rule never pick out your best actor for this position. If he attempts to play a leading part and direct the stage at the same time he is certain either to do injustice to himself or to those who depend upon him. To fill a leading rôle or direct a stage is a sufficient task in itself for any man not a genius.

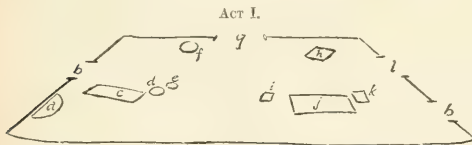
It has been frequently found in professional circles that the best stage-managers are not those who have achieved any great prominence as actors. The ability to develop others and bring out the points of a play is a gift in itself. In selecting your stage-manager, therefore, choose a man who possesses patience, tact, executive ability, taste, and conservativeness. To successfully fulfil his duties he will need all these qualities.

Having picked your man with due caution, it now becomes necessary to place in him absolute trust and power. Not being an actor of a prominent part, interested in the glorification of self, he will devote himself entirely to the common good. It will be his purpose to get the best out of every one, to adapt the resources of each player to a common *ensemble* that will give balance and finish to the production. He will need patience, because there is a vast amount of detail connected with every performance that will try the good-nature of all concerned. He will need tact, because it is always difficult in amateur affairs to make the exponents of minor rôles realize that on their efforts, quite as much as on those playing leading rôles, depends a smooth and effective result. He must be able to beget confidence—a confidence which will persuade each player that he is looking after and guarding his individual interests. He will need executive ability, because of the hundred and one details of a production that will demand his personal knowledge and attention. He will need taste, that the feelings of the audience and the intent of the author may always be observed; and he will need to be conservative, because in matters of art—and such an element always enters into even the humblest dramatic effort—it is never desirable to strive for bizarre effects.

Placing therefore in his hands absolute power, his duties may be thus defined: The play having been selected, he must first make his prompt-book. This is necessary even when printed stage directions are given, because it is not always possible to follow them. Your scenery, in the matter and arrangements of doors and windows, may not be in keeping with those called for in the printed book, in which case it will be necessary for him to work out his own "stage plot," as it is called. If, therefore, it is a printed book, he should carefully take it apart, and between every two pages insert a leaf of blank paper. If the play is one of those printed in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, he should take a copy-book, or some blank-book of convenient size, and cutting the play from the paper in sections of an equal length, should paste them in regular order on every other page of the book, so that every section of printed matter will have a blank page to the left of it.

Before writing down on the white pages the stage directions referring to the printed text opposite, the stage-manager should first work out his crosses, movements, bits of business, and exits on other slips of paper, transferring them only to his prompt book when he finds that they are practicable and what the story of the play demands.

The work of plotting a play requires great patience and not a little work. The stage-manager should first read the play over several times, familiarizing himself thoroughly with its spirit, purport, and object. Then he should endeavor to work out a plan of action that will bring out all these particulars. He should study each character carefully, so that he can determine its exact



a. Fireplace, mirror over it; ornament and clock on mantel piece. b, b. Doors. c. Sofa. d. Small table, with writing materials and bell on same. e. Light parlor chair. f. Table, with lighted lamp. g. Entrance, with portières. h. Arm-chair. i. Small chair. j. Table, books and lamp on it. k. High-backed chair. l. Window, with curtains.

hopes of a smooth performance. It is therefore most desirable in making up your company to enlist only those who are heartily interested in theatricals, and who are prepared even to make sacrifices if necessary to the common cause.

After having organized your club, if it is to be an organization with officers, the first step is to choose a stage-manager. On him will depend almost entirely the result, good or bad, of your labors, and therefore the position should not be filled without careful thought. With an efficient stage-manager an inferior band of players may be so drilled that a smooth and effective performance will be given, but even a galaxy of stars will not succeed unless directed by a central power. A stage-manager is to the theatre what a general is to an army.

Nowadays in the big cities when amateur theatricals are given a professional is engaged for this office, and the value of his services is seen in performances that often compare favorably with those given in a regular theatre. As the readers of this paper are probably beginners, such outside help is, of course, impossible, and they must therefore depend upon themselves alone. In the selection of this important official one or two hints may be found valuable. Because a man proves himself to be the most accomplished actor in the organization, it does not follow that he will prove the most desirable for the office of stage-manager.

If he is a brilliant player, and combines with it an excellent and wide knowledge of the stage and its manage-



TALKING OVER THE PLAY WITH THE STAGE-MANAGER.

proportionate value to the story, he should think out characteristic bits of business that will heighten the effect of each part, and he must devise stage groupings of the characters that will make pictures; for a play is really a story illustrated by living pictures. The groupings must be so arranged that the component parts balance each other. Care must be taken that no actor stands in a line and so hides another; neither should there be a majority of players on any one side of the stage. They should be so grouped that an artistic equilibrium is always established. Then each page of text must be considered so that the entrances and exits are all consistently arranged. Thus, if a character goes off through a door on the left-hand side of the stage, say to enter that part of the house set apart for the family, it must be seen that on his reappearance he does not come in through a door which is supposed to communicate with the street. All these little points have to be most carefully considered. Then when an act or scene has been thought out in this way, the exact method of procedure should be set down on the blank page opposite the printed page, so that when the stage-manager comes to drill his forces, he may know just where each character should be at almost every line of the play's text.

In arranging these formulæ, some stage-managers take a board or table, lining it out with chalk or books just as the ground-plan of the stage is. Then with chessmen or spools, representing the different characters, they move them about until they get a scheme that is perfectly balanced. Of course when the players begin to actively rehearse, expediency may suggest some changes in the original plan; but a well worked out stage plot will seldom thereafter require change, except in the elaboration of minor particulars.

The stage-manager having worked out his stage plot, he should call the company together and submit to them

a schedule of rehearsals. With amateurs, of course, it is impossible to expect them to suit their plans exactly as the schedule calls for. Allowing, however, for sickness and imperative engagements, a series of dates for rehearsing should be arranged, at each one of which every player taking part should be expected to be punctually present. If the play is more than one act, it is wiser to arrange the rehearsals so that the first act shall be rehearsed on certain nights, the second on other nights, and so on. In this way it will not be necessary to have those only appearing in subsequent acts hanging about while one of the earlier ones is being whipped into shape. The schedule of rehearsals once established, it should be impressed upon every one the necessity of being present whenever he is needed. Satisfactory results can never be obtained when a substitute takes a principal's part at rehearsal.

If the play is a costume play, it is very desirable that there should be a dress rehearsal the night before the actual performance. It is a very different thing to handle actual properties from imaginary ones, and there should be always at least one rehearsal where everybody is present, and where everything is arranged for in the matter of doors, tables, and personal accessories, just as it is at a regular performance.

The stage-manager's assistant is a property-man. The only qualifications a person needs to fill this office are a clear head and a general disposition to work. He needs no particular knowledge of the stage or the art of acting. His work is mapped out for him, and all he has to do is to see that he religiously follows what is outlined for him. The stage-manager having studied out and made his stage plot, he must next make his scene, property, and gas plots for the guidance of his assistant or assistants.

A scene plot is a paper which the stage-manager prepares for the use of those entrusted with setting the scenery and furnishing the stage. It describes in detail

just how the scenery is to be arranged, where the doors, windows, and fireplaces are to be located, and where the furniture and necessary ornaments, etc., are to be placed. It may also contain particulars as to how the scene shall be dressed and arranged in minor but really important details. This includes purely ornamental features.

Taking, for example, an interior scene for some play, the stage-manager would make out his scene plot in some such fashion as shown in the cut on page 84.

If the play to be acted needs more than one scene, a separate scene plot must be made for each act. These plots once turned over to the property-man, it devolves upon him to see that each item called for is supplied and put in place on the night of the dress rehearsal and the actual performance. If the house in which the entertainment is given cannot supply all these particulars, he must see that they are borrowed or hired elsewhere. But in providing them the property-man must be held absolutely responsible. If the production is an elaborate one he may, and probably will, need an assistant, who will, of course, look to his principal for his orders.

The property plot is also arranged by the stage-manager from his prompt-book. It includes not only the actual furnishing of the stage demanded by the action and business of the play, but the individual accessories needed by the different players. Thus a property plot would read as follows:

Clock on mantel-piece, R. (R. standing for right, L. for left, C. for centre; R. C. right of centre; L. C. left of centre; R. U. E., right upper entrance; L. U. E., left upper entrance; R. 1 E., right first entrance; L. 1 E., left first entrance; etc.). Writing materials (pen, ink, and paper) on table, R. Bell on same. Picture of man in uniform, time Napoleon I., on wall, R. 1 E. Cushions on sofa, R. C. Pitcher of water and three glasses on table, L. C. Lamp (lighted) on table, R. C. of centre. Footstool by chair, L. of table, L. C. Legal documents for Bilkins, the lawyer. Letter for Miss Quotem, Act I. Letter for Miss Quotem, Act II. Bouquet for Captain Illiby, Act III. Etc., etc.

The personal properties the property man must see are delivered to each actor *before* each act. The players themselves will have quite enough to think about without bothering over details.

The gas plot is also arranged by the stage-manager, again from his prompt-book, for the use of the man in charge of the lights, who probably will also have charge of the curtain.

Such a plot would read as follows:

Act I.

Foot-lights down as curtain rises; stage dark.

[*Cue.*] *Ethel.* How dark it is! I must light the lamp.

[*Does so. Foot-lights up on the act.*

Act II.

Forest scene. Foot-lights down as curtain rises. Gradually raised throughout the scene.

If the play is a melodrama—that is, a play of a highly dramatic kind, the action of which is heightened by the accompaniment of incidental music—or a piece in which music is introduced, it will be necessary for the stage-manager to arrange a music plot for the guidance of the leader of the orchestra, or the pianist, as the case may be. Such a plot would be fixed up as follows:

Act I.

Ethel. Sir Gilbert approaches. [*Creepy music to his exit.*

* * * * *

Ethel. Would you hear me sing that old song? Then listen.

[*Music for introduced song, etc.*

In arranging these various plots, it will be seen that the stage-manager has a great deal of work to do. He must study out each page of his play's text and note

down the requirements of every word. It is a long and arduous task, that will tax the patience of any one.

The art of making up—that is, painting the face to represent different ages and races—is a profound study in itself. It cannot be referred to in any detail here. The articles used are powders of different shades, grease paints of all shades, rouge, crape hair (for the making of mustaches and beards), and spirit gum, a specially prepared form of mucilage, which is impervious to perspiration. These articles, of course, must be bought, and only reputable merchants should be dealt with. For the protection of the skin it is, of course, necessary that they should be made up of only the best materials.

Most private theatricals suffer from a want of punctuality. If you would interest your audiences it is necessary to ring your curtain up at the advertised hour, and have the waits between your acts as brief as possible. Impress on every one this fact. Allow plenty of leeway, and leave nothing to the last minute. Have everything arranged at least twenty minutes before the hour of beginning, and then the baneful effects of excitement, which are always sure to produce nervousness, will be done away with, and the players will be able to give their entire attention to the work of supplying a smooth performance.

A NOVEL BASKET.

A CHARMING little basket that might well be called the traveller's basket can be made from heavy colored linen. If any of you girls are still in doubt as to what gift you can offer to mamma or to your sister when Christmas comes, this pretty trifle will help to solve the problem. It is so simple that any of you can make it, and it is both convenient and attractive when finished. It becomes a dainty little basket with pockets for buttons, thread, and all a needle-woman's paraphernalia when it is hung from a hook, and it lies perfectly flat when the string is let out. Hence it is easy to pack, and takes up no room in the trunk, for which reason it is a traveller's friend, and so deserves its second name.

Heavy linen, either blue, old-pink, or sage-green, makes the best material of all, and you will require just three-quarters of a yard of the twenty-four or twenty-seven-inch width, and half a yard of the thirty-six-inch width to cut all the parts. The basket consists of three hexagons, as the diagram shows, and its success depends entirely upon the neatness and exactness with which you do the work.

Cut the three pieces carefully, and let the largest measure fifteen inches from A to B; the second, thirteen from C to D; and the third, eleven from E to F. Then you will find that each hexagon is one inch smaller all round than the last.

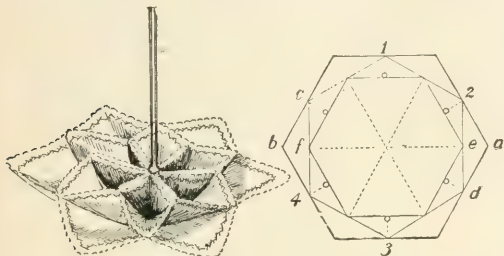
When they are all cut, scallop the edges of each with white silk, and work a row of fine tree-stitching within the edge. When that is done the basket will be ready to put together.

To do this, first lay the largest piece upon the table, and the second in size upon it, so that the points fall midway of the straight edges of the first, as the diagram shows. When you have adjusted it exactly baste it into place, then stitch it fast to the larger piece along the dotted lines, or from the points 1, 2, D, 3, 4, and C to the centre. Then on these two lay the third and smallest piece in the same way, and again stitch from each of its points to the centre; but take care to sew through only the upper two. The under piece must be left free.

When all the pieces are in place, and all have been stitched, sew a small brass ring to the centre of each of the six sides of the smallest hexagon, and through them run either a silk cord or a narrow ribbon. Whichever it

may be let it be a little longer than the combined distance between the rings, and when you draw it up and hang it upon a hook, you will find a perfect basket like the one the drawing shows.

The directions may sound slightly complicated, but if once you begin you will find the work as simple as can be. The pockets formed by drawing up the cord are



THE FINISHED BASKET AND DIAGRAM.

deep and quite sufficiently ample; together they will hold the material for many hours' work. The one drawback to leaving the string free is that the basket must always hang. If you simply knot either the ribbon or cord after it is drawn up it can be more easily carried about, and the basket can be placed upon a table if desired. It is designed to hang, and always looks prettiest in that position, but the ability to change so useful an object from place to place is always a convenience, and for that reason it is wiser to knot the ribbon or cord.

WHO KNOWS THEM?

THERE were once two little sisters who lived in the same house. One little girl had pleasant things happening to her every day, but the other little girl was always in discomfort about something.

"Dearies," said mamma, "it is too stormy to-day for you to go out."

"Oh, then we can use our new tea-set!" cried the first little girl. "You promised we could the first rainy day. How nice!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the second little girl. "That's always the way. I particularly wanted to go out to-day. Now I can't. How provoking!"

It did seem queer, didn't it?

By-and-by, after a fit of sulks, the second little girl consented to play tea-party. They ran to fetch their tea-table.

"But you broke the tea-table last week," mamma reminded them. "I sent it to be mended. I'll put this board across two stools for you. That will make a good big table."

"I don't think that's nice at all, mamma," complained the second little girl. "It hasn't any leaves. Now, there! Whenever I want to play tea-party, then, I can't find the right things. It seems as if it happened on purpose."

"But see, it's a prettier shape," said the first little girl. "It's a square one. Plenty of room for all the new dishes, and room for every doll. Isn't that lucky?"

So they played tea-party a while, and presently mamma called:

"Come, childies, the rain has stopped, and we can go for a bit of a walk before supper. Get your rubbers and thick coats."

"Oh, good!" shouted the first little girl. "Then we can have fun! We can run through all the puddles, and our thick coats are our old ones; so it won't matter if they do get spattered."

"I think it horrid!" answered the second little girl. "The thick coats are too hot, and I just hate to wear rubbers. But then I always have to do the things I hate, and I s'pose I always shall."

It is a very strange thing, but it does seem so. I wonder if it will happen to her the same way all her life?

OUTWITTED BY A BLIND BEGGAR.

THE Japanese are very fond of listening to stories, and particularly those which illustrate their own national characteristics, and a good story is enjoyed over and over again quite as much as when it was new. The favorite topic for these narratives is to have one person outwit another, and especially if the successful person is the one who seems at first to be marked out for the victim, and who triumphs in spite of disadvantages.

Among the curious creatures in Japan is the *fugu*, a very dainty fish when it is in right condition for eating, but unfortunately the only way of finding this out is like the directions given for telling mushrooms from toadstools—eat them, and if there are no unpleasant sensations afterward they are mushrooms, but if the person who makes the experiment dies, they are toadstools. One of these uncertain fish was presented to a gentleman, who invited a party of friends to dinner; but although the fish was a very fine specimen, no one cared to run the risk of being poisoned.

Presently the host announced that he had been favored with an idea, and this was to experiment with the fish on a blind beggar who was generally to be found at the door, and who seemed thankful for any gift. Should the experiment prove fatal to the beggar it would be a cause of rejoicing that he had saved so many valuable lives, and if he escaped unharmed from the ordeal, they could still rejoice over the dainty dish, of which they might then partake without misgiving.

The idea was highly applauded, and having settled upon two hours as a sufficiently liberal time for the beggar to die in, if he was to die from eating that particular *fugu*, all returned to the feast and partook of various dainties, while keeping an eye from time to time on the beggar outside. He had received a generous portion of the delicate fish with becoming gratitude, and as no bad symptoms appeared in the course of the two hours the guests decided to begin upon the *fugu*. It was pronounced delicious, and they ate very freely of it, drinking also many cups of *saké*, which went to their heads.

Then some of them proposed to go and tell the beggar of the risk he had run for their benefit as "a good joke"; but that rather remarkable man received the announcement very calmly. He even smiled as he drew forth from his robe the liberal portion of *fugu* with which he had been favored, telling them that he recognized it at once by the smell, and knew just why it had been bestowed on him. Then tranquilly adding that he should now watch the effect upon them before tasting the fish, he sat down to enjoy their discomfort.

It is not stated whether the revellers found to their cost that the fish was in a poisonous condition; but it is safe to assume that in any case they never again partook of *fugu*.

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

IT was a little snow-flake
With tiny winglets furled,
Its warm Cloud-Mother held it fast

Above the sleeping world.
All night the wild winds blustered
And blew o'er land and sea,
But the little snow-flake cuddled close,
As safe as safe could be.

Then came the cold gray morning,
And the great Cloud-Mother said,
"Now every little snow-flake
Must proudly lift its head,
And through the air go sailing,
Till it finds a place to alight,
For I must weave a coverlet
And clothe the world in white.

The little snow-flake fluttered
And gave a wee, wee sigh,
But fifty million other flakes
Came softly floating by.
And the wise Cloud-Mothers sent them
To keep the world's bread warm,
Through many a wintry sunset,
And many a night of storm.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



"WHY DON'T YOUR MEEDER DO YOUR WOOL UP LIKE MINE, DEN YOU FEEL COOL."

A QUARREL IN THE STAMP-ALBUM.

"HOW do you do?" said the Two-cent Postage-stamp to the Sixpenny Stamp from England.

"I don't do. I have done," replied the English stamp, gruffly. "Can't you see that I am cancelled? That I bear the mark of having accomplished my work?"

"Excuse me," said the American stamp, meekly. "I meant how are you, when I said how do you do."

"Then why couldn't you have said so?" retorted the English stamp. "When you mean to say a thing, why not say it? Can't you speak English?"

"Only a little," said the Two-cent Stamp. "You see, I never went to school, and then you know this picture I have engraved on my heart—it's George Washington. English things never bothered him very much, you know."

"Never heard of him before," said the Sixpenny Stamp.

"Very likely not," observed the Two-cent Stamp. "You very naturally wouldn't hear his name mentioned often where you

came from. I don't suppose in all England there's a statue of him, or a public square named after him."

"No, I don't suppose so either," said the English stamp. "We put up statues only to great men. I don't believe your George Washington was much of a man."

"He was more of a man than your Queen Victoria will ever be," retorted the Two-cent Stamp.

The Twenty-five-centime Stamp from France laughed.

"Zat ees right; don't you let ze Englishman bulldose you," he said.

"Don't intend to," said the Two-cent Stamp.

"He's tried it on several times."

"Yes, he has," sneered the Sixpenny Stamp.

"And he'll try it on again every time he sees fit too."

"I don't know Fittoo," smiled the Two-cent Stamp. "How often do you see Fittoo, and what is he? Sounds like a monkey's name."

"And what's more," howled the Sixpenny Stamp, "some day I'll give you a licking."

"Hoh!" laughed the American. "You can't do it."

"Why can't I?" roared the English stamp, angrily. "Sixpence is just six times stronger than two cents—so it's six to one I can lick you."

"Well, you can't, anyhow," cried the American, gleefully, "because I've already been licked, and you can't lick a postage-stamp twice."

And then all the other stamps laughed so uproariously that Bobbie had to shut them up in his album.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

No matter how large the needle,
No matter how hard he'll try,
The baby can't put his finger
Into the needle's eye.

So sometimes I envy the needle,
And think that his lot is fine,
For nothing delights my baby so much
As putting his fingers in mine.



NATURAL HISTORY IN THE TROPICS.

NATURALIST. "HELLO! THERE IS AN ENTIRELY NEW SPECIES OF ANTELOPE, AND AS WE HAVE THEM CORNFIED, WE MUST CAPTURE THEM ALIVE, IF POSSIBLE. YOU SPRING UPON THE SMALLER ONE, AND I WILL MEET THE OTHER."

CAPTURED ALIVE.



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



"PROFESSOR JIM'S" CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY JANE SMILEY.

ALMOST every one whom business or pleasure called past Parker's Alley had learned to know, at least by sight, "Professor Jim, the Bootblack Artist."

So read a canvas sign festooned about a platform chair, itself ornamented with brass nails and strips of bright metal. To his acquaintances Professor Jim was the "smartest" bootblack in Boston, which perhaps explains why he was general manager of that particular chair, out of fifty others in the city which were owned by an individual who called himself Mr. Samuels, and who sat spider-like in a dirty office, high up in a dirty building, to which these human flies went daily to render their accounts.

Where the boy's father was no one knew.

"Oh, I guess he's alive and kicking somewhere," Professor Jim would answer when questioned on this somewhat delicate subject. Of his mother he never spoke, except when alone with Pete, his younger brother, a boy of twelve, who limped through life with a crutch because of some early accident. To the Professor's friends Pete was a puzzle. That he still went to school was remarkable enough, but the ease with which he read and wrote and ciphered was marvellous.

"Why don't Jim send that kid to the cigar factory?" they sometimes asked, taking good care to be out of earshot of the Professor, for of Jim the "crowd," one and all, stood in wholesome awe.

First, there were Billy the Kid, surnamed because of his extremely youthful appearance, Jack Turner, whose attention to matters of personal adornment won him the title of the "Swell," Lock-eyed Ben, who saw more with one eye than most boys with two, and a dozen kindred spirits who gloried in the doings and sayings of their leaders.

During the school vacations Pete limped daily down to the "stand," and sat on a little cricket watching the passers-by. Sometimes he made himself useful doing short errands or polishing the brass-work of the chair; sometimes a friendly newsboy lent him a paper to read in return for favors rendered in the mathematical line; but more often he amused himself and the boys telling wonderful stories, for which he was quite famous. It was a rough-and-tumble existence, of which the working and school hours were by far the best part, for most of the boys ate and slept at the house of an old woman, who made them pay dearly for the privilege.

"If I had more money we'd move quick enough," Jim would sometimes exclaim in wrath, and then Pete would beg to go to work, only to be refused, for Jim had great hopes of his scholarship.

"He's le'rnt heaps," the proud brother would inform the boys; "gramma' an' history an' 'rithmetic, an' some time he's going to teach school hisself."

"'Bout all he's good for," muttered one of the listeners.

"What's that?" demanded the Professor, facing about angrily.

"Oh, I only meant 'cause he's lame, you know, Jim," cried the boy.

"Well, keep what you mean inside your mouth," returned Jim, and henceforth no boy was brave enough to express an opinion on the subject.

It was a bright autumn afternoon, just at that hour when "work wasn't in it," as the boys said, and they lounged about the alley.

"What's Pete got in his jacket?" cried Jimmy Peters, standing up to watch the boy limp across the crowded street.

"Guess he's swiped something from the peanut man," observed Fatty, complacently.

"Shut up!" cried Professor Jim, so savagely, that Fatty beat a hasty retreat just as Pete reached the curbstone, breathless.

"Look at here!" he cried, excitedly, opening a ragged jacket to display a wretchedly thin and dirty little dog, with bloodshot eyes and mangy fur, who trembled and whined piteously as he saw himself surrounded.

"Where did yer get him, Pete?" cried Professor Jim.

"There was a tin tied to his tail—"

"He ain't no great beauty," remarked the wrathful Fatty.

"Poor little Bummer!" exclaimed Jimmy Peters, rubbing the puppy's head with a grimy hand. "I guess he wants something to eat; he ain't overfat," at which suggestion the crowd eagerly offered the contents of their ragged pockets—some bits of bread, a peanut bar, a half-eaten pickle, and from Fatty the remains of a meat sandwich, which last was instantly swallowed by the puppy.

"I say, fellers," cried the elated Fatty, "let's get a collar for the pup, so he won't get lost, an' we can write on it, 'This dog belongs to the fellers in Parker's Alley.'"

"Bully idea!" cried a chorus; and that night the crowd went in a body to make the important purchase.

And so Bummer became a recognized member of the bohemian band, and all went well until the fall.

It was a chilly night in November, and the crowd had sought refuge in the comparative warmth of Professor Jim's alley, where Pete, throned on the ornamented chair, was busily engaged in teaching his pet an amazingly brand-new trick. A friendly policeman passed on his beat with a warning to make no noise, when sudden-

ly the loud blare of a brass band burst on the still night air.

"It's them Germans," cried Professor Jim, and with a yell the boys broke cover, scenting amusement. Off they scampered, all save Billy the Kid, who lay outstretched upon the pavement, idly pulling Bummer's one ear.

"I say, old feller," he remarked to the attentive dog, "I know something better'n German bands. Ben Cramp's got a dog ain't half your size;" and gathering the ungainly creature in his arms, Billy ran swiftly through the deserted streets.

Half an hour later the boys returned.

"Where's Billy?" asked Fatty.

"Where's Bummer?" questioned Pete.

"Oh, I guess they've gone out for a con-stitution-al!" remarked Jimmy Peters between two bites of an apple. But although it grew cold and late, neither Billy nor Bummer returned.

"It's time to go home, fellers," announced Professor Jim. "Come along, Pete, that dog will turn up all right in the morning."

"I wish I hadn't left him," murmured sorrowful Pete, as he crept slowly to bed.

Early next morning Jim met the Kid. "What did you do with Bummer?" he demanded.

"I didn't do nothing with him," returned the culprit, with a surliness that should have aroused suspicion.

"Well, he's gone."

Almost a week elapsed ere tidings came of the wanderer, and then, alas! alas! for Billy the Kid. Some gossip told of an earless, tailless dog he had backed in a fight against Ben Cramp's cur. The united wrath of the crowd descended on his unprotected head.

"You're a sneak!" cried Jimmy Peters, as he floored the penitent again.

From that day two boys scoured the city for the lost Bummer, and so remorseful was Billy that even Pete relented.

Searching one day in a back street which bounded an aristocratic portion of the city, Billy suddenly came upon Bummer—but such a wretched-looking Bummer! His stump of a tail drooped disconsolately, all the hair round his throat had been worn away by the friction of a rude collar, and his original color was lost under several coats of dried mud; but for all that he was recognized.

"Bummer, dear Bummer!" cried the delighted boy, clasping the pet in his arms as he raced homeward.

It was on that night of jubilation that the boys, lounging about in old-time friendliness, fell to talking of the rapidly approaching holidays.

"I've got Bummer back for a Christmas present," sighed Pete, contentedly.

"Is there going to be any dinner this year?" questioned Fatty.

"Wouldn't do us any good if there was; me and Billy made a kind of a racket last year when Fatty had the fit"—and Ben looked as doleful as he felt.

"Then none of us fellers will go to their old dinner," announced Professor Jim, to which the crowd gave noisy but regretful assent. The first rule in their code of honor commanded the boys to "hang together."

"We've got to do it, fellers," said Professor Jim, with conviction, glancing at the circle of downcast faces, "unless"—and then he said no more, for a wonderful plan had suddenly popped into his own active brain. Half the night he pondered, and early next day he carried out the preliminaries by sauntering into the office of the great hotel whose annex had crowded itself onto the alley.

With cap set rakishly over one ear, both hands in his trousers pockets, and his lips puckered up for a whistle, Professor Jim felt his manner conveyed an idea of supreme indifference to observation. "I want to see the

proprietor," he explained to the dapper clerk behind the desk.

"The who?" gasped the astonished individual.

"The proprietor," repeated Professor Jim, more loudly, supposing the man to be deaf.

"I am the proprietor," explained a quiet-looking man whom the boy had overlooked.

"Well, I'm Professor Jim, who keeps the stand in the alley," returned Jim; and then getting at once to the heart of the subject, he continued: "I want ter give a spread to the fellers on Christmas, an' I thought you might like the job, being neighbors, you know, and friendly. I've got two dollars an' nine cents. That'll give a quarter fer each feller, and thirty-four cents fer extras."

"I am afraid—" began the proprietor.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid," interrupted Professor Jim, reassuringly. "We ain't used ter any great style."

Perhaps it was the lad's airy independence, perhaps the spirit of the festive season, that won the proprietor, but from that moment he felt that, come what might, no house but his should entertain "the fellers."

"Will you require a private dining-room?" inquired the proprietor, gravely.

"Cost much?" queried the host expectant.

"We will count it part of the extras."

"Then we'll have it," decided Jim.

"Will you dine at six?" continued the proprietor.

"Go chase yourself!" remarked Professor Jim.

"I mentioned six as the usual hour at which my guests take dinner."

"Then," said Professor Jim, quite slowly, "we'll come at six, 'cause we're going ter do this spread on the heavy swell; but it will be a long time to wait. An' now," he continued, pulling out an ancient leather pouch, "I'll pay now an' call the thing square;" and out on the shining counter rolled the treasured quarters. This done, Professor Jim sauntered out with high-bred ease, leaving the proprietor and his assistant to enjoy the odd adventure, which they were doing heartily, when suddenly a ragged cap and towseled head loomed again above the counter.

"Don't yer ferget the turkey fixings," remarked Professor Jim, in a stage-whisper—and was gone.

That night the guests were invited, and great was the wonderment thereat.

"There's a whole day to wait," moaned Fatty, in an agony of anticipation.

"That won't be as long as not getting any dinner," remarked wise little Pete, proud of his brother's performance.

Next day was a busy one for the boys, but as they blew on their frost-bitten fingers or kicked their frozen heels on the nearest wall, they thought blissfully of the feast which each hour brought nearer.

"Six o'clock, fellers, at the alley; we ain't waiting for nobody." Professor Jim had said, and the warning left a deep impression on their minds.

At four by the clock two boys stood shivering in the alley; ten minutes more and another guest arrived; and at five the entire company, not omitting Bummer, were assembled, anxiously watching the timepiece on a neighboring tower.

"That clock ain't going," remarked Ben.

"The hands is friz fast," added Billy the Kid.

"No, they're not, 'cause they're moving now. Let's play craps till it's time to go," suggested Pete. But even that lively game failed to divert their otherwise occupied minds.

"Five minutes to six!" announced Professor Jim, with fine effect. "Come along, fellers," and he led the way.

The great hotel was unusually deserted, and in the hallway stood the proprietor, awaiting his strange guests.

"Good-evening, Professor," he said, quite gravely. "I will take you to your room, and drop in through the



BUMMER!

evening to see you have what you need. George, take off the gentlemen's coats."

A grinning dorky came quickly forward, but most of the guests hastily took off their own. Not so Professor Jim, who allowed himself to be divested with all the languor he could well assume. And now there came to light the extensive preparations in matters of toilet made by the guests. Jack Turner was regal in a celluloid collar, Jim's open coat displayed a flaming red tie, icy curls adorned Billy's brow, and three of the seven had rolled up their trousers to display every inch of polished boot.

"Your seats, sah!" remarked George, with a flourish of his napkin; and seven somewhat awed youngsters slid into their seats, leaving Bummer to frisk round the room on a lively tour of inspection. "Soup, sah?" queried George.

"Of course," replied Professor Jim, loftily, with an expressive wink to his guests.

"Why, it's nothing but colored water; at Wiggins's there's hunks of meat and potatoes floating round in soup," waived Billy.

"Well, it's real good tasting, just the same," remarked Jack Turner.

"Much the same as tea," added Ben.

"No, yer don't!" suddenly interrupted Billy, seizing fast hold of the plate George sought to deftly remove.

"Is that all we're going to have?" cried Fatty.

"Course not! Let him have it. We ain't at Wiggins's, and they're doing things in style—lots of plates an' fixings," explained the host, whereat Fatty beamed blissfully on the astonished waiter.

"Good deal like summer," remarked Billy, with quite a society air, tinkling the ice in his glass.

"Don't you waste any room on water," commanded Professor Jim.

"Guess not! I didn't get any dinner on purpose. What's an e-n-t-r-e-e?" questioned Ben, spelling out the menu.

"Wait a minute; he's bringing it," whispered Pete.

"This is a real good entry, but it's small," observed the irrepressible Billy, in the manner of an habitual diner-out; which was indeed true enough, for the dainty morsel vanished with the rapidity of light.

Then the boys showed both their manners and adaptability by placing the empty plates in a neat pile on the corner of the table, where they met the eye of the astonished George on his return.

"I's waited on dinners and dinners," he confided to the proprietor, who was enjoying the scene from the hall-

way, "but 'fore now I's never had such a party of gents as dis"; and back he went, his dark face fairly shining with merriment.

Throughout the feast the quick-eyed Professor Jim noticed that at times his guests were more excited than even this festive occasion warranted. Whispers, smiles, and nods in which he had no share travelled round the table, and twice his leg received a kick which was evidently intended for Jimmy Peters. At last the mystery grew oppressive, and he broke out with, "I say, fellers, what's the matter with you?" whereat the "fellers" looked at each other crestfallen.

"The cat's broke loose," remarked Jack Turner.

"Let's tell," added Billy the Kid.

"That's not fair," cried Ben, excitedly. "It's your fault, Jimmy, so you'd better do it now."

"Do what?" demanded the Professor.

And for answer Jimmy Peters unwound his legs from the rungs of his chair, and rose slowly to his feet. Then, with both hands deep in his pockets, shoulders well back, and expanded chest, in careful imitation of a campaign orator he had once seen, Jimmy Peters began thus:

"Ladies and gents, I am honored—" But the boys broke into a roar. "I say, fellers," he exclaimed, wrathfully, "we was going ter do this on the regular swell—"

"Go on, Jimmy! Go on!" admonished the laughing listeners; but Jimmy was obdurate.

"No, I won't," he returned, sullenly.

"Oh, Jimmy, will you please go on!" whispered Pete so wistfully, that the orator relented.

"Course I will, kid," he answered; and with a sudden return to his natural manner, continued: "I say, Jim, we fellers think you're a brick, an' we never had such a dinner since we was born, an' here's a present the fellers got you. Merry Christmas!" And then Jimmy Peters, heated and happy, extracted from the inner lining of his coat a sparkling brilliant set on a long pin, which he proceeded to stick in the very centre of his host's scarlet cravat.

"I say, fellers," began the astonished Professor; and then for the first time in his short but eventful life he found himself at a loss for an answer.

"Ain't it a regular beauty!" exclaimed Pete, to cover his brother's confusion.

"Here's the turkey!" yelled Fatty, and the announcement was greeted with a smothered cheer.

"Last year I only got stuffing," sighed Fatty, in thanksgiving over a well-filled plate.

"Was it stuffing gave you the fit?" asked Ben; and the joke was received with an appreciative yell.

"I say, Jim, how much is this going ter cost?" inquired a conscience-stricken guest, to which very natural question the host replied, "Quarter each, an' thirty-two for extras." Whereat Ben made a rapid calculation with his thumb nail on the smooth damask. "Bummer's part of the extras," added Jim, as he watched the mathematician.

"Fellers," observed Fatty, struggling with a drumstick, "suppose we chip in a quarter every day and divvy one dinner, 'stead of gettin' seven at Wiggins's?" Upon which George fled in haste to a secluded nook in the hallway.

"I can't eat any more," announced Fatty, with an astonished stare at the rest, who smiled on him silently.

"We're very much obliged to you, Mr. George," whispered Pete, confidently, to the still grinning dorky; while Billy remarked to Jimmy Peters, "Did you ever have so much dinner before?"

"No, I never did," returned Jimmy Peters, with conviction, as they passed onward in slow procession.

"Bully for Jim!" was all they said on parting in the lamp-lighted alley.



THE STORK EXPRESS, LIMITED.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

PART II.

IN the last Christmas number of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the first part of "The Stork Express, Limited," appeared.

The baby and the Stork never return, however.

"What a grand romp we would have had," she said to herself year by year—"what a grand romp that baby and I would have had!"

For several years after what then occurred, when in early spring storks were on the wing, Great-grandma Pelican would take a long look at them, following the birds along the wide stretch of blue sky.

One morning there flitted a long ribbon of storks, streaming away aloft, and there was a laggard. Then a single stork cut loose from the flock, and shot downwards and downwards, falling like a dart towards the earth.

"Poor thing!" cried Great-grandma Pelican, mightily disturbed. "Maybe it is hurt or tired." She was thinking of a warm sand-bath and other simple restoratives. The next instant Great-grandma Pelican had a stork tight folded to her soft feathery breast. It was her own dear Stork. "Oh, don't you cry so!" sobbed the Pelican. "You didn't drop that baby by the way?"

Now it was the Stork's turn to calm the Pelican. "No, dear great-grandma, the infant did not slip off. I ask you now, did you ever hear of a stork allowing any infant under his care to be even chipped or splintered? We should not be carrying on the express business if we spoiled infants. I landed him safe and sound several Christmases ago. I didn't lose him, but I lost my heart to him."

"Rubbish! Just as if there were not plenty of other babies," said the Pelican, disappointed.

"Of course there are; but the trouble is that it may just so happen that you love one particular baby more than another."



"WHAT A GRAND ROMP THAT BABY AND I WOULD HAVE HAD!"

"It's the infant's fault. It ought to be ashamed of itself."

"Oh, hold that infant blameless! I flew away with him," said the Stork, "but he kissed his hand to you."

"Did he? That's just like him. I wonder if he knows or cares how I have twisted my neck quite out of joint gazing up in the skies for you? Hurry up and fetch him."

"Boo-hoo!" sobbed the Stork. "I could not bring him. He has grown too big."

"And you don't call that perverseness? Why are you not an ostrich? You would not be expected to fly with him, but you could trot him out if you were an ostrich. Did you not see him?"

"Yes. I couldn't keep away from him. It was about four years ago, as you remember, when we made our trip. He is a superb boy now. It happened in this way. I sat on a tree thinking how I could manage to attract his attention and make him understand, and I naturally scratched my head; that amused him, for he clapped his hands. There was a nice dry spot under a tree, and I hopped down and danced for him."

"Admirably thoughtful," said the Pelican. "Now pray be very precise as to the exact steps you took. It is important."

"First I gave him the 'Tampa Bay Bolero,' next the 'Everglade Glissade,' then the 'Jupiter Inlet Jig' and the 'Memphis Mazurka.'"

"Not a bad programme," remarked the Pelican, critically, "though a trifle fancy."

"I was saving up for the final the 'Sandy Hill Break-down,' the real old-fashioned plantation thing, and no mistake, and I threw into that my finest flops."

"Did that fetch him?" inquired the Pelican.

"It did! it did! When, alas! the dear child got one foot in the mud, it was so marshy, and his shoe stuck in the ooze, and he stumbled and fell; but I kissed him."

"We are saved!" cried the Pelican, enthusiastically.

"I might have won him back, but just then a horrid pup came tumbling in. The clumsy brute jumped on him,



GREAT-GRANDMA PELICAN WATCHED THE FLIGHT OF THE STORK.

then made an effort to lick his face, and next made a bolt at me."

"The cur! Oh, I do so hate dogs!" cried the Pelican.

"I made a jab at the pup; he howled, put his tail between his legs, and scooted. Then when he was safe on the other side of a fence he barked himself into convulsions. I was getting braver and braver, when I heard a voice saying, 'Where can that blessed child be?' and the next moment I saw a woman, and I rather fancy she was my own infant's mother. What could I do then?"

Of course it would never have done for a stork to get into the bad graces of the mothers. "Couldn't you have blarnied her?" said the Pelican, reflectively.

"She had a parasol in one hand and a gingerbread in the other," continued the Stork.

"A parasol is a very dangerous weapon," remarked the Pelican, "and so is gingerbread when it is underbaked."

When the Stork looked at the Pelican her head and pouch were no longer visible. She had them under her wing.

"I am pondering," said she, in a smothered voice. "But go ahead. Anything more?"

"There was nothing to keep me there after that. I was so forlorn! I became reckless. I joined a party of tourist storks, and spent the winter with them in Abyssinia."

"Those are the storks that lived in Germany, who are all soldiers and who smoke pipes."

Then the Pelican jerked her head out from under her wing, and slowly approaching the Stork, whispered something in his ear.



THE GERMAN STORKS.

The Stork jumped and seemed amazed. "What you propose is frightfully difficult. Why, it endangers my life and my liberty!" he cried.

"I know it does, but it's your only chance. You will have to go through a whole course of study—primers, first and fortieth readers, dictionaries, seventy-six volumes, copy-books, slates, rulers, everything; ink yourself all over, be late to school, get marks, reprimands, be hauled up before the principal, play truant. Oh, it's hard; I know it. But," concluded the Pelican, decidedly, "it's all that or no boy. There! I have pondered myself into a headache."

"Will you cry for me real good if you nevermore have tidings of me? Then you will know that I have been captured or am dead," said the Stork.

"Cry for you? Why, school is not such a dreadful hardship. Remember this precept: be sure and keep your face and hands clean." Then the Pelican's good old heart began to soften. "Cry for you? Certainly—tumblerfuls—quarts—bushels—lakes—seas—oceans! So that you may judge what is the genuine pure sample, I begin at once;" and great-grandma's eyes just streamed.

The Stork had a moment of hesitation, and then braced himself for the task. There were love and pity in the Pelican's face. Once more she enfolded the Stork in her wings. Then the Stork rustled his broad white pinions, spurned the ground, and, with a parting cry, was off like a shot.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT ISSUE.]

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.*

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XI.

THE THREE FRIENDS MEET.

"MR. KING."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Harold was superintending some slight work on the forecastle deck when he was called by Mr. Harniss.

"I want you and Mr. Briscomb to take the second cutter in tow of the launch, and go to the wharf to bring off some stores."

"Very good, sir," said Harold.

A few minutes later the boats were alongside. Harold jumped into the steam-launch and took in tow the cutter, with George in the stern sheets. Neither boat carried a full crew, but had just enough men to handle them in case of emergency. All available space and carrying power was reserved for the stores to be brought off. The strong, chubby little launch pulled the heavy cutter along at a lively pace, and as the foam rolled past them and their speed created a refreshing breeze, the two boys recovered from a depression which had settled upon them during the days of dull routine drill and work subsequent to their arrival. It was the first time they had secured an opportunity to go ashore. Liberty was not often given on account of the unsettled condition of affairs in the city. American seamen were especially liable to assault by the disaffected elements of the populace, because there was a suppressed but general feeling that in some way the power of the United States would sooner or later make itself felt in the struggle. Harold and George understood the condition of affairs, and they were careful not to permit their men to leave the wharf. Their stores having been obtained, they got under way again for the ship. As they were passing the point of the island near which the insurgent fleet was anchored, they saw a whale-boat urged

over the smooth water by brawny dark arms. An officer stood in the stern waving his hand.

"Say, Hal," called George from the cutter, "I do believe that's Frank."

"So do I," answered Hal.

"Well, we must stop and have a few minutes' chat with him, old man."

"Yes, of course. We are away inside of the time we were allowed for getting these stores."

It was Frank. He had been walking the deck of the *Aquidaban*, when his eye chanced to fall on the two boats of the *Detroit* passing the point. Knowing the ways of the American navy, he supposed that they would be in charge of cadets, and of course there was a chance that the cadets might be his friends. So he ran to the quarter-master on duty and borrowed his binocular. The moment he levelled the glass at the boats he saw that the two young officers in them were Harold and George. He went at once to the executive officer of the ship and said:

"Two boats from the American cruiser *Detroit* have just gone ashore. They are in command of two classmates and dear friends of mine. I'd like very much to speak to them, but of course they can't come aboard. Will you give me permission to go off in a boat and speak to them as they are returning?"

It has already been intimated that discipline was by no means perfect in the rebel fleet. Moreover, the Executive Officer had eaten a very hearty dinner, and was sleepy. So he replied:

"Oh, certainly. Go on."

Frank reported the matter to the officer of the deck, and the boat was at once ordered away. As it approached the two boats from the *Detroit*, Harold brought them to a rest. A minute later all three boats were drifting together.

"Well, this is a jolly go!" exclaimed George, as he shook Frank's hand. "Who would have thought that we three fellows would meet in Rio Harbor?"

"I never expected to see you fellows down here," said Frank; "but I'm mighty glad that you're here."

"We are not so tremendously glad about it," said Hal.

"Why?" asked Frank.

"Because we are here to help protect American interests, and I understand they are in more danger from the reb—from Admiral da Gama than from President Peixoto."

"That may be so," said Frank; "but what difference does that make to you?"

"Why, Frank," exclaimed George, "we might have to fight against you."

Frank hung his head and looked sad.

"You didn't think of that possibility when you enlisted in this service, did you, Frank?" asked Hal.

"No, of course not. If I had, I shouldn't have enlisted."

"Besides," said George, "the chances are that there will not be any trouble."

"There ought to be," said Frank.

"Why?" asked both the others.

"Because the flag of the United States means nothing to these people down here. I've seen it insulted half a dozen times since I've been here by the men under whom I am serving. I am almost tempted to desert."

"But you wouldn't do that!" exclaimed Harold, at the same time glancing inquiringly at the Brazilian seamen.

"Never mind them," said Frank. "They don't understand a word of anything except Portuguese and Spanish. But why should I not desert rather than see my country's flag insulted?"

"Because you have pledged yourself to serve under the insurgent flag. Your word must not be broken," said Harold.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 784.

"But you might resign," suggested George.

"That would look like running away," said Hal.

"Not if he explained his reasons," said George.

"No, it wouldn't work," said Frank. "They wouldn't accept my resignation. Educated naval officers are too scarce. Bennos says."

"Bennos? Is that the one we met in New York?"

"Yes; and you've no idea what a good fellow he is. He has almost made life endurable for me aboard yonder ship."

"Remember us both to him, Frank," said Hal, "and give him our kindest regards."

"What's that?" exclaimed George.

The deep reverberation of a gun rolled up the bay, followed by another, and yet others. All hands turned their gaze southward, where they beheld a white ship with a three-masted schooner rig coming up the bay.

"What ship is that?" asked Frank.

"Don't you remember her?" cried Hal; "that's the *San Francisco*! She was not expected till next week."

"That makes four ships for Uncle Sam in Rio Harbor," said George.

"Yet there is no match for my prison there," said Frank, nodding toward the *Aquidaban*.

"That's true enough," said Hal, "but the *Aquidaban* may not always be lying at anchor in Rio Harbor. She may have to go elsewhere."

"I hope and pray that she may do so if there is to be trouble with the United States fleet."

The three boys sat silently watching the *San Francisco* as she came speedily up the bay. When she was opposite the *Aquidaban* she ran up the Brazilian flag, and saluted it. The officers of the insurgent flag-ship seemed somewhat taken aback, but they contrived to reply within reasonable time.

"Well," said George, "that doesn't look as if there was going to be trouble."

"I am afraid it does," said Hal; "trouble for Admiral Stanton, who's in command of the *San Francisco*, and now also of our fleet. I shouldn't be surprised if Uncle Sam invited him to come home."

"Then you don't think the government at Washington will recognize—us?" said Frank, putting a bitter emphasis on the last word.

"I'm afraid not, Frank," said Harold. "Our government is committed to the friendly support of republics."

Bang! went another gun down the bay. This time all three boys sprang to their feet, for all were thoroughly surprised.

"It's a white ship!" exclaimed George. "A big one!"

Harold had a pair of marine glasses, and he raised them to his eyes.

"The American flag!" he exclaimed.

"Then it's the armored cruiser *New York*!" cried George. "Frank, old man, the *Aquidaban* will find her an ugly customer!"

"I pray not," said Frank, sadly.

"Poor old man," exclaimed Harold, sympathetically.

The three boys now silently watched the magnificent war-ship steaming in majestic state up the harbor. Through his glasses Harold could see that the water-fronts of Rio and Nictheroy were black with people waving their hats and handkerchiefs. The rigging of the British men-of-war looked like a lot of spider-webs well stocked with flies, while the decks of the other war-ships were crowded with sailor-men gazing eagerly at the latest example of Uncle Sam's new navy. The American merchantmen manned their yards and ran up all their flags, while across the water came ringing three hearty Yankee cheers. The cruiser dipped her flag in answer to all these tokens of welcome, and steered steadily for the anchorage indicated by the *San Francisco*'s signals. With her three yellow stacks, her two turrets showing the four

eight-inch guns, her frowning broadside of five-inch rapid-fire guns, and her double fighting-tops, she looked a picture of naval prowess. As she glided by the launch and the two cutters within a biscuit's throw, Harold and George stood up at attention, their hearts beating high, while they read across her rounded stern the words *New York*.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ALARMING OUTLOOK.

"WICH the same I begs your pardon, sir," said Peter Morris, who was acting as cockswain of the launch, "but as my brother Bill used to say, clocks 'ain't got no patience, an' won't wait."

"That's so, Peter," said Hal; "we must be moving back to the ship."

"Wait a minute," said Frank. "I've not told you my most important news yet."

"I thought you had something on your mind," said George.

"It's about your Cousin Bob," added Hal.

"Partly, and also about your Uncle Hiram and Minnie."

"What is it, Frank?" asked George.

"Have you learned anything about your cousin?" inquired Hal.

"Wait a bit, fellows, and I'll tell you the whole of it. I find now that I was doubly foolish in enlisting in this service. Not only am I serving a foreign flag, but I am practically a prisoner on the water. As far as I can ascertain, my Cousin Robert—if our man is really he—deserted from the *Tamandare* when the rebellion broke out, and is now in the service of Peixoto. I can't go ashore to make a single move in the search for him, because I am an officer in the rebel fleet. And even if I could, I shouldn't know what to do with him if I found him, for Bennos tells me the insurgent Admiral would have him shot for deserting."

"Well, old man, that's pretty rough," said Hal.

"It are wot we calls afore the mast," said Peter; "hang-in' atwixt wind an' water."

Frank looked inquiringly at Hal, who said,

"Cockswain Peter Morris is a privileged character with us; he saved our lives in Norfolk Harbor."

Frank shook hands with the honest seaman, and then continued,

"I wrote to Uncle Hiram telling him all about this matter, and three days ago I received his reply."

"What did he say?" asked Hal.

"Well, the fact is," answered Frank, "he's coming down here."

"What, to Rio?" exclaimed George.

"Yes; he can't stand the anxiety any longer," said Frank, "and he's coming down to try and carry on the search himself."

Frank drew the letter from his pocket and handed it to his two friends. It had been forwarded from one of the West-Indian islands, and read thus:

"DEAR FRANK,—You will be surprised, I know, when you read this letter, for I write to tell you that I am about to start for Rio, where I expect to meet you. Captain Bisbee, of my bark, the *Atma*, has been taken sick, and will be unable to go out this voyage. So I am taking advantage of the situation to command the bark myself, and so go down to Rio to see if I can't do something about finding my boy. If what you tell me is true, I sha'n't have so very much trouble about finding him, though I may not be able to get him released from the government service right away. Still, from what I read in the papers, the rebellion doesn't amount to much, and will soon be over. I've made up my mind to bring Minnie along with me. I haven't any one to leave her with, and



AS THE "NEW YORK" GLIDED BY HAROLD AND GEORGE STOOD UP AT ATTENTION.

I haven't the heart to put her in a boarding-school. So, as the *Alma* has about as tidy a cabin as any clipper-ship that sails out of New York, she's going to be my passenger. So when you get this letter, Frank, I'll be taking a squint to windward once more, and heading for low latitudes with as fine a keel under me as ever was laid. Minnie sends you her love.

Your affectionate uncle,
HIRAM LOCKWOOD."

"P.S.—We are lying at anchor at St. Thomas, and I just found this letter in one of my pockets. I thought I'd sent it long ago. We fell in with a hard puff from the north-east the other day, and carried away our flying jibboom. So I made St. Thomas to get another. I'm going to send this letter by the steamer that leaves to-day. Minnie's learning to be a right good sailor, and before we get home I reckon she'll be able to keep her weather eye lifting with the best of them."

"What a brave, cheerful man he is in spite of his trouble!" said Hal, warmly.

"Yes, he is, God bless him!" said Frank. "But I wish he knew the exact condition of affairs down here."

"Is it so bad for the merchant-ships?" asked George.

"If you weren't just cadets," said Frank, a little impatiently, "you'd know what was going on. Merchant-ships in this harbor haven't had any protection at all. Our gunners are rank, and there have been some pretty wild shots that must have scraped the varnish off some of their spars. Worse than that, I don't think our officers care a rap if we do hit a bark or two. England's the only power we're afraid of, and we think she sympathizes with us. But there's something else. Have you noticed the wharves?"

"Yes," replied Harold. "They're all unoccupied."

"And the merchant-ships," continued Frank, "are spending a lot of money on lighters to land their cargoes.

That's because Admiral da Gama refuses to let the ships go to the wharves, for when they are there he can't fire on the city on account of their being in the line of fire."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Harold.

"No," said Frank, "and I didn't pay much attention to it myself till I got this letter. Now I know Uncle Hiram. He will not come down here without a cargo; and he'll insist on going to a wharf. Besides, he must be in constant communication with the city if he's going to find Bob; and so—"

The boy's speech was rudely interrupted by the shriek of a shot passing over the boats.

"Give 'way, lads!" he cried; "it's one of the government's armed tugs, and she's after me."

"How dare they fire on our flag?" exclaimed George.

"Which same they didn't," said Peter; "'cos w'y, I took it down. It are jest as well to keep dark w'en you are a-conversin' with rebels."

"But they'll catch him," said Hal. "He has half a mile the start, but his men can't row him fast enough."

"W'en in doubt play trumps are wot I says," said Peter. "Let's go an' give him a tow."

It was a hazardous thing to do, for if the boys had been detected by their superiors they would have been liable to court martial for "taking sides" in the quarrel. The little launch puffed away and soon overtook Frank's boat.

"Give us your painter, old man," cried George; "we'll tow you close to the *Aquidaban*."

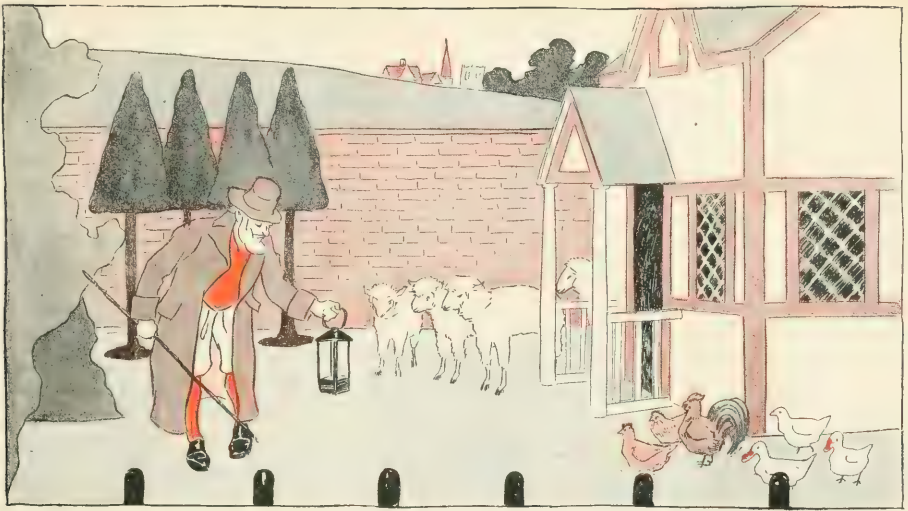
The line was taken, and the launch began to tow the two cutters.

"They're a-gainin' on to us," said Peter; "but a stern chase are a long chase, as the plough said to the farmer."

At this instant a heavy report rang out, and a shot from the *Aquidaban* whizzed across the bows of the tug.

"I reckon that'll take four knots off her speed," said Peter, looking back over his shoulder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DOLLS. - A DRAMA IN PANTOMIME.

MUSIC BY OWEN WISTER.

BY THOMAS WHARTON.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD PENFIELD.

FLORIAN, a *Sargeant*
JOIST, a *Farmer*
CAPTAIN RODMONT, a *French Soldier*
A BLACK FOOTMAN.

CHARACTERS:
A GIANT, FOOTMAN.
A CURSEMAN.
FRENCH AND GERMAN SOLDIERS.
WEDDING GUESTS.

TINA, a *Shepherdess*.
MADEMOISELLE, a *Parisian*.
HAGAR, a *Black Maid*.
CHRYSAEDEMUS, a *Japanese Maid*.



TINA ENTERS.

WHILE the curtain is still down one corner of it is pushed timidly aside, and Florian puts out his head and peeps at the audience. Gathering courage, he thrusts his shoulder forward, and finally, after several attacks of shyness, succeeds in bringing himself wholly before the curtain. Once in full view, he sidles to the middle of the stage, and with a bobbing reverence that shows the woodenness of his joints, begins the prologue.

FLORIAN. Only a moment. I will only ask a moment.

(He holds up two fingers and makes an expressive gesture.) You see, I am

the Prologue (he lays his hands on his breast, then extends them and bows to the right and left), and I am sent to beg your favor (he motions toward the side scenes, and shows you how he bows come on the stage), and to tell you (he stretches out his hand) what is the meaning of our play. (Now both his little hands are stretched out.) Alas! you think us dolls! (He expresses this lamentable idea by shaking his head sadly; he points to the spectators, and then at himself; then all at once he assumes the awkward, lifeless attitude of a doll, and stands so for a moment.) Yes, dolls. (He repeats the attitude.) But we are not. (He changes suddenly into an attitude of the most vigorous and indignant denial.) No; we are not the creatures that you play with and consider mere bits of wood and cloth and wax. (He stands quivering before the audience, his breast heaving, his hands opening and shutting; he seems to be imploring you to understand.) We are like yourselves. (He strikes his own breast, and then makes a proud and seeping gesture with his arms, so as to take in all those whose eyes are turned upon him.) We see; we hear; we have hearts to feel. (Florian first shades his eyes and seems to look into the distance; he places his hand to his ear and listens; then he claps his hands to his heart, as if he had received a blow there.) Yes, we have our sorrows and our joys, and they are like yours. (He depicts sorrow and joy in turn, and with a movement full of meaning flings out his left hand toward the spectators, pressing home the likeness of these emotions to their own.) No; do not look on us as puppets and play things. (He holds up his hand in warning, lifts his arms disapprovingly and winks like a doll's eye an instant, then resumes himself) and shakes his head.) We pray to you (he kneels, think of us as your fellows

(he stretches out his arms beseechingly), who are stirred by the same passions and breathe the same air.

(He springs to his feet, extends his arms toward heaven, and casts his eyes upward in exaltation. He stands thus for a brief space; then turning toward the side scenes, claps his hands three times in measured beats, and motions for the curtain to be raised. He waves an adieu to the audience, and runs out quickly. The curtain rises.

ACT I.

The scene represents a meadow and grove near a village. The farm-house of the farmer stands on the right. It is surrounded by chickens and sheep. To the left is seen the grove. Across the back of the stage runs a brick wall. It is early morning, and the stage is still dark.

FIRST SCENE.

JOIST, THE FARMER, AFTERWARDS TINA.



THE STINGY JOIST.

Joist enters from the right, behind the farm-house.

He carries a lantern. He yawns profoundly; in so doing he raises his arms so high that he discovers that the lamp is still burning. He hastily blows it out. Immediately day breaks over the farm in full splendor. Joist sets down the lantern, and proceeds to count his sheep and chickens, ticking them off on his fingers. He becomes confused, and is forced to begin over again. This happens twice. At last he satisfies himself that his stock is still intact, and nods his head in satisfaction. He knocks over a chicken, and sets it on its feet again; then raising his head, he looks about him.

JOIST. Where is Tina? (He gives evident signs of dissatisfaction.) Tina! (He calls, stamps his foot, and motions with his arm. Tina enters slowly, rubbing her eyes and yawning. She carries a shepherd's crook.) Hurry up, you idle little good-for-nothing!

[He stamps his foot once more.]
TINA. Oh, how tired I am!

[She joins her hands in supplication.]
JOIST. Do you not see what time it is? (He points to the sun.) Be off with your sheep to the pasture.

[To show her what he means he taps her stomach.]



TINA.



FLORIAN DANCES IN.

then points to the sheep, and then in the direction of the pasture, which apparently lies off to the left beyond the grove.

TINA. But I have not breakfasted yet!

[She receives Jobst's order with alarmed surprise; and pointing to her teeth, which she chatters as if she were eating, and rubbing her stomach, she shakes her head to signify that she is still as hungry as when she got up out of bed.]

JOBST. Here, then.

[From one pocket of his long overcoat he takes an apple, which he breaks in half. He is about to give half to Tina, when he restrains himself, and breaking the half into two pieces, gives her a quarter. From the other pocket of his overcoat he takes a piece of bread. He breaks that in half; then looks at Tina as before, and breaks the half back into his pocket.]

TINA. Stingy old hunk!

[She whimpers, and shows her one poor little quarter-apple, which is all she has to nibble.]

JOBST. Be off now!

[He picks up the sheep, and carries them one by one to the grove, where he sets them down in a row, with their noses all pointing toward the pasture. On one of these trips he again upsets a chicken, and replaces it on its feet. His task accomplished, he beckons to Tina, and solemnly pointing toward the flock, recommends her to her duty.]

TINA (rubbing her eyes). Yes, sir.

[Exit Jobst, R., with a warning gesture.]

SECOND SCENE.

TINA, ALONE; AFTERWARDS FLORIAN AND JOBST.

TINA (alone). Oh, how miserable I am! (She casts down her crook and comes forward, wringing her hands.) As for my sheep (she points behind her), I hate the sight of the silly things! (She raises her clenched fist in execration.) What a life I lead! (Stretching out both hands, she exhibits her miserable condition to the pitying spectators.) I am cold, I am sleepy, I am hungry, and I wear this tattered old dress (appropriate gestures make this pathetic recital quite plain), and I tend those stupid woolly beasts for Farmer Jobst. (Her eyes blaze as she points to the sheep again.) What should I like to do? Have a fine dinner (she snatches her lips), dance (she dances), wear beautiful clothes, and be a lady. (She parades up and down, lifting an imaginary train, and admiring herself.) But, alas! I am only Tina, and I shall never, never have any good fortune. (She hangs her head in deep depression. As she indulges herself in these gloomy reflections, a few notes of a shepherd's pipe sound outside. Tina raises her head in expectation.) It is Florian!

FLORIAN enters from the left with a gay step. He plays on a shepherd's pipe. He dances up to Tina, and makes as if to embrace her; but she turns from him, heavily-headed.

FLORIAN. What is the matter?

TINA. I am unhappy.

[She sighs.]

FLORIAN. Never mind. Let us be gay.

[He gives her a convincing little illustration, accompanied by a note or two on his pipe.]

TINA. Impossible.

[She shakes her head gloomily.]

FLORIAN. Why?

TINA (looks around fearfully). Farmer Jobst.

[She points in the direction in which he disappeared.]

FLORIAN. Pooh!

TINA (crying). He will beat me.

[She covers, and shows Florian how the old farmer will use his horny hands.]

FLORIAN. I have it. Marry me.

[He triumphantly passes an imaginary ring on her third finger.]

TINA. Do you mean it?

FLORIAN. Certainly.

TINA. But Farmer Jobst?

[Again she indicates her fear that the old fellow may be coming.]

FLORIAN. We will run away.

[He shows her how, and catches her hand.]

TINA. Now?

FLORIAN. Why not?

TINA. And the money?

FLORIAN. Alas! I forgot that.

[He tries one pocket after the other; both are empty.]

TINA. I told you so.

FLORIAN. Tina!

[He follows her, full of sympathy, and passes his arm about her shoulder. Unfortunately, it is just at this moment that the tyrannical old Jobst reappears with a big stick, which he proceeds to lay across Master Florian's shoulders. Florian cries out, and runs away. L. Jobst sternly orders Tina to proceed to the pasture.

Tina, weeping, picks up the sheep and carries them off the stage.

one by one. As soon as Jobst perceives that she is fairly started in her labors he leaves her, with a warning scowl. As he goes off toward the right, Mademoiselle enters—the most superb French doll that ever was seen—attended by a negro footman. Jobst almost bumps into her, and seeing what he is doing, bows to the ground before her. She receives his apology with a haughty scowl. Tina, from the grove, observes this vision of loveliness with despair.

THIRD SCENE.

TINA, MADMOISELLE, AND THE FOOTMAN.

MADMOISELLE. Little shepherd girl, be off! [She points away.] TINA. Nobody wants me.

[She makes a despairing gesture with both hands, and in so doing nearly drops her last sheep.]

MADMOISELLE. Be off, I say!

TINA (drawing nearer). Please let me feel if your dress is silk.

[She tries to feel it.]

MADMOISELLE (drawing herself up proudly). Hercules! (The footman interposes, and waves Tina off. Tina finally disappears to pasture her sheep. To the footman.) I shall conceal myself here behind these trees (she points to them), where I shall be unobserved. (She lays her finger to her lips and hides behind the largest tree.) Go.

[She motions him away. Exit the footman.]

FOURTH SCENE.

CAPTAIN RODOMONT AND HIS MEN; AFTERWARDS FLORIAN.

MADMOISELLE COSTUMED.

The gallant Captain enters, R., at the head of his men, who advance with the peculiarly rigid and jerky step that might be expected of tin soldiers. He halts them in the middle of the stage, where they stand in a perfectly straight line, with their guns over their shoulders. While the Captain addresses them Mademoiselle looks out from behind her tree with evident pride in his martial bearing, and also with evident satisfaction in the trick she is playing upon him.

RODOMONT. My men (they present arms very slowly and jerkily), the enemy is before you. (He points off, L. The tin soldiers raise their right legs simultaneously, and drop with leader confidence into the position of charge bayonets.) He will doubtless resist you. (Rodomont grows supposititious. Manner rigid at his own, but they remain unmoved at the alarming prospect.) He will struggle with you to the death.

(The gallant warrior uses an imaginary bayonet with terrific force.) Many will fall. (He claps his hand to his breast, closes his eyes, and lets his jaw drop like a dead man's.) Their comrades will weep for them. (He assumes a patriotic attitude, head bared and bent, eyes fixed on a newly made grave, cap held in the hands.) But you will be victorious. (The Captain superbly waves an imaginary banner, and calls attention to the cross of the Legion of Honor dangling on his breast.) Such, my children, is the reward of the soldier. Go now to victory. I have an engagement here for the present. (At their Captain's command the tin soldiers order and then carry arms, and march out. L. Rodomont strokes his breast, and points to the ground to indicate that he will remain.

Looks about anxiously.) Where is she? (Mademoiselle, delighted with the success of her ruse, draws herself into a very small compass, and remains concealed behind the tree.) It is very late. (He consults his watch, and starts with surprise to see the hour. Again his glance sweeps round the stage, and finally, falls upon Florian, who enters on tip-toe, R., to find Tina again. To Florian.) Who are you?

FLORIAN. Florian, sir. [He makes an attempt at a military salute.]

RODOMONT. Be off! Or no. Here—to me! (He questions Florian impressively.) Young man, listen. Have you by any chance seen near here (with a wave of his hand he includes their surroundings) a lady, very tall and stately, beautiful, with golden hair, blue eyes, pretty rosy cheeks—have you seen such a person?

[His gestures show how the gallant Captain wishes to describe the lady to Florian.]

FLORIAN. Have I seen a lady—tall—beautiful—golden hair—blue eyes—rosy cheeks—have I seen her?

[He repeats the Captain's attitudes.]

RODOMONT (delighted). Exactly.

FLORIAN. Yes, indeed! I will bring her to you.

[He points to himself, then off L, and then back to Rodomont.]

RODOMONT. Capital!

[He rubs his hands. Florian runs off, L, the upper entrance. Mademoiselle, who has followed this interview with the deepest interest, conceals herself as Florian runs by, then shows herself for a moment, and indulges in a quick fit of laughter behind the unconscious Captain's back. Then she disappears again.]

FIFTH SCENE.

RODOMONT, THEN TINA AND FLORIAN; LATER

MADMOISELLE.

THE CAPTAIN. At last I shall see her.

(He stands in an attitude of joyful expectation.)



MARRY ME.



JOBST IS OVERCOME

but he cannot wait long with patience.) What, not yet here?

[He turns and looks off after Florian, curling his mustaches. Florian runs in, bringing Tina.

FLORIAN. Here she is!

[Tina modestly casts down her eyes. They both hold out their hands for a tip.

RODOMONT. Non-sense!

FLORIAN. What's the matter?

RODOMONT (turning away lightly). It's not the right person at all, my good youth.

FLORIAN. No? Why not? Look at her. Isn't she tall—beautiful—with golden hair—blue eyes—and rosy cheeks?

[He points out these advantages to Rodomont, and, as if to emphasize his remarks, he kisses his hand to Tina. Then he again holds out his hand to the Captain for a recompense for running his errand.

RODOMONT. Certainly not, you scamp!

[He waves Florian away, and turns to meet Mademoiselle, who advances with dignity from her hiding-place.

MADMOISELLE. Rodomont!

RODOMONT (with effusion). Mademoiselle!

[He takes her hand and bows over it. Then he nods a distant adieu to Tina, and conducts Mademoiselle off.

SIXTH SCENE.

TINA, FLORIAN, THEN JOBST.

At the sight of Mademoiselle, all Tina's bitterness of spirit returns. She had a moment of happiness when she stood before this splendid officer, but now she sees it was only transitory. He has been reclaimed by the proud, the brilliant, and high-born Mademoiselle, who is of his own rank in life, and Tina is left to be consoled by Florian. He is full of sympathy, and takes her hand, but she looks off after the departing couple. She clinches her fist and stamps her foot.

TINA. I hate her!

[As the two stand together, Jobst appears again. R. He catches sight of them, and, after a moment's spell in horrid gloating over the opportunity thus offered to him again, he steals up behind Florian and deals him a terrible thwack with his stick. Tina screams and runs off. L. But this time Florian's spirit is aroused. He turns on Jobst, snatches the stick from his hand, and, after a brief struggle, chases him off the stage. As he runs he trips over the unfortunate chicken which has been so frequently overset; he picks it up and hurls it after the flying Jobst.

SEVENTH SCENE.

FLORIAN, ALONE; LATER, A GERMAN TIN SOLDIER.

FLORIAN (he comes back to the centre of the stage). I was never so angry in my life! (He makes an emphatic gesture with his fist.) What with Jobst (he points off R.) and the Captain (he points off L.) I am in a fine passion, I promise you. (He shows you that his choler has mounted up, up, up, from the lowest button of his waistcoat to his very eyes; and then he tosses his arms in the air to denote how he has exploded with wrath.) My poor Tina! (He points off toward the pasture, and assumes a dolorous expression.) But I will revenge her! (He brandishes his fist and walks up and down.) But how? (He stops and consults with himself; he takes his chin in his hand and plunges deep into reflection. At this moment the spiked helmet and head of a German tin soldier appear above the brick wall. The tin soldier, our fully across the scene; on beholding Florian he cautiously drops behind the wall again, but not so quickly that he has not been perceived in his turn by Florian, who has wheeled quickly on hearing a noise. Florian at once gives signs of lively satisfaction.) The very thing! (He claps his hands together, and points with exultation to the wall. He looks about for something with which to signal to the soldier. He has Jobst's stick, and after a moment's hesitation draws out of his pocket a perfectly interminable handkerchief, which he ties to the stick. He then creeps to the wall, and waves the white flag thus formed above it. The tin soldier's head once more appears above the wall. He and Florian look into each other's eyes. Florian, with an air full of mystery, and his finger to his lip to enjoin silence, invites him to descend. The soldier does so. Florian, taking him by the arm, proceeds to hatch out a conspiracy with him. Florian points off L.) Do you see there, in the distance, a red object? That is Captain Rodomont, a French officer. (He shows the German soldier that the Captain wears a cap, a sword, and mustaches.) His men are near him. (Florian shoulders a gun, and counts ten or a dozen on his fingers.) We will not attack him now. (The German soldier, with

vigorous shake of his head, shows that he is quite of the same opinion.) We will go obtain re-enforcements (Florian points behind the wall, and counts on his fingers so fast that one can hardly follow him), a whole regiment (the German soldier nods assent), and we will return and capture the Captain.

[Florian shows how they will go and return; he then mimics the action of one who points a pistol, and says, "Surrender!" The soldier claps him on the back, and assures him of his hearty co-operation. They run to the wall. Florian helps the soldier to ascend, and the soldier pulls him up after him. Thus they disappear.

EIGHTH SCENE.

CAPTAIN RODOMONT, MADMOISELLE, THE FRENCH TIN SOLDIERS.

Captain Rodomont and Mademoiselle re-enter through the grove. The Captain hurries forward, looking earnestly toward the left, as if expecting an important arrival from that quarter. Sure enough, the French tin soldiers are seen returning. They deploy into line across the stage, and the Sergeant steps forward and salutes.

THE SERGEANT. Captain, we sought the enemy (he points to the left), but did not find him. (A sweeping gesture of negation makes it positively clear that there was no enemy to be found.) We made thorough search (the Sergeant with his hand over his eyes mimics a man peering about); we challenged him (by shouting defiance, so the Sergeant explains); we even insulted him (the Sergeant explains by making gestures that show his contempt)—did we not, my brave boys? (the tin soldiers simultaneously corroborate the Sergeant with the same gesture)—but all to no purpose. (Again he shakes his head.) In fact, Captain, the enemy has run away.

[The Sergeant points to the left, and imitates a man running away. Then he recovers and salutes.

RODOMONT. Very good. To your quarters.

[The Sergeant salutes, wheels, gives the word. The tin soldiers make a half turn, and march out R. in single file.

NINTH SCENE.

RODOMONT, MADMOISELLE; LATER, FLORIAN, THE GERMAN TIN SOLDIERS, AND TINA.

RODOMONT. Brave fellows!

[He points after his soldiers with signs of approbation. MADMOISELLE. They are indeed.

[She nods an enthusiastic assent. RODOMONT (gallantly). Say that you admire a soldier.

[He lays his hand on her breast. MADMOISELLE. Ah, Captain!

[She drops her eyes and smiles. RODOMONT. My uniform is not displeasing to you?

[He exhibits it. MADMOISELLE (clasping her hands). I dote upon it.

RODOMONT. You are not terrified by the dangers of a military life?

[To make this important question plain to her he first rattles a drum, and then blows a trumpet; then he draws his sword, and lays about him among imaginary foes; next he fires a gun, and imitates the bursting of a shell—boom! And after each action he darts fiery and questioning glances at her.

MADMOISELLE. Terrified? On the contrary, I am stimulated—inspired.

[She takes the Captain's hand in her left hand, and with her right strikes her breast, as if to show with what patriotic sentiments her heart is responding, and she points upward toward an imaginary flag-staff.

While she has been making these professions of enthusiasm and undaunted courage, however, the enemy has ambushed the unfortunate pair of dolls. Over the wall and without the least noise slips first Florian, wearing a German officer's fatigue overcoat and helmet, and after him eight tin German soldiers, who, as they reach the ground, form in line across the stage. And it thus results that Mademoiselle and Captain Rodomont are interrupted. Florian steps forward, salutes, and informs the unfortunate pair that they are his prisoners.

FLORIAN. Surrender!

At this the Captain, furious with rage, is about to rush on Florian, who does not wear a sword, but he is restrained by two circumstances. First of all the haughty Mademoiselle incontinently faints in his arms, and, secondly, Florian points calmly at his company. The little tin soldiers make a step forward in line, as if about to seize the Captain and his unconscious burden. Just as they do so, however, Tina rushes in from the pasture through the grove, and at a glance comprehends the situation.



MADMOISELLE HIDES.



CAPTAIN RODOMONT AND HIS MEN.

TINA. Capture him? Never!

[She pauses just long enough to register this vow, and then, rushing upon the little tin soldiers, gives the first man a push, and the whole rank topples over, just as the tin soldiers do when you play with them. And as they lie there heaped upon each other, the French soldiers

TINA. How lovely! how exquisite! Naturally she goes into raptures before them. She clasps her hands together, feels the stuff, strokes the dresses, and admires them.) How can I ever thank you enough?

[She makes a gesture of gratitude and recognition.

RODOMONT. Which will you wear?

TINA. How can I make up my mind? This—or this? This is more elegant, but this seems to suit me better. Which do you prefer?



"CONSEIL!"

run in and pin them to the ground. Tina has saved Captain Rodomont.

FLORIAN. What's this?

MADMOISELLE (recovering her senses). Are we saved?

[She places one hand caressingly on Rodomont's shoulder, and looks wildly about her.

RODOMONT. Too late.

MADMOISELLE. (He puts her disdainfully but not rudely from him Rodomont!)

RODOMONT (with a contemptuous glance). What! you love a soldier's life? This is the woman who saved me.

[He extends his hand to Tina, who comes forward modestly, and with becoming timidity lays her hand in his.

MADMOISELLE. Impossible!

FLORIAN. She leaves me?

ACT II.

The scene is set to represent a doll's house furnished with much magnificence. A door C.

FIRST SCENE.

HAGAR and CHRYSANTHEMUM, THEN RODOMONT and TINA.

Hagar and Chrysanthemum, one a negress, the other a Japanese maid, are discovered fast asleep. Hagar is stretched out in an absurd attitude in a chair, while Chrysanthemum is gracefully coiled up on a divan. A loud knocking is heard without. Hagar opens her eyes, listens, then crosses to Chrysanthemum, and wakes her.

HAGAR. Some one is at the door.

[She points to it.

CHRYSANTHEMUM. Answer it yourself, then.

[She surveys Hagar scornfully, then points first at her and next at the door. Then she curls herself up again and goes to sleep. Hagar shows her shoulders, and returns to her chair. The knocking redoubles in violence. Chrysanthemum rises, crosses to Hagar, wakes her, and points to the door. The same comely as before is omitted. The knocking now becomes alarming in its violence. Presently it ceases, and a gigantic footman throws open the door, and Rodomont and Tina enter. Tina is still dressed as in the first act. Hagar and Chrysanthemum bow to Rodomont.

RODOMONT. Hagar and Chrysanthemum, this is your new mistress. Bow to her. (They bow. He turns to Tina.) This is your home. All here is yours.

[With a superb gesture he places everything at her disposal.

TINA. Oh, how beautiful! I dream!

[She clasps her hands in great ecstasy.

RODOMONT (proudly). You observe that we possess a table—chairs—curtains on the windows—and a bureau.

[He designates these objects in succession.

TINA. Enchanting!

RODOMONT. Hagar! Chrysanthemum! (They approach.) Bring your mistress her new robes.

[Hagar and Chrysanthemum run to the bureau, and from the drawers take out gorgeous dolls' dresses, which they display before Tina.



THE CAPTAIN SALUTES MADMOISELLE.

TINA (to the maids—very imperiously—her manner betrays the delight she feels in commanding for the first time). Bring the dresses here. Hold them up to the light. Good! Hagar, lift your arm higher. Which shall I take? Impossible to decide! Chrysanthemum, come closer. Yes, that muslin; ah! exquisite! I will choose this! No (she turns again; how can I leave the other? Why not wear them both? (And she catches the skirts of both dresses and clasps them, enraptured, in her bosom.) Well (with a sigh), if I must choose, choose I must. (With her right hand she draws the dress which Hagar holds closer to her, while with her left she thrusts the other toward Chrysanthemum to be born away. The little Japanese hastily leaves away the rejected dress, and returns at once. Hagar carefully spreads the dress which Tina has chosen over a chair. Tina clasps her hands.) Quickly, now!

[At this the maids busy themselves to assist her to remove her dress, and you behold her in her little country girl's smock, with her sword-stuffed arms and legs stretched at the elbows and knees. In a very few moments the new dress is substituted for the old, a blue sash is tied about Tina's waist, and her curly blond hair is adorned with a blue ribbon. A gold chain is thrown about her neck, and as for her little feet, Hagar and Chrysanthemum fit them with an elegant pair of red kid shoes. Scarcely have they arranged their mistress, when a loud knocking on the door is heard. Hagar and Chrysanthemum rush with frantic haste to arrange the room and lay Tina's old dress away in the bureau. These things done, they throw open the door.

THIRD SCENE.

THE PRECEDING, RODOMONT, GESSIS, AND MADMOISELLE.

Rodomont brings in his guests to be presented to Tina, and the customary ceremony of introduction is gone through with. Last of all comes Mademoiselle, who enters the room with a haughty air. Rodomont starts on recognizing her.

RODOMONT. You here?

MADMOISELLE. And pray why not? Introduce me, if you please, to your future bride.

[Rodomont complies, and the introduction is performed with great stateliness, the two ladies exchanging professions of each other.

TINA. Mademoiselle, I make you welcome.

MADMOISELLE. I thank you. And I, in order to exhibit my esteem for you, have brought you a little gift.



FLORIAN'S DISCOVERY.



FLORIAN ATTEMPTS A SALUTE.



ARRIVAL OF THE GERMANS.

ALL. Abominable!

[Exhibiting marks of aversion and severe disappointment, they make formal excuses, and soon after another take their several leaves.

MADemoisELLE. I am revenged!

[She departs last of all, leaving Rodomont, Tina, and the sheep alone together. The two maids have disappeared some time since.

FOURTH SCENE.

RODOMONT, TINA.

TINA (to Captain Rodomont).

Leave me!

RODOMONT. Never!

TINA. I am unworthy of you.

[She demonstrates this by pointing at the sheep and then at herself, and shaking her head sadly.

RODOMONT (nobly). Trust in me!

[He strikes his jacket with one hand and with the other points upward.] But now, without more delay, our marriage. (He points to the door, and indicates that he will return with a person who shall wear a shawl hat and a long gown and shall extend his hands in blessing. He also imitates the process of placing the ring upon Tina's finger.) Adieu. Wait for me here.

[He signs that she is to remain where she is and wait for him, and hastens away to fulfil his promise.

FIFTH SCENE.

TINA, ALONE; AFTERWARDS, DISGUISED.

TINA. How noble he is! (She raises her eyes and clasps her hands; then drops her eyes again, and lets her hands fall, still clasped, before her.) But what shall I do? (She starts, presses her hand to her forehead, and looks wildly about her.) That sheep! (She points to it.) What an insult! (She clinches her hand, draws her breath between her teeth, and seems overwhelmed by the treatment she has received.) Yet shall I lose heart? (She collects herself.) Never! Why should I despair? (She shows renewed animation.) All this magnificence (she surveys the room and its furniture, and waves her hand to take it all in) is for me! (She taps her breast proudly.) How happy I should be! (She makes a little gesture with her right hand.) And I am. She smiles (gayly.) At last I possess the luxury and ease for which I longed. (She walks up and down, her hand on her hip, her head thrown back, and a proud saucy expression on her lips.) And as for Mademoiselle, let her envy me. I do not fear her scorn, peasant though I am. (She paces the room, with those spaced remarks, by spurring the sheep with her foot and assuming a defiant attitude. As she

closes the door opens and Florian appears, still wearing the long coat of a German tin soldier. Tina hears the door open, and turning, sees this terrible apparition.) Ah!

FLORIAN (coming down with measured and threatening step). So, madam, I find you alone.

[He points his finger at her, and then crossing his arms, stands before her, mute and terrible.

TINA (in great alarm). What do you wish?

FLORIAN (with awful emphasis). Listen! You cast down to earth an entire rank of my soldiers (he imitates the action by which Tina accomplished this martial feat), who lie still where they fell, dead as door-mats. (With his two hands he measures out the length of a fallen soldier, and repeats the action several times to demonstrate how his unfortunate comrades lay one on top of the other. Then he continues, aside.) Which doesn't worry me a little bit. (He winks over his shoulder at the audience, and shrugs his shoulders. Then to Tina.) I have come for revenge.

[He catches hold of her hands, and makes as if to drag her away with him.

TINA. Never!

[She struggles, one up, one down, and finally flings him off. Then she is about to rush for the door, when he stops her.

FLORIAN (laughing). Tina, do you not know me?

[He tears off his cap and mustaches, and throws open his overcoat.

TINA. Florian!

FLORIAN. Yes, Florian.

[His demeanor becomes grave, and he looks reproachfully at her.

TINA. You must go; you are in danger.

[She instinctively urges him to flee, and points to the door.

FLORIAN (shrugging his shoulders). Let me take care of that. (With lofty sadness.) What are you doing here, Tina, in that dress?

TINA (endeavouring to seem unconcerned). That is my affair. (She waves her hand airily.) All this is soon to be mine.

[She points here and there, and then taps her breast significantly.

FLORIAN. You are going to marry Rodomont?

[With rapid touches he designs Rodomont's cap, his mustaches, and his sword; and then makes a motion of putting on a ring.

TINA (trying to avoid his eye). Yes.

FLORIAN (indignantly). Because he has money?

[He puts his hand into his pocket, and counts out imaginary coin.

TINA. Yes.

FLORIAN. Good by, Tina.

TINA. Florian!

FLORIAN. I cannot stay. Good-by.

TINA (desperately). Florian! (She lays hold of his overcoat and drags him back.) Let us be friends. Forgive me.

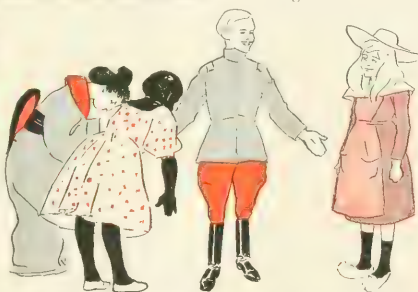
[She looks appealingly into his face.

FLORIAN. Impossible.

TINA (she loosens her hold of his overcoat, the better to speak with him). Ah, Florian—I was so hungry—so cold—so unhappy (by appropriate gestures, she reminds him how severe a matter it was)—and so poor. See! (She runs to the bureau drawer, pulls out her old dress, and holds it up, deprecating the magnificent costume she now wears.) Can you blame me?



TINA IS DRESSED.



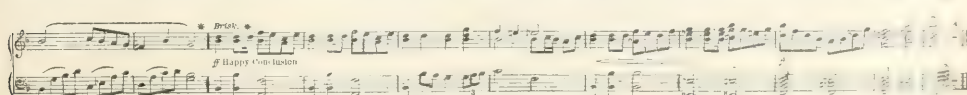
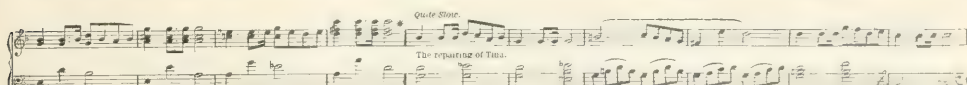
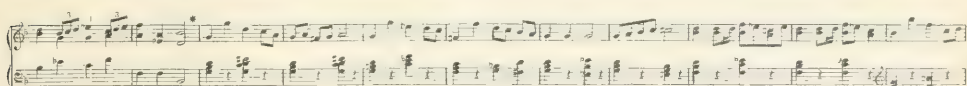
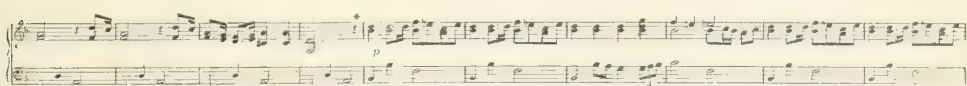
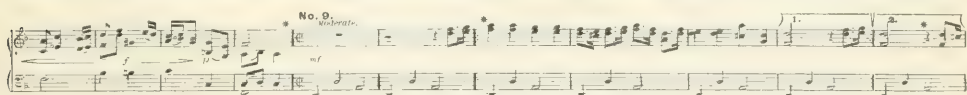
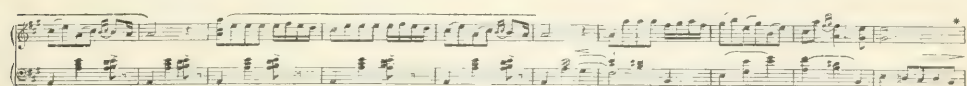
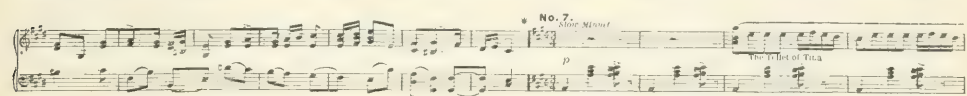
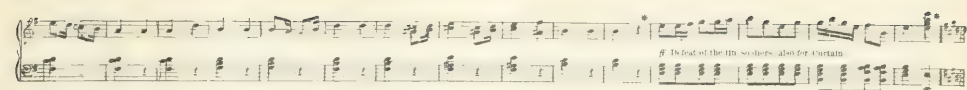
THE CAPTAIN PRESENTS HAGAR AND CHRYSANTHEMUM



RODOMONT'S GRATITUDE



TINA CAMEL, HAY



FLORIAN (*confused*). No.

[*He passes his hand across his eyes, waves a farewell to her, and turns to go.*]

TINA (*in agitation*). Must you still go? (*She again detains him*). Can you not stay here with me? (*She draws her dress, and leaning to a chair, places it beside the table, and shows Florian that there will be his place to eat and drink.* Next, hastening to the divan, she stretches herself out for a moment as if in slumber, and then, rising, apprises Florian that there will be his bed.) We will lodge you, and you shall be our brother. Please, Florian.

FLORIAN (*shakes his head sadly, but firmly*). No, I must go. I am a peasant, Tina, my life is to die (*in danger*), to plough the fields, the plough and the scythe to sow the seed, the grain, to reap the crops—that is my life (*he points to himself*). Farewell, Tina.

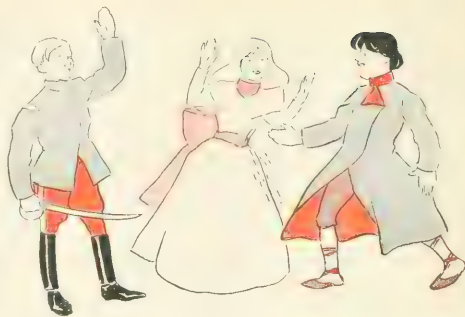
TINA (*distractedly*). Oh, how can I let you go?

[*She makes a dramatic gesture.*]

FLORIAN (*returning*). Do not let me go. (*With a vigorous sweep of his arm he brushes away all obstacles to their reunion.*) Come with me. (*He grasps her by the arm*). Off with this finery, and don your old brown dress again. (*He makes as if to tear the finery from her shoulders, and catching up the old dress, thrusts it into her arms.*) And then we will fly far from here, back to the dear old farm.

[*He points emphatically toward the door.*]

Tina, caught by his enthusiasm, hesitates, almost ready to give



THE TRAGEDY.

FLORIAN. Tina! [*He lifts her to her feet, the sawdust still spilling.*]

TINA. Good gracious! only look at me! (*She claps her hand to her side in the endeavor to stanch the flow of sawdust.* Then she thinks her of her maids.) Hagat! Chrysanthemum! come and sew me up!

[*She looks to them, and indicates that they are to stitch the gaping edges of the wound together.* They approach to fill this merciful and surgical office.

FLORIAN. Wait! wait!

[*He holds up his hand to stay them, and then, dropping on his knees, scrapes together the sawdust that Tina has dropped.* Rising, he gracefully pounces it back into the wound.

Hagat and Chrysanthemum then prepare their needles and perform the operation. When it is over, Tina tries to walk.

TINA. Heavens! I am a cripple!

[*In fact, she limps most shockingly; the side on which she was wounded gives away completely.*]

FLORIAN. I will support you. [*He passes his arm about her.*]

RODOMONT (*starting forward*). Who are you?

FLORIAN (*releasing Tina, he throws off his overcoat*). Florian.

MADAMOISELLE (*comprehending everything*). Ah!

TINA (*takes Florian's hand*). And I return to him my sheep.

[*She catches up the sheep, which she holds under her arm, and still holding Florian's hand, makes a final entrance as the curtain falls.*]

CURTAIN.



FLORIAN DISCLOSES HIMSELF.

up all and fly with him. Then, just at this exciting moment, the door is flung open, and Rodomont appears. Behind him is seen a large company.

SIXTH SCENE.

THE PROLOGUE, RODOMONT, MADAMOISELLE, HAGAT AND CHRYSANTHEMUM, AND GUESTS, INCLUDING A ULLAGAMAN.

RODOMONT. Treachery!

[*He draws his sword and rushes at Florian.*]

TINA. Spare him!

[*She throws aside the brown dress, and flings herself in front of Florian; and Rodomont, making a fierce lunge at that very moment, the cruel sword enters her side, and she falls, the sawdust gushing out all over the stage. General consternation.*]

FLORIAN. Alas, they have killed her!

[*He bends over her in despair.*]

RODOMONT. Good Heaven!

[*He starts back, gazing at what he has done, and dropping his sword, drops his hand to his forehead.*]

TINA. Help me

[*She raises herself on one arm, and makes a feeble effort to rise.*]



TINA AND FLORIAN ARE UNITED.

The children who act this little pantomime must be carefully instructed that they are not to speak the words of their parts, but to act them; and during rehearsals they must be trained to use the same gestures and the same number of gestures every time. A clever elder sister or aunt will be able to show them how to pass from one gesture to another, and how to maintain the necessary air of attention; nor will this be difficult for children to learn, since pantomime is a natural function, whose use we overlook simply because we are able to speak.

As the mutes of pantomime communicate with each other only by gesture, when two characters are in converse they must watch each other's actions closely. A conversation is opened, as a general rule, by clapping the hands quickly and pointing. The characters in the present pantomime being dolls, the action must be stiff and jerky, and in general a character who is not actually in action at the moment should remain wooden and motionless, though observant. But of course, wherever emotions are called forth by the events of the drama as they pass, they should be represented by sudden and spasmodic gestures.

The music is to follow the action, and the themes provided are to be played during the entire piece, each theme being repeated over and over until the scenes for which it is designed are ended. The arrangement of the themes is as follows: Theme No. 1: the Prologue. No. 2: Scene 1. No. 3: Scenes 2 and 3. No. 4: Scenes 4 to 6. No. 5: Scenes 7 to 9. No. 6: Scene 1, Act II. No. 7: Scenes 2 and 3. No. 8: Scene 4. No. 9: Scenes 5 and 6. The signs ** indicate the themes for repetition.

While the success of the pantomime will depend largely upon the completeness of the stage properties for the first act, these may be made at home with a tool-box, a glue-pot, a little canvas, paint and lumber, and the ingenuity in which no American family is lacking.

It is indispensable that Tina's arms and legs should be covered with linen, in imitation of a doll's. The sawdust for her wound in Act II. may be concealed beneath the dress which she puts on in that act, or in her sash. It should be put in a linen bag whose mouth is confined by a string, which Tim must break when she claps her hand to her wound.

A CHRISTMAS CRANK.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

ALBEMARLE PLACE is one of those short streets which have seen "better days," its name being a last remnant of decayed aristocracy, and in this it resembled Mrs. Dabney Blossom, the Southern widow who could recall halcyon days "before the war," but had stumbled upon such exceedingly evil ones in the lodging-house on the corner, that she was almost ashamed of the joy that filled her being when, after months of ruinous vacancy, her second floor front was taken in November by a "seafaring gentleman," who, as she said, "If he was right curisome in his ways, paid in advance, and gave no more trouble than the black kitten Dixie."

More than "curisome," however, did Minchon, the little maid of all work, consider the red-faced, pop-eyed Captain. She thought him "really awful," and shook in her rusty old shoes when he roared at her, as though she had been mate, pilot, and crew all combined, and ordered her to "come and make up his bunk" as though he was consigning her to the stake.

"Guess he is one of the ogres they used to scare the little 'uns with up to the 'Sylum,'" she confided to the small Robins on the third floor, for Minchon's world was bounded by a Home with a capital H, and her present abode, to which she had been brought at the age of twelve to commence an up-and-down-stairs, running-of-errands existence, that had now gone on for three years.

After that, then, Molly and Dolly, the Robin twins, who sat many hours each day folding and basting neckties for their mother to stitch, always tiptoed breathlessly past the "Ogre's" door, although Mrs. Robin laughed at their fears, and told them "they ought not to be afraid of a sailor, since their own dear dead papa followed the water."

The neighbors, too, soon came to know the short eccentric figure as it rolled up and down the little thoroughfare, and tapped their foreheads significantly when he shook his stick at the children, muttering "Get out of my way, you saucy young dolphins," and then, perhaps, flung them a penny or a sugar-plum to make up; while the barber across the street dubbed him the "Crank," by which name he was erelong called throughout the length and breadth of Albemarle Place.

One morning, then, poor Minchon nearly dropped a heavy scuttle of coal and tumbled after it herself when, just as she was staggering up stairs, the front door flew open with a bang, and in bounced the dreaded Captain. She attempted to hurry; but he saw her, and shouted in stentorian tones: "Bless my tops! What does a small craft like you mean by straining your seams in that fashion? Here, hand over that cargo instant!" And before she could remonstrate, he had seized the scuttle, and was off to the third story back, where he filled Miss Tuffet's grate so full that the economical soul of the little

music-teacher—who gave lessons for twenty-five cents an hour—quailed with horror.

"Well, I never! Mebbe, now, the man's bark is worse than his bite!" soliloquized the dazed girl on the stairs; while early in December another incident occurred which confirmed this idea, and caused a complete revulsion in her feelings.

It was a gray lowering afternoon that she received permission to spend an hour with her special friend on the block, Gretchen Müller, a young woman much older than herself, but the fairest, sweetest German *madchen* who ever lost her heart to a barber, and this Gretchen had done to the little hair-cutter over the way, who was saving all his dimes and quarters in order that they might marry and go to housekeeping in the tiny rooms over the shop.

Quite gayly, then, Minchon stepped forth, carrying the little cat Dixie cuddled up in her arms, but had scarcely passed beyond the gate, when—

"Minchon, Minchon, scrawny leg!
A yellow mop on a wooden peg!"

was rudely chanted by a shrill boyish voice, and out from behind an ash-barrel sprang an ancient enemy of hers, one Digby Smithers by name, who made a dive for the kitten, caught it by the neck, and swung it around his head.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE "KRIS KRINGLE"

"Oh, you bad wicked boy, give me back my pussy!" screamed Minchon.

But the little rascal only danced off down the street, still keeping the miserable cat swinging and squalling in the upper air. "Don't you wish you could get it?" he cried, tauntingly. "But you won't; for he's agoin' to be sold to the Chinaman for his supper. Ah, he'll make mince-meat of this little nigger; he'll

"Suck his blood and pick his bones,
And bury his black fur under the stones."

At this dire prophecy Minchon's wails drowned those of poor Dixie, and she flew after Digby like a small fury, though she could never have overtaken him had not a hand been suddenly laid on the boy's shoulder, and he brought to an abrupt halt. The next thing he knew he was forced to his knees, and a stern tone commanded: "Heave ahoy, my hearty! No piracy allowed here. So jest hand back that leetle critter, and ask the young lady's pardon for giving her such a chase."

"I sha'n't," growled the urchin, kicking and squirming, while even Minchon smiled at the idea; but the sailor's grip on his collar was like a vise, and he was finally obliged to obey, though sullenly enough; and the instant he was free and at a safe distance shook his fist, shouting, "I'll remember this, Miss 'Sylum trash, and I'll git square some time."

"He will, too, as sure as Christmas is a-comin'," sighed the small maid. "Though I am mighty grateful to you, sir."

"So Christmas even comes to Albemarle Place, does it? Hey?"

The "hey" was so gruff that Minchon jumped. "Well, sir, not so much as it did to the Home. There we allways had candy and a tree. Folks don't do much Santa Claus-in' here; but I do hope Mrs. Blossom will give me a new pair of shoes"—and she glanced down at her old boots, which were decidedly out at the toe and down at the heel.

"Little one," said the Captain, presently, "you remind me of another yellow-haired wench, whom I once loved and lost. She sailed away to a better port than this many a long year ago. I'm a clumsy old fellow, without kith or kin this side of the grave, but it would make me happier than you can think if you could sometimes find time to pay me a bit of a visit and play with the locker full of shells just as Daisy used to do. They are pretty shells from all over the world. You wouldn't care to come up to my galley and have a squint at 'em now, would you?"

And will you believe it, his tone was so sad and wistful that, forgetting all her fears, Minchon actually slipped her hand into that of the Ogre, and hopped up stairs two steps at a time. While there she passed a truly delightful hour, examining such ocean treasures as she had never even dreamed of, and chattering away like a talkative young magpie; while, when she was summoned below, Captain Lofty knew all about Miss Tuffet, who was trying to buy a piano on the installment plan; and about Adolph Frank, the barber, and his lovely fiancée, who cried so much because times were hard and the wedding-day appeared very far off. He had also learned more regarding naughty Digby Smithers, who, it seems, had his trial in a terribly harsh cruel parent sadly addicted to the dram-shop; was acquainted with the difficulty the Widow Blossom had to make both ends meet; and had listened to the history of the poor little Robins on the top floor, whose father sailed away one day in a "white-winged vessel," and must have gone down in her, for neither ever returned.

"Do you happen to know the Christian name of that sea Robin afore he took up his quarters in Davy Jones's locker?" the Captain once removed his pipe to inquire. Oh yes, the chatterbox knew that, she had heard the sad-

eyed necktie-maker say it a dozen times—"Thomas Coffin Robin from Nantucket, second mate of the tramp ship *Crescent*."

"Um m m"

The old salt said no more; but that night he squeezed himself into his pea-jacket and made his way down to the wharves, where he interviewed a former comrade there "stranded high and dry" in an obscure little hospital much frequented by disabled seamen; though what he discovered did not immediately transpire.

To the amusement of the household, however, Minchon and her Ogre now struck up a wondrous friendship, and Mrs. Blossom declared "they held as many mysterious conferences as though plotting a conspiracy."

Meanwhile Christmas drew on apace, and it wanted but two days of the Feast of the Star when Molly and Dolly Robin, having been to deliver a box of completed ties, paused in childish rapture before the window of a fascinating toy store, where was displayed a bevy of porcelain and waxen beauties arrayed in such gay attire as Joseph's coat could scarce have rivalled.

But it was upon a cherubic white-robed baby doll that wee Dolly fixed her eyes. "Oh, isn't she sweet—isn't she a darling!" she exclaimed. "And I choose that one; I choose the dear wax baby to be mine."

"But how can you," protested her more practical sister, "when you haven't but three cents in the world, and that would cost more'n a hundred?"

"Well, I can make believe, can't I?" said Dolly. "That's cheap, and is all the fun there is. Do, Moll, let us pretend that Santa Claus was coming to 70 Albemarle Place, and had asked us to pick out our gifts. Now, what will you take?"—with the air of a Lady Bountiful.

"Well, I think I'd like the young lady in pink," laughed Molly, "and the work-box with the cunning scissors and thimble."

"Then I'll have the rocking-chair and a cornucopia of candy, for my sweet tooth is just aching for a caramel." And so the poor little souls went on selecting this and that as though they were blessed with the purse of Fortunatus, as they certainly were with the divine gift of imagination. So absorbed were they that neither observed a familiar uncouth figure hovering near, though, later, as they turned into Albemarle Place, Molly pointed out Captain Lofty disappearing in the barber shop opposite and snickered, "Look, Dolly, the Ogre is going for a Christmas shave."

She was right; and an hour after, a wildly excited tonsorial artist burst into Gretchen Müller's tidy little room, and catching her around the waist, went whirling in a gay mad waltz across the floor.

"Ach, my Adolph, what has happened to thee?" cried the startled girl. "Is it that your senses you have lost?"

"No, no, sweetheart; not unless one can have gladness on the brain! But behold that," holding out, as he spoke, two large shining bits of gold.

"Forty dol-lars!" gasped Gretchen, amazed. "From whence did it come?"

"As I live, from that jolly old 'Crank' over the way, and I wish there were more such cranks to turn this tough world upside down with joy. But listen. About dusk into the shop came Mrs. Blossom's queer lodger. 'Here, you whipper-snapper of a chin-cutter,' he shouted, 'off with these hairs and let me see if you understand your trade.' This riled me, but I kept my temper and shaved him as clean as a billiard-ball. He was a restless customer and found a deal of fault, while when I was done he growled, 'There's your damages,' and hurried off as fast as his rheumatism would permit. I was wiping my razor, and did not look at the money for a minute. When I did, there were these gold beauties instead of the usual small change."

"Oh, but, Adolph, it must have been a mistake," said Gretchen, reproachfully.

"So I thought, and started after the old codger without waiting to take off my apron. 'Excuse me, sir, but I fear you have made one big blunder,' said I, laying hold of his coat tails—at which he turned upon me like a red and angry lobster. 'Ecod and little fishes,' he roared. 'Don't you think Epaphroditus Lofty knows his own business better than a land-lubber of a barber? Is there any law agin paying forty dollars for a Christmas shave? If there isn't, put the money in your pocket and hold your tongue, else you will get no more of my custom'—with which he thumped into the house, leaving me pinching myself to see if it could be a dream."

"But it wasn't," cried Gretchen, "for here is the good solid gold. Ah, bless that so kind old Christmas Crank!"

In the mean time the eccentric seaman had been met by Minchon, flushed with weeping and bristling with anger. "That hateful Digby has been getting 'square' at last," she sobbed. "He knocked me down, wrenched my arm, and stole all the nice sweeties you sent me to buy. Every single sugar-plum and lollipop is gone."

"Pshaw, now, you don't say so!"—and the Captain fairly turned purple in wrathful sympathy. "But don't cry, little mate; I'll settle with that young scoundrel. He deserves the cat-o'-nine-tails; but seeing it's Christmas-tide, suppose we try the effect of a few 'coals of fire' on his rascally head instead."

"Oh, yes, yes; and scorch him well," snapped the girl, taking her friend literally, and she revelled in the sweets of revenge like a veritable little heathen, as she watched him striding down the street in quest of the miscreant Master Smithers.

The following morning each inmate of the lodging-house found on his or her door a small missive, which ran thus:

"Captain Epaphroditus Lofty presents his compliments and requests your presence at the launching of the *Kriss Kringle* on Christmas Eve at eight o'clock.

"70 Albemarle Place. Second floor front."

Promptly, then, at the appointed hour a procession of curious folk appeared in the upper hall headed by Mrs. Dabney Blossom, truly resplendent in carefully preserved relics of ante-bellum finery. The door of the front room flew open, and there was the first surprise in Minchon, looking almost pretty in a scarlet frock, and trim and trig as a little yacht, from her neatly braided hair to her new and shining shoes. Her bright countenance fell, however, when she beheld Digby Smithers, sidling in behind the first-floor lodgers, unusually clean of face, and unusually redolent of brown soap and diffidence. But the bowing, beaming Captain welcomed him as cordially as he did the rest, and then a chorus of admiring exclamations burst forth as all eyes rested on a table garlanded with evergreens upon which stood the perfect model of a miniature ship. And such a ship, with snowy sails and silken ropes, and hung from stem to stern with glittering balls and streamers gay! Lighted tapers twinkled merrily from every mast and point, and a rich cargo of fruits and sweetmeats, toys and trinkets, was heaped upon the deck; while, wonder of wonders—to the girl twins—the *Kriss Kringle* carried as passengers a porcelain lady dressed in pink and a baby doll in cap and gown. Erelong every one had received something from the Christmas ship.

Winsome Dolly was the picture of bliss with the baby doll filling her arms and caramels her rosy mouth; Molly was glowing over her work-box; and even Dixie, adorned with a yellow ribbon, was happily lapping cream from a quaint Japanese dish, when suddenly in walked the little barber with the blushing Gretchen on his arm.

"Fräulein Müller, I believe," said the Captain, coming forward, politely.

"No, sir," spoke up Adolph; "it is not Fräulein Müller; this is Frau Frank, whom I have brought straight from the church to thank our so great benefactor." At which announcement Minchon flew to embrace the bride, the modest tar crimsoned to his eyebrows, and Mrs. Blossom, to cover her confusion, cried:

"If that be the case, run up, Miss Tuffet, and play us the Wedding March."

Willingly the tiny woman obeyed, while most of the party trooped after, and gathering around the musical instrument, joined their voices in the carols with which she followed up the processional.

The good genius of the feast roared with the rest, regardless of time or tune, when Digby, who had remained below holding a shame-faced *jubilant* by himself over a long-coveted pair of skates, appeared and whispered, "Say, Cap, there's a peaked-lookin' chap askin' for you at the front door."

"It must be that delayed Christmas gift." And away the Captain scurried, while presently Mrs. Robin also was summoned down stairs.

"I wonder what for?" thought inquisitive Molly, and slyly stole after, to be almost paralyzed with astonishment at seeing her gentle timid mother sobbing hysterically on the shoulder of an utter stranger with a long brown beard and such a white, white face. "Who in the world can it be?"

Suddenly, however, the newcomer asked, in a choked voice, "And the twin birdlings, Mary, are they still alive and well?" To which Mrs. Robin responded, "Yes, yes; thank God!"

For, as you have doubtless imagined, the mysterious individual was none other than Tom Robin, of Nantucket, given back, as it were, from a watery grave, and with a harrowing tale of shipwreck, wearisome months in a foreign hospital, and a final return, only to find the home-nest where he had left his little brood deserted, and all the Robins flown he knew not whither. "Which was such a shock," he concluded, "that the brain-fever came back, and I long hovered 'twixt life and death. I never dreamed of you being in this big city, until my old mate Lofty ferreted me out."

"We'll soon nurse you back to health and strength now," said his wife, with a contented smile. And Dolly cried, "So mamma got a Christmas doll, too; and the biggest of the three."

All then voted the launching of the *Kriss Kringle* "a glorious success," while Mrs. Blossom invited the company to share her turkey and plum-pudding the next day. "It will be a farewell dinner," she announced, "as we must part at the new year. Captain Lofty intends adopting Minchon to fill the place of a little lost daughter, and has asked me to keep house for them at Sandy Roost."

"Which," added the old seaman, "is a tidy spot down on the coast, where I hope to weigh anchor within sight and smell of salt water for the rest of my days."

"Goin' to make a lady of yer, is he?" asked Digby, grinning at the girl, who replied, "I don't know; but he says he will make me a first-rate sailor."

"Now, ain't he a dandy old Crank! For he's promised, too, to look out for a berth for me on a good ship." Then, swallowing a lump in his throat, the boy stammered, "See here, Min, I'm dreadful sorry for being so mean to you and Dixie, and I wouldn't be such a bad fellow if I'd ever had a chance. Can't we be friends?"

Which showed the "coals of fire" had not been wasted, while, as Minchon clasped the rough red hand of her quondam enemy, the last taper on the little festal bark flickered and went out, and the chimes in a neighboring steeple rang forth the angels' song—

"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

THE LARGEST MAGNET IN THE WORLD.

PPOTENTIALITY. That is a big-sounding six-syllabled word. It means that within something all possibilities are included. We ought to be cautious about speculating too far into the potentiality of anything. Your fancy might be like a horse. You may not throw the reins over his neck, because he might run away and pitch you off. Nevertheless, it is not unwise under certain precautions to let your imagination take the bit at times.

Great men in studying science form what are known as theories, and they do not theorize with their hands, but with their brains. When Michael Faraday in 1831 took a piece of iron and wound a copper wire about it, and passed an electric current through the wire, he made his iron magnetic. When he saw the result of his wonderful experiment, did he allow himself to be carried away by the potentialities? Could he fancy the thousands of uses which would find applications by this change of force, electricity producing magnetism? Could he presage the electric telegraph, electric lighting, the electric motor? You may go daft over your potentialities, and yet results may come about in future years far more extraordinary than your wildest imaginings.

Orientalists have plenty of fancy. There was Mohammed's coffin, which they said hung in mid-air, poised between two magnets. In the *Arabian Nights* there is the story of a ship approaching a loadstone mountain, and all her spikes drawn out of her timbers, so that the craft foundered.

When I used to play with a little hollow metal duck in a basin of water, drawing the duck where I pleased by means of a bit of magnetic iron (always painted red), I had no idea about magnetic potentialities.

I am going to be very wild indeed. I fancy I see a squadron of mounted cuirassiers with their steel corselets. Their horses, on the full gallop, are charging a fort. Now for mounted men to charge a fort is a very silly



HOLDING UP FIVE 325-POUND CANNON BALLS.

thing. They are not riding at the fort of their own free-will, but because they cannot help themselves, for they are tugging at their horses' bits as hard as they can. This, however, is the exact situation: Inside of that fort is a great magician. He has the most powerful of dynamos ever built, and he is creating a tremendous and irresistible magnetic force. It is the iron horseshoes which are dragging on the animals, as are the steel corselets the cavalymen. The magician just bags the whole squadron, barring those few horses whose shoes have been torn off or those cavalymen who have had their cuirasses stripped off their backs. It is only the repetition of my little toy duck, but the magnet has been intensified many hundreds of thousands of millions of times.

This is an absurd magnetic potentiality, of course. What, however, I want to write about is that I saw at Willets Point the biggest magnet ever yet set to work.

Willets Point is a government station commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. King, and here it is that engineering officers of the United States Army get their polishing off. Electricity has so much to do to-day with the protection of land approaches by means of torpedoes, and an enemy's ships are to be blown to atoms by the help of submarine boats, that electricity may be said to be always on tap at Willets Point.

Colonel King having handy a large cannon weighing 50,000 pounds, and a quantity of old torpedo wire, took fourteen miles of the wire, coiled it around one of his guns, and passed electricity through the wire by means of a powerful dynamo. At once an immense magnetic force was developed. Here is a picture of the cannon, which has hanging to it five 325-pound shells. You may have seen a little horseshoe magnet, and how several steel pens may be made to hang from it. This big magnet does the same thing with the five cannon balls. You can understand how powerful is this magnetic force when you consider how slight is the point of contact when two spheres touch. The five shells represent a down-pull of 1625 pounds. They are hanging together, one over the other, by an area of surface which



THEN HE COVERED HIS CHEST WITH IRON SPIKES LIKE A PORCUPINE

can be, theoretically, but a point. At first, for convenience's sake, in lifting heavy weights an iron pulley with a quarter-inch chain was used, but when the gun was magnetic the chain and pulley were of no use. The chain became as rigid as if it had been a bar of solid steel and riveted to the gun.

I saw a man stand at a distance of some three feet from the gun, and putting an iron spike against his breast, the spike would stand out straight, as if he were a magnet. Then he covered his chest with iron spikes like a porcupine.

A heavy piece of railroad iron, weighing fully fifty pounds, when pushed into the muzzle of the cannon, was shoved out a certain distance and then drawn back by the magnetic force. The soldiers who work the magnet derive some amusement from the gun. When they see a green man, they say to him, "Billy, just hand us that crowbar leaning against the gun." Billy, anxious to help, tries to take the crowbar, and finds that he cannot budge it, pull, haul, or strain all he may. It requires the efforts of two men, with a sudden jerk, to pull away from the gun an iron bar weighing about twenty-five pounds.

This gun was mounted on a great iron carriage fully twenty feet long. The whole carriage was magnetic. Big nails would stick to it anywhere. I made long pendants of nails. It was curious to see railroad spikes lift themselves up on a wooden platform, as if they were live things making ready to spring at the gun.

THE LITTLE RED BOOK.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER II.

THOUGH Madge and Bertha had decided that they would not tell Eleanor of the discovery they had made, the possession of such a secret made them conscious of a feeling of power over Eleanor which could be made known to her the moment they felt so inclined. Of course they would never tell. Oh no. But yet if they did tell, what would Eleanor say?

"Just think!" they would whisper to each other. "We know more about her than she does herself!"

Madge wished very much that she could speak of it to her mother and sister, but that would be to confess that they had read the diary, of which she was secretly very much ashamed. Bertha had no such scruples, but there was no one in whom she wished to confide. The fact that she and Madge Barnes were intimate and shared such a huge secret was enough for her.

The next day was Sunday. The three girls were in the same Sunday-school class, which was taught by Mrs.

Rogers. It happened that the subject of honor came into the lesson, and Mrs. Rogers spoke at some length about it. Madge had left her usual seat, and sat next to Bertha. She wished Eleanor to understand that she was not forgiven for having left them yesterday afternoon. Bertha fastened her eyes boldly on Mrs. Rogers's face, and listened to all that she said with exaggerated attention.

"It is not right to deceive in any way, Mrs. Rogers, is it?" she asked.

"Certainly not, Bertha."

"You ought always to tell the truth right out, no matter how much you hurt people's feelings, or anything else?"

"You should always speak the truth if you speak at all. Sometimes it is unnecessary to say anything. If you know something about your neighbor that would do no good to any one else to have known, but, on the contrary, might do harm, there is no reason why you should tell it, even though it may be the truth."

"But is it right to pretend to be what you are not?"

"Most emphatically no. That is to be a hypocrite, a most detestable character."

The lesson continued, and under cover of it Bertha whispered to Madge, "She is a hypocrite herself, then, for she is pretending that Eleanor is her own child when she isn't."

"Oh, hush!" said Madge, hastily. "I am afraid some one will hear you."

"Well, I like people to practise what they preach," murmured Bertha, "and I believe Eleanor has told her mother about the diary and our reading it, and that is the reason she began to talk about honor."

"I don't believe so, Bertha. I'm awfully mad at Eleanor because she went home, but she promised not to tell, and she always keeps her word. But you said you didn't think it was dishonorable to read the diary."

"I don't, as long as Mrs. Brewster was so careless as to lose it. I think we had a perfect right to read it."

Madge made no answer. She did not agree with Bertha, but Mrs. Rogers was looking at them, so she could say no more.

Mrs. Rogers had noticed that some trouble had occurred



"IT'S ONLY A JOKE," SHE ASSURED KATY.

among the children, and she questioned Eleanor as to the cause when they were walking home after morning service.

"Oh, it is nothing much!" said Eleanor, bravely, though she really felt very sore about it. "The girls were going to do something yesterday that I didn't like, and so I came home, and now they are mad."

"What were they going to do, dear?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"Mamma dear, I can't tell you, for I promised I wouldn't tell before I knew what it was. You don't mind, do you? For I would tell you if I could. Indeed, I'd give anything to tell you."

"No, dear, I don't mind, for I know you would if you could; but it is better to be careful about making promises."

At school the next day Bertha and Madge were inseparable. To be sure, Madge's desk was next to Eleanor's, but no communications were passed between the girls, no little scraps of notes were written, and during recess Bertha and Madge walked about with their arms about one another's waists, or stood in retired corners laughing over their great secret.

"We'll call it 'O. A.', for Orphan Asylum, shall we?" asked Bertha. "Or would 'M. B. D.', Mrs. Brewster's Diary, be better?"

"'O. A.' would be the best," replied Madge. "She might guess Mrs. Brewster's Diary, for she knows about that, but she would never guess 'O. A.'"

"'O. A.," therefore, was loudly mentioned whenever Eleanor was within hearing, and although she tried her very best not to show it, and succeeded, too, she felt very much hurt and very unhappy to be so treated by her best friend. In order to appear not to mind it she joined some of the older girls, who were always nice to her, for Eleanor was one of the most popular girls at school.

The theatricals mentioned in the last chapter were to come off this week. They were to be at the Athenæum, a large building on the corner of Deane Street and Hillside Avenue, built to serve the purpose of town-hall, library, and various other things. It contained a large room, with a raised platform at one end, which could be made into a most convenient and attractive little stage, and here the two plays were to be given. The younger girls and boys were to take part in *Cinderella*, while some of the grown people were to act in the second play.

Ruth Barnes, Madge's sister, had undertaken to coach the young people in their parts, and had appointed the different characters, and this had been no easy matter.

Eleanor was to be *Cinderella*. She was the best actress, and, therefore, she had been given the chief part. Ruth would have liked to give the part to Madge, for her delicate face and figure and her pretty curls would have been admirably adapted to *Cinderella*; but apart from disliking to give her sister the principal character in the performance, Ruth felt that no one would do it as well as Eleanor. Madge and Bertha, therefore, were to be the Cruel Sisters, May Brewster the Fairy Godmother, and Ned Brewster the Prince.

Eleanor was much delighted at the idea of being *Cinderella*, but the chief source of her joy lay in the fact that she was to wear a beautiful golden wig. For one night at least her hateful short locks would be hidden from sight, and she would be a beautiful golden-haired princess in a white gauzy dress all covered with spangles, and the most perfect little silver slippers that ever were seen. Glass ones being impossible, Ruth Barnes had ingeniously covered a pair of ordinary slippers with silver paper, and the effect was excellent.

Bertha Weld was not at all pleased with her part of the Cruel Sister. The only thing that reconciled her to it was that Madge Barnes was to be the other sister. It was Bertha's one ambition to be intimate with Madge.

She not only admired her very much and found her entertaining, for Madge could invent the most wonderful games that ever were played, but she longed to be on the easy footing with the Barnes family that Eleanor Rogers enjoyed—to be welcome at any hour of the day, to go there to luncheon, or to stay all night; to share the delicious candy that Madge could buy whenever she felt disposed, she having an unlimited amount of pocket-money; in fact, to derive all the benefits that were possible from an intimacy with the richest, prettiest, and one of the most popular girls in the place.

For although Madge could be very aggravating, she was very attractive, and, next to Eleanor, was liked best by all the girls of Durham. The boys did not care for her as much. They thought she "put on airs," as they said, and they declared that Eleanor Rogers was worth three of Madge Barnes.

"I do think it is too bad, Madge, that you are not to be *Cinderella*," said Bertha, as they walked home from school. "You would make a sweet one; and it is perfectly ridiculous for Eleanor to have the best part. She is not nearly as pretty as you, in the first place."

"Oh, Bertha!" murmured Madge, blushing a little at the flattery, which was very pleasant to hear. "Eleanor is pretty, every one thinks, and in the golden wig she will be lovely."

"Pooh! Fancy having to wear a wig! I'd be ashamed to. If my own hair wouldn't do, I wouldn't act the part."

And Bertha tossed the long thick-braid which hung down her back.

"I think it's awfully vulgar and fast to wear false hair," she continued. "Just what you would expect from an orphan asylum girl."

Madge was silent for a moment. Bertha was very spiteful about Eleanor; but why should Madge stand up for her when they had quarrelled? So she merely said:

"Ruth wants her to wear the wig. You know it's the right thing to do in acting, and it's the same wig that Ruth wore herself years ago in a play."

"Well, anyhow, I think you ought to have the part, and I am going to do something to get it for you."

"Oh, Bertha, what are you going to do?" cried Madge, who was longing to be *Cinderella*, but who for once had not gained her own way with her sister Ruth.

"Never mind. You'll see," said Bertha, giving a little skip as she spoke. "Only be careful not to show that you know anything about it if anything happens."

"Indeed I won't. I'd just love to be *Cinderella*; only it seems a shame to take it away from Eleanor."

"And why should you deny yourself for her? She was perfectly horrid on Saturday."

"I know she was. And do you know, Bertha, it was all her fault that Bridget couldn't find us when you came to see me. We had seen you coming, and Eleanor said to hide under the sofa. There, I didn't mean to tell you, but I couldn't help it."

"Oh, that was it, was it?" exclaimed Bertha. An angry light came into her eyes, and the color deepened in her cheeks. "Very well, Miss Eleanor Rogers! You'll get paid back for this."

"But I was almost as much to blame," said Madge, a little frightened at the effect of her words, "because I was willing to do it."

"That is not the same as thinking of it, and I'll never forgive Eleanor Rogers for that. It is just what you would expect such a person to do."

The girls parted here, and Madge went home feeling just a little remorseful, but not wholly realizing how dishonorable and unfair she had been. She consoled her conscience by thinking that as she and Eleanor were no longer friends, and as she and Bertha were now on such intimate terms, it was quite right to transfer all her allegiance to her latest ally.

Bertha also went home, and after luncheon proceeded to put her new plan into execution.

Bertha Weld had not naturally a bad disposition, but circumstances were all against her. She was an only child, and she had no mother. Her father was absorbed in his business, and Bertha was left entirely to the servants, except when one of her aunts came for an occasional visit. But they did not know the child well, and did not take the trouble to try to know her better. There was none of the intimate intercourse that is so common between aunt and niece, and they usually went away with the idea that Bertha was a most unattractive child, and more spoiled than ever.

From the time that Mr. Weld had first come to Durham, about three years ago, Bertha had fastened her affections upon Madge Barnes. It was the one desire of her life to be intimate with her, instead of which Eleanor Rogers occupied the envied position, and Bertha was taken up and dropped as happened to suit the wilful Madge.

It was foolish and undignified for Bertha to submit to such treatment, but she never had the strength of mind to resist Madge's advances, and when the reverse came always attributed it to the influence of Eleanor. She knew in her inmost heart that Eleanor was not to blame, but it suited her convenience to think so.

And now it seemed a rare chance to step entirely into Eleanor's place. Madge was really angry with her. Bertha knew how much Madge wanted to be Cinderella. If she, Bertha, could manage it for her, would she not thus secure Madge's everlasting gratitude and friendship?

"It is a magnificent scheme," said Bertha to herself. "Eleanor is so fearfully sensitive that it will work splendidly."

She went to her room, and sitting down at her desk, with a pencil and paper, began to write. It was a long time before she had composed a letter that seemed altogether suitable. Many times she would write a sentence, then cross it off, and try to express the same thing in another way. Finally it was written to her satisfaction.

"Now the thing is to get it copied," she said to herself. "I don't want it to go in my handwriting, and I want to be able to say that I didn't write it. For, of course, it would be quite true to say I didn't if some one else copies it."

Bertha's idea of truthfulness was of the letter of the deed and not the spirit.

She went in search of Katy, the waitress, who wrote a good hand, and who was in great demand among her associates when they wished to correspond with their friends.

"Katy, will you do something for me?" asked Bertha.

"La, yes, Miss Bertha! What is it?" said Katy, who was very good-natured, and who felt sorry for the lonely child, spoiled and disagreeable as she could sometimes be.

"I want you to write a letter for me."

"La, Miss Bertha, and you writing the beautiful hand that you do!"

"But, Katy, this is a joke, and I don't want any one ever to know I had anything to do with it. You will never tell, will you? And I'll give you something nice. Let me see. I'll give you that pretty work-basket Aunt Adelaide brought me the last time she was here. I never do any work, so I don't need it."

So the bargain was struck, and Katy, in a clear round hand, copied the following letter or notice, for it had neither beginning nor ending:

"Do you think it is right or kind for you to keep the part of Cinderella? Every one but you thinks you ought to give it to Madge Barnes. You ought to insist upon her taking it. It is the universal opinion that Madge could do the part better than you; and she would cer-

tainly make a prettier Cinderella on account of her hair. It is surprising that you have not found out before what all the girls are thinking about it."

Bertha was exceedingly proud of this composition. Those were such finely turned phrases, "Universal opinion," "insist upon her taking it."

"It is only a joke," she assured Katy, who expressed some surprise when she was told how to address it.

The note was written on plain white paper, and Bertha, when she carried it to the post-office and mailed it, felt quite confident that she would never be found out. That the letter was untruthful never occurred to her. She had heard one person say that Madge, with her curly hair, would make a pretty Cinderella, and the fact that she herself agreed with this opinion was sufficient foundation for the expression, "All the girls."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

QUOITS IN WARFARE.

THE game of quoits is still popular among certain classes.

Few of those who play it are aware that it has a deadly use in India. According to an English officer in that strange, rich section of the British Empire, quoits are used as implements of war by the Sikhs, an independent and very martial tribe in India. "The Sikhs," says he, "have a great variety of weapons. I observed the musket, matchlock, sword, spears of sundry forms, dagger, and battle-axe; but the arm that is exclusively peculiar to this sect is the quoit. It is made of beautiful thin steel, sometimes inlaid with gold. In using it the warrior twirls it swiftly round the forefinger, and launches it with such deadly aim, as, according to their own account, to be sure of his man at eighty paces." It appears they wear these war-quoits on their arm like armlets, and on the top-knot (which is peculiar to the Sikh) of the turban. The edges of the quoits are very sharp, and sure death to all who may be hit by them.

REUNION SONG.

WE gather on this happy day
To greet each other here,
A moment pausing on our way
To lift a song of cheer.
The roll-call of the merry host
That owns our Table Round
Takes in the land from coast to coast
Wherever names are found.

REFRAIN.

Then hurrah, hurrah, for ninety-four!
Clasp hands and lift a shout,
For Knights and Ladies met once more
As the year is going out.

The days have flown on wings of light
Since last our Order came,
One summer noontide blithe and bright,
To answer to its name.
Now frost and cold and snow are here,
But we are brave and gay,
And lift our song with cheer on cheer
This glad Reunion day.

Refrain.

Fair Order of the Table Round,
What tokens do you bring,
As loving looks and words abound,
And joyously you sing?
We stand for good, and not for ill,
Our native land we love,
Each day with deeds of kindness fill,
And trust in God above.

Refrain.



SANTA'S MISTAKE.

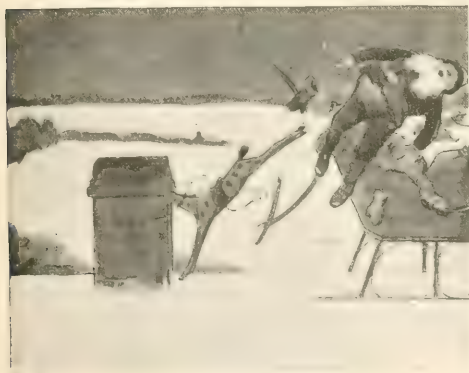
WELL, here's a pretty howdy-do!

This stack is not a chimney—

And here I am on Christmas morn
Some twenty-seven miles at sea!

NOT A POPULAR PASTIME.

"Don't think I'd like to be a plumber," said Wallie. "They seem to me to sit still so much, and I hate sittin' still. I'd rather be a postman, and go around ringin' door-bells and blowin' a whistle."



WHY BOBBY DIDN'T GET HIS ROCKING-HORSE.

A FOOTBALLAD.

(A very little Tommythought.)

He said when he saw the football high
Suspended from a peg,
"It must have been a tough old hen
That laid that leather egg."

THE OBBERWOB.

"WHAT do you suppose the baby is thinking about?"

"Well, I judge from what he says that he's thinking about the obberwob."

"The obberwob?"

"Yes; that's what he said a minute ago. I don't know what an obberwob is, but I guess it's worth thinking about."

A BUTTERNUT THOUGHT.

THE butternut is oval,
And when I see it fall,
It seems the little brother
Of the big football.

FREDDIE HAS AN IDEA.

"WHAT are you going to do with that key, Freddie?"

"I'm goin' to try and make the baby walk with it. Seems to me if a key is smart enough to make a doll that ain't alive walk, it ought to be smart enough to make a live baby do it."

THE DIFFERENCE.

SMALL Thomas had a thought last night

As he sat down to sup;

Said he, "My pa writes stories down,
While builders put 'em up."



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



UNDER THE CASTLE'S GUNS.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

SINCE his adventure in Porto Rico young Dan Coffin, of Stonington, has taken to wearing boots and a blue cap. But six months ago, when he was about fourteen and a half, he much preferred the freedom of bare feet, and the slight protection of a battered old straw hat, which served sometimes as a bait-box, but oftener as a crab-basket or a receptacle for apples.

In those days, only six months ago, Dan was a fine specimen of the typical New England boy; neither too tall nor too short; plump, but not fat; brown in the face, much browner in the hands, and a rich mahogany color from his toes up to his knees, because his trousers were constantly rolled up to keep them dry in the boat.

Young Dan was not always in his boat then, but he

spent a great deal of time in it. "Cap'n Dan'l" Coffin, Dan's father, is the chief owner and Captain of the fore-and-aft schooner *Mary D.*, which has a snug little carrying trade between Savannah and Boston, so he is away from home most of the time; but it often used to happen when he did reach home, and heard his wife complain of Dan's spending so much time on the water, that he poked her lovingly with his big forefinger, and replied: "Let the boy alone, mother. He's bound to make a sailor-man, and I like to see him take to it while he's young." Cap'n Dan'l did not think then, six months ago, that young Dan's pluck and skill were so soon to save his schooner for him.

Sometimes when freights are light between Savannah

and Boston the *Mary D.* goes further afield, and runs down into the West Indies after a cargo of sugar. On these occasions she generally clears for St. Kitts, carrying out part of a cargo of general merchandise for sale, and bringing back the sugar in hogsheads. When Cap'n Dan'l was about to start on the latest of these West Indian voyages, young Dan begged so hard to be taken along that his mother gave a reluctant consent, and he became a member of the crew. But it was only as a hand before the mast, for Cap'n Dan'l would not let him "put on any frills," as he said, merely because he was the Captain's son.

The first trouble in the voyage was when Cap'n Dan'l found that there was not a hogshead of sugar in St. Kitts for him to carry away. Two steamers had taken it all the week before, and there was nothing for him to do but sell his merchandise and go to some other island. There was plenty of sugar at Porto Rico, he heard; and the *Mary D.* was soon bowling over the Caribbean Sea toward San Juan, the capital of that Spanish island, a port which Cap'n Dan'l had never visited before.

The schooner was not far off Santa Cruz when one morning, just before daylight, there came a series of terrible crashes as though the vessel's sides were being stove in.

"We've been run down!" Dan shouted; and in a moment he and all the others who were in their berths sprang to the deck.

But they saw that they could not have been run down, for no other vessel was in sight, though the crashing continued.

"It's wreckage," Cap'n Dan'l announced; and the schooner was hove to until daylight showed them that they had run into an acre or more of heavy mahogany planks, probably a deck-load thrown from some vessel in distress—clear straight-sawn mahogany planks that Cap'n Dan'l reckoned would be worth about six dollars apiece in Boston.

This was a great find; and the *Mary D.* lay to until every plank in sight was safely piled on her deck. There were 542 of them; and Dan was wild with delight to think of the three thousand dollars extra profit the schooner would make on his first voyage in her. But those planks were very important things in Dan's life. If it had not been for the planks the *Mary D.* would not have got into trouble in Porto Rico, and Dan would not be the hero that he is in Stonington.

"Did ever anybody see such a lot of forts! And such solid ones!" Dan exclaimed, as the schooner rounded into the beautiful landlocked harbor of San Juan. "That biggest one they call the Castle, do they? The Spaniards must consider this a very valuable place, for they guard it well. What is that little boat that's coming out to us?"

"I don't know," Cap'n Dan'l replied, "but I can make a pretty safe guess. I think that's the custom-house officer; and he'll not find much when he gets here, either."

The *Mary D.* reached the spot marked on the chart "anchorage for sailing vessels," about a mile across the water from the city wharves; and her anchor had hardly been let go before the uniformed custom-house man climbed aboard.

Cap'n Dan'l is a careful man with his ship's papers, and he had them in his coat pocket all ready for inspection—the official papers showing that the American schooner *Mary D.*, Daniel Coffin, master, had sailed from St. Kitts for San Juan in ballast. Dan managed to be within earshot of the inspector, for he was anxious to learn all the foruns.

"Ha! in ballaste!" he heard the inspector exclaim, after a glance at the papers. The Spaniard had picked up a little English from boarding English ships. "In ballaste. But zese! but zese!" and as he spoke he stepped up to a pile of planks and slapped it with his hand.

"Yes," Cap'n Dan'l smilingly answered; "fine lumber that; don't grow much up our way that kind o' wood. We picked them planks up adrift about forty-five mile sou' by west of Santa Cruz—542 of 'em. Great streak of luck, wa'n't it?"

"But zey are not on ze manifest," the inspector cried. "Ze ship is cleared in ballaste, and you come into ze port with a deck-load of lumber."

Cap'n Dan'l explained again that the lumber had been picked up adrift after he left his last port, so it could not possibly be named in the manifest; but the inspector was working himself into such a state of excitement that it was impossible to understand him. It was evident, however, that he was ordering Cap'n Dan'l to go with him at once to the custom-house, which he did, another customs officer being called on board to guard the schooner.

Dan and the rest of the crew wondered what such a strange performance meant, but they could learn nothing until Cap'n Dan'l returned. An hour or more passed, and when the Captain stepped on deck again it was plain that something worried him. He walked rapidly up and down the starboard side, with his hands in his pockets and his hat pulled well down over his eyes—and the crew all knew that when Cap'n Dan'l did that they might look out for squalls. He kept it up so long that at length Dan went up to him.

"What's the matter, father?" he asked. "Any trouble on shore?"

"Trouble!" Cap'n Dan'l exclaimed, without pausing in his walk. "Trouble! It's the worst scrape I've ever got into, and I've seen some pretty tough ones. They're going to take the schooner away from me; that's all."

"Take the schooner away from you!" Dan repeated. "How can they do that?"

"By their pesky Spanish laws that of course I knew nothing about," Cap'n Dan'l replied. "And it's all through them planks, too. It's the law here, my lad, so they tell me, that a vessel comin' into the port must bring just exactly what her manifest calls for; no more and no less. If she brings more or less, she's fined two hundred dollars. Now, our manifest calls for nothing, because we started from St. Kitts in ballast; and we're fined for havin' this deck-load of lumber."

"Well, that's not worth worrying over," Dan interrupted. "The planks are worth over three thousand dollars; and if the fine is only two hundred dollars, we're still pretty well ahead."

"You don't understand the case," Cap'n Dan'l answered. "The fine is on each separate piece of cargo not on the manifest. They count each plank a separate piece; and as there's 542 planks, the fine is 542 times two hundred dollars or \$108,400 all told—about six times the value of the schooner and planks together. They've seized the vessel, and they'll sell everything we have towards paying the fines."

"It can't be!" Dan declared; "there's some mistake. No country would have such an unjust law as that."

But Cap'n Dan'l knew what had been told him in the custom-house, and knew that his schooner had been seized. He could think of nothing better to do than lay the case before the American consul and ask his advice; and he was preparing to go ashore for that purpose when the consul came out in his own boat.

"It is a very hard case," Dan heard the consul say. "We have such cases often, but not on such a large scale. There is nothing that I can do except to take care of you and your crew and send you home. I can protect you, but I cannot keep them from selling your vessel. You would be entirely justified in hoisting sail and running out of the harbor, but you cannot do it; there are too many forts and gunboats for that. In ten days they will sell your schooner and planks."

"Ten days," Dan said to himself. "Then we have ten

days in which to get out of the scrape. And Cap'n Dan'l's the man will find a way out, unless I am much mistaken."

But Dan was very much mistaken, for before five days had passed Cap'n Dan'l was in a violent fever, and was out of his head in the cabin. The loss of his schooner meant almost financial ruin to him; and it was a disgrace, he thought, for a Yankee skipper to be caught in such a trap. Fortunately the mate had studied medicine in his younger days, and he was able to take care of the Captain; but he was not willing to give much hope for Cap'n Dan'l's recovery unless he could be taken out of that hot and unhealthy harbor.

"I think you're a little under the weather yourself, Dan," the mate said. "You sit up there in the bow looking at the scenery without saying a word to anybody. You must know every buoy in the harbor and every fort on shore by this time, from the way you watch them."

"It is very handsome scenery," Dan answered; "and the scrape we're in doesn't make me feel like talking."

For three days more matters remained in the same uncomfortable state on the *Mary D.*—Cap'n Dan'l delirious in the cabin, the custom-house man constantly on board, young Dan growing nervous and impatient, and the crew beginning to grumble. In two days more the schooner would be taken from them and sold; and what was worse, Cap'n Dan'l showed no signs of improvement.

Late in the afternoon of the eighth day there came indications of a storm. The sky grew dark, and the wind clouds, scurrying past the mountain peaks, showed that a blow was coming. The approaching storm seemed to give new life to Dan. He left his favorite perch in the bow, and mingled cheerfully with the crew. He sniffed the breeze, and tightened the strap around his waist, and the old straw hat tilted a little to one side.

When the storm came in earnest, just before dark, young Dan called the mate aside.

"Mr. Barnes," he said, "I think this storm has come to save my father's life and release the schooner. I've been watching for a stormy night, and I began to think one would never come. If you are willing we can run the schooner out of the harbor to-night, and then let them catch us if they can."

"I'm afraid it can't be done, Dan," the mate replied. "Look at the forts on shore; and here's the custom-house man on board; and, worst of all, there's the iron gunboat lying at the harbor's mouth with steam always up. We're too closely watched to escape."

"I have everything planned," Dan persisted, "and if you give your consent we can take the schooner out of this harbor to-night. I have studied the place for days, and I know the harbor as I never knew a harbor before in my life. It was not scenery I was looking at from the bow, but forts and buoys. Saving the schooner is a great object, but saving father's life is a much greater."

This last argument had more effect than any other upon the mate, and Dan unfolded the plan he had laid. Mr. Barnes went forward and had mysterious talks with several members of the crew, and an hour later Dan knew what it meant when he saw two long spars hoisted out of the hold and laid on deck, for that was part of the plan he had proposed. A lithe young sailor was selected to spring suddenly upon the Spanish custom-house man in the cabin and pinion his arms behind him. That part of the work was soon done, and the officer was left lying, securely tied, upon the cabin floor, safe but uncomfortable.

"Now for the spars," Dan whispered. He was excited enough by this time, but all the talking was done in low tones. "Sink their butt ends in the mud close alongside, and hang our harbor lights on them. Then the Spaniards won't know we're gone."

It was a well-contrived plan, for when the cables were cut and the schooner moved away under a jib and double-

reefed mainsail, with all her other lights extinguished, the lighted spars showed that she was apparently in her old place.

The mate of course took the wheel, but he kept Dan close by his side, for Dan had the buoys and lights all at his fingers' ends. He was useful, too, to run forward and repeat the mate's orders in a low voice.

Past the first light the schooner fled through the blackness and rain, guided not only by the beacon, but by the lights of the city; then hard up and hard down, in and out among the buoys, port and starboard, until the great castle was off the starboard bow. Past the outer lighthouse, past the powder-ship, with her red lanterns, then abreast of the gunboat, with her fifty lights. A single shot from the gunboat might have sent the *Mary D.* to the bottom; but in that black storm the schooner passed unseen, and in a minute more she was in the open sea.

"If ever a lad saved a schooner, Dan, you've saved this one," the mate said, seizing Dan's hand and squeezing it. "It was all your work, for I had made up my mind that the thing couldn't be done. And I feel safe enough about Cap'n Dan'l now; when he finds we're at sea and the schooner safe, he'll soon pick up."

Dan had felt as bold as a lion while the danger lasted, but now that it was over he was all in a tremble. If they had been discovered, he thought, they would certainly have been sunk or captured, and then what a condition his sick father would have been in.

"I only planned it out, sir; you did all the work," he modestly replied. And then, to escape any more compliments, he went up forward among the crew and fell to work.

"Lower away the gig," the mate soon ordered, "and keep the schooner's nose dead north, while I look after the Spaniard."

In a moment he emerged from the cabin with the custom-house man, from whom he had cut the ropes.

"Now, friend, choose quick," the mate said. "There's a boat you can row yourself ashore in if you like to take the chance. Otherwise you're bound for Boston, as sure as you're alive."

The man did not understand the words, but the situation was clear enough. He climbed into the boat, and long before he could reach shore the schooner, still in total darkness, was miles away on the inky sea, safe from pursuit.

Inside of two weeks the *Mary D.* ran into Boston Harbor, her 542 planks safe in the hold, and Cap'n Dan'l sitting up in the cabin, weak, but recovering. The Captain's eyes grew moist when he heard the mate shout:

"Now, boys, all together, with a will. Three cheers for home, and three more for young Dan Coffin. If it hadn't been for him we'd not 'a' brought the schooner back!"

FRITZ AND HIS PUZZLE.

FRITZ is a beautiful brown-eyed boy
Running over with fun and joy.

Now and then his questions bother
His beautiful, youthful brown-eyed mother.

"I wish," she said, one day last week,
"Dear Fritz, I wish you would let me speak."

But Fritz had a number of things to say,
And he prattled and rattled and lisped away

Till she said, "My boy, if it's not unkind,
Do try for a while your own business to mind."

The brown eyes fell with a puzzled droop,
The small mouth puckered itself in a loop.

"I fink," said Fritz, in a tone resigned—
"I fink I have no business to mind!"

LIFE-BLOOD OF A GREAT CITY.

GETTING INTO AND OUT OF NEW YORK.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

BEFORE I tell how visitors come into and go out of New York, I should make clear to the reader the size of the majestic army of men, women, and children that marches into the metropolis from our wharves and depots every day. Nowhere that I have been able to think of looking or inquiring can I find any records or estimates that are so complete as to enable me, or any one, to say with any positiveness just what is the extent of our floating population. Ten years ago it had long been the custom to say that of tourists, foreigners, shoppers, and wage-earners, something like 250,000 souls came here every day. Perhaps that estimate was too high at that time; certainly it is too low now. We know that about 130,000 persons cross the Brooklyn Bridge every day, and that about 100,000 railway passengers come and go over the tracks in the Pennsylvania and Grand Central depots. Cut those figures in half to represent the movement one way, and we have the sum of 115,000 daily visitors by those three gates alone. We know that 500,000 passengers come here each year on foreign steamers—or 1400 a day—but there are only 3000 foreign steamers as against 1700 domestic steamers, 14,000 sailing ships, 150 steam passenger-boats, and 28 ferry lines—the last bringing the wage-earners who work in New York for the support of nearly 2,000,000 persons living in the immediate suburbs of the city. Of all who come by these routes there is no record whatsoever, and of 23 railways that empty their trade into this city, I have mentioned only the business of those terminating at two depots—the two very great depots.

It is a part of the hopelessness of the task for the reader to remember that even if we had figures to represent the passenger traffic of all these lines of commerce, they would be very incomplete. They would not include the great force of men who, as officers and sailors, man the vast navy that floats into our port from the ocean, nor the working force on the ten times larger home flotilla of domestic boats, which includes hundreds of fruit ships, 2000 small sailing craft, 1000 steamers and steamboats, 1000 canal-boats and lighters, most of which are manned by non-residents, yet bring their crews here for greater or lesser periods of time every day.

Of all who come—foreigners, American travellers,

wage-earners, merchants whose homes are in the suburbs, shopping women, school children, and the rest—my guess is that the sum reaches a mass of more than 300,000 persons daily, or more persons than live in Cincinnati or San Francisco. Of all the persons we would see if we looked down on this city from a balloon, one in every six would be found to have his home somewhere else. Of all who make up the daily swarm on Broadway and the equally dense crowds around the ladies' shopping stores, one in every three would be a person from some other city. And downtown, among the wholesale storehouses and banks and brokers' offices and shops, I should not wonder if every other man and woman we see and deal with would be found to live on Long Island, Staten Island, New Jersey, or up the Hudson.

The most interesting among the experiences of all those who come here is that of the immigrants. They come like cattle, herded in the holds of ships, and then penned in a great house on Ellis Island, and separated into groups—this group for this railroad, that group for the other railroad—a helpless, confused huddle of foreigners tied to their babies and bundles, and awakening in the minds of all kindly folks who see them a blending of pity and amazement. The pity is for their helplessness, and the amazement is as to what kind of homes they must have left in Europe, and as to how they can have mustered the courage to come so far into a new and strange land.

The transatlantic ships come in, and, after the favored cabin passengers have been landed, great barges are warped alongside to receive the immigrants and their trunks and bundles. By these barges they are sent to Ellis Island—the new Castle Garden—where they are examined according to our laws. It must be proved that they are not helpless invalids likely to be a charge upon our people, that they are not contract laborers hired to come here



AT THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

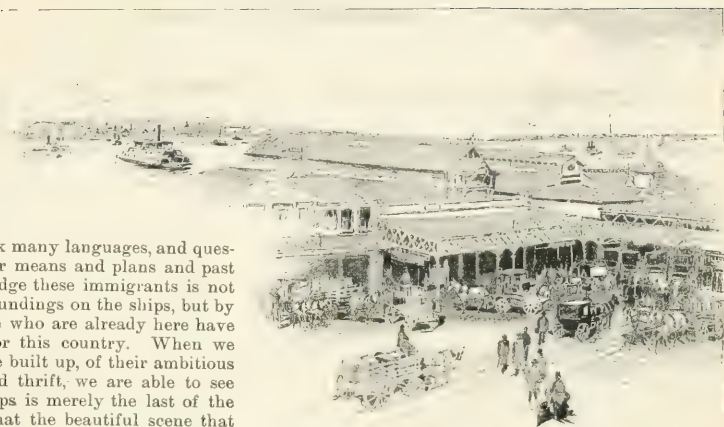
and work cheaper than our own people, that they are not paupers or beggars, or wicked folk out of foreign prisons.

While they are huddled on the barges, and again in the new Castle Garden, the officials move among them and look them over, and, in time, they are marched past the desks of examiners who speak many languages, and question them closely about their means and plans and past lives. The fairest way to judge these immigrants is not by their appearance or surroundings on the ships, but by what the great mass of those who are already here have done for themselves and for this country. When we think of the States they have built up, of their ambitious homes, of their industry and thrift, we are able to see that the herding on the ships is merely the last of the life they are leaving, and that the beautiful scene that greets them when they enter our splendid harbor is suggestive of the grand and splendid opportunities that this land of liberty spreads out before them.

As cities go, New York is an easy place to get into and out of. It is long and narrow, and has only a few main avenues, side by side, leading from where the ocean steamers and most of the ferries come in, to the northern end, where the island is joined to the mainland. A dozen great avenues running lengthwise along the island, and another dozen side streets leading to ferries, are all the streets that a stranger is likely to concern himself with. Along four of the lengthwise avenues run the lines of the elevated steam railway, which is so built as to connect with all these two dozen principal streets. It does the greatest business of any railway in the world. It has carried more than 800,000 passengers in a day, and annually transports about 300,000,000 souls. This elevated railway, built upon tall iron stilts in the principal streets, in great part takes the place that is occupied by cabs in most of the other capitals of the world. Our strangers, who would call a cab at home and have it carry their trunks and themselves from depot to hotel, or *vice versa*, simply give their baggage to a transfer express company, and themselves take "the elevated" or the horse-cars that run under it on the same avenues. A great deal of fault is found with New York because its cab service is poor and expensive, but the reason for this is that the city is so easy to understand and so well supplied with street railways that only a few rich strangers and a few rich residents—not enough, altogether, to pay for a fine cab system—feel the want of those exclusive conveyances without which strangers would be absolutely at sea in London, Paris, or Berlin.

New York used to stand like a highwayman in the path of all who tried to get past it. It stopped every one in whose onward path it lay, as Chicago still does, and made him change cars, and get out and pay expressage if not hotel fare. But now the comparatively small number of persons who are bound from the farther East to the West, or in the opposite direction, can accomplish the journey either by crossing the Hudson at other points, or by being carried around the metropolis upon great floats which convey whole trains of cars from the Westchester shore (lying next to New England) around the island to the Western railways that terminate on the New Jersey shore.

In these days, too, passengers can leave Saratoga, and, by means of the West Shore tracks on the New Jersey side of the Hudson, can go to Long Branch or Asbury Park without changing cars. Baggage and freight are also carried between Philadelphia or Chicago and Boston



CROSSING THE RIVER TO OTHER RAILROADS.

and back, and between Saratoga and the South, without change of cars; and, by means of one of the twenty-eight ferries, the people of the West can go to Brooklyn and Brooklyn folks can go to Chicago, San Francisco, or even Asia, without setting foot on Manhattan Island. But these exceptional routes are really irregularities.

A prime feature in the business of receiving and dismissing our visitors is our hotel system, which now comprises no less than a thousand establishments. There are scores of first-class hotels, 200 second-class ones, and literally hundreds of resorts of lower grades. We have no means of estimating the capacity of these places of shelter, but they must possess accommodations for nearly 100,000 persons. Our theatres are said to seat 70,000. For the more complete convenience of those who stop at the best hotels stages are run to the through-line trains, and the system of baggage transference that has grown up here is managed so that one's belongings can be relied upon to be wherever they are wanted at the time the passenger wishes to check them upon a further journey in any direction. Just as the postal transfer wagons take the through mails from the depots to the post-office and thence out again to the steamships or the other railway depots, so do the baggage transfer wagons deal with the baggage.

It is indeed a wonderful sight to see the regiments and battalions of strangers and visitors that are emptied by boats and trains into this city early on every week-day morning. Just as the great Brooklyn Bridge is black with thousands in cars and on foot, the huge boats from New England and from up the Hudson discharge their thousands, and at the same time the principal through trains from the East, South, and West are disgorging their loads of humanity. The ferry-boats also, weaving to and fro like shuttles in a loom, are emptying great black throngs of toilers and tourists along the river front. We might well wonder what is to become of all these extra cityfuls, what will happen to the street-cars that they expect to take, what room can be made for all of them in the houses and hotels; but even as we look they disappear. They melt like snow that falls upon warm ground; they dry up like mist in the sunshine; they seem to sift among the usual crowds and disappear. Our motto is not like that of the old 'bus drivers—"there is always room for one more." But as we have seen on great festival days and when we have offered fêtes of pageantry, there is always room for another million.

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.*

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPTAIN LOCKWOOD'S WARM RECEPTION.

"EDGE her off toward the point yonder, Peter," said Harold. "We must not be seen from the decks of any of our ships."

"Werry good, sir, but that are a course w'ch 'll keep the tug out o' the *Aquidaban's* range."

"Never mind that. We can go ashore if we're hard pressed."

The chase now became exciting. The tug was gaining on the three small boats, and was firing rapidly. Shots were falling all around the boats, but fortunately none struck them. The course which Harold had indicated was gradually placing a point of the island of Engenha between the fugitives and the rebel war-ships.

"I'm afraid you've missed it, Hal," said George. "They're gaining on us."

At that moment the Brazilians in Frank's boat gave a cheer, and the light cruiser *Trajano* was seen moving out from her anchorage behind the point. She fired two shots, and the government tug turned tail and puffed away toward the city. The boys shook hands and separated, Frank's crew pulling leisurely back to the *Aquidaban*, while the two cadets made a wide detour and approached the American fleet from another quarter.

About the same time a fat brown rooster poked his head out of a coop on the deck of a vessel flying over the sea toward Rio, and loosed a lusty crow.

"Dat's a berry fine voice yo's got, chile, but yo' don't sing no moah in dese hyah latitudes."

And Kibo, the cook, plunged his arm into the coop and dragged the struggling, squawking victim forth.

"Hi yahi! He bully fat!" exclaimed Kibo. And then he began to sing:

"Hoop to loo loo! Wat's de mattah?

Flap yo' wings an' kick yo' feet;

Fry 'im in de grease an' battah;

Cracky! but him good to eat!"

"Belay that jaw tackle there, you blathering heathen, and get at your foul-smelling cookery!"

Captain Lockwood's voice scraped along the deck with a rumble like a chain cable. His land manners had slipped from him like an old wrapper, and he was a sturdy, deep-chested, hump-shouldered old sea-dog, with a blazing red face and a jolly gray eye. He balanced himself on his columnar legs, and from a station near the foot of the mizzen-mast he let his gaze slowly roam over the swelling curves of white canvas that towered away through double tops and top-gallants to the naked royal-yards. The fresh breeze abeam was heeling the *Alma* down till the water boiled and hissed around her lee channels. The long South Atlantic surges were tossing their hoary heads high in air as they raced down upon the bark, and ever and anon as she plunged down a foaming steep she would hurl a sheet of green water into shivers of smoky spray across her fore-castle-deck.

"Oh, she's a sweet lady to smoke through it, isn't she, Minnie?" said the Captain, as his daughter appeared on deck.

"Yes, indeed, papa. What is she making?"

"A good twelve, I'll be bound," said the skipper, taking a squint over the side.

"Twelve it is, sir, by the last heave," said the mate.

"It's simply glorious," exclaimed Minnie.

The girl looked a picture of healthy enjoyment. Her

wavy hair streamed in pretty disorder around her well-tanned cheeks, and her eyes sparkled like stars.

"We must be raising the land pretty fast at that gait," said the Captain.

"Yes, sir," answered the mate. "You can see it plain enough from the fore-castle."

Land had been sighted some time before, and the bark was ratchling along with the Brazilian mountains peering over the sea under her lee bow.

"But we'll have to clew up our top-gallants if this breeze freshens any," said the skipper. "There's a bit too much weight in that sea."

"Oh, I hope not!" said Minnie. "I love to see the bark lie down to her work and toss the spray this way. She seems to be alive."

"That's a real sailor's daughter," said the mate, laughing.

"By faith, she'd carry the masts out of a ship if she was the captain," said her father, smiling. "Clew up, Mr. Ball; we'll do as well under shorter canvas."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the mate, and the next minute he was bawling orders that caused the two roaring stretches of canvas away aloft to fold their white wings. The bark was now on an easier keel, but she seemed to go quite as fast; and within three hours she had Flora Point on her starboard bow.

"Oh, how wonderful! How glorious!" exclaimed Minnie, as she stood, with clasped hands and parted lips, gazing at the rich green mountain slopes.

"I knew you'd like it," said the Captain. "I'm glad I brought you, Minnie."

"So am I," she answered.

Captain Lockwood pointed out to her the various beauties of the harbor, the forts and the islands, as the bark under shortened canvas sailed slowly past Fort Lage. The vessel was full of the busy rattle of blocks as the men made her ready for coming to anchor.

"Yonder lies Villegaignon Island," said the Captain. "We'll run pretty close along there, and you'll get a good look at the fort. Let her luff a little!"

"Luff it is, sir," answered the man at the wheel.

The bark glided under the walls of the fort, and suddenly a voice rang across the water,

"Keep off!"

Captain Lockwood sprang to the weather-rail and shouted: "What's the matter? Are we doing any harm?"

His reply was a puff of smoke, followed by the sharp crack of a rifle, and a bullet whistled across the deck.

"Go below, Minnie!" exclaimed the Captain, thrusting his daughter toward the cabin-door. Then he sprang on the rail and bellowed, "You miserable scoundrel! I'll make your rebel skin sweat for this!"

A derisive laugh rang out from the caissons, and another shot was fired, the bullet this time cutting a small round hole in the tack of the spanker.

"Well, this beats the Dutch!" exclaimed Captain Lockwood, as the bark slipped out of range on her way up the bay.

"It seems to me," said the mate, "that the rebels are running things in a pretty high-handed style down here."

"I should say so. But you can make up your mind to one thing, Mr. Ball."

"Yes, sir; what's that?"

"I'll not sit still and be shot at on my own peaceable decks. I'll carry this business to somebody that'll have a word to say about it if I have to go all the way to Washington."

"Bark ahoy!"

"Hello! What now?"

A tug manned by insurgents ran alongside, and Captain Lockwood was informed that he would have to anchor his vessel out in the bay and lighter his cargo ashore.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 784.

He was told that any attempt to take his vessel to one of the city wharfs would call forth fire from the insurgents.

"Well, this is about as big an outrage as I ever met with!" stormed the Captain.

"You understand?" called the insurgent.

"Oh yes, I understand," answered Captain Lockwood. "But I'm going to obey under protest."

The insurgent replied to the effect that he did not care a pinch of snuff about the protest. All he desired was obedience.

"Well, I'm going to apply to your Admiral the first thing to-morrow for permission to go to a wharf," shouted the Captain. "I have been fired on by your people, and that's a piece of cowardice."

The insurgent intimated that calling his friends cowards did them no harm, and that Admiral da Gama would probably decline to see the Captain of the bark *Alma*.

"We'll see about that to-morrow," answered the Captain. "Get away from alongside now, and give me room to bring my bark to anchor."

With jeering laughter ringing from her decks the insurgent tug steamed away, and Captain Lockwood roared in a voice of thunder:

"Clew up the fore and main tops'ls! Haul down the jib! Haul out the sparker! Down with your helm!"

A few minutes later the crashing rattle of the cable passing through the hawse-hole told that the *Alma* had come to anchor in six fathoms, half a mile to the northward and westward of Cobras Island.

CHAPTER XIV.

MIGHT AGAINST RIGHT.

THE next morning was cloudy and sultry, and Captain Lockwood, after a quick survey of the heavens, expressed it as his belief that there would be a tropical thunderstorm before midnight.

"Look to our starboard anchor, Mr. Ball, and see all ready to let go," he said, "for these squalls come very suddenly and blow very hard in Rio Harbor."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Mr. Ball. "A pair of mudhooks make a good storm stays'l, they do."

"And see my boat is in shipshape order, Mr. Ball," continued the Captain. "I'm going to do myself the honor of making a call on Admiral da Gama this morning."

"There's a man-o'-war's boat a-comin' sir," said a sailor.

"With the American flag flying," added the Captain, picking up his glass and levelling it. "Why, it's Hal King and George Briscumb."

The two boys were soon aboard the bark, and explained how they had obtained permission to call on their friends.

"Have you seen Frank?" asked Minnie, anxiously.

"Yes," answered Harold, and then he proceeded to give a complete account of their meeting with their friend, and their conversation with him about Robert.

"That makes it all the more necessary that I should get the bark alongside a city wharf where I can be in easy communication with the government officials," said Captain Lockwood. "I've got to see this boy that deserted from the *Tamandare*, and if it's Robert, I must get him out of this service and home. I don't care to stay in Rio Harbor any longer than I've got to after my reception."

The boys looked at him inquiringly.

"Oh, you haven't heard about it, eh?" he asked, and then he told them the story which aroused them to a state of indignation. They feared, however, that nothing would be accomplished by a visit to the insurgent Admiral.

"But it's worth trying, sir," said Hal. "It would be a dreadful thing if the American fleet had to enforce

your demand, for we should have to fight against Frank and he against your rights."

"This is going to be a serious business before we're through with it," said the Captain; "but I owe a duty to my fellow mariners, and if it comes to a question between my son and my nephew, why, Frank must play second fiddle."

After a little further conversation the boys departed, having assured Captain Lockwood that they would give him every assistance in their power in the search for his son. The Captain paced the deck for half an hour in deep thought, and then spoke in a decisive manner.

"I shall go to this insurgent Admiral, and put my case plainly to him."

"But you won't tell him about Robert?" said Minnie.

"No, that wouldn't do. But I must get to a wharf. Mr. Ball, get my boat alongside."

The order was obeyed, and in a few minutes Captain Lockwood was speeding across the bay behind four sturdy oarsmen of his crew. The flag of Admiral da Gama had been transferred to the wooden corvette *Libertade*, and Captain Lockwood took his boat alongside her starboard accommodation ladder, where he was received with considerable surprise by the tall dark-skinned marine on sentry duty. Nevertheless he was permitted to board the ship, while his boat was sent to lie at the boom. The officer of the deck sent a messenger to inform the commanding officer of the Captain's desire. In a few minutes the man returned and said that the Admiral would see the American Captain. Entering the cabin of the *Libertade*, Captain Lockwood found himself in the presence of a keen-eyed, saturnine man, with a set, inexpressive countenance. He was sitting bolt-upright behind a table, with both hands resting upon it at arm's length. His air and attitude were full of supercilious conceit, and Captain Lockwood could scarcely forbear to smile.

"To what do I owe the honor of this visit?" asked the Admiral, speaking with a slight accent and a sneering manner.

"I have come, sir," replied Captain Lockwood, calmly, "to ask your permission to lay my bark alongside one of the city wharves. Discharging cargo by the aid of lighters is a very expensive business, as you must know, sir."

"I do know," said the Admiral, bowing slightly, "but you must discharge your cargo that way. I cannot grant your request."

"May I ask why?"

"Yes. You cannot lie at a wharf without being in my line of fire. I must be free to fire upon the city when I choose without danger of injuring foreign ships and so embroiling myself with foreign powers."

"But—pardon me, Admiral, don't you think you are just as likely to get yourself into trouble by preventing vessels from landing?"

"I have prevented them, and no trouble has come," said the Admiral, with a cold smile. "I shall continue to do so."

"By what right?"

"By the right which I have created," answered Admiral da Gama, impressively. "The navy of Brazil has thrown off the yoke of the tyrant Peixoto, and is fighting for the freedom of the land. Here, upon the water, our war-ships are the supreme ruling power. My plans must not be disturbed, and I shall not permit them to be."

"Then your right is simply might."

"Call it that, if it pleases you."

Captain Lockwood was silent for a moment, and then he said, "Was it by your orders that my bark was fired upon in entering the harbor?"

"Yes," said the Admiral, smiling.

"I protest against it as an outrage."



"YOU MISERABLE SCOUNDREL! I'LL MAKE YOUR REBEL SKIN SWEAT FOR THIS!"

"You may protest till you are hoarse, sir, but it will be in vain. I have established a blockade over the water-front of Rio de Janeiro, and the shots were fired simply as a warning. They could not have harmed you. They were blank cartridges."

"I never before heard the whistle of a bullet follow the discharge of a blank cartridge."

"All imagination," said the Admiral, hastily. "There were no bullets—though I cannot say what might happen if you attempted to go to the wharf."

"And I understand that this is a threat?"

"I do not threaten merchantmen," replied Admiral da Gama, coldly. "I order them, and they obey."

"I deny your right to order me."

"Your denial will not help you, sir. Understand once and for all that you are forbidden to take your vessel to a wharf, and that if you do attempt it you will be stopped by my ships."

"I thank you, sir, for the politeness with which you have received me, and for the plainness with which you have stated your intentions. I shall tell you mine with equal plainness."

"I shall be deeply interested in hearing them," said the Admiral, with chilly irony.

"I am going to appeal to Admiral Stanton, of the American fleet, for protection."

"I am sorry to tell you that you are too late. Admiral Stanton is a most charming gentleman, but his extreme politeness has led to his return to his native land."

"He has gone home?"

"Exactly—at the urgent request of the paternal government at Washington. Admiral Stanton is a sailor, and when he meets another Admiral afloat he salutes. He saluted my flag when he entered this harbor, and the government at Washington, fearing to offend the powerful

potentate whom I have shut up in yonder city like a rat in a trap, invited him to return to the bosom of his family."

"Then, sir, I shall appeal to the senior officer of our fleet."

"Captain Picking, of the *Charleston*," said the Admiral, with a smile; "another charming gentleman, who will do nothing whatever for you."

"How do you know that?"

"The Americans, I am told, play a game of cards called 'poker,' in which it is considered clever to try to alarm your adversary by bluster—bluffing, you call it, is it not? Yes? The fleet which lies at anchor over there is an example of your American bluff. Those ships will not hurt me."

"Admiral da Gama, sooner or later my bark is going to a wharf or going to the bottom, and I with her."

"Well, Captain, you will find the water quite

warm and comfortable even at a depth of ten fathoms."

The Admiral arose, indicating that the interview was at an end. Captain Lockwood bowed very stiffly, and turning on his heel, strode out of the cabin. He marched over the side and down the ladder, and dropped into the stern sheets of his boat, now alongside, with a sort of emphatic thud. "Shove off there," he said. "Get your oars overboard, you Scandinavian kings; no man-o'-war flubbubbery about it, either. Give way together now, heartily, lads. Lift her, lift her."

At that same hour the bronzed young man who had been languishing in the prison up in the hills back of Rio was engaged in cutting away the stone around the top of one of the bars that guarded the window. "I suppose the geese don't know I'm a Yankee," he muttered, "or they wouldn't leave me alone here with only three iron bars and an eight-foot jump between me and liberty. I'll give them a lesson they'll not forget."

He worked away diligently, and half an hour later he easily removed the bar. "Now," he said, "here goes for better luck."

He was about to squeeze himself out through the opening, when the door opened and his jailer entered. With a shout the man dashed forward. The boy sprang back from the window and seized the iron bar which he had just removed. With all his force he brought it down on the man's head, and the jailer fell senseless. The next minute the boy climbed out on the window sill, and with a convulsive spring caught the limb of a tree. In a few seconds he descended to the ground.

"Free!" he exclaimed; "free!" Then he set off through the woods at a run.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE RED BOOK.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day, Tuesday, Mrs. Barnes and her two daughters were sitting at luncheon, when the door-bell rang, and Eleanor Rogers's voice was heard asking for Miss Ruth. Then, instead of coming directly to the dining-room, as would have been the case ordinarily, Eleanor walked into the parlor and waited.

"How formal she is getting to be!" said Ruth, laughing, as she rose from the table. "Madge, what is the trouble?"

"How do I know?" returned Madge, stiffly. "You can ask her."

"What has happened, Madgie?" asked Mrs. Barnes when Ruth had left the room. "I hope that you and Eleanor have not quarrelled."

Madge said nothing.

"You know, I am very fond of Eleanor," continued her mother. "I consider her the very nicest little girl in Durham."

"There! that's just it!" burst out Madge. "She's too nice for me, such a proper little Miss Prim! I don't want to have anything more to do with her."

"Why, Margaret," said Mrs. Barnes, "I am perfectly astonished! Not only that you should speak to me in such a manner, but that you should speak so of your most intimate associate and friend."

It meant a good deal when Madge was called "Margaret" by her mother.

"Well, I can't help it. And she's not my most intimate friend; Bertha Weld is, and always will be. Eleanor is so terribly virtuous, she can't do anything that's any fun."

"I thought you always found Eleanor ready for anything in the way of a good game or play. I think you must have been doing something very extraordinary if she would not join you—something you ought not to have been doing."

Madge made no reply to this, but continued to eat her lunch in silence. After a little while the front door closed and Ruth came back. "Madge," she said, "Eleanor came to tell me that she cannot be Cinderella, and she wants you to take the part. What does it mean?"

"How do I know?" asked Madge, sulkily.

"You do know something about it, and you must explain."

"I don't know a thing. I haven't spoken to Eleanor since Saturday, and then she was going to be

Cinderella. How do I know what has made her change? Because she is changeable, I suppose."

"Nonsense! Eleanor is not at all changeable. You are thinking of yourself. Now there is some mystery at the bottom of this, and I am bound to get at it." Ruth's eyes snapped, and her pretty face looked very determined as she turned to her mother. "Eleanor will not give me any reason for her decision, except that she knows every one thinks that Madge will do it better, and she is as firm as a rock. She says she will not act the part, and Madge must take it."

"Well, as she is so determined, you had better give in," said Madge. "I would just as lief be Cinderella."

"Just as lief? I should think so. You have wanted to be Cinderella from the first, but it is utterly out of the question. In the first place, I would never dream of taking it away from Eleanor and giving it to you; and, besides, there is not time for you to learn your part. Fancy, this is Tuesday, and the play is to be Thursday! Mamma, what shall I do about it? Eleanor went off perfectly determined that she would not do it. There is some trouble at the bottom of it, for she looked so sad, and I could see that it was just as much as she could do to keep from crying. And yet she would give me no reason for it. It is not at all like her."



"THREE CHEERS FOR ELEANOR ROGERS, THE BEST CINDERELLA."

"I think you had better see Mrs. Rogers," replied her mother. "Perhaps she will explain."

"So I will. It is most provoking to have this happen at the last minute. Madge, I can't help thinking you know something about it."

"I don't, Ruth, you horrid old thing! You think just because you are twenty-one years old you can order me around and blame me for everything. I tell you—"

"Margaret, go at once to your room, and do not leave it this afternoon. I quite agree with Ruth that you have some clew to Eleanor's strange behavior. Once for all, do you know why she has done so?"

"No, mamma, I don't. So there, now!" said Madge, as she walked out of the room. "And I don't," she added to herself as she went up stairs, stumbling occasionally because of the angry tears in her eyes. "Of course Bertha has done something, but I don't know what it is, so it is the truth. I wish she hadn't, though, for Ruth will never give in, and it's all for nothing. And now I have to stay up here all the afternoon, instead of going to see Bertha. It's all that horrid old Eleanor's fault!"

Ruth went to see Mrs. Rogers that afternoon, and they had a long talk. What she learned she told no one but her mother; but the result must have been satisfactory, from the expression of her face. She was very indignant about something, but evidently had discovered a means of solving the mystery and straightening the matter.

Four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon was the hour appointed for a rehearsal of *Cinderella* at the Athenæum, but on Wednesday morning Ruth Barnes sent out by the coachman a number of notes requesting the various members of the company to be there at half past three. One of these notes went to every one but Eleanor Rogers. She alone was left in ignorance of the change of hour, and as the other girls did not receive the news of it until they returned from school, she heard nothing of it.

Every one was interested in the play, and full of anticipation, so all arrived promptly at half past three, ready and anxious to begin to rehearse at once. Ruth, however, asked them all to sit down, as she wished to speak to them first. There were about fifteen present, for in addition to the principal characters in *Cinderella* there were those who were to act as guests at the ball, as servants and heralds, the prompter, and the boys who were to manage the curtain.

When they were all seated Ruth looked about the stage. She was exceedingly self-possessed, and she did not in the least mind making a little speech to such an audience, who were all wondering what was coming.

"I am looking to see if you are all here," began Ruth, after a moment's pause, "and I think no one is absent but Eleanor Rogers. I did not expect her to be here at this hour, as I purposely sent her no notice of the change of time. I am anxious to consult you all about a little matter connected with her, and it seemed better that she should not be present."

There was a little murmur of astonishment and a rustle of interest. Then the place was silent again, and every one waited for Ruth to continue.

"Eleanor came to see me yesterday in order to tell me that she could not take the part of Cinderella. She would give no reason for her decision except that every one thought my sister Madge would do it better. Now I myself think Eleanor does the part exceedingly well, and I have never had any reason to suppose that all did not agree with me. Is it not so? What do you think about it?"

Here came a chorus of approval.

"She does it splendidly!"

"No one could do it better."

"We all think so!"

Ruth glanced quickly and keenly from one to the other. She noticed that Bertha and Madge alone remained silent, and that Bertha looked distinctly annoyed.

"You almost all seem to be of one mind," said Ruth, when the clamor of voices had somewhat subsided, "and that makes the affair all the more mysterious. As I said, I could get no further explanation from Eleanor, so I went to see Mrs. Rogers, and from her I learned that Eleanor had received a letter which had induced her to give up the part. I have the letter here, and I will read it to you."

She drew the letter from her pocket, and read it aloud. All listened with breathless interest.

"There is no signature to it, which makes it all the worse. There is no greater coward than a person who will deign to write an anonymous letter of this kind. Evidently he or she is very much afraid of being found out. This is what it said:

"Do you think it is right or kind for you to keep the part of Cinderella? Every one but you thinks you ought to give it to Madge Barnes. You ought to insist upon her taking it. It is the universal opinion that Madge could do the part better than you, and she would certainly make a prettier Cinderella on account of her hair. It is surprising that you have not found out before what all the girls are thinking about it."

When Ruth ceased speaking there was a perfect outburst of indignation. Every one talked at once, and all started from their seats and crowded about her, asking questions, wishing to see the letter, wondering who could have written it.

Bertha Weld was one of the most vehement. "Who ever heard of such a thing?" she exclaimed, loudly. "How perfectly dreadful!"

Ruth was watching her, and she knew it. She felt very nervous, but was determined to brave the matter out and avoid suspicion. She had never dreamed that her so-called "joke" would turn out in this way.

Madge said nothing. She was too honest by nature to attempt to carry off the affair as Bertha was doing. She understood now what Bertha had meant when she said she would bring about the change, and Madge was very much ashamed of the means she had employed to do so.

In the midst of the hubbub Eleanor herself arrived. She was immediately surrounded and led to Ruth, the girls all chattering at once. She looked at them in astonishment.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Am I late? Ruth, I am so sorry, but I know my new part perfectly."

"New part!" exclaimed May Brewster. "Listen, girls! She thinks she is going to take a new part."

"Three cheers for Eleanor Rogers, the best Cinderella that ever sat in the ashes!" shouted Ned Brewster.

The cheers were given with such a will that the roof of the Athenæum rang, and the town clerk, the librarian, and the janitor came running to see what was the matter.

"Oh, it's only them the-atre folks!" said the janitor, in disappointed tones.

As for Eleanor, she was too much overcome to speak. The tears stood in her big brown eyes, and her lip trembled. It had cost her a great effort to give up being Cinderella, and now to hear that they all wanted her to keep the part was too good to be true.

"But Madge!" she whispered to Ruth; "she wants to be Cinderella so much!"

At this moment Madge came within hearing.

"No, I don't," she said. "It is too much bother to change. Besides, I wouldn't be for anything now, they all want you so much!"

The tone was not very cordial, but it was decided. The other girls crowded up.

"I would just like you to know that I didn't write that letter, Eleanor!"

"Nor I! Nor I!" echoed the others.

"What do you know about the letter?" asked Eleanor, still more astonished.

"Oh, I brought the letter!" said Ruth Barnes, smiling at Eleanor's mystification. "You can't keep things from me, Nell, when I once set out to discover them. But now we must begin the rehearsal, for we want this play to be the success of the evening. I really think I am more anxious to have this one go off well than the other with the 'grown-ups,' though I am going to act in that myself."

Bertha Weld's feelings at the result of her machinations may readily be imagined. There was nothing for her to do now, however, but to endeavor to hide them. She would not for the world have it known that she was the author of the anonymous letter. But her rage at Eleanor grew apace. She was also very angry with Ruth Barnes for having settled the affair in such a way, and she determined to do something yet that would turn Eleanor into ridicule, and make the play a failure.

It was strange. A week ago Bertha had no especial feeling against Eleanor except that of jealousy because she was Madge's most intimate friend. Now it seemed as if she had never disliked any one so much in all her life, and yet Madge and Eleanor had quarrelled, and Bertha herself was the favored friend.

"Of course it is because we found out that about Eleanor in Mrs. Brewster's diary," said Bertha to herself, as she thought over the matter. "It is because Eleanor and her mother are both hypocrites. It is not because Eleanor is from an orphan asylum. Of course I would not mind just that; I am not so snobbish. If they had been honest and told it, it would have been all right. It is because they are hypocrites. I detest hypocrisy."

And Bertha drew herself up with a very virtuous air. She did not take the trouble to remember that Eleanor was said to know nothing of the secret of her origin. Neither did it occur to her that she was troubling herself very unnecessarily about other people's affairs. She repeated her view of the subject to Madge as they walked home from the rehearsal together.

"I think people ought to be told," said Bertha, with a wise nod. "They little know what queer people are living here. Every one is so sorry for Mrs. Rogers and Eleanor, because they used to be rich, and now Mrs. Rogers has to give lessons. For my part, I don't think they are to be pitied at all. Yes, I think people ought to be told."

"Oh, Bertha, I don't!" exclaimed Madge. "It would get to Eleanor herself, and would make her feel so badly. Just think how terribly it would make you feel to hear that your mother wasn't your own mother! Oh, excuse me, Bertha; I quite forgot! Indeed I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

For Bertha's face had flushed. She could not remember her mother at all, but she so envied all the other girls. It must be so lovely to have a mother. She said nothing, and Madge continued:

"I mean, it would be so terrible for me to find out that mamma was not my own mother. Please don't tell it, Bertha!"

They had reached Bertha's gate by this time. "Well, I will see," she said, slowly. "Good-by, Madge. I'm awfully sorry you are not to be Cinderella. I did my best to get it for you."

"I know, Bertha. I'm ever so much obliged; but I kind of wish you hadn't."

"Well, if that is all the thanks I get!" exclaimed Bertha.

"Oh no; really I am ever so much obliged. You were very good, and I hope you will always be my most intimate friend," said Madge, as she turned away.

But the yellow curls bobbed very soberly as she slowly

climbed the hill. Madge was thinking very hard. Her position was anything but satisfactory. She was so afraid that Bertha would tell Eleanor what they had discovered. She wished that she could go at once to her mother, confess it all, and ask her advice. But she had promised Bertha that she would not tell the secret of the reading of the diary. She would ask her the very next day to release her from this promise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

OF all dear days is Christmas day,

The dearest and the best:
Still in its dawn the angels sing

Their song of peace and rest.
And yet the blessed Christ-Child comes
And walks the shining way,
Which brings to simple earthly homes
Heaven's light on Christmas day.

Then, deep in silent woods, the trees—
The hemlock, pine, and fir—
Thrill to the chilly winter breeze,
And waft a breath of myrrh;
And far and near Kriss Kringle's bells
Their airy music shake,
And dancing feet of boys and girls
A sweeter joyance make.

The Christ-Child came to Bethlehem,
To Mary's happy breast,
And found within her brooding arms
A warm encircling nest.
And many a tiny cherub child
In mother's arms to-day
Smiles like the Christ, the undefiled,
On this dear Christmas day.

The Christ-Child's mother dimly saw
The cross in faint outline
Above the baby face that held
Her own in awe divine.
Thins over little cradle-beds
The sacred passion-flower
Its purple sign of sorrow spreads
In love's most rapturous hour.

To Mary's feet the Wise Men brought
Their gifts of gold and spice;
The "Gloria" swept the midnight skies
To greet her Pearl of Price.
And down the ladder of the stars,
Across the shining way,
The angels watched the Christ-Child come
That first dear Christmas day.

Of all dear days is Christmas day,
The very dearest dear,
The crown and clasp and topmost sheaf
Of all the joyful year.
Then dancing feet of boys and girls
Go gayly to and fro,
And "Merry, merry Christmas" rings
In all the winds that blow.

THE STORK EXPRESS, LIMITED.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

IT was a long flight from Egypt to the land where the Stork's own boy lived. At last the Stork reached that country, and rested on the banks of the lily-pond. He was entirely worn out, and in bad spirits. He knew he had to run many risks—that is, if he followed Great-grandma Pelican's advice.

"Oh, my heart is not in it!" said the Stork, with a sigh.



"NOT IN IT, NOT IN IT."

"Squills, squills," said the same sharp voice again.

"And no Great-grandma Pelican to comfort me," continued the Stork, too much absorbed by his own pitiable state to heed the interruptions.

"Say that over. Slower, please. I didn't quite catch on. Could you get that off shorter?" It was a small black-and-tan bird talking very rapidly.

"I simply remarked that I had no Great-grandma Pelican to care for me," replied the Stork.

"Got no Great-grand Pa Melican to Tucker for me. Thanks. No use saying it again. Once is sufficient. I am all right." The Mocking-bird rattled that off in a most self-sufficient way, and jumped up and down on a limber twig, which gave him a spring.

"But you are all wrong. I never said Tucker. Pray what is Tucker?" asked the Stork, astonished.

"Tucker? Pooh! Certainly a relative of old Dan Tucker. A French cousin, Tuckare—to care. See? Folks insist I am accurate. I am not accurate. Don't want to be. Just as if accuracy amounted to anything. Accurate! a-curate. It's all the same. See?"

"No, I do not see," said the Stork, much puzzled.

"That don't suit you? Well, you are hard to please," continued the Mocking-bird. "Maybe you can understand this. Try. Accurate. Accurat. Rat, rat, rat. Accumouse, accudog, accucat, cat-cat-cat. Miau, miau, bow-wow, or wow-wow. What's the difference, eh?"

The Mocking-bird seemed to be excited. He danced, tilted, teetered. His wings shivered, and he twitched his tail.

"I am scarcely in the humor to bother with you," said the Stork, gravely. "It is not nice of you to mock me, I am so unhappy."

"You wouldn't believe it, but there are many people trying to trap me-me-me," said the bird, abruptly.

"How?" asked the Stork, paying the strictest attention.

"With snares, horse-hair loops, and figgory fours. There is one special prime idiot ot-ot-ot. He goes lugging around a brand-new brass-wired cage. Just as if I didn't know that the open door snaps to with a spring. In the bottom of the cage that dunce puts a sliced hard-boiled egg."

"Do you like eggs?" inquired the Stork.

"Eggs should be cooked twenty-eight minutes by the clock. Then I adore them. But what aggravates me most are the silly attempts made to lure me by giving me free-gratis imitations of birds. They are such ludicrous failures, not worth a cent."

"Will you kindly explain?"

"I ask you, did you ever hear any bird not in a lunatic asylum express himself this way—'zyek'?"

"I never did that I can remember," said the Stork, thoughtfully. "So they try to catch you with bird-calls?"

"Bird-calls! You flatter those boobies. Do you fancy

for an instant that I reply to their catcalls? I pay them back in another coin. It's in every-day English."

"I can only talk Stork. Will you teach me every-day English?" asked the Stork, imploringly.

Then the Mocking-bird looked at the Stork from head to foot, and to do that had to flutter up and down several times.

"I haven't finished yet; you interrupt so. They don't all try to catch me. There is a sweet little boy living around here. I sing for him by the hour. He is ever so nice. He breaks off little bits of cake and throws them to me. He talks to me. Sometimes I wonder how much or how little he knows about bird language. He has certainly the real shape of mouth for it. It's a strange gift that little boy has."

"That's my boy," cried the Stork, a trifle jealous.

"How your boy?" inquired the Mocking-bird, bristling up his feathers. "See here, you are cool—cool—cool."

The Stork thought it wiser not to be too confidential. "Will you teach me just a little of this every-day English?" he asked, humbly. "I am so anxious to learn only a few words."

"Certainly. Say 'yep.'"

"Yep," repeated the Stork.

"Now say 'nope.'"

"What's nope?"

"It's what yep isn't. It's ridiculously easy."

"Oh!" said the Stork, terribly impressed.

"Another word you must learn is 'awful.' You couldn't do without that, and 'daisy.' Having these four words, that's all. Good-day." And the Mocking-bird balanced himself as if preparing to fly away.

"Oh, do stop, please. I want to learn just one sentence, and it is, 'Don't you know me, your bestest old Stork?' I will never forget your kindness if you teach me that in every-day English."

"What awful rubbish! Here, if you want a sentence that is a sentence, learn 'Gimme a eel.' That's sense, or, 'Hurry up with that minnow.' You can travel the world around on them."

"Let me implore you to teach me the sentence I want. It is the only one I care for."

"But it is absurd. 'Your bestest old Stork!' 'Bestest!' It's utterly ridiculous. Don't bother with such stuff as that. I know every-day English, and I assure you that that sentence is the weakest milk-and-water baby-talk I ever heard, and unbecoming of any grown-up bird. 'Bestest'—ha! ha!" The Mocking-bird just shrieked with laughter.

The Stork said: "Oh, you don't know, you can't imagine, how much depends on that sentence!"

"What an obstinate old party you are! Well, let me see. 'Bestest' is not English, but 'asbestos' is. Come, I will compromise on that. Repeat, then, 'Don't you know me, your asbestos old Stork?'"

The Mocking-bird seemed to be quite dictatorial, so the Stork thought it wiser not to differ from him, for the fact was he did not know a word of every-day English. The Mocking-bird said the



LODGING THE MOCKING-BIRD.



REUNITED.

far from my home, you owe me board and lodging," and with that he made a hop right on top of the Stork's bill, roosted there, and was soon sound asleep.

The moon was away up in the starry sky before the Stork could close his eyes. He kept on repeating the sentence, and then he dreamt it. Just as the sun rose, the Stork felt the Mocking-bird running up and down his bill. When he awoke, the Stork at once repeated the sentence.

"K'rect," said the Mocking-bird; "not quite as k'rect in pronunciation as I should have wished, still with a good deal of feeling in it. Honest, now, you are no Poll Parrot." And away flew the Mocking-bird through the resounding woods.

The Stork breakfasted fairly well in the lake, and then he bathed. He preened his feathers, curled his top-knot. Then he was as handsome a bird as ever was seen. Just snow white, with a little edging of black on the wings, and a pink beak and legs. His heart beat, though, so fast! Had the Mocking-bird been fooling him? The Mocking-bird had said that he was inaccurate.

The Stork, as we all know, is a confiding bird. He had never fooled anyone, and did not believe that, after all, the Mocking-bird had been humbugging him. Then the Stork flew to the rivulet that emptied into the lake. He picked his ground carefully this time, and settled down where it was not marshy. Then he listened and listened.

Now he heard a soft sound of laughter, like the ringing of silver bells, and the Stork saw close to him his own boy. The Stork was breathless. It was an anxious moment. Fearlessly the boy neared the Stork. Apparently he saw the Stork at once, for he said:

"Poor birdie, won't you let me touch you? How nice you are! Why did you fly away when I saw you before?"

Now came the supreme moment. "And don't you know me, your bestest old Stork?" said the Stork in a whisper, in his queer plain English. Maybe the little boy did not quite make out the third word before the last one, but he understood the drift of it all.

"Know you? say it again and again. Know you? I don't know anything else. Why, I have been dreaming and dreaming of you, just as when I was ever so little. Hurt you, you good Stork? Why, see, I am kissing you, petting you. You won't melt away? You have got to stay for good, and for ever and ever. Let me put my arm around your neck to prevent you from vanishing."

The Stork did not shrink from the boy's caresses. You must bear this in mind: the situation was changed. In the past it was the Stork who had been the protector of the infant; now the boy stood quite ready and able to defend the Stork. But true love makes us all equal, and so in an instant the Stork lost all shyness. Dear me! what a hugging and a fondling there was, to be sure; and

how they talked! for, strange to relate, all the old stork-language had come back with a rush to the little boy. The Stork could hardly reply quickly enough to the boy's questions. There was not an incident of the first journey that had not to be rehearsed.

"You won't mind my shutting my eyes, will you, now and then, and pretending it's dark? What an old sleepy-head I was once! You see, when I shut my eyes I pretend I am dreaming, for then I understand better what you say; and when I open my eyes, so that I can see you, I know you are here. Did you know I had such a dear little mother? And we do so love one another; but she can't fly away with me, though I am sure she would if she could. But that reminds me: you never have said a word about that nice old squatty bird—"

"Great-grandma Pelican?" said the Stork, delighted. "What a memory you have, dear!"

"Didn't she smell of fish, though? I often dream, too, of that fishy smell. Wasn't she good? Didn't she make me a present of something or other?"

"She did. She hung a necklace of precious beads around your neck," said the Stork.

"That's so; I remember now. I didn't dream that. I must have lost them. Maybe the clasp broke. I have such a bad way of breaking things. I fancy I always am missing something, and I think I have been hunting that necklace for ever so long."

"Don't you worry over it," said the Stork. "Great-grandma Pelican will be so happy when she hears from you that she will give you another string of beads, and playthings galore." Then the Stork and the boy talked on and on for hours and hours, and the Stork promised. . . .

I do not know what it was the Stork promised. I wish I did; but, just as certain as can be, whatever he promised he performed.

You see, it happened such a long, long time ago, that I should not be called upon to follow out exactly all that came to pass after the Stork found his little boy. Great-grandma Pelican might give me the end of the story, but from one thing or another I have been putting off my visit to Egypt. All I can wish is that the happy dreams of childhood may come true.



TEACHER. "Oh Bobby! How many times must I tell you that what you call a horse's *front* legs are his *fore* legs. Will you try to remember?"

BOBBY. "Yes'n."

TEACHER. "Well, now, once more before you go home, tell me how many legs has a horse?"

BOBBY. "Six legs."

TEACHER. "Six? How do you make that?"

BOBBY. "Why, the *fore* legs what's his front legs, and the two legs what's his hind legs, makes *six* legs."

GRANDFATHER'S ADVENTURES.

BY PAUL HULL.

I.—THE WRECKER'S LANTERN.

"GOOD-MORNING, grandpop," called a happy boyish voice, and Ralph Pell stepped out on the porch through the low parlor window.

Old Captain Sterling swung round, greeting his favorite grandson with a pleased look as he returned the salutation.

"Oh, I say, grandpop!" exclaimed the lad, "if you are in the humor for it, won't you tell me the promised story about that big lantern with red and green shades that you gave to Sam to polish up yesterday? Sam calls it a 'jibber-the-kibber' lantern, whatever that outlandish name means."

"And funny as it may sound, Ralph, that is its right name, meaning a wreckers' lamp. That same lantern came near being the cause of piling my ship up on the rocks off the coast of Maine. But sit down and I'll spin you the yarn.

"A number of years ago I was bound from the West Indies to Portland. Late one afternoon we sighted the land, after several days of foggy weather, and found that a strong current had set us well to the eastward of our port, so I hauled the ship to the southward and westward, steering pretty close to the shore in order to keep clear of a thick fog-bank that I could see hanging about three miles seawards.

"That night the stars shone bright enough to be reflected in the calm water, but there was no moon, and nothing but a little deeper gloom told where the water ended and where the shore-line began. About nine o'clock we had Booth Bay light abeam, with a faint air from the southward, which helped the fog-wall to creep in closer and closer to the land until it was almost upon us. However, I had made up my mind not to hug the coast any closer, when the mate called my attention to a vessel's red light 'way in shore of us. By the distinctness and color of the light it was plain to us that a large vessel was heading the same way as ourselves. A few minutes later the edge of the fog-bank crept across the deck.

"'Well, Mr. Porter,' I said to the mate, 'what do you think of standing in a little closer so as not to be swallowed up in this confounded mass of vapor?'

"'I think, sir,' the mate answered, 'that we would be perfectly safe to do it. That vessel there is all of a mile in-shore of us.'

"So I edged in-shore as the fog advanced, but always kept well outside of the red light that I supposed to be burning on the port side of another vessel.

"Suddenly there was a slight grating sound along the bottom of the ship, then a tremor, and the way ceased. We were ashore. But still the red light moved slowly ahead on our starboard beam. I had been decoyed by a wrecker carrying a colored lantern along the shore, which now showed quite distinct.

"I determined to have revenge upon the cowardly scoundrel who sought to lure my ship to ruin for his own selfish purposes.

"'Mr. Porter,' I said, 'put the skiff quietly over the side, and let one man get into her. It is low tide now, and we will float off safe enough later on.'

"I hurriedly entered the cabin, thrust a heavy billy into my pocket, and selected a couple of large handkerchiefs, provided with which I dropped into the boat and tied them around the looms of the oars so as to muffle the thud when they pounded against the rowlocks. Then I directed the course of the boat toward the shore, a little in the rear of the red light, and a few minutes later I jumped out on a ledge of rocks, and started after the scoundrel, whose outline grew clearer and clearer as I crept stealthily upon him where he stood, peering in the

direction of my vessel, with the lantern resting on the ground at his feet.

"I was almost upon him before he detected me. He parried the blow that I aimed at his head with the billy, then closed with me. He was a mighty big and strong man, but I was bigger and stronger, and quickly threw him heavily, and knelt on his chest, while my hands held his throat in a vise.

"The next moment I rolled over almost senseless from a blow upon my head, and had just sense enough left to see in the red glow of the lantern an upraised cudgel ready to descend on my unprotected head.

"The club never fell, for the man pitched face downwards upon the rocks, felled like a log from the crushing blow of my boatswain's fist. The seaman had pulled the skiff up on the ledge, and followed me unbidden, 'to see the fun,' as he explained it afterwards—for which breach of discipline you may be sure I forgave him.

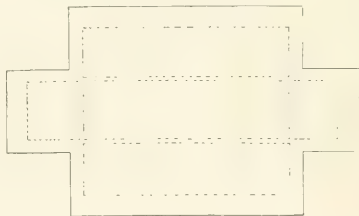
"We bound the hands of the two men together, and when they came to their senses we carried them off to the ship, which floated when the tide rose. The next day I reached Portland, and turned our two interesting captives over to the police, but the lantern I kept for a souvenir.

"And now, Ralph, you have the history of the 'jibber-the-kibber' lantern."

A DAINTY HAIR-PIN BOX.

EVERY girl likes dainty boxes. In fact, every woman, young or old, can find a place for one more if it is attractive in its way. Therefore, if you want to make a really charming little gift, either for your chum or for some older friend, this hair-pin box will serve you well. It is very pretty and ornamental, besides keeping the troublesome pins in place; and as it requires only such neatness and care as you are sure to be willing to give, there is no reason for failing in the work.

As a matter of course, you can make it of any color and any material you may prefer; but as linen is peculiarly good for all such things, the model is made from a fine piece of pure white. The embroidery is all done with old-pink floss, and the effect is indeed excellent. But as again the particular style of decoration is a matter of choice, only a hint can be given. The



essentials of success lie in the method of making. You may embroider any device you like best, or even paint the linen if you are clever with your brush. So long as you do the work well you will succeed, let the style of ornamentation be what it will.

To make the box, then, first select your material and cut from it four pieces—two ten inches long by six and a quarter wide, two seven inches long by three wide. When so much is done cut stiff card-board into pieces of the following sizes: two six and one-half inches by two and a quarter, two six and a half by one and a quarter, and two two and a quarter by one and a quarter.

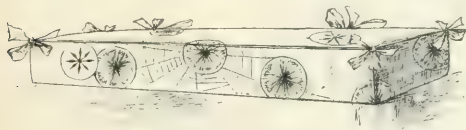
From each corner of the two larger pieces of linen cut a square bit just one and a half inches each way, so as to form a piece like the one the diagram shows. Then lay two pieces of the linen—one larger and one smaller—on a table or clean board, and place the card-boards on them. The smaller piece is for the cover; so lay upon it one of the boards six and a half inches by two and a quarter, and allow the edges to extend evenly beyond. Then mark where it falls. The larger piece will make the box

proper. On it lay the one large and four smaller pieces of board as the dotted lines indicate, and mark where each falls. You will then be able to embroider the top, sides, and ends in exactly their proper places.

Draw upon the linen the design you have chosen, or have it stamped, after which do all the work and press it carefully before you attempt to make the box. When you are ready to begin that part of the work, place the larger embroidered piece, right side down, upon the table, and again lay on all the pieces of the box, but this time paste each lightly in its place with smooth floor paste.

Turn over all the edges, and paste them so as to make everything quite neat. Then when the paste is dry lay over each piece of board a layer of perfumed wadding, and paste the plain linen or lining firmly into place. Lay the cover upon its piece of linen, turn under, and paste all the edges, and line it also with care, after which place both it and the box under a heavy weight.

Next day, or several hours later, when it will be quite dry and firm, turn up the sides and ends to form the box, sew narrow ribbons to each corner, and tie it into place. Put the cover on evenly, and make it also secure with two small bows, one near



each end, which will serve as hinges, and attach a loop at the opposite side with which to raise the lid.

You will find that you have made a perfect box, and that it is a very charming little trifle, apart from its convenience and daily service.

WELL FIXED.

THE snail he leads a happy life,
It always seems to me;
He has to earn his daily bread,
But gets his house rent free.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TODDLES.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER I.

IT was early in the afternoon of a bright autumn day that Tommy Toddles sat by the window in the big playroom at the top of the house, looking wistfully out over the swaying trees toward the distant hills. He was beginning to feel lonely, for he had been left to himself almost an hour since luncheon, and everything in the house was so quiet that it seemed as if every one had gone to sleep. Not even the memory of two large pieces of plum pudding were sufficient to occupy Tommy's mind for so long as an hour, and the toys which lay about the floor appeared uninteresting. He had been playing with the curiously colored wooden animals of his Noah's ark until they no longer offered any attraction, and then he had climbed up on to the window seat, and pressed his little nose against the window-pane for what seemed to him a very long period of time. How he wished that his uncle Dick was there to take him out for a wild romp across the fields! How they would climb fences and jump ditches, and pick up queer-shaped stones and fallen birds' nests! But Uncle Dick was not there, and there was no use hoping for him, because he had gone away, and would not be back again from the distant city for at least a week. And in the mean while no one else would ever think of taking Tommy for a tramp in the woods. He could play in the big garden as much as he wished to, but he must not go beyond the gate; and as he looked out at the hills and the fields and caught a glimpse of the blue ocean far off in the distance, he sighed at the thought of the barrier gate.

"But I suppose there is no use wishing for things," he thought,

almost out loud. "The only thing to do is to wait, and I do get so tired of waiting. I wish I had asked Uncle Dick to send me the sheep instead of waiting to bring it with him. And I do hope it will be a nice, white, woolly sheep, as big as a real one, and strong enough for me to ride on."

This woolly sheep that Tommy was thinking about had been the subject of a long discussion between him and his uncle Dick just before the latter's departure. Uncle Dick had promised to bring back from the city anything that Tommy might ask for, and the little boy had promptly demanded a goat—a live billy goat! He thought it would be nice to have it on the lawn in front of the big house, and to hitch it to his express wagon and drive it about. But, unfortunately, when Tommy's mother heard of this plan, she firmly objected to having a live goat. She said she would not allow any such animal about the house. Tommy then suggested a sheep, a little woolly sheep that could have a blue ribbon around its neck with a bell hanging from it. But his mother objected to the sheep, too, and so after a long talk with Uncle Dick the little boy compromised on a stuffed sheep which should be very white and very woolly, and should have some sort of interior mechanism that would make it bleat.

Consequently, as Tommy gazed out of the window, he kept picturing to himself what glorious times he would have when his uncle got back with the woolly sheep; but at the thought of all these future joys he grew very drowsy. He turned from the window and wondered what he could do to pass away the long afternoon. There stood the Noah's ark on the floor just as he had left it, with the animals walking down the gang-plank, two by two, in the order of their sizes—the giraffes first and the guinea-pigs last. How often he had arranged them that way! Sometimes they walked up the gang-plank and sometimes they walked down, but as a matter of fact they *always* stood still.

"If they could only be alive," mused Tommy, "and really walk. If they could go in and out like real animals, and have pens and houses and eat things."

And as he thought of the wonderful outcome of such a possibility, it suddenly seemed to him that the animals actually did begin to move. He looked again and became sure that they *were* moving! The long line of wooden animals was actually wobbling along down the gang-plank! And how funny they looked with their stiff wooden legs and their awkward wooden bodies!

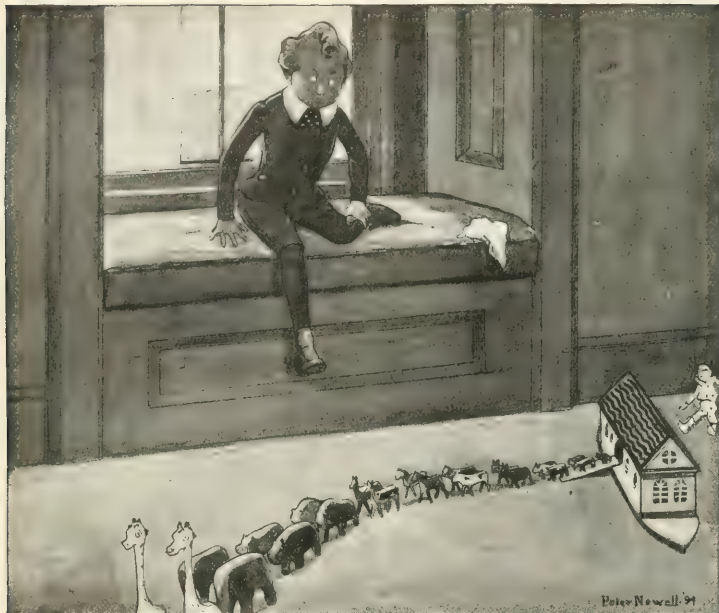
Tommy Toddles was so surprised at the behavior of his toys that he just sat stock still and stared at them. They seemed to be paying no attention whatever to him. They were moving on down the gang-plank and across the floor, the two giraffes leading the way, and all the other animals following in perfect order, just as he had arranged them. They progressed slowly toward the open door which led to the hallway, but every now and then the procession was delayed by the last guinea-pig which kept getting its toes caught in the threads of the carpet. They passed through the doorway and marched out into the hall, and then actually began going down the stairs. Tommy got up from the window seat and followed them.

"This is *very* queer," thought he. "If Uncle Dick could only see them *now*!" And then he started down stairs in the wake of the guinea-pigs. "I do hope we won't meet the cook," he continued mentally, as the procession reached the first landing; "she is so near-sighted she might not see them, and she would be sure to step on those in front and break their legs. Then they would not be able to walk any more."

By this time the animals had reached the ground-floor, for they were moving along quite rapidly, and the head of the column, led by the giraffes, started straight for the front door. The toys now appeared to Tommy as if they were very much larger than usual. It seemed to him as if they had grown during the trip down the stairs, but in spite of this sudden and unnatural growth none of them was anywhere near tall enough to reach the door-knob, and the little boy wondered how they were going to get out into the garden, for it was evidently their intention to go there. He sat down on the steps to watch.

The procession moved steadily onward, and when the giraffes reached the door they marched right through it as if there had not been any door there at all. The other animals did the same thing. Tommy could see them approach the door and gradually fade away into it, and then he thought he could hear them treading on the gravel path outside.

"Well, that is the most wonderfullest thing I ever saw!" he gasped, quite regardless of grammar. "I have heard of people *seeing* through a door, and *hearing* through a door, and *smelling*



"WELL, THAT IS THE MOST WONDERFULEST THING I EVER SAW!"

through a door"—and here Tommy recollected vividly the odor of pancakes coming through the closed kitchen door—"but I never saw anything go through a door before. These animals must all be like sounds or smells or sights," concluded the little boy, for that was the only rational explanation he could make to himself for their odd behavior. "But I wonder where they are going?" and he got up from his seat on the steps and ran down to the front door. He did not stop to take his cap or to tell his mother he was going out, as he usually did, but he opened the front door and stood on the porch watching the procession which by this time had gotten quite a distance down the broad driveway.

The animals passed out through the open gate, and as they

got further and further away down the road they seemed to grow larger and larger instead of becoming smaller, as, according to all optical laws, they should have done. They still maintained their relative positions in line, with the little guinea-pigs toddling along in the rear, almost running in their breathless endeavors to keep up with the others, but by the time the latter had reached the gate they appeared to be life size, and, as the little boy glanced over the shrubbery which screened the garden from the public highway, he could plainly see the tall heads and long necks of the giraffes moving away in the distance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COUSIN JANE. "Did you stay up late Xmas eve?"

JACK. "Yes; brother Bobby and I lay awake, and about eleven o'clock we heard the door open, and in came Santa Claus; up jumped Bobby and I, and grabbed him. Who do you think it was?"

COUSIN JANE. "Santa Claus, of course."

JACK. "No, it was papa."

BOBBY. "Which do you like best, Thanksgiving or Christmas?"

GEORGE. "Xmas, of course; on Thanksgiving you only eat turkey and cranberries, but on Xmas you eat turkey and cranberries, and get lots of presents besides."

FREDDY (*day before Xmas*). "Santa Claus is going to have some trouble coming down our chimney."

JOHNNY. "How is that?"

FREDDY. "I went up to the roof yesterday and put a stray cat in the chimney, and she hasn't come down yet."



THE BOYS' AMBUSCADE.

COLORADO PARTY. "FROW AWAY, ISE KIN CATCH"

HE CATCHES MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XV.

A REFUSAL AND A PROMISE.

THE *Alma*'s boat sped easily across the bay toward the Charleston. Captain Lockwood's lips were compressed, and there was a blaze in his eyes. If he had been commander of an American man-of-war at that moment there would have been trouble in Rio Harbor. The light boat shot up easily alongside the ladder, and the Captain ran up to the deck. As he crossed the side he lifted his cap and said, with emphasis, "Thank goodness, I am among civilized men!"

The officer of the deck approached with a smile, and said, "You speak like an American."

"I am one. I am the owner and master of the bark *Alma* from New York, and I have come to ask for protection from the senior officer of the American fleet."

The officer of the deck at once sent word to Captain Picking, who promptly received the sturdy old skipper. Captain Lockwood told his story with seamanlike bluntness, and the commander of the *Charleston* heard him with courtesy.

"I am afraid I cannot do anything for you," said Captain Picking.

Captain Lockwood stared at him in amazement.

"Why, what on earth are you here for?" he exclaimed.

"I am here to protect American interests in this harbor, but I do not believe that I should be protecting them by doing anything that would appear to favor one side or the other."

"But American ships are being fired on by the insurgents. Mine is not the first."

"I am aware of that;

but you must not act in such a way as to draw fire. I can only say to you that if you insist upon going to a wharf, you must do it at your own risk. I cannot interfere in the matter."

"Then I am wasting my time here," said Captain Lockwood, rising to go.

"I advise you to do nothing hasty," said Captain Picking, kindly.

"What do you mean?"

"The American fleet will soon be under another commander, Admiral Benham, who is due here in two or three days. He may see some way to aid you which I do not."

"I thank you for the suggestion. I understand you to mean that Admiral Benham may come with later orders from the national government than those you have, and hence may act differently. You needn't say a word, sir,



"HELP! HELP!" HE CRIED.

I appreciate the delicacy of your position, and I'm indebted to you for your courtesy."

And with a sailorlike salute Captain Lockwood turned and left the cabin. In a few minutes he was well on his way back to the *Alma*. On his arrival a few words sufficed to put Minnie and Mr. Ball in possession of the facts.

"Well, I'm blowed!" was Mr. Ball's comment.

"You will not try to go to a wharf?" asked Minnie.

"Not till I find out what this new Admiral has got to say. But I'm going to shift our anchorage a bit."

The next morning the *Alma* was got under way to stand a little closer under the shore. As soon as her head fell off and her jib filled, a heavy rifle volley was loosed at her from the *Trajano*. The bark was at once brought to the wind, and the anchor let go; but even after that several shots were fired across her deck. Captain Lockwood was in deep anger, but he made no further attempt to move his bark. Two days later Admiral Benham's flag was hoisted on the *San Francisco*, and a new feeling was aroused in the fleet of American merchantmen. Captain Lockwood waited until another day had passed, and then he ordered his boat and started for the flag-ship. He was a man of stern purpose, and he had made up his mind that if the American commander did not promise him protection he would send Minnie to some place of safety, and endeavor to run the *Alma* to a wharf in spite of the insurgent rifles. Fortunately for him he did not have to resort to such a hazardous experiment. He was received by Admiral Benham with the greatest courtesy, and again told his story, with the addition of the *Trajano* incident.

"The United States flag," he said, "was flying aboard my bark the whole time."

"Captain Lockwood," said the Admiral, gravely, "return to your vessel. I shall at once enter into communication on this subject with Admiral da Gama, and I assure you, sir, that you shall receive protection from the United States forces under my command."

Captain Lockwood looked the dignified old veteran in the eye, and saw there an expression of quiet resolution which gave him the greatest satisfaction.

"Thank you, sir, heartily. Good-morning," he said.

Captain Lockwood went back to the *Alma* and told what had happened. Even Kibo, the cook, was interested, and he set up a barbarian shout of joy that filled the fore-castle with discordant echoes. An hour later a launch with an officer seated in the stern was seen to leave the *San Francisco's* side, and hurry away toward the *Liber-tade*. The officer carried a letter from Admiral Benham to Admiral da Gama. It was properly a confidential communication, but its contents were soon known among the officers of the American fleet.

"Do you know what it said?" asked George. "It went this way, 'Your right to establish a blockade of the whole or any part of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro is not conceded, and no such blockade will be respected, as belligerent rights have not been accorded you.'"

"Which the same it are werry fat talk," said Peter Morris.

"Look here, Peter," said Hal, "you must keep this business to yourself. It will not do to have the men chattering."

"Bless ye, sir," said Peter, "I'll be as dumb as my Aunt Mehitabel's big clock wot never spoke but oncet a year, an' then it struck one at one o'clock in the mornin' on the fust o' Janiuary, sir."

"Yes," continued George, who was greatly excited, "and Admiral da Gama replied that the firing of his ships was not an act of aggression against the American flag, but a warning to merchant ships to keep out of the line of fire. He said the shots were always without ball."

"An' that are wot I calls a twister," said Peter.

"Twister!" exclaimed George. "It's a regular—"

"Not so loud, Georgie," said Hal. "It certainly is not true, for Captain Lockwood told us he heard bullets, and one of them went through a sail."

"Are that true?" asked Peter.

"Yes, certainly," said Harold.

"Then afore we leaves this 'ere harbor the American eagle are got to let out one scream, sure."

"Now mind you don't go talking about this among the men," said Hal.

"Among the wot, sir? Slobs, sir; slobs are wot I calls 'em, an' I wouldn't tell 'em nothin' if I thought they was a-bustin' fur to know."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MEETING OF THE CAPTAINS.

The next day the two boys had more news about the correspondence between the two Admirals.

"Do you know what Admiral Benham's latest is?" asked Hal, joining George in the steerage.

"No; what?"

"He has demanded that all firing be stopped."

This was true. On January 27th, Admiral Benham wrote once more to Admiral da Gama. "I now demand," he said, "that any order which any ship or shore battery under your command may now have to stop or in any way interfere with the movements of any American vessels about the harbor, while in the pursuit of their lawful business, be rescinded at once. I also request to be notified when this has been done. This demand is not intended to restrict or hamper in any way the prosecution of your military or naval operations." Harold was not acquainted with the wording of this letter, but he knew something about the nature of its contents. The two boys were just going on deck for the second dog-watch, and had paused under the break of the fore-castle, where Peter Morris was leaning against the bulkhead.

"Werry good, too," remarked the honest cockswain. "If all the firin' stops the revolution are over, an' we ups killick an' goes home."

"But do you suppose that Admiral Benham means that Admiral da Gama mustn't fire at all?" said Hal.

"In course," answered Peter; "ain't that wot he says?"

"No," said George; "only that he mustn't fire on American vessels."

"An' a werry proper order," said Peter, emphatically.

"But," said Hal, thoughtfully, "suppose that Da Gama refuses to comply with this demand?"

"Then I reckon as how we are got to make him," answered Peter, "else what are we here for?"

"I tell you," exclaimed George, "that would suit me to a T."

"Why, Georgie?" said Hal.

"Oh, you needn't look so shocked," said George. "I should like to see some active service."

"So should I," answered Harold, "but in other circumstances. I can't help thinking of poor Frank's terrible position in this matter. He must be suffering intense agony of mind."

"Hal, I'm just as sorry for Frank as you are, but if there's going to be a row here I'm going to put him out of my mind and enjoy the fun, and you'd better do the same."

"You let Mr. King alone, sir," said Peter; "when the time comes for a scrimmage he'll be right on deck."

"Time's up," said Harold. "We must go on duty."

It was a beautiful clear evening, but warm. A very light breeze was blowing, and the flags on the vessels fluttered rather languidly. George had hardly taken two turns across the deck when he heard a hail from Harold, who was standing watch as midshipman of the fore-castle.

"Signals flying on the flag-ship, sir!"

Mr. Harniss, who was officer of the deck, hurried to

the bridge, and with signal-book in hand, noted the flags at the *San Francisco's* signal-yard. The uppermost flag was solid red, the second solid blue, and the third consisted of two horizontal red stripes with a white stripe between them.

"It's 137," he said, turning over the leaves of the book and reading, "'Commanding officers of ships report aboard flag-ship.' Quartermaster, run up the answering pennant. Orderly!"

The marine who answered the last hail was sent to inform Commander Brownson of the nature of the signal. Before he had fairly turned away, Mr. Harniss, anticipating the command which he knew would come from the Captain, ordered the steam-launch to be got ready and brought to the starboard gangway, and sent a messenger after Harold's sword, for it was the boy's duty to act as boat officer. The crew of the steam-launch tumbled on deck, and the men were speedily but carefully inspected by Harold, to make sure that they were properly uniformed. The launch had hardly reached the foot of the starboard accommodation-ladder before Commander Brownson came out of his cabin. A minute later he was in the boat and on his way to the *San Francisco*. He spoke not a word during the brief passage, but kept his eyes fixed with an expression of deep thought on the vessels of the insurgents, sullenly tugging at their cables off Engenha. Three other launches, from the *New York*, *Newark*, and *Charleston*, were tearing the blue water into ribbons of emerald and silver as they plunged forward toward the flag-ship. It looked like a mad race to see which would arrive first, but as they neared the ship the others slackened speed and permitted the launch of the senior officer, Captain Picking, to go to the ladder first. The marine guard at the gangway presented arms, the boatswain's whistle shrieked a shrill salute, and the Captain disappeared behind the ship's iron bulwarks. The other officers followed in their order, and in a few seconds Harold found himself sitting idly in the launch, which was bobbing uneasily on the small ripple a few yards off the ship's quarter. There was an air of deep expectancy aboard the *San Francisco*. Though it was a dog-watch, when much latitude is allowed to Jack, the men forward were very quiet. For the most part they sat or lay about the fore-castle, smoking and conversing in low tones, with their rough hairy faces screwed into a hundred queer shapes around the blackened stems of their glowing pipes. Occasionally a louder word or a hoarse laugh rolled over the side, where it seemed to fall into the water and be drowned, so suddenly was it followed by a deeper silence. Even as Nature sometimes appears to brood before she bursts into a storm, so now the flag-ship of the American fleet seemed to be instinct with serious purpose.

In the cabin of Admiral Benham the Captains of his ships were listening to a grave communication. The Admiral explained to them with great care the exact details of the situation, and gave each explicit orders as to his duties for the following day. These orders caused every man's lips to close a little more tightly, while his eyes sparkled with a new light. Admiral da Gama had paid no attention to Admiral Benham's letter demanding orders for the final cessation of all firing upon American ships. Now the American commander had finished letter writing, and was preparing to speak another language. The meeting lasted over an hour. Then the launches were called in their order, and in a few minutes Commander Brownson was steaming back toward the *Detroit*. There was a very stern expression on his countenance, and his eyes burned with an intense fire. He gazed steadily at his own ship, and seemed to be making a mental note of every detail of her rig and armament. Then he turned his eyes upon the rebel ships *Guanabara* and *Trajano*, and a grim smile passed over his face. The next moment his eyes met those of Harold,

who was watching him with a sort of respectful curiosity.

"Young gentleman," said the Commander, in a low tone, "are you much given to cowardice?"

Harold started with surprise. "I don't know, sir," he answered, modestly. "I have never been tried."

Once again Commander Brownson looked first at the *Detroit*, and then at the insurgent ships watching the *Alma*, and he said,

"You may get an opportunity to-morrow to show—"

His speech was cut short by the report of a gun over in the direction of the city. A cloud of bluish-white smoke floating above an insurgent tug told whence the shot had been fired. The tug was about a quarter of a mile above the *Alma*, and to Commander Brownson and Harold she appeared to have fired on that bark. Such, however, was not the case. Under cover of the gathering dusk a young man with reddish-brown hair had stolen out of the woods a mile south of the city, and walked rapidly to the beach. There he took the first boat he saw, shoved off, and began to row up the bay with nervous energy. After he had passed Cobras Island it was evident that he was heading toward the American bark *Alma*. He pulled more slowly now, as if his strength were almost spent. Suddenly a tug steamed out from behind the island. A rough voice bawled an order to the rower to pause, but he redoubled his efforts. The next moment a flash shot out from the side of the tug; there was a crash; the forward end of the row-boat was demolished, and the boy found himself in the ill-smelling water. He struggled feebly, for he was almost exhausted.

"Help! help!" he cried, and for a few seconds he disappeared beneath the water.

A boat was lowered from the *Alma*, and pulled rapidly toward him. But the tug reached the spot first, and the boy was hauled aboard unconscious.

"Hold on there!" shouted Captain Lockwood, who was in command of the *Alma's* boat; "that man's an American or an Englishman, or he wouldn't have cried 'Help!'"

"He's safe here," was the answer, as the tug began to move away.

"But I want to see him."

"You can't do it. We know this man, and we're going to keep him."

The tug hurried away at full speed, while Captain Lockwood sat in his boat and looked helplessly after it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CLARA'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

HERE is my pretty Christmas tree,

All full of pretty things:

Wild animals with shaggy paws,

And birds with glossy wings.

What lovely things are hanging there

From all parts of the earth:

The peacock with his feathers fine,

The monkey with his mirth,

The tiger with the brindled tail,

The snowy cockatoo,

The flying-fish, the elephant,

The deer and kangaroo.

The gilded cornucopia

Is swaying from the bough,

'Mid oranges and candy plums

And paper dolls; and now

I know it's all because I've been

So good throughout the year

That this my lovely harvest tree

Is bending for me here.

So up my little ladder now

I'll very lively shoot,

To be among the fragrant limbs.

And pick the pretty fruit.

R. K. M.

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

A DAY IN THE SENATE.

BY HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Senate-chamber is in the northern wing of the Capitol at Washington. Like the House, it is a square hall, with galleries slanting back to the floor above. It has a large glass roof and a marked lack of ornament in its construction, but it is much smaller than the House, and therefore its proportions are better. If you have just

as the unfinished business—that is, the Senate, by general agreement or by majority vote, decides that some important measure is to be the unfinished business of the Senate, and when this is done, that measure comes up every day at two o'clock, until it is disposed of or laid aside by a new vote.

This brief description really covers the ordinary procedure of a day in the Senate, and nothing marks more strongly the difference between the two chambers than that, in the case of the Senate, it is possible in a few words to give an idea of its daily work, whereas in the case of the House it would require a volume almost to describe fully and accurately its methods of transacting business.

This difference arises chiefly from the comparative numbers of the two bodies, from the longer term of service of the Senators, and from the difference between the rules of the two bodies. The House has three hundred and fifty-six members, and the Senate has eighty-eight, two from each State. The House members are elected for only two years; the Senators are elected for six. The rules of the House are very many and very complicated. The rules of the Senate are very few and in most cases very simple.

It is in fact true that the rules of the Senate have lasted without substantial change for nearly a century, and the present Senate conducts its business under a system of rules differing but little from that of the first Senate over which John Adams presided.

Within the last year every one has heard a great deal about the rules of the Senate and the way in which business under them can be retarded. That such delays exist is due to the fact that there is not in the Senate, as there is in the House, any method of stopping debate.

There are very grave objections to having rules which give no power to close debate, and in a large assembly like the House, business would be impossible if such a power did not exist. But despite the delays which occur in the Senate on important measures, it is well to remember that the disadvantage is not wholly one way, and it is also well to know that although the Senate delays, it has never yet failed to reach a vote upon a measure which the majority desired to vote upon.

It is also well to remember that the Senate can



IN THE STRANGER'S GALLERY.

come over from the House and go directly into the Senate galleries the difference you will notice most is the quiet of the Senate as compared with the other branch of Congress.

This is due to the much smaller membership, and also to the smaller size of the hall. If you reach there at twelve o'clock, as you ought in order to get an idea of what a day in the Senate is, you will see, when the hour of noon is reached, the Vice President of the United States, who presides over the Senate, enter with the Chaplain. Then comes the prayer, and then the Vice-President calls the Senate to order, and the journal of the proceedings of the previous day is read. Then comes certain routine business.

The communications which are sent through the Vice-President are laid before the Senate. Then the different Senators offer petitions and memorials, and introduce bills and resolutions. When these formal matters are disposed of, the Senate under ordinary circumstances proceeds to its calendar. Here arises a marked difference from the House. The House has three calendars, and hardly ever goes to any one of them. The Senate has but one calendar, which is a list of measures reported from committees, but it goes to that calendar constantly, and disposes of matters upon it either in their order or by Senators calling up any particular bill in which they are interested by general consent. In this way the Senate is enabled to transact rapidly a great deal of small business, and to dispose of bills which it is not easy to get through the crowded channels of House legislation.

In the Senate the morning hour ends at two o'clock, and at that time the calendar is laid aside, and the Senate proceeds to the consideration of what is known



CAPTAIN BASSETT, THE ASSISTANT DOOR-KEEPER AND THE PAGE.
The oldest and youngest members of the Senate.



A SPEECH THAT EMPTIES THE SENATE.

of quiet, as I have said, is the first thing that strikes him, if he has just been to the House of Representatives. If he is unlucky in the day he has chosen, he may chance upon some long speech, which, as it is read, empties the Senate-chamber, and fails utterly to interest the spectators in the galleries. But if he is fortunate—and as it is the practice in the Senate to give notice whenever a Senator desires to deliver a speech it is easy to be fortunate in selecting a day—he may hear some Senator to whom it is a great pleasure to listen, and about whom he has read and heard a great deal. He will not fail to hear him, because good order is maintained in the Senate, and the motion and talk of the House are not present here to break in upon his attention. On the other hand, he may still be more fortunate, and may arrive at a time when there is a sharp debate in progress, and when short speeches are made by the leaders on both sides. This is the most interesting of all, and although a debate is likely to spring up at any time, it is particularly apt to come just before the vote is taken on some great measure which interests the whole country.

It would be more interesting to tell the history of the Senate than to try to describe the dry details of its daily work; but the history of the Senate would involve an outline of the history of the United States, and would occupy volumes instead of pages. It is a body, however, about which every American boy and girl ought to know something, for although second chambers and upper houses are common in all representative governments, the constitution of the United States Senate is peculiar to this country.

The best efforts of Washington and Hamilton and Madison, and the other great men who framed our Constitution, were devoted to the clauses by which the Senate was constituted. The States of our Union are represented in the Senate, and the Senators are given

transact business with a rapidity unknown in the House whenever the necessity occurs, and that the power of unlimited debate secures an opportunity of discussion which is very important for the information of the country, and which is often wholly lost in the House.

To the onlooker who has come into the galleries of the Senate for the first time, the impression that strikes him,

long terms in order to insure caution, safety, and continuity in our legislation. The Senate has almost as large powers of law making as the House, and it also has executive powers, for it shares with the President in the appointment of officers of the government, and in making treaties with foreign nations. It has played a great part in our history, and there is perhaps no better way of understanding what that part has been than to notice the list of men who have served as Senators. Of our twenty-three Presidents, fifteen either served in the Senate or presided over its deliberations, although, curiously enough, no Senator in actual service has ever been chosen to the Presidency. It was in the Senate that Clay and Webster, Benton and Calhoun, Douglas and Sumner, won their greatest honors; while Seward and Blaine added service in the Senate to achievements in other fields of public life. These are only a few of the eminent men whose names we find by glancing at the Senate roll, but these show that the Senate has been the great prize of American public life, and that within its walls the greatest reputations have been won or maintained. To every one who studies American history, as every boy and girl ought to do, the Senate has a particular interest, and its great importance in our public life and in the government of our country, ought to be understood.



THE UNITED STATES SENATE IN SESSION.

A MAGNIFICENT SCHEME.

HE was a tiny little lad, but he was full of schemes. He wasn't greedy, but he had the most ambitious dreams.

He wanted every other child to have all sorts of toys, And never envied any of the other little boys.

But as he thought of Christmas-time, and all the joys it brings,

And pondered o'er the hundred and the thousand lovely things

He thought he'd like old Santa Claus to leave when he should call,

It filled him full of misery, his stocking was so small.

"He cannot get a quarter of the things I want therein!
My stockings are not very long, and, oh, my legs are thin!
I wonder what I'd better do—the stockings will not stretch;
They will not hold a hundredth part of what I hope he'll fetch."

And then he asked his mamma on what day old Santa'd come,

And when she said "On Tuesday," he just bit his little thumb.

And said: "Ha! ha! That's trying-day; I've got a little plan:
I'll go and see the laundress," said this funny little man.

"I'll tell her that I sort of think she ought to string a line
From mantel-piece to window in that nursery of mine,

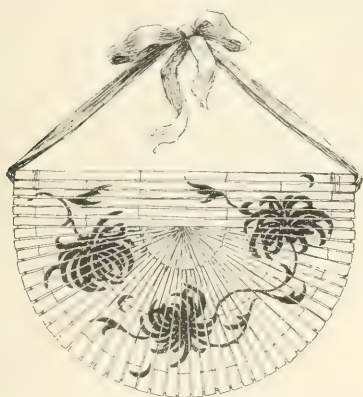
And hang the stockings that I wore last week—just seven pair—

Upon it, so's old Santa will observe 'em when he's there!"

A SIMPLE CASE FOR SHAVING-PAPERS.

ALMOST every girl wants to make a gift for her father or big brother or both. If any of these gentlemen shave, the task becomes an extremely simple one. Shaving-papers are sure to be in demand, and sure to need constant replenishing, so that even the question of their being already supplied need not hamper you in this case.

The device shown in the drawing is quite new, and is really very attractive as a bit of decoration, besides which it is very



easy to make. Almost all of you can paint flowers, if nothing more. If any cannot, they must choose some other gift, but for those who can and do this one has much to commend it.

At any shop devoted to the sale of Japanese goods, buy a medium-sized bamboo table mat. You will find that there are several sorts, some much ornamented, others little. For your purpose select the plainest of all, one which shows only the bamboo and the necessary connecting rows of twine.

When you have carried your treasure home fold it just in

half, and on one side paint chrysanthemums, morning-glories, or any flower you may choose. Then cut the thin white paper, or paper the color of the flower you prefer, of the exact size and shape of the mat. Lay the sheets evenly together, fold them also midway, slip a ribbon through the centre, and tie them into place. Attach a second ribbon, handsomer and wider, at each end of the case, as the illustration shows, and tie it so as to form a loop finished with a full bow.

THE LITTLE RED BOOK.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was the night of the play. In Eleanor's little room Mrs. Rogers was putting the finishing touches to her toilet. The young girl looked very pretty in her white ball dress, which had been made for the occasion from an old gown of her mother's.

It was covered with spangles, which glittered and gleamed in the light for all the world like real diamonds, Eleanor said. How they laughed when Mrs. Rogers fastened on the wig!

"I don't feel as if you were my own daughter," said she. "You must be somebody else's child!"

"Oh, mamma, don't say that even in fun!" cried Eleanor, casting herself into her mother's arms, greatly to the detriment of her large sleeves and delicate frills and ruffles.

"I can't imagine anything more terrible than to be somebody else's child! You are just the most perfect mother that anybody ever had in the world. But tell me, mamma, how does the wig really look? Do you think it will stay on all right? Wouldn't it be dreadful if it were to come off! I should be so mortified I should want to sink through the floor. How perfect it would be to have golden hair like this always growing out of my head!"

"I am quite satisfied with my little brown-haired daughter as she really is," said Mrs. Rogers, smiling at her affectionately; "but I must confess that the new top-knot is very becoming. I am afraid you are very much excited, dear, your eyes are so bright, and you have so much color."

"Oh no, mamma, I'm not a bit excited! I'm as calm as—as a waterfall. Oh no! that isn't calm, is it? A summer sea! Where are my gloves? And now, mamma, my old cinder dress must go on over all my grand-
eur. It is a shame, isn't it? I feel exactly like a caterpillar that is going to burst out and be a butterfly."

Her mother put on her the loose cloaklike arrangement of brown gingham that was to serve as Cinderella's first costume. It was made with large loose sleeves that buttoned tightly about the wrist, and it reached to the ground. The upper part only was fastened, the skirt having no opening; but the whole was arranged in such a way that by slipping one or two buttons it would readily fall to the floor.

Over the little silver slippers Eleanor wore a pair of large cloth over-shoes, that could easily be kicked off at the proper moment.

As she stood before her mother in the dingy brown garment it was hard to realize that it was the radiant airy creature that had flashed and glittered in the lamplight a moment ago. Only the golden hair and the merry brown eyes remained the same. The metamorphosis was complete.

"There is the Brewsters' carriage!" exclaimed Eleanor, as the sound of wheels was heard. "Just as I am all ready. I am so sorry Mrs. Brewster is in Boston and can't be here to see us. Now, mamma, do get there early so as to find a good seat. I want you to be right up in front. Good-by, you dear darling!"

And with a parting kiss, Cinderella ran down stairs. She was so excited and happy that for the time she completely forgot her falling out with Madge, and the trouble to which it had given rise. She was sure that Bertha had sent the letter to her, and she supposed that Madge was also connected with it. Naturally she felt very sore about it. Next to her mother Eleanor loved Madge better than any one in the world. She had thought since the receipt of the letter that she could take no further interest in the theatricals. It was nothing but torture to go and rehearse a part that Madge wished to be, and it would be even worse to act it when the time came. But the hearty cordiality of the rest of the company and Ruth Barnes's determined action had comforted her, and if she had stopped to think of it she would have been astonished to find how much she was enjoying the fun, now that the exciting evening had actually arrived.

That day in school, during recess, Madge and Bertha had walked to their favorite tree in the upper part of the grounds. To say that they had walked there but feebly expresses it. They had run as fast as they could go in order to secure the coveted place before any one else should get there. It was the favorite spot for talking secrets, as there was no possibility of being overheard, the approach being in full view. The tree stood alone, as if growing solely for the purpose of affording a shelter for whispering school-girls. So Madge and Bertha took possession to-day, and Madge at once proceeded to demand a release from her promise.

"I want to talk it over with mamma," said she. "I do think, Bertha, you might let me. Mamma is very fond of Eleanor, and I think she ought to know it."

"Madge Barnes, I never heard of such a thing! You shan't tell her a word about it. You promised solemnly."

"But, Bertha, it wouldn't do any harm to tell mamma."

"If you tell her I'll tell everybody I know that Eleanor Rogers is adopted, and came out of an orphan asylum. I'll tell Eleanor herself. I'll—"

"Oh, stop!" cried Madge. "I won't tell. But I do think you're awfully mean, Bertha Weld! And if you ever do tell Eleanor, or any one else, I'll *never* speak to you again. *Never!*"

"Oh, very well, you needn't. But you want to tell it yourself to some one, even if it is your own mother. What is the object of telling her? As far as I'm concerned there is no reason why she should know it any more than any one else. It's my secret, and I'm not going to have any one know it unless I choose to tell it."

The school-bell rang, and they went back to the house. Madge's manner was so cool that Bertha feared she had said too much. It would be just like Madge to change again and be friends with Eleanor. If she did, Bertha would pay them both up, that was all.

The truth was that Madge was beginning to tire of Bertha's uninterrupted companionship. She missed Eleanor, and she was ready to "make up." After all, Eleanor had really done the right thing in going home that day. Madge wished she had done the same. If she had she would not have discovered the fatal entry of July 20th in the diary, and perhaps Bertha would not have found it. If only Mrs. Brewster had not dropped the book how much better it all would have been!

So Madge drove to the Athenæum that evening with very different feelings from those that had filled her heart for several days before.

There were a number of girls in the dressing-room when she and her sister arrived; among them, Bertha dressed as the Cruel Sister, in a fine green silk gown that belonged to her aunt; and Eleanor in her brown robe, in which to sit among the ashes.

Madge walked up to her. "Halloa, Nell, you look perfectly *sweet* in that wig!" Then she whispered in her ear: "Nell, I've been perfectly hateful. I'm sorry."

Eleanor looked at her. She could scarcely believe her ears. It was so very unusual for Madge to say that she was sorry, or to admit in any way that she had been in the wrong. Then the brown eyes suddenly grew very happy.

"Oh, Madge, don't say anything more about it. I've missed you terribly. But just tell me one thing. Did you write the letter?"

"No; of course I didn't. Bertha told me she was going to do something to get the part for me, but I didn't know what it was, or I wouldn't have let her do it."

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Eleanor, in a tone of relief. "Of course I knew Bertha was at the bottom of it, and I was so afraid you had something to do with it too. But there is Ruth beckoning to us. Madge, you look lovely in that pink dress!"

Bertha had heard the first remark that Madge made, and though the girls afterwards spoke too low for her to distinguish what they said, she could readily imagine what it was. She even thought she caught the sound of her own name. It was perfectly evident that Madge was "making up."

Her heart burned within her, and she felt more than ready to enact the part of the Cruel Sister. "I'll pay her up for this," she murmured. "I'll get ahead of Eleanor yet."

Poor Bertha! She had not many friends, and she did not want to lose Madge again. If there had only been some one to tell her what a wrong course she was taking!

The curtain rose, and the play began. Cinderella is discovered sitting among the ashes, wishing that she, too, could go to the ball. Presently the two Cruel Sisters enter, arrayed in their finery and demanding the assistance of the little cinder-wench. They depart full of anticipation, and leave the little one in tears because of their unkind speeches.

There is a whizzing, whirring noise, and from the chimney, in a most mysterious manner, steps the Fairy Godmother—a little old woman in a tall "sugar-loaf" hat and a short red petticoat, carrying a silver wand. She bids Cinderella dry her eyes and go to the ball.

She waves her wand three times, the brown gingham gown drops to the floor, and Cinderella emerges in all the splendor of gala attire, stepping daintily out of the overshoes in dainty gleaming slippers. The sound of prancing steeds and the shouts of coachman and footman—in fact, a whole retinue of servants—are heard without, and the curtain falls amid the applause of the audience.

When it rises again the scene has changed. It is now the brilliantly lighted ball-room. Beautifully dressed guests are moving about, the King and Queen sit on a throne at the head of the room, the Prince opens the ball with one of the Cruel Sisters.

Suddenly a report is spread that a beautiful and unknown Princess has arrived. A herald announces her. The Prince, when he sees her, impolitely leaves the Cruel Sister standing in the middle of the room, and flies to the side of the new and mysterious beauty. Henceforth he will dance with none but her.

The clock begins to strike. Cinderella flies from the room, and disappears with the final stroke of twelve, leaving her slipper behind her. (The funny part of it was that the slipper, being a rather close fit, refused to come off, so Eleanor had to stoop down, push it half off, and then give it a kick back into the centre of the stage. Of course every one laughed, and enjoyed the scene far more than if the shoe had been dropped in orthodox Cinderella fashion.)

Thus far all had gone smoothly and well, and Ruth Barnes was entirely satisfied with the success of the performance. The next scene was again that of Cinderella's home, and the Cruel Sisters were discussing the



CINDERELLA EMERGES IN ALL HER SPLENDOR

ball of the night before, and the mysterious beauty who had vanished as suddenly as she had appeared, leaving only her slipper to tell the tale.

Then a herald approached, who announced that the Prince would marry whomever the slipper should fit, and finally the Prince himself, followed by a number of attendants, entered and proceeded to try on the shoe.

Each sister had vainly attempted to squeeze her foot into it, and it was now Cinderella's turn. Bertha, as one of the sisters, had to say, "What right have you, a mere cinder-wench, to aspire to be a Princess?"

In addition to the remark she walked up to Cinderella, and seizing her hair, gave it a sharp twitch. Off came the beautiful golden wig, and was held aloft in Bertha's hand, while poor little Cinderella was left with the closely cropped locks of Eleanor Rogers.

For a moment there was silence. Then every one began to laugh. Louder and louder rose the mirth, in which actors too were forced to join. Bertha looked triumphant. She had accomplished her object.

For one moment Eleanor was silent. She felt as she told her mother would be the case if her wig were to come off. She would like to sink through the floor. Then her courage rose, and her ready wit came to her assistance. She turned to Bertha as soon as the laughter had somewhat subsided, and she could be heard saying,

"Oh, sister, you have pulled all my hair out by the roots! But I have a fairy godmother. She will make it grow again."

The Godmother emerged from the chimney, seized the wig from Bertha's hand, and waving her wand, said,

"Grow, hair, and make Cinderella more beautiful than ever."

The wig was quickly put back in its proper position, the gingham gown again fell off, and Cinderella stood before them in all the beauty of the previous evening, drawing the mate to the slipper from her pocket.

After all, the unpleasant little incident had turned out very well; but those on the stage scorned Bertha for the unkind trick, while they admired Eleanor all the more for the quick way in which she had risen to the occasion. The audience thought it was part of the play, and it did not cause any delay in the progress of the theatricals.

Ruth Barnes was very angry. She had but a moment, for she was to act in the second play, and no time could be lost; but her words, though few, were to the point.

"You have done a most contemptible thing," she said, "and every one shall know of it."

Bertha was frightened. She had evidently gone a trifle too far.

"I did not know it would come off so easily," she exclaimed. "I—I was only pulling her hair just as the cruel sister did in the story."

But Ruth had walked away, not deigning to listen to her excuses.

Bertha continued to loudly disclaim having had any intention of really pulling off the wig. She went about from one to the other.

"Wasn't it dreadful?" she said. "Who ever would have dreamed of its actually coming off?"

But they looked at her doubtfully, and Bertha knew it. Madge refused to speak to her at all.

"Mean old thing!" she said to Eleanor, quite audibly. "I am never going to have another thing to do with her."

Bertha heard her, and it was the finishing stroke.

"I'll punish her. I'll punish them both!" she said to herself, vindictively. Then she turned and approached a group of girls in the dressing-room.

"I am so sorry that happened," she said. "I would rather have had it happen to any one but Eleanor Rogers, for I am so sorry for her. Have you heard about her?"

"No. What is it?" asked one or two.

"Why, haven't you heard?" returned Bertha, in tones of great surprise. "It is said that she isn't Mrs. Rogers's real daughter at all, but only adopted, and she doesn't know it."

"Why, Bertha Weld, where did you ever hear such a thing as that? Who told you?" cried May Brewster.

"Never mind who told me," said Bertha, nodding her head wisely, with an air of great mystery, "but it was some one who knows all about it, and it's true. She came from an orphan asylum. But hush! Here she comes."

As Eleanor drew near with Madge an awed silence fell upon the group, and they looked wonderingly at her. She did not notice it, however.

"Come out in front, girls, and watch the other play. There are reserved seats for us," she said.

Then they joined the audience, and Eleanor, sitting by her mother, was soon absorbed in what was taking place on the stage. Neither of them noticed the many curious glances that were directed towards them by the half-dozen girls who had been talking with Bertha Weld.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNEXPECTED RESCUERS.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE following is one of many stories told by a great-uncle of my mother, one Benjamin Bliss, a ship-master of New Bedford, who died in 1867 at the ripe age of ninety-three. The old seaman was garrulous, so I have condensed his narrative and divested it of its curious diction; but at the same time I have allowed him (as he would certainly prefer if he could be consulted) to speak in his own person.

It was in the last year of the eighteenth century, and I was first mate in the *Laughing Sally*.

On our second voyage to the Gulf of Guinea we found it hard to pick up the kind of cargo we wanted. At last, one calm night, as we were lying off Cape Palmas, with little puffs of air coming off-shore every minute or two as hot as if from the mouth of a furnace, the Captain stepped up to me in my watch and said,

"Ben, we've got to do something or other to get a cargo."

"What's to be done?" said I; though I knew very well what was in his mind.

"If we can't get white ivory, we'll have to put up with black," answered Captain Bill. "We'll run down to Cameroons and take in a cargo for Charleston."

"It ain't for me to say anything, one way or the other," said I, "when I know there's better men than I'll ever be who think it's all right to hold slaves, and buy slaves, and sell slaves. But I'm free to confess I don't like it.

Seems to me they're men, same as we are, and ought to have their rights. Furthermore, I kind of don't like to see the *Sally* all messed up with blackbirds. It ain't a nice cargo for gentlemen to handle."

"Oh," said Captain Bill, with a little laugh, "don't worry about the *Sally*. She's been in that business before, as you'd have noticed by the way she's fixed up in the hold if *you* had ever been in the business."

"Well, Captain," said I, very respectfully, "I've said my say, and I know *my* business, which is to obey orders. But don't think hard of me if I give notice that after this voyage I won't be able to ship again on the *Sally*."

"I'll be sorry if you stick to that, Ben," said the Captain, earnestly. "And I don't want you to misunderstand me about this business. I reckon I feel much the same as you do about it, and if I had my way there wouldn't be any slave trade."

A fair wind blew up the next day, and we made so quick a run that the hands all declared the *Laughing Sally* wanted blackbirds. We ran up the wide estuary of the Cameroons River, and cast anchor off the mangrove fringes of the island on which rose the stockades and trading-houses of the town of Cameroons, famous for its traffic in slaves and pepper.

The barracons were crowded, reeking, intolerable. Having described these scenes of horror, or attempted to describe them, in earlier pages of these memoirs, I will



"WE ARE NOT JACKALS," SAID THE LEADER, "TO RUN....WHEN THE ENEMY APPROACHES."

not dwell upon them now. Suffice to say, I no longer regretted the Captain's decision, but only wished the *Sally* were a bigger ship, in order that we might carry off a larger number of the unhappy wretches to an existence less unendurable than that of the barracoons.

I helped the Captain in making his selections, and most of the blacks we chose were young men of the ordinary negro type. But in one of the stockades I found a score of tall and powerful figures shackled to the walls, defiant in their misery. Their great stature, proud bearing, well-cut noses, and more jetty hue of their skins, showed them to be of a different stock from the tamer captives about them. These were no mere victims of the slave-hunter, but warriors overpowered in some wild battle far inland.

Captain Bill was determined that the *Sally* shouldn't be crowded, as I have already said; so he didn't take what a regular slaver would have called half a cargo. He was also determined that the *Sally* should be tolerably clean. The darkies were taken aboard in small squads, and each squad, as it left the filthy barracoons, was marched straight down into the water and compelled to take a thorough bath. The Cameroons traders thought we were crazy, but Captain Bill knew what he was about.

As for those big warriors of mine, they gave us a peek of trouble. It seemed as if all they wanted was a chance to kill somebody and then get killed themselves. We kept such a sharp eye on them they didn't succeed in doing any great damage, but when it came to giving them their bath, which we did by taking them along two at a time, they tried to drown themselves by falling down in the water and holding on to the weeds of the bottom with their teeth. For all their tantrums, however, our men handled them kindly enough, according to my strict orders, and I reckon they were rather surprised at such gentle treatment. When they found themselves safely aboard the *Sally*, and fed and watered without being kicked or beaten, they quieted down a lot and became more manageable.

In less than a week even my big warriors subsided into a sullen sort of lazy indifference, and submitted to their daily bath without a struggle. Every day I spoke to them in such of the coast dialects as I could command, but for a long while could not make out whether I was understood or not, till at last one, who seemed the proudest of them, consented to reply in the Ashantee language, which he spoke with difficulty. He said that he was a chief in the country beyond the great river (which I took to mean the Congo), and that his tribe had been utterly destroyed in a terrible war. He said he had made many slaves himself in his day, and now his own turn had come, but that he would not long remain a slave in the land we were taking him to. He and his brethren would soon make their escape into the woods. But he promised that now, because I had treated them kindly, they would make no trouble in the ship if I would ease their fetters and give the same freedom that the other captives enjoyed. After consulting the Captain and obtaining his permission, I agreed to this, and I found the tall chief as good as his word. The warriors from beyond the great river had evidently made up their minds that nothing could be done for freedom until they should once more find themselves on dry land.

When we were in latitude 8° N., bowling merrily northward with a stiff breeze from the east, we sighted a sail to starboard. At first we paid the stranger little attention; but presently observing that she had changed her course and was standing directly toward us, we grew a bit uneasy. We held on as we were, however, for the better part of an hour, while Captain Bill, with his glass at his eye, watched her narrowly. She was a barkentine, low in the hull, with a great rake to her masts, and carrying a pile of canvas

"Let's show her our colors!" said Captain Bill to me. I gave the order, and the Stars and Stripes streamed out from the *Sally's* masthead. But the stranger made no response.

"I don't like the look of her at all," remarked the Captain presently, and he handed me the glass.

"She's got a gait," said I, "but I reckon we can show her our heels if she's dangerous."

"Not on this point, I'm thinking," replied the Captain, taking the glass again. In another moment he shut the glass with a snap, and began roaring his orders in a voice that made us all skip. In less than no time the *Laughing Sally* was running free before the wind, shaking her head as if she had got the bit in her teeth, and dashing great clouds of spray from under her counter. Not a word of explanation did Captain Bill vouchsafe till the stunsails were run out and the *Sally* was staggering under every rag she could carry. Staggering, did I say? No, flying like a bird. The stranger altered her course, and came on after us, running out a big spinnaker that fairly seemed to lift her out of the water.

"I calculate," said Captain Bill, as he watched the progress of our pursuer, "that that there barkentine is no other than the *Black Meg*. And if so, why, she can lick the *Sally* both at fighting and running. But with this breeze back of us she ain't going to overtake us quick, I'm thinking."

"What metal does she carry?" I inquired.

"Broadside enough to blow us out of the water," said Captain Bill, "if she gets a chance to use it. But I've heard her bow pivot ain't heavier than ours. I reckon we might make shift to move our long Tom aft, and take a few shots at that rascal's rigging."

I sprang forward to superintend the moving of the gun, while Evans, the second mate, with three or four of the crew, fetched up the muskets and cutlasses and served out the ammunition. All this preparation went on in a grim, determined silence that meant business. It was a slow job getting the long 18-pounder into its new position, and meanwhile the pirate was gradually reducing his distance. Presently the black flag fluttered to his peak.

"Now we'll hear from Spanish Joe!" exclaimed the Captain, cheerfully. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a puff of white smoke veiled the *Black Meg's* bows, and a round shot ricocheted past the *Sally's* some fifteen fathoms to starboard.

"Hurry up, boys," cried the Captain, "and we'll try and show 'em some better shooting than that."

Four shots the pirate fired before we were ready to reply, but only the fourth came aboard. It carried away a stanchion and knocked out a piece of the bulwark, but did no further damage. The attack was at long range, and was evidently made in the hope of checking our flight by a lucky shot. Spanish Joe was probably astonished at the *Sally's* speed.

When the long 18-pounder was at last in position and loaded, Captain Bill trained her himself. Very deliberately he sighted her, calculating the pitching of the ship, and just at the right moment he fired. It was a lucky shot. It caught the boom of the spinnaker, and to our delight we saw the great sail collapse. Our crew broke into a cheer, and Captain Bill remarked:

"That takes some of the legs off her. She won't crawl up on the *Sally* quite so quick now."

This was true. Without the spinnaker the *Black Meg* could just about hold the *Sally* even before the wind. For the next half hour or so there was no perceptible change in the relative positions of the two ships, and the shots that were exchanged did no damage to speak of on either side.

"How's this thing going to end, anyway?" said I to the Captain, quietly, while the gun was being loaded.

"Oh," said he "I'm thinking we may possibly pull through if the *Sally's* luck stands by her."

"How?" I asked. "Within the next ten minutes we'll sight the coast of Venezuela dead ahead; and next thing, at this rate, we'll be on it. There it is now!"

"Port!" yelled Captain Bill at once. "Keep her away two points." Then turning again to me, he said: "We're heading now for one of the mouths of the Orinoco. I used to know the navigation of it well. It has a bar which I reckon we can pass, but yon scoundrel draws too much water for it, I'm thinking. Once past the bar, the channel's deep enough, so we can run as far inland as we like, and slip out by another mouth."

My hopes rose considerably at this. The immediate danger was that a shot from the *Black Meg* might fetch one of our spars, and so disable us that we would be overtaken before gaining our hoped-for refuge.

"Captain," said I, "instead of aiming at the rigging, let us fire at the big gun."

With a nod of assent the Captain proceeded once more to train our trusty weapon on the foe. Eagerly we watched him as he fired. The shot passed within about six feet of the pirate's gun, and crashed into her forecastle.

"You'll fetch it next time, Captain," cried Evans, enthusiastically. And our gun crew made haste to swab out and load again.

"I'm thinking I've got the range down pretty fine now," said Captain Bill, and as he fired the next shot he smiled amiably.

As the smoke blew off to starboard our crew broke into cheers. The enemy's gun-carriage was shattered to fragments, and the dangerous gun was no longer in view. Every one on the *Sally* was jubilant.

About eight bells in the afternoon we found ourselves well inshore and close on the bar, the Captain in the bow scanning the water narrowly. It was an anxious moment for all. If we should run aground, we were done. The *Black Meg* could come up and give us her broadsides, and then take her time about finishing us. But Captain Bill never hesitated. The *Sally* raced on, cleared the bar without a grate, and we found ourselves in a spacious channel between low dense-wooded shores. Straight ahead we steered, but not now so fast as in the open, for the ebb tide combined with the current of the stream to retard us, and the pirate began to creep up on us perceptibly, till his bow gun found our range. By this time he was getting so near the bar that we began to fear the Captain had made a mistake, and we were in a trap. But no. Suddenly there was a movement in our pursuer's sails. Gracefully the beautiful but evil-looking craft came about, and in a very few minutes she was lying to just outside the bar. Ten minutes later we rounded a curve of the stream, and nothing of the pirate remained in view except her topmasts. The Captain gave the order to shorten sail, as the channel was getting intricate, and the *Sally* went on for half an hour at a more deliberate pace. We were just congratulating ourselves on being so well out of the scrape, when all at once the *Sally* staggered, stopped, heeled over, and with a crash her mainmast, with its great weight of canvas, went by the board. We had run aground.

This was a desperate calamity, but there was no confusion. In a twinkling all canvas was taken in, and the wreck was cleared away. Then the Captain held a consultation with Evans and me. As far as the accident was concerned, that was no fault of his. The channel had shifted. But what was to be done? The masts of the pirate were still visible to us, and we knew that our predicament would soon be quite clear to him. Then he would send out his men in boats to attack us, and small chance would our handful stand against them. Should we stay and fight, or would we take the boats and endeavor to escape up the river?

"It's next thing to cutting our own throats, I'm thinking," said Captain Bill; "but if you gentlemen are agreed, I'm for fighting, and for blowing up the *Sally* at last, if necessary."

"I'm with you, Captain!" exclaimed Evans and I, both at once.

"And what'll the crew say to this plan?" asked Evans.

"Bless you, don't I know every man of them?" replied Captain Bill. "It's just what they want. Do you suppose they're going to skip out and leave their little bundles of ivory and dust to those fellows?"

"And what about the poor creatures down in our hold?" I asked.

"Well," said the Captain, "we've got to lose on that trade, and we'll be the luckiest crowd that ever sailed out of New Bedford if we don't lose everything, and our necks too. We'll set the nigs all free, and let them take to the woods. There's lots of fruit in the woods, and if we give them a few barrels of biscuit they'll be able to take care of themselves."

There was no time to lose, as the slaves were to be cleared out before the approach of the pirates. I went into the hold to explain to them what they were to do. They had been wildly excited during the chase and the firing, and at first I had some difficulty in making myself comprehended. First I told them that if the pirates who were chasing us succeeded in capturing us they would kill most of the slaves and sell the rest in Cuba, which would be as bad as the barracoons, if not worse. But when I made them understand that they were all to go free to land, and be slaves no longer, they were crazy with delight. Turning to my tall warriors, I told them to take the rest in charge, and help us get them out of the way before the fight. From the way those fellows went to work it was plain to see that they were used to positions of command.

First we sent off the women and children, and then the men, in boatload after boatload. The blacks themselves did all the work—but not those big warriors. They only superintended, and got a lot more out of the workers than we could. When the last load was going off, with the provisions, and a few muskets and cutlasses which we thought they might be trusted with, I was astonished to see my big chief, followed by ten of his brethren, approach, with many gestures of humility and submission, very different from their ordinary haughty bearing. He explained that since we had given him and his brethren their freedom, and made them all men again, and treated them kindly, they knew we were their friends.

"We are not jackals," said their leader, "to run and hide in the woods when the enemy approaches. Give us arms, and we will fight at your side like brothers, and never give back one foot as long as we remain alive."

I grasped the speaker's hand, and explained his offer to the Captain and crew. These were no mean addition to our strength, as they would be superb in a hand-to-hand conflict, and we could see that they were fighters, every inch of them. We had no hesitation in trusting them, Captain Bill declaring that he knew the breed. We armed them with our heaviest broadswords, which they handled lovingly, and their eyes began to glow like live coals as they drew themselves up and once more sniffed battle. They were put under my direct command, as I was the only one who could communicate with them.

The spot where the *Laughing Sally* had run aground, unfortunately, was just beyond a small island in mid-river, which shut out all view of the channel below. We knew that the pirates would take full advantage of this, and dart upon us in their boats from both sides at once. There would be no time to give them more than one shot from each of our three cannon. Still, we made up our minds that these should count for something. We trained

the two 6-pounders on one end of the island around which the enemy would appear, and the faithful long Tom, double-shotted, we directed upon the other channel. Captain Bill was not without experience in war by land as well as by sea.

It was but a few minutes we had to wait ere the pirates were upon us. Their boats darted around both ends of the island at once. Our cannon roared, but two of the shots went low, struck the water, and bounded clear over the enemy. The third shattered a boat and crew. The next instant the pirates were swarming on all sides over our bulwarks, and the fierce struggle that followed seems to me now like a confused dream, filled with shouts and breathless effort, and everywhere those black Samsons fighting like heroes. It seemed at last, however, that the battle was going against us; but suddenly there arose a series of yells all around the ship, and a throng of ne-

groes came tumbling over the bulwarks. Some in the boat, some on logs, some swimming, they had thrust out from shore to our rescue, led by those big warriors who had been put in charge of them. A few were armed with cutlasses, the rest with clubs and branches merely; but their coming decided the day in a twinkling, and the pirates seemed to melt from the *Sally's* deck, so swiftly sped they over the side into their boats, and away.

To our black allies our gratitude knew no bounds. We gave them all the biscuit, beef, muskets, and ammunition that we could spare, and we offered to take my big warriors back to Africa on our next voyage. But they preferred to stay in the new land. When the *Sally* was sufficiently repaired we sailed on up the river till we entered a new and larger channel, then out of the Orinoco, and down the coast to Paramaribo for a new mainmast. And of the *Black Meg* we saw no more.

PAPA'S ROD.

A Christmas Play in Three Acts.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

CHARACTERS:

PAPA. MAMMA. TOM, an only son.
MILLY and JENNY, his small sisters.

ACT I.

Time.—Christmas eve. The curtain rises on a children's nursery. A door at right, a second door at left. In the background stands

a Christmas tree half decorated. The remaining decorations strewn the floor. A small table set with a supper tray stands at right. Milly and Jenny discovered at left playing with their dolls.

Milly (laying her doll in its crib and rocking it). We must hurry, Jenny, or supper will be quite cold. Isn't your child in bed yet? I've put mine to bed, and she's almost asleep.

Jenny (shipping on her doll's night dress). My child has been so naughty to-night! Her arms are all elbows, and won't go into the sleeves. I'm afraid she's been listening to Tom. What does make Tom so naughty, Milly?

Milly. I'm sure I don't know. Sometimes I'm glad my child's ears are stopped with wax so that she can't hear everything he says.

Jenny (laying her doll in its cradle and rocking it, sings)—

Hush-a-bye, don't you cry.
Go to sleep, little baby.
Horses gray, black, and bay,
All for you, little baby.

Now my child's asleep, and I'm ready for supper.

Milly. Lay all the baby clothes straight, dear, while I pour out the tea.

[Milly moves to the tea-table, while Jenny folds the baby clothes neatly. A loud stamping is heard.]

Jenny. Oh, I hear Tom coming! Milly. Hide the babies, Jenny—quick! He's so bad to them.

[Jenny draws a light screen about the dolls' cradles, and hurries to her place at table.]

Enter Tom by right entrance. He flings his cap on the floor, and drags a chair to the table.

Milly and Jenny. Good - evening, Tom.

Tom (roughly). Even'. Where's my tea?

[He takes up the cup Milly offers him, tastes the contents, makes a face of disgust, and leans over the table for the sugar bowl.]

Milly. Oh, Tom, wait! You almost upset the tray. I'll give you some sugar.

Tom. Some! I know your sums. They're all short additions, they are. You give me that sugar-bowl!

Milly (passing a spoon with the bowl). Here's a spoon, Tom, that you can use.

Tom. I don't want any spoon. [He pours the sugar into his cup from the bowl.]



"OH, I HEAR TOM COMING!"

Jenny. Oh, you took as much as ten spoonfuls, and Mamma says only two.

Tom. Well, then, I'm taking less than she said, for I didn't use a spoon at all; so you measure me two more good spoonfuls, Milly.

Milly. Tom, I won't. You'll be sick.

Tom. You do as I tell you, or I'll bleed your dollies. Where are they, anyhow?

[*He glances around the room.*]

Milly (quickly). Here's the sugar, Tom, and here's the jam too, and some nice cold bread and butter.

Tom (unwinking). Nice cold fiddlesticks! You know it's nasty, or you wouldn't say nice. You never say nice cold ice-cream, do you?

Milly. Don't eat with your fingers, Tom.

Tom. I will, just because I hate nursery suppers. I'm old enough to go to the dinner-table and eat what I want. Jo Bootblack eats anything he wants, and he can knock me into the middle of next week. He laid me out flat on the pavement just now.

Milly. Then that's what makes you so cross. Tom, you know Mamma doesn't like you to fight.

Tom. Is she going to come out and settle my disputes for me? Somebody's got to. Jo's mother, she licks him if he doesn't lick the other boy. That's some sense, that is. I wish my folks had as much sense as Jo's.

Milly and Jenny. Oh, Tom! Tom!

Tom. Well, I do. Where are those doll babies? I'll bet they haven't been spanked to-day.

Jenny (half crying). You sha'n't whip my baby, Tom. I won't have it. How would you like to be whipped?

Tom. Huh! I'd like to see anybody try to whip me. Even father wouldn't dare to. Here he comes now. Don't you tell him I said that, or I'll wring your babies' heads off.

Enter by left entrance Papa and Mamma, laden with packages of all shapes and sizes.

Papa. Christmas gifts! Christmas gifts!

[*The three children crowd around, feeling the packages and laughing.*]

Mamma. Be off with you! These are not to be opened till Christmas night. Take away the tea-tray, Milly, and let us pile the presents on the table.

[*Milly takes the tray out, and returns. The packages are all laid on the table.*]

Tom. Papa, I do hope you haven't got me a baby present. Have you?

Papa. Come here, you young scapgoat. What do you think you deserve? Look at the Christmas gifts you have brought me. (*He draws a sheaf of letters from his pocket, and runs them over.*) Bill from the glazier for neighbor's windows broken by son Tom. Ditto from carpenter for repairing fence broken by son Tom. Locksmith, for lock broken by son Tom. Bell hanger, for wire broken by son Tom. Seriously speaking, son Tom, you will have to remember that father's patience and his purse both have a limit. I mean that, my boy.

Tom (sulkily). Yes, sir.

Mamma. Now, children, while Papa and I are dining, do you finish decorating the tree, and lay all these presents carefully about its root. Papa has brought you such lovely things! Remember, you are not to untie a single string before to-morrow night. Then we'll light the tree, and what a happy Christmas night we shall have!

Papa. Come, come, my dear! I am as hungry as Santa Claus on Christmas morning.

Mamma. Don't let the wrappings slip, children, and—

Papa (laughing and hurrying Mamma off). Come, come!

Tom (as the door closes). I'm going to look at my presents now.

Milly. Oh, Tom! Mamma said not to.

Tom. Why doesn't she take us to dine with her, then? Jo Bootblack eats with his father and mother. He says he never



"DO YOU WANT YOUR HEAD OUT?"

heard of such doings as nursery suppers. He says he wouldn't stand it.

Jenny. I don't see what that's got to do with opening Mamma's presents. I should think you'd be ashamed, Tom. Mother says they're so beautiful, too.

Tom. I'm not going to wait for to-morrow. I'm going to untie my gifts, and tie them up again so nobody will know.

Milly. Oh, Tom, don't!

Tom (turning over the packages). Tom, don't! I believe you were born saying that. Look here! If either of you tell on me, I'll—I'll dismember your babies. You don't know what that means, but it's something awful. Here's one of my presents, with my name on it. I'll open this first. (*He picks out a long package and loosens the string.*) I don't see what it can be. What was that? [*A bit of paper flutters to the floor, which Milly picks up.*]

Milly (picking up). Oh, Tom!

Tom (stamping his foot). There you go again! What's written on that?

Milly. It's Papa's handwriting.

Tom (stamping his foot). Read it, I say! Read it this minute!

Milly (reading). "To be broken on Tom's back for his own good."

Tom. What! [*He tears off the wrapping-paper, discarding a hair-stick, which he drops on the table.*] To break on my back! I won't stand it—I won't! I'll go where they know how to treat a fellow that's what I'll do. (*He snatches up his hat from the floor.*) Milly, you can't tell father I'm never coming back here any more, and it's not worth while to look for me. You girls can keep your old babies in peace now. I'm gone for good.

[*Jenny and Milly cling to him.*]

Milly. Oh, Tom, don't!—don't, Tom!

Jenny. You can *disremember* my babies, or anything, if you'll stay, Tom.

Tom (*brushing his sleeve across his eyes*). I'm gone, girls. I'll never come back till I'm a President or something. I'll show father what—*is*—mistake—he's made.

[*He breaks away and rushes out right entrance.*
Milly and Jenny. Oh, Papa! Papa! Mamma! Mamma! Oh! oh! Enter Papa and Mamma hastily by left entrance, their table napkins fluttering in their hands.

Papa and Mamma. What is it? Quick, quick! What is it?

Milly and Jenny (*sobbing, and running to their parents*). Papa! Papa! Mamma! oh, Mamma!

ACT II.

Time.—Christmas night. *Same scene.* Milly and Jenny discovered dressing the Christmas tree. A number of packages are placed about its root. A ball of twine and some large sheets of brown wrapping-paper lie on the table, with several books, a work-basket, a hand glass, and other gifts unwrapped.

Jenny (*standing back to look up at the tree*). Isn't it too pretty? Now we must call Papa and Mamma to light the candles.

Milly. No, no; we must first wrap all our Christmas gifts to them.

Jenny. Oh yes! I forgot. [*They turn to the table.*
Milly (*lifting the work-basket*). Here's my present to mother. I'll wrap that.

Jenny (*taking up a book and wrapping it*). Here's mine to father. I'll wrap that.

Milly (*lifting the hand-glass*). Oh, Jenny, here's Tom's present to mother. What shall we do with it?

Jenny. I don't know, I'm sure. It's so very queer about Tom.

Milly. I thought Papa and Mamma would be so frightened about him, and they don't seem to care at all. Papa just says, "Dress your Christmas tree, my dears, and don't fret."

Jenny. And Mamma just laughs too. It seems to me kind of heartless to be having trees lighted, with Tom out in the cold streets, perhaps.

Milly. It's snowing hard, too.

[*The door at right swings half open; Tom's head appears.*

Jenny. Oh, Milly, you make me cry! I'd rather have my babies spauked hard every day than have poor Tom out in the snow.

Tom (*in a deep voice*). Bring out my babies

[*Milly and Jenny scream and cling together.*

Enter Tom, his hair rough and his clothing disordered.

Tom. Hist! Quit that crying. Where are Papa and Mamma?

Milly. In the library.

Tom (*snagging in*). Say, girls, I guess I've given you all a bad scare. I guess Papa and Mamma are 'most crazy about me.

Milly. No, they don't seem crazy, Tom. Where have you been?

Tom. Never your mind. Men don't always tell where they've been.

Jenny. Tom, how queer you look!

[*She gives him the hand glass.*

Tom (*looking in the mirror and smoothing his hair and clothes*). Men always look queer when they've been out all night.

Milly. Oh, I'm so glad you've come home!

Tom. Well, I don't know for how long. It seemed kind of rough on the old folks to go off so suddenly, you know. I came back to settle some little things. Say, Milly, what did Papa think?

Milly. He hasn't said anything to us, but he must have known about the little things you've come back for, Tom. I heard him tell Mamma that you and he must have a full settlement.

Tom (*sitting on the edge of the table and running his fingers through his hair*). Whew! He said that, did he?

Jenny (*wrapping the gifts*). Tom dear, we're wrapping our gifts for Papa and Mamma. Then we're to call them in to light the tree. Won't you wrap your gift and mark it?

Tom. What! You weren't going to light that tree, with me away?

Milly. Papa told us to, Tom.

Tom (*thrusting his hands in his pockets*). Whew! Don't you talk about your old gifts to me. Don't you see I want to think? [*He buries his face in his hands; then looks up suddenly and shakes his knee.*] I have it! Here, girls, you take that big piece of brown paper, wrap me in it, and tie me into a Christmas parcel.

Milly. What do you mean?

Tom. Do just as I say, and do it quick.

[*He throws the paper on the floor, and lies down upon it. Jenny and Milly wrap him very fully in the folds.*

Milly. Do you want your head out?

Tom. You bet I don't! Wow! You needn't smother me. Break a hole where my mouth is—quick! [*Milly breaks a mask-like flap in the paper over Tom's face, and helps him to sit up. Tom frees his right hand, and lifts the mask. Between his feet, from side to*

side as he talks.] Now lay me under the tree with the other presents, and write on me, "For Mother, if Papa will promise not to touch it."

Milly. Oh, Tom, I can't. Papa might be angry.

Tom. Very well, then. I'll run away again.

Milly. No, no, Tom! I'll do all you want.

[*Milly and Jenny drag Tom to the root of the tree, and lay the remaining packages around him.*

Jenny. Oh, Milly dear, I'm so awfully scared!

Milly. Oh, so am I!

Tom (*in a deep voice from among the presents*). Have you written that label on me?

[*Milly takes a pencil and writes hastily on the wrapping-paper.*
Tom. Now call Papa and Mamma.

Jenny (*opening the door at left*). Papa, Mamma, we are ready. [*She turns back.*] Oh, Milly, I'm so scared! They're coming. Oh, Milly, they are here!

[*She rushes to Milly, and they cling together, each hiding her face on the other's shoulder.*

ACT III.

Time.—Fifteen minutes later. *Same scene.* Curtain rises on Papa and Mamma lighting the last of the Christmas-tree candles, Milly and Jenny watching them. Whenever Papa and Mamma look away Tom lifts his paper mask and makes warning faces at Milly and Jenny.

Papa. That's a fine blaze. Hurrah for Christmas! Come!—hip! hip! hurrah!

Milly and Jenny (*weakly*). Hurrah! hurrah!

Mamma (*laughing*). What feeble cheers! Try again. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Papa (*stooping over the presents*). Dear me! What's this great present, marked "For Mamma," that I am not to touch? Why, what can it be?

[*He prods Tom's wrappings with his finger.*

Milly and Jenny (*dragging him away*). Oh, don't, Papa! don't!

Papa. Well, I won't. Here's a present with the wrapping loose.

Oh, it's the rod Master Tom ran away from.

[*He lifts the rod and lays it on the table. Papa and Mamma look at it, then at each other, and laugh.*

Milly (*eagerly*). Papa, if Tom came back, you wouldn't—you wouldn't break that rod on his back, would you?

Papa (*drawing Milly and Jenny towards him*). Now, my dear little girls, is that what you are fretting over?

Mamma. You must trust Papa, dears.

Papa. If I should break that rod over Tom's back, it would be letting him off very easily, the little runaway rascal.

Milly. Oh, Papa, Tom may have been hungry and wandering in the cold streets!

Jenny. And it's snowing, too.

Papa. Come, come! I'm only afraid Master Tom has not been cold and hungry enough. He will learn a good lesson. Now for the presents. By-the-way, Mamma, we left the kisses in the library. We must have them.

[*As Papa goes out he makes a pretence of again opening Tom's wrapping. Mamma laughingly drives him away.*

Mamma. No, no. That's mine.

Papa. We'll see about that. [*Exeunt Papa and Mamma.*

Tom (*lifting his mask*). Here, Milly, you untie those strings on my feet as quick as you can. I'm gone.

Jenny. Oh no, Tom, no! Stay with us.

Tom. With Papa hoping I am cold and hungry, and a rod waiting for my back? Not much. Untie me, quick.

Milly (*drawing closer*). Where are you going, Tom?

Tom (*brokenly*). Where I was before, if they'll take me back again. Hurry, Milly.

Milly. Just a minute, Tom. Where have you been?

Tom. At Jo Bootblack's.

Milly. Then you weren't cold or hungry?

Tom. Wasn't I? Can I eat cold pork and greasy cabbage? And at Christmas, too! Why, I had to sleep close to Jo to keep from freezing! They hadn't any combs and brushes, and they washed their faces at the pump, and they ate with their fingers.

It was awful. [*He sobs.*] I was so homesick. But they don't keep rods ready to break on boys' backs, and they didn't want me to be—cold—and—hungry—

Milly. Oh, Tom! neither does father.

Tom. He said he did, anyhow. You hurry here, Milly.

[*He struggles.*

Milly. Oh, I can't! I can't, Tom! I'd rather you'd be punished than have you eat such things and be cold.

Tom. What!

Milly. I can't untie you, Tom.

Tom (*struggling*). What! what! You shall! you shall!

Milly. No, no; I can't. You'll just have to take father's punishment. I'll try hard to beg you off, Tom, but I won't let you go.

Tom. Jenny!

Milly (*standing before Jenny*). You needn't call Jenny. I won't let her untie you. Oh, dear, dear, I wish I were grown up! I'm so scared!

Jenny (drawing down Tom's mask). Hide your face quick, Tom. Here are Papa and Mamma.

Enter Papa and Mamma, with a tray of bright paper kisses carried between them.

Papa. Who'll buy my kisses? Kisses for kisses—kisses for kisses.

[He gives out the papers in exchange for kisses from Milly and Jenny. They snup the papers, and all dress in the caps and aprons and caps contained inside.]

Mamma. Circle round the tree. Now circle round the tree—all hand in hand. Christmas comes but once a year.

[They circle about the tree, dancing. At a loud knock outside Jenny breaks away, and runs to the door to receive a letter which is handed in.]

Jenny. For you, Papa. *[Papa takes the letter, and opens it.]*

Mamma. What is it?

Papa (shaking his head). Rather bad news, I fear. I must hurry off.

Mamma. Tom! Oh, is it Tom?

Papa. Yes. Jo Bootblack's mother writes that he has slipped away from her an hour ago.

Mamma (wringing her hands). Oh, she promised me to take such good care of him! My poor, poor little boy! Oh, run! run! Look for him. You found him easily before.

Milly. Papa! Then you did know Tom wasn't cold or hungry.

Papa. My child, we knew all about him, of course. Don't stop me now, Milly.

Milly. Papa, only just a moment—just a moment. *(She runs to the tree where Tom lies.)* Open your Christmas gift, Mamma, open your Christmas gift. But you'll promise me not to touch it, Papa, won't you?

Papa (puzzling, amazed). Milly!

Tom (dragging the mask away and trying to rise). Here I am, Papa.

Mamma. My boy!

Papa (holding Mamma back). Not yet. *[She rushes forward, sir?]* What does this mean,

Milly (clinging to her father). You won't punish him, Papa? You won't, will you?

Tom (still struggling with the paper). Don't you listen to her, Papa. I guess I ought to be whacked.

Milly and Jenny. Oh, no, no!

[Mamma draws them to her. Papa breaks the string about Tom, and lifts him by the shoulders to the centre of the room.]

Papa. Now what have you to say for yourself?

Mamma (her arms about the girls). Oh, my dear little boy! how could you leave us?

Tom. I—I—didn't think you cared so. Say, Papa, I just wish you would take that rod to me. I've been awfully bad.

[Mamma comes forward again, back.] If you are in earnest, Tom, go bring me that rod from the table yourself.

Milly and Jenny. No, no, Papa!

Mamma (smiling). You must trust Papa, dears.

[Tom brings his father the rod. Papa. Now, my boy, if you are really so repentant as to beg for a thrashing, I think you richly deserve a taste of Papa's rod. (He brings the rod down sharply on Tom's shoulders. Its paper covering splits apart, and a shower of candy falls on the floor. He laughs and holds up the broken candy-box.) This is Papa's rod. The children (laughing and scrambling for the candy). Papa's rod! Papa's rod!]

PAPA.	JENNY.	MILLY.	MAMMA.
<div style="text-align: center;"> TABLEAU: TOM. CURTAIN. </div>			

FREDDY'S FANCY.

The pumpkin's the autumn football
In the field by the old rail fence;
Each cornstalk's a lively player,
And I am the audience.

A PRESENT FOR HIS GRANDFATHER.

"I'm saving up to buy you a Christmas present, grandpa," said Willie.

"That's very nice of you, my boy," said the old gentleman. "How much have you got?"

"Well," Willie replied, "if you'll give me ten cents, I'll have eleven altogether."



MR. KIRK MUNROE, ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE L. A. W.
The Author of "Road Rangers," a Bicycle Story for Boys, which is the Christmas Extra accompanying this Number.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TODDLES.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN the last of the animals had disappeared, Tommy Toddles looked about him to see if any other things were going to happen. He almost expected to see the animals turn around and come back. But they did not. The tramp, tramp, tramp of their feet grew less and less distinct, until it gradually died away entirely, and there was no other sound but the rustling of the wind in the tree-tops.

Tommy reflected for a few moments and then started for the gate. He knew he was not allowed to go beyond it, but he felt as if he ought certainly to go that far to see, if possible, what became of his animals. Perhaps he might even be forgiven for going further, if he explained later to his mother exactly what had happened, for surely this must be a sufficient excuse, as no one ever before had heard of wooden toys coming to life and growing up and deliberately walking away. And so Tommy went to the gate and looked along the road, which stretched away for a short distance down the hill and then disappeared into the woods.

The animals were not in sight. They had had time to reach the woods, and only a light cloud of dust showed that they had passed that way. Tommy looked back at the big house, but no one was visible, and most of the window-shutters were closed so as to keep out the sunlight.

"I know I ought not to," thought Tommy, "but I'll just run down the road a little way to see where they went. They may get lost, and that, of course, would never do."

And so saying, he gave one more glance toward the house behind him and started off. He ran as far as the bend in the road, and then looked ahead into the woods, but, alas! there was not the sign of an animal anywhere. The little boy was very much perplexed. He was entirely at a loss as to what he should do under the circumstances, and for lack of inspiration he sat down



THE SHEEP RETURNED WALKING ON HIS HIND LEGS.

on a big stone by the way-side to think the matter over. He was still debating whether he should follow after the animals and wander off into the woods, or whether he should give them up as lost and return to the play-room, when he heard a rustling sound in the bushes near by.

He turned around, and there, standing not ten feet away from him, he saw the prettiest, whitest, woolliest sheep that his eyes had ever rested upon. The sheep had great blue eyes, that turned toward the little boy in an inquisitive sort of a way, and presently it stepped entirely out of the bushes and nodded in a most friendly manner.

"Hello, Sheepy!" said Tommy, getting up and holding out his hand.

"Hello!" answered the woolly Sheep, as he trotted up and placed one of his fore feet in Tommy's proffered hand.

Now our little boy had been surprised, to say the least of it, at the conduct of the Noah's Ark animals; but this surprise was nothing compared to the amazement which almost overpowered him when the woolly Sheep not only shook him by the hand, but actually spoke to him.

"You look disturbed," said the Sheep.

"I am," stammered the little boy—and that was all he could say for the moment.

"You should not be disturbed or surprised at anything," continued the woolly Sheep in the most natural way in the world. "I got over being surprised at things years and years ago."

Nevertheless, Tommy was surprised and very much disturbed in his little mind, and for some minutes he said not a word, but merely stared at the Sheep. The latter returned the stare complacently with his large blue eyes, and when at last the silence began to be embarrassing, he said,

"What are you doing here?"

"I am looking for my animals," replied Tommy as naturally as he could, for he had not quite gotten used to the situation yet. "Have you seen them pass this way?"

"Oh yes," answered the Sheep; "they all went down the road some time ago. Were those your animals?"

"Yes, and I am afraid they will get lost."

"Why don't you go after them?" asked the Sheep.

"I don't know where to go," said Tommy, mournfully.

"Neither do I; but if you like, I will go with you."

The little boy wondered how the Sheep could go to a place without knowing where that place was, but as long as he had so generously offered to do so he did not exactly like to suggest

this diffidently, and, besides, he thought it would be more polite to accept. So he said,

"Where shall we go?"

"I don't know," answered the Sheep.

"Neither do I," added Tommy.

"Then we must ask."

"But whom can we ask?" inquired the little boy, looking about.

"We can ask any one we meet," said the Sheep. "If we start into the woods we will surely meet some one. We won't meet any one if we stay here."

This struck Tommy as being a sensible view to take of the situation, and he told the Sheep he would be glad to have him go along with him to aid in the search.

"Very well," pursued the latter. "Wait until I get my things."

The Sheep trotted off into the bushes again, and soon returned wearing a jaunty hat on the top of his head and carrying a cane which was neatly decorated with a gilded ram's horn for a

handle. He was now walking on his hind legs, too, instead of on all-fours, as he had been when Tommy first saw him. In this attitude he was almost as tall as the little boy.

Before they started, Tommy again hesitated somewhat as to whether he ought to go with the Sheep in search of his animals, or whether it would not be better to turn back to the house, but everything had been so queer that afternoon that he thought his mother would accept the queer excuses he would have to make when he got home.

They followed the road into the woods, and as they went Tommy looked about him to see if he could recognize any old landmarks, for he had frequently gone that way with his Uncle Dick. But for some reason the trees did not appear to be the same trees that had stood by the way-side only a few days since, and the road seemed to take twists and turns that Tommy had never known it to take before. Yet, somehow, these things did not bother Tommy much at the time. Presently the Sheep said,

"You have forgotten your hat."

"Yes; I was in such a hurry, you know," answered the little boy. "But I don't think I will catch cold, do you?"

"Oh no," continued the Sheep, patronizingly; "if you do, just give it to me." But Tommy didn't comprehend exactly what he meant.

"I wonder if my animals can talk, too?" thought Tommy, as they went along. "I hope we will catch up with them soon, so that I can find out. And how I do wish I could keep this woolly Sheep instead of having the one Uncle Dick is going to bring me! I don't think mamma would object to a live Sheep like this one—a white woolly Sheep that wears a little hat and can talk."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WANTED TO LEARN WAR-DANCING.

I'M not very fond of our dancing-school,
With its polkas and waltzes and lancers;
There's a great deal more fun in learning to dance
Like those great big red Indian dancers.

TEACHER. "Now, boys, if one of you were to find something petrified, what age would you attribute to it?"

SMART BOY. "Stone age."



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ROAD RANGERS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF THE "MATE" BOOKS, "THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WILL ROGERS CALLS A MEETING.

"**W**OULD it be fine? Well, I should say it would, if we can only carry it out!" exclaimed Will Rogers, Captain of the Ready Rangers. "It seems to me that we have made a pretty good record so far, and for a wind-up this scheme of yours would be

perfectly immense. I tell you what, Tom Burgess, I'm awfully sorry you are going away, for fellows with ideas like that in their heads aren't quite as plentiful as huckleberries in Berks."

"Which is lucky for Berks," laughed Tom, "judging from the number of huckleberries 'Cracker' Bob Jones has shipped from here the past few weeks. But if you really think you can go, I'll send word to father right

off that I am coming home that way. I'm pretty sure Hal can go, and perhaps there'll be some others. We must find out as quickly as we can, though, for we ought to start next Monday."

"All right," assented Captain Will. "I'll call a special meeting for this very evening, and we'll settle matters then."

So Tom went down to the telegraph office, from which he sent a long despatch to his father in New York, while the lad with whom he had been talking started off to hunt up the several members of his band and notify them of the special meeting.

Although the young Captain was obliged to talk over his new plan and arrange some of its details with Tom Burgess, he kept it such a profound secret from the other members as to arouse their keenest curiosity, and insure a full attendance at the meeting. This was held in the assembly-room of the new Ranger Engine-house, and of course Pop Miller was present, for the boys held their honorary member in such high esteem that no meeting would have been considered regular without him. At the same time the old gentleman's intimacy with the Rangers during the past six months had not only caused him to regard all boys with favor, but to entertain for these particular lads a sincere affection, combined with a belief that whatever they undertook they would carry out.

On this occasion the impatient members thought Will Rogers never would be through with calling for reading of minutes and reports, and when at length he rose to address them, he was greeted by a general sigh of satisfaction.

"Mr. Pop Miller and fellow Rangers," began Will. "We have naturally been a good many things, because no fellow who has any spunk likes to be the same thing all the time. We have changed from one thing to another whenever we felt like it; but in becoming Fire Rangers, and accepting from Mr. Ray the beautiful engine down-stairs, together with the charge of this building, we have assumed a responsibility from which we can't back out any more than Sindbad could from the Old Man of the Sea. We don't want to, either [cries of "No! no!"]; but we still want to be something new once in a while [cries of "Yes! yes! of course we do!"]. So I have thought of a plan, or rather Tom Burgess and I thought it out together, that will be brand new, and at the same time help us to be better Fire Rangers than ever. It is a bicycle club, and I hope every Ranger will join it."

As the speaker paused to note the effect of this announcement the members looked at each other in amazement not unmixed with disappointment. How could they form a bicycle club without bicycles? asked one who knew there were not half a dozen wheels in the village. Even these were rarely used, for the Berks roads were notoriously among the worst in the State. What had bicycles to do with fire-engines, anyway? asked others. Even the honorary member looked puzzled.

Will Rogers smiled at the noticeable effect of his preliminary remarks; and, when quiet was restored, he continued: "Bicycles are among the most important things, and any fellow who can't ride one will soon find himself getting left. You can travel farther and faster on a bicycle than you can on horseback, and they don't eat anything, nor need to rest. They have bicycle scouts in most all armies now, and I don't see why they shouldn't be just as useful in fire companies. Anyhow, I mean to try them in ours, and have a sort of a mounted hook-and-ladder company, which will always be able to get to a fire a long time ahead of the engine."

"That's a first-class idea," remarked the honorary member, nodding his head approvingly.

"The most important thing of all, though, in connec-

tion with bicycles as well as fire-engines," continued Will, "is good roads. These we certainly don't have in Berks. If we had we might have got the 'Ranger' out to Si Carew's father's farm in time to save his barn last week, and the cost of that barn alone would put the road between here and there in first-class order."

"But we haven't got any bicycles, that is, not many of us have, and they are mighty expensive things," interposed Si Carew, whose hopes of receiving a wheel as a birthday present had been dashed by the loss of the barn in question.

"No, we haven't, that's a fact, and they are expensive; but we must have them, even if they do come high," replied Captain Will, "for every one who owns a bicycle is bound to be a worker for good roads, and these mean more fun for us, as well as a better chance to show what our fire-engine is worth. I believe every fellow here can earn a bicycle between now and spring, if he sets out to in real earnest, though, of course, it will be hard work. I know I am going to try it, for one, for I want a new wheel more than I want anything else, and my father doesn't feel that he can afford to give me one. Just as soon as I get it I am going to present my old one to the Road Rangers for beginners to practise on. Oh, I forgot! 'Road Rangers' is the new name, because it will show that we are a bicycle club, and devoted to securing good roads. The members will have a great many privileges that ordinary Rangers won't be allowed to enjoy; but they must pledge themselves to do their level best to get bicycles before spring, and to never let up on the road question until Berks has as good roads as any in the State. We'll join the L.A.W., and the Good Roads League, and they'll send us all sorts of papers and books that tell about roads for us to study. Then, perhaps, we can get some first-class engineer to come and give us a road-talk, to which we'll charge all outsiders an admission fee that will help buy our bicycles. But now that I have explained the object of this meeting, let's get down to real business. All in favor of being Road Rangers, willing to work hard all winter for bicycles, and for good roads so long as there is a poor one in the town of Berks, will say, 'Aye.'"

Tom Burgess said "Aye"; but, to the young Captain's amazement and mortification, not another member gave this sign of approval to his new scheme. He forgot that until Tom Burgess came he was the only one of the Rangers who, in spite of bad roads, had taken long glorious bicycle rides to every corner of the county in which Berks was situated. He knew the delights of a wheel, and how greatly they would be increased by good roads. He knew, as did no one else in the town, how very bad its highways were, and he was already a student of road engineering. It was all so plain to him, and the subject seemed so important, that he could not understand why every one was not interested in it. He had expected the Rangers to follow his lead in this matter as readily as they had in all others, and could hardly conceal his chagrin when they failed to do so.

CHAPTER II.

"CRACKER" BOB'S INVESTMENT.

As Will Rogers's disappointment at the reception of his new plan appeared on his face, several of the members, all of whom were too fond of their Captain to willingly hurt his feelings, rose to explain their position.

Naval Cadet Billy Barlow said that he would gladly become a Road Ranger and work for good roads if he did not have to return almost immediately to Annapolis, where he would be forced to remain another two years without a chance to revisit Berks.

Little Cal Moody said he had a velocipede, and if that would do he would be willing to join, but he didn't be-

lieve he could ever earn a regular bicycle, because his one hen had stopped laying for the season, and he didn't know any way to make money except by selling eggs.

The honorary member knew the importance of good roads, and believed Berks ought to have them. He was willing to help the cause by voting for it in town-meeting. As for a wheel, he had thought of getting a tricycle, until he began to inquire into prices, when he found he might as well think of owning a carriage and a pair of trotters.

Sam Ray said his father said that a bicycle wasn't anything but a plaything, and was too expensive a toy for him to own.

"Cracker" Bob Jones was in favor of bicycles, and had, in fact, been hard at work all summer collecting berries, and shipping them to a relative who was a city commission merchant, for the express purpose of buying one. He had not yet acquired enough money, but whenever he did and was able to become the possessor of a wheel he thought, perhaps, he might like to join the Road Rangers.

Miss Bowers said there seemed to be so much more hard work than fun in the new scheme that for his part he couldn't see how it would pay.

"That's it," assented Abe Cruger. "What are we going to gain more'n we've got now by joinin', and promising to do a lot of the hardest kind of work?"

Although Lieutenant Hal Bacon did not say anything, he looked inquiringly at Will Rogers when this question was asked, as much as to say, "That's what I want to know?"

Poor Will, quite bewildered by the amount of cold water thus thrown upon what had become his pet scheme, could only reply, "Why, you would gain bicycles and good roads to ride them on."

"And a trip to New York," whispered Tom Burgess.

"That's so!" exclaimed Will, brightening. "I believe I haven't mentioned the privileges, and I meant to speak of them first too. You see, there is to be an L.A.W. good-roads' meet in New York, and the Berks Road Rangers are invited to attend it; that is, Tom Burgess's father has written to him to invite all the Rangers who are interested in bicycles and good roads and such things to come on with him, and stay at his house during the meet, and he will provide railroad tickets both ways so that it won't cost a cent. It's going to be fine, I can tell you! Then, as soon as the Road Rangers are organized, I am going to appoint a committee of all the members who own wheels and will be allowed, to ride from here to New York, study the different kinds of roads, and get there in time to join the other fellows at the meet. Tom Burgess will be on it, because he is our best rider, and has got to go, anyway. I expect Lieutenant Bacon will be on it, and I know I shall. Anyhow, we are going to start from this headquarters at nine o'clock, sharp, next Monday morning, and ride to Chester that day. From there we will take the best road we can find to the Hudson, and then follow it down to New York. All the expenses of the committee have been provided for, so that it won't cost them any more than it will the other fellows."

"Why, it's more than two hundred miles!" exclaimed a member.

"I know it," replied Will. "But we don't expect to do it all in one day. We are going to stop at taverns nights, and visit places of interest, and perhaps we'll have to camp out. Anyway, it's going to be a great trip, and every Road Ranger who owns a wheel is going to be invited to form one of that committee. Then as soon as I find out just how to do it, I am going to form the Road Rangers into fire scouts, or something of that kind, with uniforms, and a real bugle and colors, and we'll drill, and perhaps we'll have a parade next Fourth of July."

"Hurray!" shouted little Cal Moody, carried away by

enthusiasm, and immediately afterwards covered with confusion and blushes.

"That is," continued Will, when the laughter caused by this interruption had subsided, "I did expect we'd do all these things; but, of course, if nobody is interested in bicycles or roads, and isn't willing to work for them, there won't be any Road Rangers, and we won't go to New York, but will just stay around here and do the same things we've always done, until we get too old to care for anything. So, as there is no further business before the meeting, I guess we'd better adjourn."

"But I do want to join," cried one. "And I, and I, and I!" cried others, as half a dozen anxious-looking members sprang to their feet.

"Oh! do you?" asked Will, with well-feigned surprise. "All right, we'll take another vote on the question. All those who wish to become Road Rangers, and are willing to work for bicycles and good roads, will say, 'Aye.'"

"Aye!" shouted every member at the top of his voice. Even Pop Miller, carried away by the enthusiasm of his young comrades, shouted with the rest, and thus pledged himself to become a Road Ranger.

"Contrary-minded?"

There was a dead silence, and, with a beaming face, Will Rogers announced that as the ayes appeared to be in the majority, the Road Rangers were an established fact. The meeting adjourned amid a tumult of happy voices, and excited inquiries concerning the proposed trip to New York, which from that time on formed almost the sole topic of conversation among the Berks boys, and their elders as well.

When the eventful Monday morning on which the road committee was to set forth arrived, not only every Ranger, but every boy in Berks, together with most of the girls, and half the grown folks, were gathered on the village green to witness the start.

Although safeties were no longer novelties in Berks, every one having seen the cushion-tired wheels belonging to Will Rogers and Tom Burgess, which every Ranger had learned to ride as well, yet when Billy Barlow rode up and dismounted from one, he was greeted by shouts of laughter. This merriment was caused by the pneumatic tires of his wheel, which was the first of its kind ever seen in the village. Although every one made fun of these pneumatics, calling them air-cushions and hose pipes and poultices and many other derisive names, the wheel was really a beauty, and the very latest thing out. It had been sent on by express by Mr. Burgess, as a present to Hal Bacon from his cousin Tom, and had only been taken from its crate that morning. Although Hal was wild with delight at being thus made the owner of the very finest bicycle ever seen in Berks, and immediately tested its admirable qualities by a trial spin, he also decided that Billy Barlow must ride it to New York. He had been longing for some opportunity of showing his gratitude to the brave naval cadet for having saved his life. It was time for Billy to return to Annapolis, anyway, and he might just as well go as far as New York on a wheel. To crown all, Hal felt that, as lieutenant of the Rangers, it was his duty to take command of the second division, who were to go to New York by rail two days after the first had started.

Will Rogers and Tom Burgess wore knee-breeches, but Billy Barlow was forced to be content with ordinary trousers bound at the ankles by steel clasps. The former two also wore regular bicycle caps, in front of which appeared the device of a winged wheel encircling the letters "R.R.," all embroidered in gold thread. Billy Barlow wore an old naval cap on which this same device had been substituted for the fouled anchor. These emblems had been sent to Tom Burgess from New York, and each Road Ranger had been provided with one of them.

Closely following the earliest arrivals came "Cracker" Bob Jones, towering above the crowd on a 56-inch ordinary that he had bought with his huckleberry money that very morning from Reddy Cuddeback, a young fellow who lived in the settlement of Berks Mills, just outside of Berks proper, and who had once applied for admission to the Fire Rangers, only to be promptly black-balled. The Berks boys did not know much about him, and did not care to, for between them and the boys of Berks Mills existed a hereditary feud of such intensity that if one belonging to either territory were caught in the other he was pretty certain to come to grief. There were rumors that Reddy's father, a one-armed man, who had only recently found employment in Berks Mills, had invented so valuable a bit of mill machinery that his royalties would soon make him wealthy. It was also rumored that Reddy himself was attracting attention as a bicycle rider. In the minds of the Berks boys, however, these things weighed as nothing compared with the fact that the lad dwelt in the hostile camp, and consequently they refused to admit him to theirs. Reddy received their decision with bitterness of soul, and vowed to lose no opportunity for getting even with them on account of it.

Good-natured "Cracker" Bob, whose business instincts led him to overlook social differences whenever there was a bargain in view, had eagerly embraced the opportunity of purchasing Reddy's bicycle for less than one-third of its original cost, and now regarded his lofty mount with supreme satisfaction, looking down with more or less contempt on the less-aspiring wheels of his companions. "Anybody can ride a safety," he had declared, "but it takes a rider to manage an ordinary."

Behind him came Mif Bowers on an old rattletap of a tricycle that his father had taken in payment of a debt, Si Carew and Abe Cruger on a couple of antiquated bone-shakers that had belonged to their big brothers years before, and Cal Moody puffing like a small steam-engine as he labored to keep up with the procession on a little three-wheeled velocipede that he had long since outgrown.

The spectators roared with laughter at this unique collection of wheels, but Captain Will Rogers looked very grave, until informed that the four last-named riders only intended to escort the others to the edge of the village. Greatly relieved by this, he gave the order to start, and amid a jangle of bells, the blowing of whistles, and loud cheers from the assembled throng, the first parade of the Berks Road Rangers got under way.

CHAPTER III.

CAL MOODY COMES TO GRIEF.

As the motley procession of three safeties, one tall ordinary, on which sat "Cracker" Bob Jones with an old knapsack strapped to his shoulders, two bone-shakers, one tricycle, and one velocipede moved down the village street, it attracted a universal, not to say embarrassing, amount of attention. The Rangers who were on foot ran for some distance beside the wheels, laughing at and cheering their comrades, people rushed to their doors and windows, dogs barked, and one foolish puppy sprang so directly in front of the tall ordinary that he was run over, though without serious injury, while "Cracker" Bob took the first header of the trip, to the great delight of the assembled spectators.

In order to escape as quickly as possible from this confusion, Captain Will was setting a lively pace, and at the moment of "Cracker" Bob's mishap the three safeties were so far in the lead that their riders did not witness the accident to the ordinary. The others did, though, for they were behind it, and so close that the bone-shakers crashed into it, while the tricycle, turning sharply in an effort to avoid a similar fate, collided with Cal Moody's

velocipede. As a result, "Cracker" Bob's downfall was immediately succeeded by that of four other riders, and for a few minutes there was such an inextricable mingling of boys, wheels, arms, legs, and handle-bars, that it was impossible to tell which belonged to which, what was what, or who was who.

The big wheel was the first to be withdrawn from the wreck, and finding it uninjured, its rider remounted and hastened away to try and overtake the safeties. Cal Moody was the last of the unfortunates to be rescued, for the clumsy tricycle had not only overturned, but had landed squarely on top of him. He was breathless, hatless, and sore, while his little old velocipede was broken beyond the hope of repair. Poor Cal felt so badly over this destruction of what had long been his greatest treasure that when some one picked up his hat and placed it on his head he took no notice of the act. It was after he reached home with the cold remains of his defunct machine that he discovered his gold-embroidered Road Ranger emblem to be missing. His mother had not found time to sew it on that morning, and so he had hastily pinned it to the front of his hat as he was starting for the first meet of the new wheel club. Now, although he hastened back to the scene of the accident, and searched diligently in that vicinity, no trace was to be found of the badge of membership that he had considered so beautiful, and of which he had been so proud. As it was the first badge of any kind the young Ranger had ever owned or worn, he attached an undue importance to it, and actually believed that if its loss were known his membership would be forfeited, together with the proposed trip to New York. For this reason he did not mention it even to his mother, much as he longed for her sympathy.

In the mean time the three safeties had been halted about a mile from Berks at a point where two roads converged. Here in the shade of a clump of trees their riders awaited the coming of the others who had declared an intention to escort them to this point.

"I don't believe Cal Moody can possibly make it on that velocipede," said Billy Barlow.

"No," assented Tom Burgess, "nor the bone-shakers either, though the ordinary and tricycle may."

"'Cracker' Bob is certain to get here if any one else does, and almost sure to, whether the others do or not; for though he doesn't look it, he's awful plucky," "Cracker" is," said Captain Will. "Where do you suppose he got that wheel, though?"

"Can't imagine," replied Tom Burgess. "I only hope he hasn't bought it, for ordinaries have gone out so entirely, that no one who can get anything else rides them nowadays."

"There he comes now!" cried Will Rogers, springing to his feet and running to the edge of the road. "Hi, 'Cracker'! Down brakes! Here we are!"

They were halted at the foot of a slight declivity, down which the rider of the ordinary was coming at full speed, bending low over his handle-bar, and pedalling with all his might in his anxiety to overtake the safeties. He was so surprised and disconcerted by Will's sudden shout, that he instinctively obeyed the joking order, and gripped his brake-handle. The next instant his machine stood on its head in the middle of the road, while he, after a short spread-eagle flight, was burrowing in a providential sand-bank at one side, and had accomplished header number two.

There was a momentary anxious silence as the others sprang toward their unfortunate comrade; but, as he struggled to his feet, and began to dig sand from his eyes, nose, and ears, their anxiety found relief in shouts of merriment at his expense.

"I think it's mighty mean," he sputtered indignantly, "to startle a fellow into taking a header, and then laugh at him for it. I didn't think you'd do such a thing, Will

Rogers, though I might have known it after the way you ran off and left the rest of us back there in that crowd. Anyhow, I'm not going to ride any further on this trip, so you fellows can go on."

"Oh, pshaw, old man! Don't get huffy at nothing," exclaimed Will. "We didn't mean to run away from you; and if you hadn't caught up, we would have gone back to see what was the matter, honest we would. As for startling you into taking a header, you know I wouldn't do such a thing on purpose. I didn't suppose your wheel was such a scary old hoss as to shy and stand on his head at sight of a Ready Ranger. I thought he was too well broke for that, or I would have kept out of sight."

"I expect he's well broke now, if he wasn't before," replied "Cracker" Bob, with a grin at his own wit.

Anxious to conciliate him, the other boys encouraged this indication of returning good humor by laughing heartily at the joke as they picked up the prostrate wheel.

"It's all right," declared Tom Burgess, after a thorough examination, "except this bent handle-bar, and we can straighten that out easy enough. It looks like a first-class wheel too," he added, conscious that the most acceptable flattery is praise of a person's belongings. "Where did you get it?"

"Bought it of Reddy Cuddeback," replied the owner, with a flush of gratified pride tinging his freckled face. "and got it dirt cheap too. He says it's such a good wheel that if he wasn't forced by circumstances he wouldn't sell it for what he gave two years ago, and that was one hundred and thirty-five dollars."

Here "Cracker" Bob paused to allow his hearers to realize the magnitude of this sum. Then he continued: "He says Cuddy does, that he'd rather ride an ordinary any day than a safety, because it takes real skill, while any boy, or girl either for that matter, can ride a safety. Cuddy says that safeties are good enough for old folks and children, but that any young fellow who's got real sand will always ride a high wheel if he can get one."

"There's something in that," remarked Billy Barlow, reflectively, with a sly wink at Will Rogers. "And the riding of a high wheel is calculated to give a fellow sand, too."

"Of course it is," agreed "Cracker" Bob, unconscious of the irony of this sentiment, though he was brushing sand from his hair at that very moment. "It takes pluck merely to mount one, while to ride it gives a fellow any amount of confidence in himself. Cuddy says that you can make better time on 'em, too, and climb hills easier, and that they are coming into fashion again in the cities so fast, that he shouldn't be surprised if I were offered a cool hundred dollars for this one in New York."

"I should," whispered Tom Burgess to Billy Barlow, "for when I left home, second-hand ordinaries were selling at anywhere from \$25 down to \$5, and going begging at that;" then aloud he said, "I don't suppose you'd



"CRACKER" BOB WAS PROJECTED THROUGH THE AIR AS THOUGH HURLED FROM A CATAPULT.

sell it, though, even for a hundred dollars, would you, 'Cracker'?"

"Well, I don't know. You see, business is business, and though I should hate to part with such an uncommon good wheel, a chance to clear sixty dollars doesn't come to a fellow every day."

"So you paid forty dollars for it, did you?"

"Yes," hesitated "Cracker" Bob, who had meant to keep the price of his purchase a secret. "He asked fifty, Cuddy did; but when he found forty was all I had, and knew how badly I wanted to take this trip, he said he'd knock off ten for cash, seeing 'twas me."

"Seems to me you have been pretty thick with 'Cuddy,' as you call him, in spite of the fact that the Rangers didn't choose to have him for an associate," said Will Rogers, who was very jealous of the social position of his Rangers, and anxious that they should live up to the high standard he had set for them.

"Oh no, not what you'd call thick, but when a fellow does you a real favor you can't help feeling kindly toward him. Besides, Cuddy isn't so bad a chap when you come to know him. He's a bicycle rider from the word go, too, and was real interested in this trip. Wanted to know just what roads we were going to take, and all about it. Said he'd give all his old shoes to go along; but of course there was no use thinking of it now that he'd sold his wheel."

"Well, I for one am glad he isn't going on this trip," said Will Rogers, "though of course he may be better than the rest of the Berks Mill boys. But come, fellows, we must be getting a move on if we expect to reach Chester to-day."

"Which road do we take?" asked Tom Burgess, who was consulting a map of the State that, folded so as to expose to view the section they were traversing, was fastened to the handle-bar of his machine by a couple of elastic bands.

"I don't know," replied Will. "They both lead to Chester, and both are so bad that whichever one we choose we'll wish we'd taken the other. The only difference is that one is hilly and rocky, while the other is flat and sandy. They mend the first by just laying logs

across it every few hundred feet so as to make 'thank-yemarms,' that are fine for sled-coasting, but mighty rough on bicycles, I can tell you. They mend the other by digging all the sand, mud, and weeds out of the ditches, and piling them in the middle of the track so that, until heavy rains come and wash them all back again, the road is about as good to travel over as a ploughed field."

"Hill climbing would be so tough on you fellows that I vote for the lower road," said "Cracker" Bob.

"So do I," laughed Billy Barlow, "for I haven't ridden in so long that the easier we can take it for a day or two the better I shall be suited."

"All right," agreed Will. "The lower road it is." As he spoke he vaulted into his saddle and set forth. Tom and Billy, making neat pedal mounts, quickly followed him, while "Cracker" Bob, with one foot on the step of his tall machine, and hopping with the other to acquire headway, climbed into his saddle and brought up the rear. He soon caught up with the naval cadet, who had fallen behind the others, and now complained that, beautiful as his wheel was, it ran harder than any he had ever ridden. "I can't imagine why," he said, "for I've oiled all the bearings I can find."

"Probably because it's new," suggested "Cracker" Bob. "Now mine goes as easy as anything, and that's one of the big advantages of a second-hand machine."

CHAPTER IV.

A LESSON IN ROAD-MAKING.

THE little squad of wheelmen had not been gone many minutes when a light buggy containing two lads, the elder of whom was a solidly built, rather good-looking chap of about eighteen, drove up from the direction of Berks, and was halted at the junction of the two roads. While the younger held the reins, the other jumped out and examined the various wheel tracks imprinted in the dust of the highway.

"They've taken the lower road," he announced, as he re-entered the buggy, "so we'll go by the other. I could track the whole four of them—Softy Jones on his back number that he might have had for half the money if he only knew a tenth part of what he thinks he does, snob Rogers and dude Burgess on their old cushions, and Billy Patch, the government pauper, on his borrowed pneumatic. A choice lot to represent Berks in the city, aren't they? Never mind; I think I'll manage to make things so lively for them along the road that they'll be glad to let bicycling alone, and stick to their little old squirt engine for amusement. If I don't, my name's not—"

"Baker," interrupted the younger lad, who was listening with undisguised admiration to his companion's boast. "Don't forget that it's Baker."

In the mean time the road committee, happily unconscious of the scornful remarks just passed upon them, continued their way upon the lower road with varying fortunes. For some miles they were able to ride after a fashion by carefully picking their way, but finally the two who were in the rear overtook the leaders, dismounted, and gazed ruefully at the prospect before them. As far as they could see the road looked as though upheaved by an earthquake. Its sides had been deeply ploughed, and all the loose soil was scraped into the middle, where it formed a sandy ridge that bristled with bits of sod and the ragged plumes of weeds.

Tom Burgess, who, being a city lad, had never seen anything of this kind, laughed as he realized the accuracy of Will Rogers's description of country-road mending, but could not believe that in its present condition the job was considered finished. "Surely," he said, "they will roll it down solid before leaving it!"

"Not much they won't," replied Will. "The town

of Berks doesn't own even a horse-roller, while if you should suggest to the Selectmen that it would pay them to buy a steam-roller they'd think you were a lunatic. They'd ask if you knew what one would cost, and how much the road tax would have to be increased to pay for it."

"How much would it be increased?" asked Tom.

"My father says not more than two mills on a dollar," answered Will, "and that would only be for one year. The trouble is, though, that it would have to be paid in cash instead of by day's work, which is the way most every one settles his road tax now. It's the meanest kind of a way, too, so far as accomplishing anything is concerned, for you see they only have to put in a certain amount of time, without regard to how much work they do or how little, and so they do as little as possible."

During this conversation the boys were trudging along on foot pushing their wheels before them, since riding over that upturned "celery bed," as Will Rogers called it, was out of the question. At length Billy Barlow called out:

"I say, Tom, I wish you'd see what is the matter with this machine. I can scarcely push it, and I don't believe it's altogether the road that makes it run so hard."

"Have you oiled the bearings?"

"I should say I had. I've put on all there was in the can."

"Then you've given them about ten times too much. A drop or two on each would have been better. Still, that ought not to make it run hard. Lift your front wheel and spin it. That's all right. Now the rear one."

The forward wheel spun around as though it would never stop, but the other barely turned.

"There's the trouble!" cried Tom Burgess, triumphantly. "Look at your chain. It's so tight that it is a wonder the wheel turns at all. It is dry as a poker too, while it ought always to be kept well lubricated. Oil alone will do, but graphite wet with oil is better. Graphite is something I forgot, though, and we must try to get a supply in Chester. You said there was a bicycle agency there, didn't you, Will?"

"Yes; I've heard there was a first-class one recently established there, though I've never seen it."

The moment Billy Barlow's chain was loosened and properly adjusted, his wheel ran so easily that he said it felt like a bird set free, and he believed he could ride it even over that road. By keeping in the ditch, which was, of course, perfectly dry, he did manage to ride after a fashion, as did Will and Tom; but as poor Bob's big narrow-tired wheel cut so deeply into the soft earth that the only progress he could make was by taking headers, the others finally dismounted, and walked to keep him company.

"It doesn't seem to me that this bicycle touring is what it is cracked up to be," remarked the owner of the tall wheel, disconsolately, as he gained his feet after the fourth header, while the perspiration poured down his face and traced little rivulets in its coating of dust.

"No," agreed Billy Barlow; "and if it wasn't for the name of the thing, we might as well be walking."

"Oh, come, fellows, don't growl!" cried Captain Will. "Our troubles will be all forgotten as soon as we come to a good road."

At length, late in the afternoon, they reached the brisk town of Chester, where they were to spend the night. As they rode up its elm-lined main street they halted at a shop bearing the sign "Bicycle Supplies" to get some graphite. The proprietor met them at the door with a smile.

"Been looking for you boys more'n an hour," he said.

"Come right in. Glad to see you. Glad to hear that Berks is taking up bicycling. So you are Road Rangers, are you? Ha! ha! Good name; capital name. Now what can I do for you in the supply line, gentlemen?"

"How did you know we were coming, and that we were Road Rangers?" demanded Will Rogers.

"How did I know? Why, most natural way in the world. One of your fellows was along here about an hour ago, and told me all about it. Bought a machine of me, too, and I let him have it at a big discount, 'cause he said there'd be lots of fellows in Berks want one just like it if it suited him."

"What makes you think he was a Road Ranger?" asked Will.

"'Cause he said so, and he wore one of them same badges like you'n on his cap."

"Did he tell you his name?"

"Oh yes. Said it was Baker, and that his father was the richest man in Berks. I haven't been here long myself, but I've heard of Squire Baker of Berks by reputation, so I knew it was all right."

"Are you sure he said Baker? Wasn't it Bacon?" asked Tom Burgess.

"Well, maybe it was. It was either Baker or Bacon, though I couldn't rightly say which."

CHAPTER V.

AN EARLY MORNING START.

THE information furnished by the bicycle-dealer formed an all-absorbing topic of conversation that evening. It did not seem likely that the unknown purchaser of a bicycle could be Hal Bacon, seeing that he already owned the wheel now ridden by Billy Barlow, and yet it might have been. Hal was very fond of practical jokes and surprises. His father might have given him the money with which to buy a wheel, knowing that he could readily sell it whenever he chose to one of the Road Rangers. He might have driven to Chester over the hill road for that purpose, and might even now be spending the night with some friend in town preparatory to surprising them by a sudden appearance on the morrow. This was the conclusion finally reached by the committee, and their belief in it was strengthened by the knowledge that the unknown rider wore a Road Ranger badge. There had only been as many of these made as there were members of the club, and there had not been time since their distribution to have one of them copied.

"I say, fellows," suggested Will Rogers, after they had decided that the unknown must be Hal Bacon, "let's get ahead of him in the surprise business, and give him a chance to show how much hard work he is willing to do for the sake of our company."

"How?" asked "Cracker" Bob.

"By leaving here at daylight and running on as far as Dorset before breakfast. He will never think of our starting so early as that."

"Good enough!" cried the others except "Cracker" Bob, who was feeling so lame and stiff from the day's ride that the prospect of remounting his wheel at daylight was not particularly fascinating. Billy Barlow was also feeling the effects of the unaccustomed exercise, but would have scorned to betray the fact.

Following Tom Burgess's example, they all gave their wheels a thorough cleaning, and carefully examined every bearing directly after supper, a practice that they kept up during the whole trip. Directly upon the completion of this most important of a bicycle tourist's duties they all "turned in," as the naval cadet said, leaving an order at the hotel office to be called at daylight.

It was a silent and sleepy quartet that wheeled out of Chester just as the sun was rising the following morning, and it had taken all of Will Rogers's powers of persuasion to get them started. Before they had gone a mile, however, they were warmed up to their work, as well as thoroughly alive to the beauty of their surroundings and the delight of speeding, as only a wheelman can, through

the deliciously cool air over one of the capital roads for which Chester is famous. Fleecy mist blankets were rolling off the lowlands; joyous bird-notes rang out from every grove and orchard; the voices of cattle and other barn-yard tenants seemed to give them welcome as they swept past; farm dogs rushed out and barked at them, but always with wagging tails, indicative of good-will; milk-maids waved them greetings; and farm hands trudging to their work, or riding ponderous plough-horses, shouted after them in good-natured banter.

"Isn't it glorious!" cried Tom Burgess to Will Rogers, as these two scorched along side by side far in advance of the others.

"I should say it was," answered the young Captain, breathlessly; "and we've left Hal behind too, for there is no trace of a bicycle having passed over the road this morning."

"Hain't we better wait for him at Dorset?"

"I guess so. The joke will be on him fast enough by that time."

It lacked a few minutes of being an hour since they left Chester when the two leaders dashed into the village of Dorset, hot and flushed, but keenly exhilarated by their ten-mile spin over one of the best bits of road in the State. They had no difficulty in discovering a resting-place, for the rambling old-fashioned tavern, such as may still be seen in many New England villages, was the most conspicuous object on Dorset's single street. As they dismounted before the wide front porch, the landlord came forth to greet them, saying:

"Hello! Hain't you boys got here sooner than you expected? I wasn't looking for ye much afore noon, an' thought maybe ye'd stop here for dinner."

"How did you happen to be expecting us at all?" asked Captain Will.

"Oh, I heard all about your little trouble in Chester," answered the landlord, with a meaning laugh. "I know how you fellows would ride on the sidewalk, spite of the notices, and how you got pulled in for it. I expect Chester's right, too, though we hain't got no such law in Dorset. It doesn't seem exactly the thing, though, for bicycles to occupy the sidewalks, seeing how reckless they're generally rid."

"Of course it isn't," retorted Will. "A bicycle has no more right to be on a sidewalk, provided the road is passable, than a team has. But I don't understand what you are driving at. We haven't ridden on any sidewalk, or been arrested, or anything of the kind, and I'd like to know who put such an idea into your head."

"Why, the one chap who stuck to the roadway, and so didn't get hauled up, and who came on here last night, where he's been waiting for you ever since," replied the landlord, a little sharply.

"But there isn't any such person," persisted Will. "There are only four of us, we two and two more, who will be along in a minute."

"Yes, he said there was four of ye, and that you was always getting him into trouble with your recklessness. Said he should go right on alone so as to keep out of it; only one of you had all the expense money, so he was obliged to wait on ye. He's a level-headed boy, I can tell ye, and if you take my advice you'll keep out of lots of scrapes by doing as he says."

"But I tell you, sir, there isn't any such person belonging to our party," cried Will, hotly, "and we don't know anything about him."

"Oh, come, now," protested the landlord, with an indulgent smile, "what's the use of talking that way when he wears the same badge on his cap that you do? But you can see him for yourselves. He was sitting on the porch here a minute ago waiting for his breakfast. Guess he must be in the dining-room. Just step this way."

The bewildered boys followed the landlord to the din-

ing-room door and looked in, but the room was empty. Then they went out to the stable, where a hostler told them that the young gent had "jest rid out a little ways to see if his machine was all right," but had said he would be back in a minute.

Fifteen minutes passed, and the mysterious rider did not put in an appearance. Billy Barlow and "Cracker" Bob arrived, and all hands sat down to the breakfast for which their early ride had given them so keen an appetite, but there was no sign of any other wheelman.

"Who can it be?" was the question they asked each other over and over. Of course he was not Hal Bacon, for though Hal dearly loved a joke, he would never descend to falsehood for the sake of carrying one out.

After breakfast they stripped their wheels of mud-guards, that not only added a useless weight, but produced an unpleasant rattling. They also reduced their baggage by taking out a number of things that had at first seemed indispensable, but which they now found they could do without. All of these they did up in a compact bundle and sent back to Berks by express. As "Cracker" Bob had no mud-guards on his tall wheel, he decided, contrary to the advice of the others, to reduce weight by taking off its brake. He argued that as the only time he had used it the result had been a header, he believed he would be just as well if not better off without it.

When all was again in readiness for a start, and Tom Burgess went to settle for their breakfast, he handed the landlord a ten-dollar bill, and was surprised to receive but seven dollars in change.

"I thought breakfast was fifty cents apiece?" he said.

"So it is," replied the landlord. "That makes two dollars, and the other dollar is for your friend's supper and night's lodging. By rights I ought to charge you for his breakfast too, seeing that he ordered it."

"But he isn't our friend, and we haven't anything to do with him," expostulated Tom.

"He wears your badge," answered the landlord, conclusively. At the same time he locked his money-drawer and turned away, with an air that said as plainly as words, "I've got the dollar, and would just like to see you get it back again."

Tom was sensible enough to realize the folly of a quarrel with one who so evidently had the best of the situation, and, besides, the other fellows were impatiently calling on him to hurry. So saying, "Very well, sir, we shall know better than ever to stop here again," he rejoined his companions, mounted his wheel, and the Rangers again took to the road.

The others were highly indignant when Tom related what had just taken place, and "Cracker" Bob proposed that they get even with the landlord by returning to the tavern for dinner, and then leaving without paying for it; but his comrades agreed that in the present case it was wiser to submit to one extortion than to fight against it.

CHAPTER VI

TRACKING THE MYSTERIOUS WHEELMAN.

"We've got to undertake that fellow, whoever he is, and put a stop to this thing!" exclaimed Will Rogers, resolutely, as he bent over his handle bar, and forced his wheel ahead with redoubled speed. The others were so fully in accord with this sentiment that they at once followed his example. In spite of their efforts to make speed, however, they did not seem to get ahead very rapidly. Although the road was still fairly good, it now traversed a hill country, and was very dusty. The pleasant breeze of sunrise had increased to a strong wind that blew directly in their faces, and no one, not even a sailor, has greater cause to despise a head-wind than a wheelman. To "Cracker" Bob on his lofty mount it was particularly trying, and so impeded his progress, that the

others were obliged to wait every now and then for him to catch up. In climbing the many hills, too, while the safeties generally bore their riders to the very top, the ordinary rarerely carried its new owner more than half-way up. There it would stop, and he, dismounting, would be compelled to ignominiously push it up the rest of the ascent. In the descents, though, "Cracker" Bob found some compensation, for the big wheel always out-coasted the others, and so was always well in the lead at the bottom. There was one other situation in which the rider of the tall wheel had an advantage over his companions. It was when they were beset by dogs—and on that morning every dog along the road seemed to be possessed of a peculiar spite against wheelmen. They tore after them from yards and doorways with vicious snappings of gleaming teeth that invariably put the safeties to precipitate flight, though "Cracker" Bob, secure in his superior elevation, never increased his speed unless the dog happened to be unusually big.

Not only did the dogs along the road express a disapproval of wheelmen, but the attitude of the people was in striking contrast to anything our lads had previously encountered. When, a few miles out from Dorset, they halted for a drink of water from a temptingly cool-looking well, overhung by a massive sweep, they were curtly told by a burly farmer that his was not a public well, and that if they valued their health they'd better move on. He muttered something else about dudes and velocipedes that they only comprehended sufficiently to convince them that he was in a very irritable frame of mind.

"That's the first time I was ever refused a drink of water!" exclaimed Will Rogers, indignantly, as the disappointed boys remounted and rode away.

"Something has gone wrong with the old duffer, and he's taking it out on us," remarked "Cracker" Bob, sagely. "Doesn't it make you thirsty, though, to have water within sight and not be able to get at it? I believe the inside of my mouth is as dusty as this road."

"Never mind," said Billy Barlow, cheerfully. "Such people are fortunately very rare. At the next house they'll probably receive us with open arms, and not only show us the way to the well, but take us to the spring-house and give us all the cold milk we can drink besides."

"Don't I hope so!" fervently ejaculated Bob.

Billy Barlow's failure as a prophet was so conspicuous as to be remarkable. At the next house not only did a woman slam a door in their faces the moment she saw them, and before they could prefer their modest request, but they heard her calling: "Rube! Oh, Rube! Here's some more of them pesky bicycle fellows." They also heard a gruff voice answer, "All right; I'm coming, quick's I get my gun."

As the boys walked slowly and still thirstily back to where they had left their wheels, the others looked quizzically at Billy Barlow and laughed.

They rode a hot dusty mile before seeing another house, and here they had hardly opened the front gate before a shock-headed lad ran out, unchained an ugly-looking bull-dog, and "sicked" him on to them. This time their retreat was rapid, not to say precipitate, and they were thankful to be again mounted before the dog overtook them. As it was, he chased them for nearly a mile, so that when they finally shook him off they were breathless and dripping with perspiration.

"Whew!" cried Tom Burgess, mopping his heated face. "Talk about your hospitality! This beats all I ever heard of."

"I only wish I'd brought my pistol along," remarked Bob, savagely. "I'd have shot that brute down like a . . . He was about to say 'dog,' but reflecting that the brute in question was a dog, changed it to 'tiger.'"

The picture thus suggested of "Cracker" Bob Jones shooting tigers with his little 22-calibre revolver from

the top of a tall bicycle was so irresistible that the others shouted with laughter.

"It doesn't seem to me a laughing matter at all," growled the object of their mirth. "I tell you I begin to know what dying from thirst means, and I'm bound to have a drink of something at the very next house we come to, I don't care if it's guarded by fifty bull-dogs."

In spite of this confident assertion, "Cracker" Bob didn't obtain a drink of anything at the next house, for in front of it was a very angry woman. She wore a sun-bonnet and flourished a broom and ran, woman fashion, and screamed and "shooed" at a flock of the most ungainly long-legged chickens that ever set out to scratch up a flower garden and aggravate a human being. They had evidently escaped from the fowl-yard, and she was evidently striving to drive them back to it. She had been at it for some time, as was shown by her dishevelled appearance, and judging from the tirade of abuse she heaped upon the four Rangers the moment she noticed that they had dismounted before her gate, had completely lost control of her temper.

"Clear out, you young villains!" she cried. "Don't you dare open that gate, or I'll teach you what kind of wood a broomstick is made of. I'll have you arrested for trespass, too; and I'd have you hung, if I could. I've had trouble enough with you and your kind this morning, so go on."

"But, madam"—began Will Rogers, lifting his cap.

"Don't you 'madam' me!" screamed the irate woman, advancing toward the gate, with a menacing flourish of her broom. "One of your kind has 'madamed' me once too often already to-day. Oh, I know you and the tricks you'd play on a poor lone woman! I know what your R. R. stands for too! It means Regular Ruffians!"

By this time she had advanced with so ugly and determined an aspect close to where the boys were standing that "Cracker" Bob said in a low voice to Will Rogers:

"I don't believe we'd better go in, I'm not so awfully thirsty after all."

"No," laughed Will; "the invitation to make a visit is hardly cordial enough for us to accept."

So the riders scrambled into their saddles again and moved off, lifting their caps with ironical courtesy to the woman as they went.

"It looks to me as though there was a conspiracy on foot to choke us to death," remarked Billy Barlow, who was the first to break the moody silence in which the committee were reflecting upon the recent incidents of their trip.

"I know that if I ever get within reach of water again I'll lay in a supply that will last me for one while," replied "Cracker" Bob, in a tone that threatened the very existence of the first well or spring he might happen upon.

In spite of their intense and ever-increasing thirst the young wheelmen no longer looked forward to discovering

a farm-house with cheerful anticipations, but only wondered what might be the nature of the reception in store for them. It was even proposed by "Cracker" Bob that they should give up their trip and turn back, or else finish it by train from the first railway station; but to these proposals the others would not listen for a moment.

They had passed over a weary stretch of road without so much as seeing a house, when all at once, at the foot of a long descent their ears were greeted by the pleasant gurgle of water. In another moment all four were lying beside a tiny brook that rippled over moss-grown rocks amid dense shadows, and with their hot faces plunged in its cool waters.

"Cracker" Bob was the first to spring to his feet.

"Ow! ow! ough! phew!" He coughed and sputtered, at the same time dancing about and making awful faces. The others saw that he was choking, and began to beat him lustily on the back.

"Let up, fellows! It's gone down," he cried a moment later in a tone that spoke both of despair and relief.

"What was it?" asked the others, sympathizingly. "Did you swallow the wrong way, or get some water in your windpipe, or what?"

"Water in my windpipe?" repeated "Cracker" Bob, scornfully, while the tears caused by his recent stragulation trickled slowly down his dusty cheeks. "Do you suppose I'd have made such a fuss for a little thing like that? No, sirree; but I've swallowed something alive—a minnow, I think. Ugh! I can feel him wriggle now."

"Trying to get out, most likely," suggested Tom Burgess. "Open your mouth and give him a chance. I



"WELL, REDDY," ASKED BILLY BARLOW... "HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH!"

wouldn't worry about it, though. Some people prefer their fish raw—the Japanese, for instance.”

“Swallow a baited fish-line,” laughed Will Rogers, “and maybe you'll get a bite.”

“Stand on your head.”

“Eat a lot of stuff and smother him.”

Of all these suggestions the last appeared so practical, and was so in accord with “Cracker” Bob's own views that he unsling his knapsack, and, opening it, displayed a quantity of the little round oyster-crackers that had suggested his nickname. He now fell upon these with avidity, and either from a sympathetic hunger, or because they feared they might have swallowed something besides water in drinking from the brook, the others joined heartily in the unexpected feast thus provided, nor did they stop eating so long as a single cracker remained.

During this halt the riders discussed the discourtesy they had met with that morning, and wondered at it.

“Do you suppose,” asked Billy Barlow, reflectively, “that it could have anything to do with the fellow who is ahead of us?”

“I shouldn't be one bit surprised!” cried Will Rogers, springing to his feet. “Now that I recall what the woman said, I think it more than likely. At any rate we must overtake him, and find out who he is, as well as what he means by trying to get us into scrapes. So come on, fellows. Ready to mount; *mount*; forward, double quick, *wheel*.” A minute later they were steadily breasting the long ascent on the further side of the valley, and following with keen determination the plainly marked trail of the pneumatics that had preceded them.

CHAPTER VII.

BULL VERSUS BICYCLE.

THE Road Rangers would not have wondered at the discourtesy with which they had been treated that morning could they have witnessed the actions of the wheelman whose trail they were following. He was travelling much lighter than they, his wheel being stripped of every bit of metal not absolutely indispensable, and unburdened by luggage. He was dressed much as they were, and wore a Ranger badge on his cap; but his equipment consisted of a pair of field-glasses, a vicious-looking raw-hide whip attached to his right wrist by a leather thong, a whistle of piercing shrillness, and a revolver, the butt of which projected from his hip pocket. Ever since leaving Dorset his sole aim had apparently been to accomplish as much mischief and arouse as much ill-feeling against wheelmen as possible.

He had lashed every dog that came within reach of his stinging raw-hide, and had even fired pistol-shots at several. He had thrown down bars and left gates wide open, besides trying to frighten the horses of such teams as he met or overtook with blasts from his whistle. He had ridden on sidewalks, and yelled at startled pedestrians to get out of his way. He had stopped at half a dozen farm-houses in succession on the pretense of wanting a drink of water or glass of milk, and had in every case rewarded the courtesy with which he was received by some act of wanton mischief. For these acts he never apologized, but only jeered at his victims as he rode away so swiftly as to defy pursuit. At one place he unhooked the bucket from a well-sweep and allowed it to drop down the well, at another he caused the horse attached to a milk-cart to run away and break the shafts, while at a third he upset a baby-carriage and tossed a kitten into the cistern. At the place where the Rangers found the angry woman he quite won her heart by excessive politeness, and then, while she was in the house getting something for him to eat, he released from their enclosures both her chickens and pigs. He accepted the neatly tied package of lunch that she handed him before notice-

ing the mischief he had accomplished, and then telling her to collect the pay he had promised for it from the companions who were following close behind, he dashed away.

From every hill-top he scanned the road he had just traversed, until assured that the Rangers were still following. On catching sight of them he would grin, mount his wheel, and continue his journey, planning some new scheme for their annoyance as he went. It was very evident that he cherished a bitter grudge against them, and conceived this to be a capital opportunity for paying it off. About the time the others stopped for a rest beside the little stream he reached the summit of the long ascent leading up from it, and there he halted until they again took the road. Then he remounted and disappeared.

When the Rangers gained the place from which he had watched their movements he, of course, was not to be seen, and they started on an exhilarating coast down the smooth roadway of the opposite side without a suspicion that their unknown tormentor had so recently spied them.

There is always a risk in coasting down a hill of which you cannot see the bottom, and it is increased a hundred-fold when the coast is undertaken on a tall wheel without a brake, as was the case with “Cracker” Bob Jones in the present instance. He was so anxious to prove the coasting superiority of his big wheel over the safeties that, without a thought of the possible consequences, he threw his legs over the handle-bar, and started at a rattling pace down the long hill. He uttered an exultant shout as he passed the others at the end of a hundred-yard dash, and swept on with the speed of the wind. It was gloriously exciting, but at the same time “Cracker” Bob did wish that he had a brake with which to control somewhat his mad flight. All at once, near the bottom of the hill, he discovered that the road made a curve. There was barely time to hope that the way might be free of teams, and that the curve might not be too sharp to be passed in safety, ere he shot round it and beheld a sight that filled him with dismay.

There was not a team to be seen, and the road was still good; but filling it from side to side, and charging with lowered heads and uplifted tails directly toward our devoted rider, was a small herd of cattle. They were evidently stampeded and wild with terror.

Realizing that an attempt to turn out on either side would only result in his being dashed on the rocks with which the road was walled, poor Bob clinched his teeth, gripped his handles a little tighter, and drove straight and swift as an arrow toward the very centre of the on-rushing herd. His only hope was that it would divide sufficiently to let him shoot through. But the cattle maintained a solid front, and in another instant the collision came. “Cracker” Bob was projected through the air as though hurled from a catapult. By a miracle he escaped the wildly tossing horns, alighted on a shaggy back, and from there slipped to the ground. There was a minute of frantic confusion and terrified bellowing. Then the frightened animals turned tail, and dashed wildly away in the direction from which they had come.

The wheel ridden by Billy Barlow being provided with a rear-axle band-brake, the best and most powerful yet devised, he was able to check his speed and dismount without difficulty as soon as he discovered the necessity for so doing. The others were not so fortunate. Will Rogers also had a rear-wheel brake, but it acted directly against the tire, and throwing his weight as far back as possible, he applied it so vigorously that while it checked his speed so that he could spring safely to the ground, it also tore a portion of the tire from the felloe. Tom Burgess's brake was of an old-fashioned kind acting against the tire of his forward wheel. In his excitement he ap-

plied it without his usual caution, and as a consequence was treated to his first header from a safety.

Tom was too glad to have arrested the progress of his machine at any cost to notice a trifle like that, however, and in another moment three frightened faces were peering anxiously through the cloud of dust left by the flying cattle in search of their comrade. To their intense relief they found him sitting in the middle of the road bewildered, bruised, and badly shaken up by his recent experience, but otherwise uninjured.

As they lifted him to his feet and brushed away the dust and felt for broken bones, he gazed about him inquiringly. Finally he said, "I suppose the old wheel is pretty badly broken up, but it would be some satisfaction to see the pieces."

"That's so!" exclaimed Will Rogers, as he and the others looked about them. "There isn't a sign of your bicycle. What can have become of it?"

Just then the boys were joined by a man—red-faced, out of breath, and evidently very angry—who came from down the road. Before he could speak "Cracker" Bob eagerly asked him if he had seen anything of a bicycle running away down the hill.

"Bicycle! Great Scott! I should say I had," cried the man. "I couldn't make out what it was the old bull had got all tangled up on his horns, but now that you mention it, it did look like a bicycle. He was just a ramping and a tearing, too, I can tell ye. I reckon that's the last you'll ever see of it, leastways as a whole. I don't know as I'm sorry neither, long's you appear to belong to the same gang as him who did all this mischief."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Will Rogers.

"Just what I say. The chap that let them cattle out of the field and started them up this way was riding a bicycle, and wore one of them same thingemobs on his cap that you fellers do. I'd took notice of the cattle tearing round the field like as if they'd stirred up a hornet's nest or something, and was hurrying down cross-lots to find out what the trouble was. Fore I could get to 'em a young feller came along on a bicycle. When he seen the cattle, he stopped and let down the bars leading into the road. I hollered, but he didn't take no notice, only just stood on the far side and waved his arms so as to head the cattle up this way when they run out. The minute they was in the road he fired off a couple of pistol-shots, and they set off lickety split. I don't know as he hit any one of them, but if I could 'a' caught him I'd made him smart for shooting at 'em. I got pretty close to him, but he seen me in time to jump onto his machine and scoot. Long as there warn't no use in following him, I took after the cattle, and like to get tramped when they wheeled round. Now ef there's any damage done I'm going to hold you fellers responsible, seeing that you and him appear to belong to the same gang."

"And if you are the owner of the bull that has run off with my bicycle, I shall hold you responsible for all damage done to it," exclaimed the dismounted rider of the tall wheel, hotly.

"Steady, Bob, steady!" advised the naval cadet. "Neither you nor this gentleman is responsible for the damage done to the other's property. It all rests with the fellow who has been playing us scurvy tricks ever since we started on this trip, and now I mean to see if I can't call him to account for them. How far is it to the next town, sir?"

"What, Eastly? Oh, a couple of miles or so," answered the farmer.

"Well, that chap will probably stop there for dinner, and I am going to try and overtake him," continued Billy Barlow. "Of course you fellows will come on as quick as you can, and when you get there I think I'll have some news for you."

Thus saying, and without waiting for a discussion of

his plan, the lad from Annapolis sprang into the saddle and set off at a rattling pace down the road, while the others, accompanied by the farmer, followed on foot and discussed the situation.

As Billy Barlow sped along he saw several fragments of "Cracker" Bob's bicycle scattered by the road-side, and when he reached the field from which the cattle had come, and to which they had retreated on their return flight, he saw the big wheel itself lying on the ground, broken and twisted beyond all hope of mending.

The young wheelman stopped for a moment to lift the bars to their places, and then hastened on to the little New England hill town of Eastly. To his intense disappointment, he learned that the unknown rider of whom he was in pursuit had lunched there, and taken his departure in the direction of the adjoining town of Westly about fifteen minutes before his arrival.

CHAPTER VIII.

BILLY BARLOW MEETS THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER.

QUICKLY deciding upon his course of action, Billy Barlow ordered an easily disposed of and at the same time strengthening lunch of a quart of milk, into which were broken a couple of raw eggs, and in a few minutes was again ready to take up the pursuit. He was no longer so sanguine of success as he had been, for he now knew that the unknown rider had nearly half an hour's start of him over a hilly road.

"How far is Westly?" he asked of the landlord.

"Tain't more'n eight mile by railroad, but it's nigh onto twelve by the pike," was the answer. "You see, when the railroad was built through here they managed to get a right of way along the old stage road that followed Black Creek right down the valley on the easiest grade there was. So you see—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Billy Barlow, who had been scrawling a few lines on a sheet of paper while the other talked. "Will you kindly hand this note to three wheelmen who will be along here shortly inquiring for me? Thank you. Now where is the railroad station?"

A minute later saw him at the little station at the foot of the hill asking questions of the ticket-agent.

"No, there won't be any south-bound train stop here before six o'clock this afternoon," said that individual. "But where are you fellows going, and why didn't you travel together? There was another of your crowd in here only a bit ago asking about trains. He seemed as disappointed as you do when he found there wasn't one till evening, and wanted to know if he couldn't ride down the track to Westly."

"That's an idea!" exclaimed Billy Barlow. "What did you tell him?"

"Told him?—of course not, that it's against the rules."

"What did he do then?"

"What did he do? Why, went back and took the wagon road, of course. What else could he do?"

"Well, he might have ridden down the track, for one thing."

"He might, might he? After I'd forbidden him? I'd just like to see him or any one else try it on."

"Very well," replied Billy Barlow. "Look at me."

Thus saying, and to carry out a resolution he had just formed, the naval cadet ran from the station, lifted his wheel across one set of rails, vaulted into the saddle, and started off down the smooth but narrow cinder path between the double tracks of the railroad.

"Hi, there! Come back!" shouted the astonished ticket-agent, running, breathless and bare-headed, after him; but Billy only waved his hand without looking back, and in another minute was lost to view.

Never before had the young wheelman found himself in a situation so full of exhilarating thrill and keen

excitement. With a down grade and a strong wind, he flew along at such speed that it didn't seem as though even a limited express could overtake him. At any rate, he outstripped the clouds of dry leaves whirled on-ward by the gale that raced with him over the forbidden ground. There was such a roar of waters from the mad stream tumbling and foaming beside him that he wondered if it would not drown even the sound of an approaching train. He sincerely hoped not, for although he was not riding directly on either track, he was so very close to both that he knew he would be in a most dangerous position should a train overtake him unawares. The many sharp curves of the road proved a source of constant anxiety; but they were as nothing compared with the equally numerous bridges by which Black Creek was crossed and re-crossed. Over these he not only had to walk directly on one or the other of the tracks, and push his bicycle bumping on the ties, but he must carefully watch and place every footstep as well. "If the bridges were only decked and there were no trains to fear, what a glorious ride it would be!"

While thus reflecting, the lad dashed into a deep rock cut, the farther end of which was lost behind a curve. It was a forbidding place, and he was pedalling with redoubled vigor, that he might pass through the more quickly, when suddenly there came to his ears the whistle of an approaching train from down the road. To his dismay, it was instantly answered, almost like an echo, by another close behind him. Two trains were about to pass in that cut, and even Billy Barlow's stout heart sank like lead as he gazed on the space he must occupy while they did so. It seemed to have contracted to half its former narrow width, and like a flash he realized how far the sides of cars project beyond their trucks. He took but an instant for reflection. Then he sprang from his wheel, and threw himself flat on the ground beside it, face downward, between the tracks.

When, a couple of minutes later, the young wheelman slowly picked himself up, the thunder of the on-rushing masses that had seemed to crush and stun him was dying away in distant rumblings, and the sickening vibrations of the earth had ceased; but his brain was in a whirl; he could hardly breathe or see for the swirling clouds of smoke and dust that filled the cut; and with that single experience all the pleasure to be derived by him from bicycling on a railway had departed. His sole ambition for the moment was to escape from a place haunted by fire-breathing monsters more terrible in aspect than Eastern genii, and he watched eagerly for the first cross-roads as he again flew on down the track. There was none, however, until at length he came in sight of a pretty station marked "Westly," and knew that his perilous undertaking was ended. As he left the railway and turned up a street that seemed to lead into the town an excited-looking individual appeared on the station platform and shouted after him.

"Hi, there! Come back here!"

Billy Barlow smiled at the familiar hail, but having no further railroad business to transact just then, he only waved his hand as before, without looking back, and rode on up the street. Now, for the first time since his experience in the rock cut, he bethought himself of the business that had brought him to Westly in such haste, and began to watch for some one who would put him on the road to Eastly. His plan was to ride out on this road until he should meet a strange wheelman wearing a Ranger badge, and after that to be guided by circumstances. While thus thinking, he spied an elderly gentleman walking briskly along the sidewalk in the same direction he was taking, and riding up close beside him, he said,

"Excuse me, sir, but will you kindly—"

The old gentleman faced sharply about at the first

word, and with a startled glance at his features, the lad from Annapolis sprang to the ground, and stood in the rigid attitude of attention with a hand raised to his cap in salute.

"Eh? what's this? Who are you, sir?" exclaimed the old gentleman sharply.

"William Barlow, sir, naval cadet and second-classman at Annapolis," was the answer.

"What?" cried the old gentleman, extending his hand, while a genial smile lighted his weather-beaten features. "Can it be Billy Patch? Why, lad, I never should have recognized you! But what are you doing here in this rig?"

"I'm a Road Ranger at present, sir, but am on my way back to the Academy, and was just going to ask you the road to Eastly."

"Eastly! Why, that lies in the wrong direction for you!"

"Yes, sir, I know; but I have some business—I mean I want to meet another wheelman on that road, and then I was coming back here to spend the night."

"Of course—of course! You'll come back and spend it at my house, and bring your friend with you, for any friend of a young sea-dog like you is welcome to the hospitality of an old sea-dog like me."

"He isn't exactly a friend, sir. In fact—"

"No matter; bring him along anyway."

"But, sir, I expect three other Road Rangers by the evening train, so you see—"

"Bring 'em all along. The more the merrier. There are two or three young folks staying with us now, but we can't have too many. The house answers to the hail of 'The Ship,' and its stands on 'Quarter-deck Hill.' Any one will give you the bearings. Now I must leave you, as I have an engagement to keep, but don't fail to report with your friends before six bells, which is dinner-time."

"Thank you, sir. I won't fail to be on time," answered "Billy Patch," with another salute to the Admiral, who was now retired, but who had been Superintendent of the Naval Academy during the young Ranger's first year at Annapolis.

When the naval cadet had ridden nearly two miles without seeing a sign of a wheelman, and was beginning to think that he had entered upon a wild-geese chase, he came to a district school-house. Before it stood a tall flag-pole, from which floated an American flag, not exactly at half-mast, but still some feet below the mast-head. He had been much interested in seeing flags over the various school-houses they had passed, and provoked to note how carelessly some of them were hoisted, but had never thought of stopping to inquire into its cause. Now he only wondered whether this one were half-masted through ignorance or on purpose, and was about to pass on when all at once his attention was arrested by a ringing cheer from inside the school-house. At the same time he noticed a very dusty bicycle leaning against the flag-pole.

The lad's curiosity was so aroused by these things that he was tempted to take advantage of a clump of shrubbery close by an open window to glance inside and see what was going on. It was evident that some one was addressing the scholars from the teacher's platform, but when Billy Barlow finally caught a glimpse of the speaker's face he very nearly uttered a cry of astonishment. It was Reddy Cuddeback clad in bicycle costume, and he was saying to the attentive boys and girls before him:

"My father lost an arm fighting for that flag, and he has taught me to love it more than anything else on earth. Half-masted it means sorrow or distress; but you say you didn't know this, and that your flag only happens to be in that position through carelessness. So now I want you all to come outside with me, run the dear old

flag up to the mast-head, where it belongs, give it three rousing cheers, and promise me to treat it with loving respect in the future."

Another approving shout greeted these words, and then, as the whole school, including the teacher, started for the door, Billy Barlow sprang on his wheel and rode swiftly back by the way he had just come. At the end of a quarter of a mile he dismounted and waited. A few moments later Reddy Cuddeback came dashing along as though anxious to make up for lost time. The waiting wheelman set his bicycle so squarely across the middle of the road that, to avoid crashing into it and taking a header, the on-coming rider was obliged to spring to the ground.

"What do you mean by stopping me this way?" he demanded, with an angry flash of the eyes as he recognized the individual who thus dared to interfere with his progress.

"I mean that I want to talk with you, and I was afraid you wouldn't stop unless I compelled you to," replied Billy Barlow.

"No more I wouldn't. And now if you don't get out of my way I'll make you one of the sorriest chaps in this county," cried Reddy Cuddeback, fiercely, at the same time dropping his wheel and advancing with clinched fists.

"I guess not," retorted the other, quietly, at the same time laying down his own wheel and throwing himself into an attitude of defence. He was very much lighter in weight than the aggressive-looking fellow who was advancing so confidently to thrash him, as well as a year or so younger; but, for all that, he did not feel particularly anxious regarding the result of the coming encounter. Boxing was one of the things very thoroughly taught at the Academy, and Billy Patch had not been backward in profiting by his lessons.

CHAPTER IX.

A FIGHT AND ITS RESULTS.

WHILE Billy Barlow, fresh from the scientific training of the Annapolis gymnasium, was confident of an ability to hold his own in the coming struggle, Reddy Cuddeback was no less so. He believed success in an encounter of this kind to be wholly a matter of pluck and strength, both of which he possessed. He rejoiced, therefore, over the present opportunity for proving his physical superiority over a member of the band admission to which had been denied him, and was particularly pleased that it should be that one of whom he had manifested his intense jealousy by calling him a "government pauper." At the



A MINUTE LATER THEY SAW A SIGHT THAT THRILLED THEM WITH EXCITEMENT.

same time he was anxious to terminate the affair as speedily as possible, and before the arrival of the other Rangers, whom he fancied must be in that vicinity. He therefore determined to annihilate his slender antagonist by a single effort, and made a furious rush at him for that purpose. The next instant he lay at full length on the ground, wondering what had happened. His head felt queer. He must have stumbled and struck it in falling. That other fellow could not have knocked him down, of course, or else he would now be pounding him. Yes, it must have been an accident, and he must be more careful.

Scrambling to his feet, he made another determined though somewhat more cautious advance upon his waiting opponent; but in less than a minute the result was the same as before. This time Reddy knew he had been knocked down, and the knowledge made him furious. There must be some mistake about it, though, and the other fellow must be afraid of him, or else why did he not follow up his advantage, as he himself would have done in a similar position.

His third attack upon the naval cadet who so quietly awaited the onset was made with such caution that he held his ground for a full minute. Though he did not in that time succeed in planting a single effective blow, he was feeling a restored confidence in his ability to do so. Suddenly another of those terrible left-handers flashed out, and with a wild clutching of the air he again measured his length in the dusty road. As the big fellow slowly sat up and ruefully rubbed his aching head he realized that he was fairly whipped, and at the same time

conceived a vast respect for the chap who had so skilfully performed the task.

"Well, Reddy," asked Billy Barlow, cheerfully, as the former made no motion to rise or continue the fight, "have you had enough?"

"Yes," replied the humbled lad, moodily, "I've had enough. You've licked me, and I only wish I knew how you did it. What do you want of me now?"

"I want you to get up and shake hands and make friends with me," answered the naval cadet, at the same time assisting the other to rise.

"You want to make friends with *me*?" repeated Reddy, slowly and incredulously, as he regained his feet.

"That's what I said, and that's what I mean," replied Billy. "I wouldn't have said it fifteen minutes ago, because then I hadn't heard you speak up for the old flag in the splendid way you did back there in that school-house. Since hearing that I have changed my opinion of you, and now I want you for one of my friends."

"How did you know anything about that?" asked Reddy, wonderingly, and with a very sudden change of feeling toward his late antagonist, while a flush of gratified pride tinged his cheeks.

"Oh, I was there," laughed Billy Barlow; "and just as you came out of the school-house I rode on so as to meet you here where no one should see us."

"Well, I didn't suppose any one who knew me was anywhere near, or I expect I shouldn't have done what I did. I do love 'Old Glory' though, as any fellow would who could hear my father talk about it, and I can't bear to see it treated anyway but just right. I say, though, you must be a 'scorcher' to have overtaken me, for you fellows weren't anywhere in sight when I left Eastly, and though the road has been hilly I haven't ridden slowly, I can tell you."

"I didn't come by the road, for I knew I should never catch you that way," rejoined Billy; "I rode down the track."

"How did you manage that? I wanted to, but they wouldn't let me."

"They wouldn't let me, either," laughed the cadet; "but as it was a case of necessity, I just took the matter into my own hands. I wouldn't do it again for a good deal, though," he added, soberly, as he recalled his experience in the rock cut.

During this conversation the two had been riding together toward Westly, and rapidly cementing the friendship so strangely begun. All at once Billy Barlow noticed the Ranger badge attached to his companion's cap, and asked him where he got it.

"Picked it up on the road in Berks," was the somewhat hesitating reply; "and it was what gave me the idea of bothering you fellows. I found out afterwards that it belonged to Cal Moody, and now that I am through with it, would you mind getting it back to him somehow so that he won't know who has had it?"

"All right," answered Billy Barlow; "I think I can manage it. But what are you going to do now? If you are bound for New York you will ride along with us, won't you?"

"I don't know," hesitated Reddy. "I'm bound for New York fast enough; but I think perhaps I'd better go on from here by train." Then, more abruptly, and evidently with an effort, he added: "Look here, Barlow, the fact is that I don't want to meet those other fellows just yet, after all the meanness I've done. I don't believe they'd take it the way you have, and if it could be kept from them, for a while, anyway, I'd be awfully glad. Don't you suppose you could fix it that way? I give you my word not to make any more trouble, for I'll take the first train south and get out of your road. There she whistles now, and I must hurry to catch her. You'll do that much for me, won't you? You said we were to be

friends, you know, and I'm sure you'd do that much for a friend."

The lad's voice was so pleading as he made this request that Billy Barlow could not help but agree to do his best not to mention the occurrences of the last hour to the other Rangers, but he would make no promise, for, of course, he must answer their questions truthfully.

When they reached the Westly station the train was already there, and the cadet undertook to get Reddy's bicycle into the baggage-car while the latter procured his ticket. The platform was unusually crowded, and there were several other bicycles to go, so that for a few minutes Billy Barlow was kept too busy to notice any one or anything beyond his immediate surroundings. Reddy came running up with his ticket barely in time to claim his bicycle as the train started. The two lads who had fought each other less than an hour before parted with a warm hand-clasp, and then one of them was left gazing after the retreating train. To his amazement, as the last car whisked by, he saw "Cracker" Bob Jones on the rear platform shouting and waving his cap. Answering cap-wavings came from somewhere in the crowd, and, guided by these, Billy was enabled a moment later to gladden by his unexpected presence the eyes of Will Rogers and Tom Burgess, who were just beginning to wonder where they should find him,

"Hello, old man! how did you get here so quickly?" and "Where did you fellows come from?" were questions that the cadet answered by explaining that he had taken a short cut and ridden down the track; while Will Rogers said that as the big bicycle wasn't worth picking up, and his own was in need of repairs, they had decided to come that far by train and send Bob right on to New York with a note of introduction to Mr. Burgess.

As the others began to ply Billy Barlow with further questions, he evaded answering by saying: "I'll tell you all about it afterwards, but now we must look up the house of a dear old friend whom I met here awhile ago, and with whom we are to spend the night. We are all invited, and 'Cracker' Bob too, and I can tell you it's an honor— Why, there he is now!"

Again the naval cadet stood rigid, with his hand raised in salute to a handsome old gentleman who came briskly toward the boys at that moment.

"Hello, Barlow!" he cried, at the same time courteously acknowledging the salute. "So you are here. And these, I suppose, are the friends whom I am to have the pleasure of entertaining. Glad to meet you, young gentlemen. Rogers, yes, and Burgess. I'll try to remember, though I never do. But come along, and we'll all ride up in the carriage. The girls are waiting in it. Came down to see one of their friends off, you know, and so everything happens just right."

As he started off without giving the boys a chance to reply they were obliged to follow him to the waiting carriage, in which were seated two as pretty girls as they had ever seen.

"Margaret, my dear, and Helen," cried the old gentleman, "these are the young friends of whom I spoke. Mr. Patch, I believe, you have met, and the others are Mr. Ranger and Mr. Bar— Oh, hang it! I expect I am making a mess of it, as usual. Billy, square the yards and overhaul the running rigging for me, like a good fellow! And, by-the-way, where are the others? I thought there were more of you."

"The others were obliged to go to New York by train, sir," answered the cadet, after he had introduced Will and Tom in due form to the young ladies, and his companions thought how clever it was of him to speak of the "others," as though there really were two, instead of attempting to set the old gentleman right on a matter of so trifling importance.

Then Billy Barlow explained that as he and his friends

had their bicycles along, it might be better for them to ride their own wheels than to accept the invitation for the carriage.

"Of course, if you can!" cried the old gentleman. "How remarkably stupid of me to forget! It must take wonderful nerve to navigate them, though. It takes all mine to trust myself to a carriage; but then I always was more or less of a coward."

"Who is he?" asked Will Rogers as Billy Barlow and his two thoroughly bewildered friends followed the carriage on their wheels.

"What! Don't you know?" exclaimed the naval cadet. "Why, it's Admiral Marlin, who was my commandant at Annapolis."

"Not the hero of—"

"Yes, the very same."

It nearly took their breath away to discover into what distinguished company they had fallen, and they wondered how they should ever survive a whole evening of it, especially as they had only their bicycle suits to wear.

In spite of this anxiety their fears proved groundless, as is always the case where both hosts and guests are of gentle breeding.

Late that evening, after all the others had said "Good-night," Billy Barlow, who had begged for a few moments of conversation with his host, told him the whole story of Reddy Cuddeback, and asked his advice as to how the Rangers should treat him in the future.

"Take him into your company and make a friend of him," declared the Admiral, emphatically. "Any fellow who will stand up as he did for the old flag is worth cultivating. Why, one of the very worst men I ever had on board ship resisted every effort to reform him until, at length, I tried the effect of promotion. I made him a petty officer, and put him on honor to set his shipmates a good example. The result was astonishing. He not only became steady and a credit to the ship, but he proved one of the bravest fellows I ever saw. Jumped overboard once in a storm of bullets to recover the ensign that had been shot away, and was in danger of drifting into the hands of the enemy. Another time he sprang forward and caught on his own arm a cutlass aimed at my head."

"So he saved your life, sir!" exclaimed Billy.

"Yes, and lost his arm in doing it. He was sent to hospital. We were ordered to another station, and I never could get track of him again. Poor Reddy! I wonder what became of him."

"Did you say his name was Reddy, sir?" broke in the cadet.

"Yes; Redmond Cuddeback, though the men called him 'Reddy,' and—"

"I beg pardon, sir," interrupted Billy, excitedly, "but that is the name of the very fellow I've just told you about—Reddy Cuddeback—and his father lost an arm fighting for the old flag. He told me so himself."

As a result of this conversation the Admiral declared his intention of visiting Berks not only to hunt up the man to whom he owed his life, but with a view to establishing there his permanent summer home, the house he was then occupying being only rented for the season. "I have heard of the place as being desirable in every respect except for the condition of its roads," he said; "and since you young Rangers have undertaken to improve those, I have no doubt that objection will speedily be removed."

CHAPTER X.

BERKS WINS THE FIVE-MILE RACE.

So thoroughly were the thoughts of Will Rogers and Tom Burgess diverted by their memorable visit to "The Ship," that it was not until it was over and they were again on the road to New York that they asked Billy

Barlow what he had discovered concerning the unknown rider who had made the earlier portion of their trip so uncomfortable.

The cadet hesitated a moment, and then deciding it to be the best thing to do, told his companions everything he had learned during the past twenty-four hours about Reddy Cuddeback and his father.

"Billy Barlow, you're a brick!" exclaimed Will Rogers, "and if you didn't have to go back to Annapolis, I should insist on resigning in your favor. As it is, I am going to follow your example, and ask Reddy Cuddeback to shake hands with me the very first time I meet him."

"So shall I," assented Tom Burgess, heartily.

They made a fine though uneventful run of over sixty miles that day, and nightfall found them lodged in a hospitable farm-house on the edge of the broad Hudson Valley. On the next day, just as they came in sight of the glorious river, and were about to turn into the old post road that connects the capital of the Empire State with its metropolis, Billy Barlow suddenly exclaimed:

"Hello! If that's not a bugle, then I'm mistaken."

Again they heard the clear, ringing notes, and a minute later they saw coming down the post road a sight that thrilled them with excitement. It was a company of 'cycle militia, fifty strong, on its way to New York to take part in the great L. A. W. parade. As it swept by in column of twos, the Captain, followed closely by a bugler and an orderly, in advance, the Lieutenants heading their respective platoons, sergeants and corporals in their places, and guidons snapping in the breeze, even Billy Barlow was forced to admit that he had never seen a more soldierly appearing lot of fellows, while Will Rogers and Tom Burgess were wild with enthusiasm over this new phase of bicycling. The uniforms were those of the L. A. W., each machine bore a knapsack in the open space of its frame, a gleaming rifle was attached to its back-bone, and to every handle-bar was strapped a tightly rolled blanket enveloped in a rubber sheet. The rear of the column was brought up by a light mess wagon having bicycle wheels and bearings, that was at the same time an ambulance. It was propelled by electricity from a storage battery, though it was so arranged that horses could be attached in a moment if necessary.

Filled with delighted wonder, our Rangers fell in behind this little army of modern cavalry, and followed it over the superb stretch of road connecting Staatsburg with Poughkeepsie. There they all dined in the same hotel, and the Berks boys scraped an acquaintance with the officers of the company, who, when they discovered Billy Barlow to be a naval cadet, cordially invited them to share their camp at West Point that night.

What a fine run they made down the river road in company with these newly made friends that afternoon! What a glorious time they had at West Point, where, as the wheel militia spent the night by invitation, they found every preparation made for their reception! What a revelation of utility and comfort was the camp of the bicycle soldiers, in which two rubber sheets drawn taut over two stacked wheels formed a shelter that protected both the steeds and their riders. In these tents, no matter what the weather might be, each mess of two men could speedily prepare hot coffee, and fry a pan of bacon to eat with their hardtack, over the little spirit-lamp that formed part of the equipment of every 'cycle.

"We'll have a company that will do as well as that by a year from now," Will Rogers remarked to Tom Burgess. "If you can only come back to Berks for next summer you shall be second lieutenant, and Cal Moody shall be bugler, because he can play pretty well on a mouth-organ already. As for sergeants, we'll make them out of the fellows who earn their wheels the quickest."

The next day they reached New York city at the top of the beautiful Riverside Drive. From here our three

riders, guided by Tom Burgess, who appeared to be in a state of unusual excitement, took one of the cross streets leading to West End Avenue. As they turned down that superb thoroughfare, with its asphalt pavement and handsome dwellings, Will Rogers exclaimed:

"Hello! If there isn't another bicycle company coming this way! How is it, Tom; are all New York wheelmen members of the militia?"

But Tom Burgess was too busy waving his handkerchief just at that moment to answer, and Will wondered what it was for. The on-coming wheelmen were in uniform, were riding in military order, and above their ranks fluttered a silken guidon. Suddenly, at a sharp note of command from a bicycle whistle, the approaching squad halted and dismounted. At another the machines were wheeled about so as to face the middle of the road, and each rider stood at "attention" beside his wheel, with one hand resting on its saddle and the other raised in a military salute.

Two of the dusty sun-browned riders in whose honor this movement appeared to be executed were completely bewildered by it, while the face of the third expressed gratification but no trace of surprise. All at once Will Rogers gave a cry of delighted amazement and sprang from his wheel. He had just recognized the device emblazoned on the silken flag that fluttered above the heads of the motionless wheelmen. It was the same as that on his own cap. The next moment the quiet of the street was broken by the ringing cheer of the Berks Road Rangers. Then at Lieutenant Hal Bacon's command of "Break ranks! *March!*" the alignment was broken, and with a shout of welcome, the Rangers rushed forward to greet their captain.

They were all there—Cal Moody proudly waving the badge that had been so mysteriously restored to him by mail just as they were leaving Berks, Mif Bowers, Abe Cruger, Si Carew, Sam Ray, and the rest to the number of an even dozen. Even "Cracker" Bob Jones was on hand, and burning with impatience to tell his recent companions that on the train he had met Reddy Cuddeback, who, when he learned the sad fate of "Cracker" Bob's big wheel, had proved himself one of the best fellows in the world by offering to let him have a safety almost new for half price, with the forty dollars given for the ordinary to be counted in as part payment.

In the joyous confusion no one noticed that Tom Burgess had slipped away, but when, a little later, they all dismounted before a large handsome house a few blocks down the avenue, he stood in its doorway. He was already clad in the same natty uniform of gray cloth trimmed with black braid as the others, and was waiting to welcome the Rangers to his home.

In all New York there was not so jolly and outrageously happy a houseful of boys as this one during the next four days. They all slept on cots in the great billiard-room, while their wheels were stored in the ample basement.

Complete uniforms like those worn by the others were ready for Captain Will Rogers and for Billy Barlow upon their arrival, and when on the following day the Berks Road Rangers joined the great L. A. W. parade in Central Park, their fine appearance drew forth praise from all sides.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the young Captain, "I wish I knew whether it would be better to turn the Rangers into a bicycle fire company or into 'cycle militia," and Mr. Burgess, who overheard him, suggested,

"Why not combine the two and be both?"

About the wheels with which they were provided, and which they rode every day over the smooth driveways of the Park, Mr. Burgess made them a little speech one evening that was something like this: "My dear boys, you can never know how grateful I am to you for all

the kindness you have shown my son Tom during the past summer, nor for the health and strength he has gained during his term of membership in the Ready Rangers. You have done so much for him that I wanted to do something for you in return, and when I learned that you were desirous of becoming Road Rangers it seemed to me that I saw an opportunity. You have helped me improve this opportunity by kindly accepting Tom's invitation for wheelman's week in the city. You have further helped me by approving of the uniforms that I took the liberty of designing and having made for you. Now you will confer a further favor if you will accept these uniforms and carry them home as souvenirs of this happy visit. As for the wheels you are riding, although I am not a wheelman, they are all mine, and, as even the most persistent rider could not use so many, I am anxious to dispose of them. Do you care to become purchasers? If so, you may have them at something less than the cost price.

"Some time in the spring I mean to visit Berks, and at that time I trust you will be prepared to make me an offer for my bicycles. There is one more thing I want to say. I am in search of a suitable location in the country for a summer residence, and am strongly inclined toward Berks for that purpose. Its sole drawback seems to be a lack of good roads. Tom tells me that the Rangers mean to have good roads, and I say that if you succeed in this undertaking you will start your village on such an era of prosperity as it has never seen."

These remarks were received with hearty applause by the Rangers, and though some of them had indulged in faint hopes that their bicycles were to be given to them, each member determined to do his level best to earn the coveted wheel.

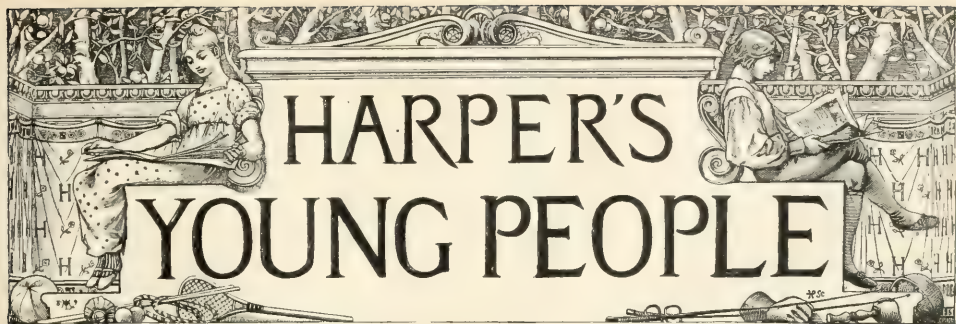
The morrow being the last day of the great bicycle meet, was also the one reserved for racing. Of course the Road Rangers attended the races, together with an immense concourse of enthusiastic spectators. On the programme among the entries for the amateur five-mile race the boys discovered one who appeared as "The Unknown from Berks," and, curious to see who it might be, they awaited this event with a very lively interest. It was the last on the programme, and called out so many starters that for some time they failed to discover a familiar face. Within a few laps of the finish two of the contestants were so far in the lead that it was evident, barring accidents, the race lay with one of them. Suddenly, as the flying figures passed the place occupied by the Rangers, "Cracker" Bob Jones sprang to his feet, waving his hat, and yelling: "It's Reddy Cuddeback, fellows! Good for you, Reddy! Whoop her up! Lay him out! You've got to win!"

In an instant the others took up the cry, cheering for Berks and Reddy Cuddeback like madmen. As though spurred on by the sympathy denoted by these friendly shouts, Reddy Cuddeback shot to the front, not only winning the five-mile race, but breaking the American record for that distance, and becoming in a moment the hero of the day. The Rangers rushed on the track to congratulate the plucky rider who had brought such fame to Berks, and, raising him on their shoulders, bore him with exulting shouts to the dressing-room. As they waited outside for Reddy to appear, that they might again shake hands with him and congratulate him and show how proud they were to be fellow-townsmen with him, Billy Barlow said very quietly to Will Rogers,

"Wouldn't it be a good thing to invite him to go home on the train with you, and wearing a Ranger badge?"

"Of course it would," replied the young captain, heartily. "But do you think he'll join?"

"Yes, I think he will," answered Billy Barlow, with a confident smile. "At any rate, I'd ask him."



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BOYS AND GIRLS OF NEW YORK STREETS.

BY E. W. TOWNSEND.

I.—A STREET-WAIF'S LUCK.

THERE was nothing, except perhaps a little more raggedness, in the appearance of Danny Cahill different from the other boys he was playing with under one of the stone arches which support the heavy and solid roadway leading to the New York side of the great Brooklyn Bridge.

The streets under those arches were favorite playing-grounds for Danny and his companions for several reasons. They were interrupted less there by passing teams and people than in the open streets; there were no windows to be broken if they were playing ball; and the police officers did not drive them away from there,

which was the best reason of all—to Danny especially, for he had found very few places where, whether he was doing anything or nothing, he did not seem to be in the way of the police.

There was once a place which Danny called home, but even there the police came pretty often—not for him, but for the man he lived with there. He knew very little about the man, and nothing good; yet Danny at that time was not much given to thinking or arguing about his rights or his duty, or else he might have asked some questions about the man he lived with. He remembered, in a not very clear way, that he went to live in the room

with that man one day after a funeral in which both he and the man seemed to be interested. His relation to the man he lived with did not seem to be of any importance, and so, after hearing a boy talking about an uncle, and learning that the uncle was the boy's father's brother, Danny made up his mind that as the man he lived with was named Cahill, he was his uncle, and that the funeral he remembered something about must have been his father's. He did not remember that he had ever had a mother. Uncle Cahill was about as good-for-nothing as any man Danny had ever seen, and it came in his way to see some great good-for-nothings.

There was very little in the room they lived in which would remind you of home. There was but one bed, or rather some broken pieces of furniture on which the blankets were spread which was called a bed; one chair, which served as a wash-stand, for it always held the tin wash-basin; and some scraps of iron on which the pieces of wood Danny had to pick up in the streets were used for fuel when anything was cooked in the room. That was not very often.

Danny's uncle called himself a longshoreman, because what little honest work he did was done along the wharves of the East River. But work of any kind did not suit Mr. Cahill, and when he found that by forcing Danny to beg he could thus procure enough to make work unnecessary, he said that he was too sick to work. Begging was not at all to Danny's liking, although he had such a handsome little face, and was dressed in such miserable rags, the people he begged from near the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge and in City Hall Park gave him pennies and nickels in such number that sometimes, in an hour or two, his uncle, who always lounged near by to see what the people gave, would take the money from him and disappear.

Danny had very little education from books, but he had a sorrowful amount of education from the life of the tenement where he lived, and he knew well enough what it meant when his uncle hurried away with the begged money. It meant that he would not see him again that day at least, for his uncle would not bother him again until that money was spent for drink. Sometimes it meant that he would not see him again for a week or two weeks, and then he knew that his uncle had been arrested for fighting and drunkenness.

The truth is that he was never sorry when this happened. If he had been reared with a different kind of life around him he would have had a different feeling, of course, about the matter, and felt sorry for the bad life which kept his uncle in jail so much of the time. But as his uncle's imprisonment meant Danny's liberty, he was rather sorry when the landlord unlocked the door of their room again, for that meant that his uncle was out of jail and Danny must beg for him again.

You may ask what Danny did for a home when he was locked out of the room. That question gave him no trouble. Even when he lived at home he had to get his food the best way he could, but he knew so many cooks and waiters in the boarding-houses and restaurants along the East River that he never had to go hungry. Sometimes he ran errands and did light work around the kitchens for the cooks, but even when they had no work for him to do they were always willing to give him scraps of meat and bread when he asked for them.

Danny, when he was at liberty, I mean when he was not forced to beg, was an unusually cheerful and manly little fellow, and that made him a favorite not only with the good-natured cooks in the sailors' boarding-houses, but made him friends in other places where friends were useful. Among his other friends were the night watchmen on the East River piers. There were a number of those watchmen who would let Danny slip into the piers to sleep any night he told them he was locked out from

home. They knew without asking any questions what that meant, and more than once one big watchman, at whose piers a line of freight steamers loaded and unloaded, would point out a pile of wool or cotton bales for his bed, and give him some bags for bedclothes.

This sort of life did not suit Danny, although there were many of his companions who sold papers who envied him. Curiously enough it was those very boys Danny envied. He had always wanted to sell papers and earn enough money to pay for his own room and meals, but that did not suit his uncle. Begging was a quicker and cheaper way of getting money, to Mr. Cahill's mind. Danny had asked him once to leave him enough pennies to start in business as a newsboy, but he was only threatened with a thrashing for his request.

Now a curious thing about Danny was that he would not beg money for himself, even to start in business with, so that when Mr. Cahill was in jail Danny was nothing better, I am bound to say, than a street arab. All the streets under and around the Bridge, and all the East River piers for half a mile up and down the river, he knew as well as any school-boy knows every corner of his school yard. He knew by sight every policeman on all those beats, to what precinct station they belonged, and the names of their captains. He knew where all the fire-engine houses were, the numbers by which the engines, hose-carts, and hook and ladders were called, and could tell to what hospital any ambulance belonged without reading the name printed on its side.

He could tell by the stripes, stars, cross, or other sign painted on a steamship's smoke-stack to what line she belonged, and to what country she carried freight or passengers; but I'm afraid he could not come any where near telling you where that country was, even whether it was in the eastern or western hemisphere. The fact is that nearly all of Danny's learning was what his street life taught him. He had a hard teacher, and had to pass hard examinations. They were not just like the examinations one has at school, for they were usually questions by older boys regarding steamships, fire-engines, the limits of the police precincts, and such things, and as an ignorant answer always brought on a fight, Danny's muscular and mental development went hand in hand.

After two weeks of this vagabond liberty Danny had been found one day by his uncle, only an hour before we first saw him, playing under an arch of the Bridge. Mr. Cahill had just been discharged from jail, and as he had had nothing to drink in those two weeks, and had been made to scrub floors and do other work, he was in a particularly unpleasant frame of mind.

"Have you any money?" was Mr. Cahill's first question, catching Danny roughly by the collar of his ragged jacket.

"Of course I ain't," Danny answered.

"Well, then, get up to the Bridge entrance, and get some mighty quick if you don't want a good licking," his uncle said.

Danny walked toward the Bridge rather sullenly. He did not like begging at all, and he was beginning to think that he was paying too high a price for the privilege of sleeping on the bare floor of his uncle's room. Cahill slouched after the boy, and when he reached the Bridge entrance leaned against the rail of the stairs which run up to the elevated road station there. Danny let a number of men and women pass him without begging, and Cahill, who had been watching him closely, walked toward him with a scowl, and as he passed him slyly gave the boy's arm a terrible pinch.

Danny yelled with pain and rage, and a half-hundred people stopped to look at him, and some ran toward him.

The first person by his side, however, was a police officer who had been quietly watching both Danny and Cahill. The officer grabbed the man first, and then laid a

hand on Danny's shoulder. In a moment almost they were surrounded by half a thousand people, for it was nearing the afternoon hour, when travel over the Bridge is greatest. Men, women, and children crowded around, asking questions of the officer and sympathizing with the boy, but the only one of these the officer paid any attention to was a rather tall thick-set man, whose heavy face seemed to Danny to express as much kindness as sternness. He asked the officer in a low tone what the trouble was, and the officer answered, in a manner which Danny instantly detected to be unusually polite, that the man had been forcing the boy to beg. The stranger looked at Danny curiously a moment, and then said to the officer, "I suppose the boy will be given to the Society."

"I suppose so," the officer replied; and then, to every one's astonishment, Danny set up a bitter wailing.

It was to the surprise, I should have said, of every one but the officer and the stranger, for they both knew the horror and despair which filled the boy's mind at the thought of being given into the custody of the charitable and reform institution which they called "the Society."

That Society does great good daily, and it is a welcome refuge to a majority of the unfortunate children it cares for, but they are not arabs as Danny was. He knew what the Society was from the stories of boys of his class who had escaped from it, and he knew that its rules and regulations, and most of all its confinement, would fret his life out.

The stranger looked at him with a rough sympathy, and whispered something to the officer. Danny felt the policeman's grasp on his shoulder relax, and in an instant he was squirming between the legs of the crowd and was lost.

The stranger winked at the officer, smiled a little, and quickly forced his way in the direction Danny had taken. The boy scuttled through the crowd like a rat, and darted down Frankfort Street, which runs from the City Hall Park down past the Bridge arches. He stopped crying the instant he made his escape, and was thinking hard, trying to make up his mind who the big stranger with the shiny silk hat and the rich black clothes could be. His experience made him know that he was a person of great importance. The policeman had spoken to the man very civilly, and had let Danny escape at the man's hint.

"Well," concluded Danny to himself, "I don't know who de mug is, but he's got a big pull, whoever he is, sure."

Danny had heard that word "pull" used in its slang sense often enough to know that it meant a strong political influence, but why any one should want to use a "pull" to save him from "the Society" was too much for his little head to make out, so he gave it up, and stopped under one of the arches to play. And there it was, and at that time, we first found him.

He had not been there more than ten minutes before he was surprised to see his big friend walking slowly down Frankfort Street, evidently looking for some one. He motioned to Danny when he saw him, and the boy ran to him across the street.

"The officer told me," the stranger began, "that the man with you is named Cahill. Is he your father?"

"No, he's me uncle, I tink," Danny answered.

"Is his name Terrance?"

"No, dey calls him Terry."

"Well, that's near enough," the stranger answered, with a smile. "If he is Terrance Cahill and your uncle, I knew your father. How are you getting on?"

"I ain't getting on at all," Danny answered. "If I had a stake to buy papers wid I'd be all right."

"How much of a stake would do you?"

Danny began thinking very hard. He saw the stranger put his hand in his pocket, and of course the boy was

sharp enough to know that here was his chance, without begging, to secure money with which to start business. He stood with his cap off, and his head cocked on one side, trying to decide whether he should ask for ten or fifteen cents, when his trouble was ended by the big man saying,

"Could you make a start with a dollar?"

This nearly took the boy's breath away, and all he could answer was,

"Sure!"

The man took out four silver quarters and gave them to Danny, ten times as much money as he had ever owned before in his life. He squeezed the silver so tight in his hand that it hurt, but he said nothing, only kept looking at this remarkable man, wondering what would happen next.

"I don't give you that money," the man said. "I lend it to you. When will you repay me?" This was more of a business than Danny could quite understand, so the man, seeing the boy's puzzled look, added, "You must come every Saturday to my office in the Tivoli Theatre, and pay twenty-five cents, or what you can, until the dollar is repaid."

"Are you Mr. Kean?" Danny asked, quickly, his eyes opening wide.

"That's right," Mr. Kean answered with a smile. "Do you know me?"

"Everybody in our district knows de name of de owner of de Tivoli Theatre," Danny said.

"Then you'll come on Saturday and pay what you can," Mr. Kean said, as he walked away.

"Dat's right," Danny called out after him.

That night Danny slept on a bale of hides from Central America. 'Twas long before he could go to sleep, he was so excited thinking of the next day, when he should start in business for himself, but when he did sleep, his last night on the piers, he dreamed the happiest dreams of his rough little life.

MILITARY SIGNALLING.

DURING the autumn the armies of Europe have been marching and countermarching, charging and retreating, all over the respective countries that they have been organized to defend, experimenting with all sorts of new arms and engines, and applying new tests to the old methods of warfare. But perhaps the most interesting thing to the casual observers at these great autumn manoeuvres was the number of contrivances used for keeping open communication between various regiments, army corps, and divisions. Of course we all know how difficult it must be in time of war, especially in an enemy's country, to send back information from the front, or to notify another column of the presence of an enemy when the telegraph wires are cut, or if there are no telegraph wires in the neighborhood. Armies have therefore adopted all sorts of ways of signalling to one another, some of which can be used by day, some by night, and others both by daylight and in the darkness. All these methods were brought into play at these European manoeuvres, and their value in aiding the movements of large bodies of men was proved to be invaluable.

In some cases whole regiments were saved from capture or total destruction (imaginary destruction, of course) by having the news signalled to them from some distant point of what had happened there, or of what might be expected to happen in the neighborhood of where they were. Wherever there is a telegraph line an army will always seize it, and make use of the instruments and wires to keep in communication with its base of supplies

or with headquarters in the rear. When the regular wires are destroyed, however, it becomes necessary for the signal corps to lay a field telegraph line, several miles of which can be run from the front back to headquarters in a very short while. The field telegraph office is usually established in a covered wagon, fitted inside with everything that is necessary for sending and receiving messages, and provided with several coils of wire and many pronged sticks. These sticks are stuck in the ground, and support the wire where trees or roofs or convenient poles are not to be found. Sometimes it is necessary to lay the field telegraph so rapidly that the soldiers do not take the trouble to suspend the wire, but just lay it flat along the ground, running it over sticks only where the road or a stream must be crossed.

In one part of France this fall the manoeuvres consisted of an attack by an entire army corps upon a large fortress. The defenders of the fort had established many redoubts and outposts on hill-tops and in farm-houses and in windmills. All these outposts were connected by telephone. The men of the signal corps strung the wires several days before the attack was expected, so that when the enemy appeared the lookouts were enabled to converse with their superiors inside the fortress just as if they had been only a few yards away.

The country all about the fort was mapped out and divided into squares that were either numbered or lettered, and the soldiers knew exactly how to aim the cannons and mortars in the fort so that the shells would drop in certain places. In actual warfare the pickets would telephone to the commanding officer that a squadron of cavalry was approaching behind a hill to the north, or that several regiments of infantry were hiding in a bit of woods to the south. Then the big guns in the fort could be trained on the woods or on the depression behind the hillock, and shells could be dropped on the enemy's advance-guard even while he was out of sight, and the invading force might thus be prevented from securing an advantageous position from which to attack.

The telephone system used by the French soldiers on this occasion was a campaign outfit that could easily be transported any distance. It was very simple, consisting merely of coils of copper wire, of pronged bamboo poles for supports, and of mouth-pieces and ear-pieces to talk

and hear through. A telephone line like this can be rapidly set up, as a wagon can carry the bamboo poles along, and a man with a coil of wire on his back can lay the line as fast as his companions can stick the poles into the ground.

But it frequently happens that the enemy is so active that neither telegraph nor telephone lines can be maintained, or the bodies of troops are in such a position that they cannot establish that sort of communication, or the advance is so rapid that there is no time to waste on so elaborate an arrangement. Yet communication must be kept up, and so the signal corps has to be able in some way to talk at long range. By day this can be done with flags, or, if the sun is shining, by using the heliograph. At night, torches and flash lanterns are used.

Wigwagging with flags is the most common and also the most reliable of any of these devices, and is the system used by all the armies of civilized nations. The signal-men of the United States Army are particularly proficient in this sort of thing, and they are also champions with the heliograph. In Utah, a few weeks ago, Captain Glassford, U.S.A., sent a message one hundred and eighty-three miles with no intermediate station. He now holds the world's record for long-distance signaling with the sun machine.



RECALLING TROOPS BY WIGWAGGING.

The heliograph is a very simple instrument, but it is, unfortunately, of no use unless the sun is shining. It consists of a mirror with a hole in the centre, and back of this hole is a brass rod. The mirror is mounted on a tripod, and the operator telegraphs to a distant point by sighting over the brass rod, through the hole, to the point where the man is who is watching for the message. The rays of sunlight are flashed through space in dots and dashes—that is, either in short or long rays. The short rays correspond to the dots in the Morse telegraphic code, and the long rays correspond to the dashes. So that a word telegraphed by rays of sunlight is sent on the same principle as a word ticked over a telegraph wire, except that with the heliograph the receiving operator *sees* the spelling, whereas the ordinary telegraph operator *hears* the spelling.

It makes no difference, however, whether the sun is out or not when it comes to sending a message with flags. The signal-man takes his position on a hill, or on some

elevated position, and waves his flag until he has attracted the attention of the soldiers at the post he is signalling to. Another soldier beside him with a spy-glass and a notebook says, "All right, we've got 'em!" and the flagman begins to send his message. The dots and dashes are made by motioning to the right or to the left. Perhaps he is telegraphing across a river to a body of soldiers who have been sent off on a foraging expedition. Such an incident occurred in our late war. The foragers were less than a hundred in number, and had no other means but flags to keep in communication with the main body across the river. News came to the camp that a force of Confederate cavalry was approaching, and that in less than two hours they would surprise the foragers and capture all the animals and food they had gathered. This important information was wigwagged through the air much faster than the Confederates could gallop across the fields.

"All right," came the answer from the foraging party. "We shall retreat across the river at once." And they did so, animals, soldiers, provisions, and all, and when the rebels came up they found only a few cows that had refused to swim the current, and that the Federal soldiers had been forced to leave behind.

At night a torch is substituted for the flag, but a message cannot be transmitted to a greater distance than three miles with a torch, because the arc made by the waving of the light cannot be distinguished much further than this. For this reason a better device for long-distance signalling by night has almost universally been adopted. It consists of a plain lantern provided with strong reflectors behind, and with a shutter in front which looks very much like a window-blind. This shutter is operated by a handle at the



TELEGRAPHING DESPATCHES FROM THE FRONT TO HEADQUARTERS.

side, and by opening and shutting it for a greater or less period of time the dots and dashes are made. Such a lantern can be read with a night-glass ten or twelve miles away, and even with the naked eye can be read about seven miles. If electric light should be used in such a signal lantern the flashes could, of course, be seen a much greater distance.

Every army has its secret code by which it sends messages, so that it makes little difference that all nations use the Morse system of dots and dashes in signalling. Even if the enemy did intercept the words that were being flashed through the air by flags or lanterns, he could not understand their secret meaning unless he had the key to the code, and each nation in Europe is very careful to see that his neighbor does not find out about its secret alphabet.

Some people may question the necessity of all these different methods, but supposing New York was being attacked by an enemy's army. Let us say that our harbor forts are so strong that the enemy cannot get in there; but he lands armies at unprotected points north and south of the city. Then the invaders advance on us, and their scouts cut our telegraph wires, so that we are practically shut off from the rest of the country. But we have one resource left to keep a watch on them. We station our signal-corpse men on the hills and mountains around the city, and others on tall build-



FLASHING SIGNALS AT NIGHT FROM FORT TO FORT.

ings in town. An officer on High Tor, in the Catskills, for instance, wigwags that the enemy is approaching Elizabeth, New Jersey; and if it gets dark before he can send all the information that he has gathered he signals the rest with a flash lantern.

From the other direction, over on Long Island, perhaps, other squads of signal-men have been sending in news with a heliograph, so that the commander of the troops in New York, even if his wires are down, is able to dispose of his men to the best advantage for the defence of the city. If he finds himself in hard straits he will signal over the enemy's head, across his lines, to the rest of the country beyond, and in a very few days help will come pouring over the hills toward Manhattan Island—help that will wipe away the enemy, and set the telegraph wires up again, and make those invading fellows wish they had never tried to get in sight of Trinity Church steeple.

A LARGE SUPPLY.

"THEY must have a lot of giants,"
Said Mabel at the play,
"Because my Papa says that
They kill one every day.

"And this small play's been running
For sixty-seven days—
That's sixty-seven giants,
Not counting matinees."

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.*

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XVII.

"CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION!"

"YOU may get an opportunity to-morrow to show—"

The dull regular pulsing of the engine of the *Detroit's* launch was all that was heard for several minutes, while the distance between the little craft and the ship rapidly diminished.

"Mr. King," said the Captain suddenly.

"Yes, sir," answered Harold, respectfully.

"What I said to you a moment ago was intended only for the ears of an officer. You understand, sir?"

"Yes, sir; I shall be silent."

"Quite right. You are young in the service, and you cannot learn too soon that between-decks gossip is idle and injurious to discipline."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Harold, rightly construing a suggestion from his commanding officer as an order.

A hundred eyes, filled with expressions of curiosity, were fixed on the launch as she ran alongside the ship. Grave-looking old "waisters" peered out of the broadside ports, their hardy faces showing brick-red beside the dusky bronze of the shapely four-inch guns. Lively fore-castle Jacks leaned in unconscious grace over the rails and studied the Captain's countenance. The officer of the deck stood on the starboard side of the poop, with the faint crimson light of the western sky flaming along the edge of his divided visor, and silently watched his superior mount the ladder, followed by the young cadet. Harold stood by for orders on reaching the deck, expecting to be told to see the launch secured for the night at the port boom, where she had been allowed to lie.

"Mr. King," said Commander Brownson, lifting his head suddenly, as if breaking out of a reverie.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Get the launch alongside and lower away her falls."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the boy, moving away to execute the order. It was now nearly eight bells, when it would be his watch below; but orders must be obeyed. The Captain paused a moment before his cabin-door and sent a keen look aloft and along the deck. A shadow of a smile passed over his bronzed face as he turned and said to the orderly:

"Present my compliments to the Executive Officer, and say I wish to see him in my cabin."

The orderly saluted and moved away. A pale yellow glare of electric light flashed and faded as Commander Brownson passed through the door to his cabin. It was growing dark between-decks, though the twilight was still fair enough to make all things visible without. Eight bells were struck, and the interior of the ship rumbled with the tread of feet as the watch below tumbled up to relieve the watch on deck. The fore-castle lads stretched themselves and yawned, as they rolled below ready to turn to for a good-night pull at their pipes. Evening quarters were over long ago, and hammocks had been piped down, so Jacky had only to comfort himself till he was ordered to turn in. The sailor is an easy fellow, and he learns to take things as they come. So when the Captain returned from the meeting aboard the flag-ship and gave no special orders, Jacky dismissed the incident from his mind.

George Briscoe, as midshipman of the quarter-deck, had been at the gangway when the Captain came aboard, and had heard his order to Harold. So as soon as he was relieved, George asked permission to go and assist Harold. He discovered the launch lying below her davits with her falls hooked on, so he swung himself over the rail, slid down the after-fall, and landed in the boat beside his astonished friend.

"Why, Georgie, what are you after?" asked Hal.

"I just want to have a little talk with you in a place where we can be by ourselves."

The engineer of the launch was busily engaged drawing his fire, and the cockswain and two other hands were forward. Yet, as a matter of precaution, the two boys leaned over the stern with their faces toward the water.

"Now, George, heave ahead," said Harold.

"Don't talk salt, old man," replied George, with a smile; "it's not natural to you."

"I'll talk like a Maine farmer if it'll please you, George; but what do you want?"

"Did you find out what the meeting was for?"

"No; how could I do that?"

"I didn't know but the old man might have dropped you a hint."

"My dear George, do you suppose that our venerable commanding officer, to whom you refer, with the irreverence of the merchant service, as the old man, has suddenly formed a resolution to take steerage officers into his confidence?"

"Now, Hal, don't sit on me. You know I don't mean anything of that sort. Didn't he let slip any remark that signified anything?"

"Yes," said Harold, slowly, "he did."

"What was it?"

"I can't tell you; he cautioned me to keep my counsel."

"But surely you won't keep it from me!"

"I must, George. You wouldn't respect me if I didn't."

George knew in his heart that this was true; but it did seem hard to him that his friend should know more about the secrets of the fleet than he did.

"I suppose you're right, Hal," he said, mournfully.

"Oh, I say, don't be so sad, Georgie," said Hal, smiling.

"Perhaps his words didn't mean so very much, you know."

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 724.

"Well, I don't believe that meeting aboard the flag-ship was held just to talk about the weather. My! but I can't help feeling excited inside. I'm sure—"

His words were cut short by the sudden burst upon the air of a long shrill piping from several whistles at once. The two boys sprang to their feet, and looked intently at one another as they waited to hear what words would follow. The whistles ceased, and a sonorous bass voice cried, "All-l-l hands, clear ship for action!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

WAS IT ONLY A DRILL?

"GRACIOUS!" exclaimed George. "That means business!"

"Don't stop to talk," said Harold. "Let's get to our stations."

"And I must get my sword."

In a few moments the two boys were aboard the ship properly accounted, and at their posts. When the order is given to clear ship for action the officers and crew assemble in the parts of the ship to which they are assigned by the general station bill. As the boys clambered aboard they heard the whole interior of the steel hull resounding with the rapid tread of feet, and though absolute silence is required at such times, it would have been strange if Jacky had not muttered a few complaints about a "bloom-in' moonlight picnic when I ort to be doin' forty winks in my hammock." But the discipline of the crew was too good to permit such remarks to be made loudly, and as a rule the men sprang to their stations with alacrity. As the boys hastened to their places they noted that Commander Brownson and Mr. Crane, the Executive Officer, were on the bridge, the former with his watch in his hand.

"Going to see how long it takes to do the trick," thought George.

The men attached to the navigator's division were as busy as bees. Indeed, all hands were hard at it. In the first place the steam-launch and the other two boats that were in the water had to be hoisted up. The sharp piping of the boatswain's whistle urged the men at the falls to put their strength into their work, and with much rattling and groaning of blocks the boats rose to their places, where they had to be secured by the gripes and with extra lashings as if the *Detroit* were bound to sea.

"In with those boat booms," said the boatswain.

Some jumped to let go the forward guys, others to haul away on the after-braces, and others to attend to the topping lift-tackle. The lively fellows stationed in the tops sprang aloft with the activity of cats. Those in the foretop speedily rigged a couple of quarter-lifts on the signal yard, so that it should not fall down on deck and injure some one if it were shot away. Then the same hands set to work to sling the fore-gaff in extra chains, with the same object in view. The main-gaff was similarly supported.

"Now, then, shake a leg there," said Harold, who was assisting the officer of the forecabin. "Clear away all that spare stuff."

The willing tars jumped about with celerity at their work.

"Mr. King," said the officer of the forecabin.

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Give special attention to the ground-tackle, and see all in perfect order."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the boy.

"Don't forget to get the fish-davit out of the way."

"No, sir."

Every nook and corner had to be cleared of odd articles lying about loose, for such things would prove to be in the way when the time for fighting came. Of course

the men aboard the *Detroit* were not dreaming of fighting. It is no uncommon thing for a Captain to turn his crew out, call them to quarters, load and fire the battery, even at sea, in the middle of the night. In fact, he is required to do this at stated periods to test the efficiency of his crew. This is what the men of the *Detroit* supposed was about to happen, though some of them suspected that there was something beneath all this, and none of them could see just how the firing part of the drill could be accomplished in the harbor.

"I s'pose it'll be up 'killick' an' git to sea in the mid-watch," said one old growler.

"Werry good," answered the philosophical Peter; "if them's the orders, we ups it an' we gits."

"But wot's the use?" continued the grumbler.

"Mos'ly fur to see," answered Peter, "whether it are the ossifers or the men wot's a-runnin' this 'ere ship."

"Waal, I think it's all nonsense."

"Keep quiet there, and mind your eye," said George, who had just come up.

"Bloomin' young popinjay," muttered the man under his breath.

The quarter-deck awning had been taken down, and George was having it carefully rolled around the steam-launch, the purpose being to prevent splinters flying in case she was hit by a shot. In drills aboard a man-of-war everything is done just as it would be in case of a real action. Awning stanchions were taken down, and also boat davits, where they could be spared, and stowed below. The pumps were rigged ready to do what they could toward keeping the water out of the ship if her side were pierced. A thousand and one things had to be done, it seemed, to remove every object that could possibly interfere with the effective working of the guns, and to secure everything that might get adrift in the course of an engagement. The men, however, had been well drilled, the petty officers knew their business, and the cadets were intelligent and thoroughly trained. In a few minutes over half an hour the *Detroit* had assumed the appearance of a man who has taken off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. Down in the fire-room there was considerable work yet going on, for clearing ship for action embraces getting up steam, and there had been no fires in the *Detroit's* furnaces for some time, so that the boilers were cold. When all on deck and between decks was reported ready the commanding officer, accompanied by the Executive and the Navigator, made a tour of inspection. Little indeed was there that could escape the experienced eye of the veteran Brownson; but both our young friends won his silent approval of the thoroughness with which their work had been done. The Commander's gaze was searching and businesslike, but he was too old a lover of the sea not to note the picturesque features of the scene. The dim light of the newly risen moon fell in a slanting flood of yellow through the sparse rigging, and made a thousand strange and mystic shadows on the deck. It threw into sharp relief the sturdy forms of the crew as they mustered at their stations in their white working suits. It lit up the polished backs of the guns with half-toned splashes of light, and twinkled softly along the fire-rails at the foot of the masts. Not a sound was heard, except the footfalls of the inspecting officers and the musical babble of the tide around the ship's forefoot. The Captain and his aids passed below to see that the magazines and engine-rooms and other interior parts of the ship had been made ready according to routine. A considerable time elapsed, and those on the spar-deck knew that the inspection was being made most thoroughly. When the officers returned they paused before the cabin-door and conversed for a few moments in low tones. Then the Executive Officer and the Navigator saluted as the Captain passed into his cabin.

"Pipe down," said Mr. Crane.



"WAS IT ONLY A DRILL?"

The shrill whistle of the boatswain once more broke the silence, its strident tones this time ordering the ship's company to quit stations and go below. Once more the decks echoed with the confused trampling of feet, and all hands except the anchor-watch tumbled down the hatchways. Once between decks the members of the crew commented on the evening's exercises in their own characteristic ways.

"Blow me fur pickles," said one old shell-back, "ef that there ain't the fust time I ever seed clearin' ship done in harbor in the fust watch jes fur fun."

"Er anny other way, either, ole blow-hard," said Peter.

"You never seed no ship cleared fur real action."

"Waal, leastways I'm pertikler glad," said the first speaker, "that we didn't get no orders to secure."

"We'll have to do't in the mornin'-watch," said another.

"W'ich the same I don't think," muttered Peter, under his breath.

All conversation among the bluejackets was cut short by the mellow notes of the bugle sounding the tattoo. The silence of night settled down over the ship, and Jacky, accustomed to taking things as they come, speedily passed into the happy unconsciousness of a dream-land which was one wide garden of tobacco plants watered with grog. On deck the men in the anchor-watch continued to discuss the evening's work in low tones, and the officer of the deck paced up and down in a thoughtful mood. Our two young friends were about to turn in, when a messenger entered the room and said that the First Lieutenant would like to see Mr. King on deck. The boy went at once, and Mr. Crane said to him, "Mr. King, I want you to undertake a rather ticklish job."

"Very good, sir," said Harold, quietly.

"You are to go in a boat unarmed and reconnoitre the disposition of the rebel fleet. You are to make no

resistance if attacked, but are to escape, of course, if you can. What you are to try most earnestly to do is to avoid detection."

"Very good, sir."

"If you wish any assistance you may have it, but it must be a cadet. Officers can't be spared just now."

"I don't know that I need any help, sir, but I'd like to take Mr. Briscoe with me, and Peter Morris for cockswain."

The request was granted, and in a few minutes the five-oared whale-boat with muffled oars was moving silently away from the ship. The night had become cloudy, and was intensely dark. Under Harold's direction the whale-boat proceeded to a point above the anchorage of the insurgent war-ships. The tide was ebbing, and the boat decided to drift down with it, pulling a stroke only when absolutely necessary. The plan

was successful. In deep silence the boat with its eight occupants drifted down among the vessels, and Harold's trained eye noted that every one of them was in readiness for an early move. Yet their lookouts seemed singularly inattentive, for the whale-boat was not discovered. At last they were under the bow of the *Trajano*, and George incautiously remarked,

"This beats the deck!"

Instantly a rough voice shouted something in Portuguese from the fore-castle deck, and a rifle was discharged, the bullet passing through the boat's rail.

"Give 'way!" commanded Harold, in a low sharp tone.

The tars bent to the oars, and their boat shot out into the bay. But the *Trajano's* lightest pulling boat was in the water, and as the whale-boat moved off Peter caught sight of dark forms tumbling into her.

"They're after us, sir," he said.

"Pull heartily, lads," said Hal.

"Here they come right astarn," said Peter.

All hands were silent for a few minutes.

"Do they gain?" asked Hal.

"I don't think so, sir," said Peter. "It are so werry dark I can hardly tell. But I reckon we ain't a-gainin' either."

Snap! The bow-oar broke off just above the blade. The other four men pulled all the harder.

"That's no good," said Hal. "Hard a-starboard, Peter."

"Hard a-starboard it is, sir," said the cockswain.

After a dozen strokes had been pulled Harold ordered, "Oars!"

The men ceased rowing, and at the boy's order all hands huddled at the bottom of the boat. The ruse was successful. The cockswain of the Brazilian boat lost track of them in the darkness, and continued to steer straight ahead.

"They're a-passin'! they're a-passin'!" muttered Peter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SOLOMON" OF LONELY PINES.

BY RICHARD BARRY.

UNCLE PETER stopped one morning at the Edsons' front gate. He carried a basket on his arm, and was talking out loud. Uncle Peter always talked to himself as if he were trying to convince some one else.

"Yas, sah," he said, "I knows dem chillun 'll be jes tickled mos' ter def." He closed the gate after him, and then lifted the lid of the basket. "Yas, sah," he added, "yo' heah me talkin'; jes tickled mos' ter def."

Some one hailed him from a window that opened out on the veranda. "Hello, Uncle Peter!" shouted the voice. "What have you got there?"

"Howdy, young marster, howdy," replied the old man, placing the basket on the ground, and putting his foot on the lid. "Come out hyar, and I'll sho' yo' all sumpfin."

In a moment three young figures darted out of the open front door, and crowded about Uncle Peter, who bowed to each one, and then pointed with his long black finger, and asked, impressively, "Wha-whad yo' all s'pose I's brung in dish yer basket?"

"A rabbit?" said Gracie.

"No, missy," replied the old man; "'tain't no rabbit."

A faint squeak came from under Uncle Peter's foot.

"It's alive, whatever it is," broke in Harry. "Let's have a peep, Uncle Peter."

"I's got sumpfin hyar," continued the old man, "dat's mentioned in de Bible."

"What is it?" chorussed the three voices.

For answer the old man bent over and lifted the lid. There was the oddest, fluffiest little ball of yellow fur you ever saw. It made a clumsy effort to climb out over the edge of the deep basket, only to fall back and roll over puppylike on its feet again. It was a tiny baby fox.

"Jerus'lem and Eli done dug him outen de bank yander yander dis mawnin'," said Uncle Peter, "an' seein' yo' all took sech a pow'ful fancy fo' Brabus, I 'lowed yo'd like ter 'dopt dis yer orfen—seein' he 'ain't got no home."

"What will we call him?" asked Gracie.

"I dunno," replied Uncle Peter. "Might call him mos' anythin', I reckon. I spect as Solomon 'd be a good name." And "Solomon" he was named forthwith. Now "Brabus" was a 'coon that had been adopted on a recommendation of Uncle Peter almost a year previous to the presentation of "Solomon." His cognomen was a suggestion of Uncle Peter also, and he was as interesting a thief as any 'coon that ever sported an inquisitive nose and a striped tail. At present "Brabus" was confined by a long chain to an old box back of the horse-shed.

For a few days Solomon's life hung in the balance, and if it had not been for the care that was lavished upon him by his three little guardians this story would never have been written. When once Solomon obtained a foothold on existence, however, his sharp little teeth began to be painfully apparent in his kittenish play, and he developed as strongly marked characteristics as Brother Brabus.

At first the two pets did not get on very well in each other's society, and were confined by two chains to the improvised kennels which had been built for them back of the chicken-house. It was a very funny sight to see them stretch their chains and face one another at the distance of a few feet. But Brabus had discovered something. If there was anything he could not reach with his front paws, he would turn around and extend his little hind feet just like a monkey, and thus gain a longer reach. To make them more friendly the children

had placed the platters from which they were fed quite close together, and Brabus had found out that by executing a sudden "about, face," and making one grab with his back paw, he could secure a good part of Solomon's dinner.

Mrs. Edson, in fact the whole family 'were very fond of their chickens. Grandpa had sent them down what he called a "clutch of eggs" from New England, which had turned into great flat-footed Cochins, with feathered legs, and an awkward sort of dignity. Some other eggs had developed into a species of chicken quite rare in the South—"top-knots" they are called, for their feathers parted on the top of their heads like chrysanthemums. About the time that the Cochins-Chinas were trying to crow, and their voices were changing from an uncertain treble to a melodious barytone, Solomon began to look guilty when the children visited him in the morning. Brabus assumed an air of indifference, and had stopped stealing Solomon's dinner. Their appetites seemed to have fallen off, and yet each looked sleek and happy. Strange to say, a few of the Cochins-Chinas had disappeared, and only three or four of the topknots were left to air their individuality in the chicken-yard. Of course it seems that any right-minded chicken would have sense enough to keep away from a real live fox or, for that matter, from a real live 'coon, and the idea of anything being foolish enough to deliberately walk into the jaws of death was contrary to the laws of nature, thought Mr. Edson. Besides, they had never seen any traces of forbidden feasts about the kennels. So they gave Brabus and Solomon the benefit of the doubt. One day, however, Solomon looked more suspicious than ever, and two or three little feathers were seen about the corners of his mouth. Brabus pretended to be asleep, though in talking it over afterwards Harry insisted that he had winked at Solomon when Gracie put down the scraps. The



"PLEASE DON'T COME IN....SOLOMON'S IN HERE."

chains by this time had been lengthened, and they both fed amicably together. But they were growing fastidious; they turned up their noses at bits of bread; they refused ginger-snaps, and even a soup-bone was left untouched.

It was about this time that the plotters were discovered. Harry, coming about the corner of the chicken-yard, was impressed by the queer actions of little "Bre'r Coon"; he lay on the ground at the full length of his chain, huddled up in the dust, for all the world like an old hen. Strutting near him were a number of unconscious chickens, scattering dirt aimlessly about and clucking noisily, as chickens will do to amuse themselves, and to fool all other chickens into thinking they are having a good time. Suddenly one young broiler strutted near the quite dusty gray-brown figure; there was a sudden start, a squeak, and the little rooster dodged; Barbus had missed him. But evidently the little rooster had forgotten all about Solomon, for with a frightened little squall he came inside the fatal circle; there was a spring, a flutter of feathers, and Solomon had him. Barbus, discomfited, lay down again, and only the tip of Solomon's tail could be seen at the door of the kennel. But what a sight there was when Harry looked inside into the corner of the big packing boxes which served as shelter for the two bandits! Bones, chicken feathers, legs—all the evidences of previous feasts were there. But why not on the outside? That's the question that is still unanswered. Barbus may have put Solomon up to the trick, or Solomon have taught it to the little striped tail; but which of the two was the instigator has never been found out. Perhaps it was because there were other bones lying around and plenty of feathers that the crimes had not attracted attention before; but, nevertheless, almost all of the Cochins and topknots were accounted for in the hidden evidences of the previous orgies. So the two villains were walled off from temptation by a fence of iron netting.

Now Solomon had grown up; he was no longer a pet, and if it had not been for the children's interceding he would probably have made a nice floor rug for the little room where Mrs. Edson kept the parlor melodeon. It may have been that Solomon detected this half-formed resolution in the eye of the Rev. Edson one day when he had strolled back into the chicken-yard; but, at any rate, the next morning he was gone. He had snapped the chain off close to the collar, taken one more Cochinchina along, and had departed.

Brabus was disconsolate; but he made believe that he had known nothing about the affair, and affected surprise at Solomon's absence. To tell the truth, even the little Edsons were relieved to find that they had no longer to make excuses for the latter's short-comings and for Brabus's over-reachings, for three or four days after that Brabus died—of a "broken heart." Gracie had insisted, but really from the effects of getting his collar caught in the twisted chain, and mistaking his right paw for his left when he tried to unwind himself. Of course suicide may be hinted at in this case, but Brabus I do think had no intention of cutting short a rather easy existence.

Two or three months had gone by. The Virginia scenery was growing very desolate; the leaves had fallen from the oak-trees or rattled stiffly on the half-bare branches; a slight fall of snow had melted under the hot sun, the roads were muddy, and winter had set in. It was not the winter of the North, but a Virginia winter. It was not too cold, and the colored people were still cheerful and happy. The year had been a good one for the cotton crop, game had been plentiful, and it is always best to be contented. But, as I have said before, there was a great deal of sameness at Lonely Pines, and the children found this to bear rather heavily

on them. Christmas, of course, had helped to break the monotony; there were new dolls, new books, and a small rifle for Henry; and New-Year's day had come along in the course of events, as New-Year's day does always come, with a shock of surprise and a strange-looking date. But this New-Year's day the little Edsons will never forget. The sameness was broken, and they went through a real adventure.

Late in the afternoon on the 1st of January, the baying of hounds was heard stealing up on the crisp clear air; nearer it came, and nearer, now and then faint, now and then louder, but always nearer.

"It's de Holly boys," said old Uncle Peter, who had stopped to chat with the little Edsons; "and dey're heading up de creek shure 'nuff; dey'll cross the medder over yander jes whar dose old stumps are; you hear me talk?"

He hobbled down the road, and the children climbed upon the fence and listened. It was very plain now; they could almost hear the individual voices of the hounds, when suddenly, out from the old field, just where the two stumps showed black above the cotton stalks, appeared a reddish-gray shape that slunk along close to the fence, then darted out across the field. It was a fox. His tail was sweeping the ground, and even from where the children sat they could see his long red tongue dangling from the corner of his mouth; he was very tired—poor Mr. Reynard—and the hounds were close upon him. He cast a glance over his shoulder, turned short about, skirted along a thicket of brambles, and came directly toward the yard. Just then the first hound jumped into sight, and after him another, and then another, until the whole pack crossed the field; beyond them could be seen the bobbing heads of a few horses and the lifting shoulders of the riders as they cleared the fences. But what was this! the poor hunted creature was headed directly toward them, and Harry had jumped from his position.

"Gracie!" he shouted, "it's Solomon! it's Solomon!"

Sure enough; around the fox's neck was a worn leather collar with brass nail-heads encircling it, and a little bit of dangling chain.

"Solomon!" he shouted, and the fox kept straight ahead.

He jumped the fence into the yard, within a few feet of the children, and they trotted alongside of him as he turned behind the house; he was too tired to show any recognition. He was heading for his kennel; but wher he got there—not like old Mother Hubbard's dog, "the cupboard was bare"—the kennel was gone! Despair showed in every line of poor Solomon's face. The dogs were almost in the yard, when, with a sudden impulse, Harry clutched the tired fox by the collar, and with the two little girls, dragged him inside the door of the chicken-house, not a moment too soon, for the foremost hound rounded the corner of the shed and almost squeezed through the crack. Harry threw his weight upon the door and succeeded in closing it. Lola began to cry, and Gracie appeared frightened; the chickens flew all around their heads; they squalled and shrieked and lost all presence of mind, as chickens will, and outside the dogs bayed and howled as if they had treed their game at last, and were balked and felt mad about it. Solomon lay upon the ground, panting so hard that he rocked back and forth very much the way a very ambitious little fire-engine does when called upon to do its best. Pretty soon voices and a few sharp yelps were heard outside, and a man with a whip came up and tried the door.

"Hello!" he said.

"Please don't come in," said three pleading voices. "Solomon's in here."

A laugh was the answer, and the other voices joined. After some explanation the dogs were withdrawn, and Solomon, looking very crest-fallen and tired, was released

and told to go. This he refused to do for some time. Finally he did leave, however, but it must be confessed that he did so quite reluctantly, and after having a rest of three or four hours, he trotted off, glancing now and then over his shoulder as if he expected a word to bring him back.

Three weeks had passed and he made his party call. He did not leave any word for the family, but a fine black topknot went off with him. Of course the Edsons could never be sure of this, and the only reason for supposing that he took the topknot was that the next week Jerusalem, Uncle Peter's boy, shot a fox who was making off with a Cochin-China, and if a Cochin-China, why not a topknot? The fox had a collar around his neck. Poor Solomon was not wise in his generation.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TODDLES.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER III.

TOMMY TODDLES and his companion, the Sheep, had advanced but a short distance into the woods when the little boy thought he heard some one laughing very loud and heartily, apparently at no great distance from them. He paused a moment to listen, and when the sounds of laughter were repeated he touched the Sheep on the shoulder and they both stopped.

"Did you hear that?" said Tommy.

"Yes."

"Some one is laughing; let's go and ask about the animals."

"Don't ask *him*," exclaimed the Sheep in a tone of deep scorn; "*he* wouldn't know."

"Why, who is it?" asked the little boy.

"That's the Loon. He's crazy," and the Sheep started on down the road again.

"But he might have seen the animals even if he is crazy," persisted Tommy. "Let us go and ask him, anyway."

The Sheep asserted that this would be an utterly useless proceeding and an absolute waste of time; but Tommy finally persuaded him to make the attempt at least, and so they turned off from the main road and plunged into a thicket out of which the sounds of laughter appeared to come. As they broke their way through the bushes the noise of the Loon's laughter grew plainer and plainer. Presently the thick growth of underbrush opened up into a sort of clearing surrounded by tall trees, and reaching down on the further side to the edge of a lake. Near the shore stood the Loon, and when Tommy first caught sight of him he thought he was the most solemn-looking bird he had ever seen. He was standing beside a tree trunk which looked very much like a butcher's block, and every few minutes he placed some imaginary or invisible object on the top of the trunk, and then struck it vigorously with a large hammer which he held. After every blow the Loon lifted up his head and laughed as if there had never been anything so funny.

"You see, he's crazy," said the Sheep, deprecatingly.

"What is he doing?" asked Tommy.

"I'm sure I don't know; he's just crazy."

"Well, you ask him if he has seen the animals," for by this time the two had approached quite close to the Loon, who, however, seemed to be quite unconscious of their presence.

"Ba-ah!" said the Sheep.

"Quack!" said the Loon.

"How d'y'e do?" said Tommy.

And then the Loon brought his hammer down hard on the block and laughed as though his sides would split.

"Have you seen the animals?" asked the Sheep.

"No," answered the Loon, briefly, and then he pounded the block again.

After the laughter had subsided, Tommy spoke. "Have not you seen my animals go by here, Mr. Loon?"

"Not an animal," responded the bird. "I have been too busy."

"What are you doing?" asked Tommy.

"Can't you see what I'm doing?" snapped the Loon; "I'm cracking jokes," and he brought the hammer down once more with a vigorous blow.

"Cracking jokes?" repeated Tommy, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes—cracking jokes."

"But where are the jokes?"

"The jokes are on the block," replied the Loon.

"I don't see any jokes," and Tommy looked closely at the beaten top of the tree trunk.

"I did not suppose you could," retorted the Loon. "You are as stupid as all the rest. No one ever sees my jokes." Whereupon he rapped the block again and fairly shrieked with merriment.

"He is crazy," said Tommy, turning to the Sheep.

"I told you so," answered the latter, triumphantly. "Let us leave him alone with his jokes, and go up to the head of the lake. They'll know up there."

They did not even say good-by to the Loon as they made their way out of the clearing, for the bird was not paying any attention to them. They turned into a narrow path that led off in the direction of the lake, and then followed along the shore. It was a very pretty lake, with trees growing down close to the water, and Tommy wondered that he and his Uncle Dick had never discovered it before. As they trudged along, jumping over fallen logs now and then, they could hear the Loon's laughs growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

Presently they came to a low point of land that jutted out into the water, and when they had walked out to the end of it Tommy noticed a queer-looking building standing in an open space about a quarter of a mile away at the head of the lake. It was a two-story house with a shingled roof, and any quantity of windows in the sides. The most peculiar thing, however, was that the side of the house fronting the lake was painted white, and one end of the building was painted blue, and the other end was painted red. The little boy, of course, could not see the fourth side, and he wondered what color that was. He looked at the strange building as they advanced, and in a few moments said to the Sheep,

"What is that house?"

"The Poor House," answered the Sheep.

"I never knew of a Poor House around here," said Tommy, as he gazed at the queer structure. "Is there any one in it?"

"Only two poor people," answered his companion, "but they are both *very* poor."

"Who are they?"

"One is an ex-Pirate, and the other is a Reformed Burglar."

"A Pirate and a Burglar?" exclaimed Tommy. "I did not know there were any more pirates."

"There aren't," replied the Sheep, testily. "I said an ex-Pirate. He was driven out of the business."

Tommy was a little abashed by the Sheep's tone, but after a brief pause he resumed,

"Is he a *real* Pirate?"

"He was," answered the Sheep.

"And what does he do now?" continued the little boy.

"He is very poor now."

"I thought all pirates got rich," persisted Tommy.

"They did. Some got rich and some got killed. This Pirate got rich."

"But you just said he was poor," objected the little boy.

"He is *now*," answered the Sheep. "You see, when things got into such a state that the pirate business was no longer profitable, this one sold his ship and all his hidden gold and retired. Then he started in to write poetry, and now he's in the Poor House."

Tommy could not quite follow this explanation, but he thought it must be all right, and as they walked along he tried, although without any very gratifying success, to think it out. After a while he said,

"Does the ex-Pirate still write poetry?"

"Yes," answered the Sheep, "but he's so poor now that it does not make any difference."

"And the Burglar?" asked Tommy.

"Oh, he's very good now; he has reformed entirely."

"Does not he steal any more?"

"No. And, besides, there is nothing to steal at the Poor House."

"What does he do then?"

"He does not do anything but paint the Poor House. Since his reform he has become a good man and a patriotic citizen, and so he paints the house red, white, and blue. He paints one side every day, so that every fourth day the sides have a different color."

"He must use an awful lot of paint," thought Tommy. But by this time the two had gotten almost up to the house, and the



"HE IS CRAZY," SAID TOMMY.

little boy could see the Reformed Burglar in a pair of overalls, with a pot of red paint in his hand, painting one end of the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE RED BOOK.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER V.

BERTHA'S news spread like wildfire among the girls, making them quite forget the wig episode, and at school the next day almost every one knew it but Eleanor herself. Madge was approached upon the subject, and asked if it were true. She could not deny the story, and of course, in consequence, the report gained ground, and soon became an accepted fact, but as yet Eleanor had no suspicion of what was being said.

The 18th of April was Madge's birthday, and she was to celebrate it as usual by giving a party. No sooner, therefore, were the theatricals a thing of the past than the party came to the front as a matter of interest and excitement.

The invitations were most mysteriously worded:

"Miss Margaret Barnes requests the pleasure of your company at an Arbutus Party, Saturday, April the eighteenth, at three o'clock.

"Ride and Tie." Walking dress.

"R. S. V. P."

What could it be? Always before this Madge had given an ordinary party, at which they all danced on the lawn, ate ice-cream, and enjoyed themselves in a commonplace though delightful manner. Of course this must mean that they were to go in search of the trailing

arbutus that grew in profusion about five miles from Durham. But "Ride and Tie!" What did those mystic words signify?

The invitations came out a day or two after the theatricals, and for the moment speculation ceased about Mrs. Rogers and Eleanor, and that about the party took its place. But all the questions in the world could not drag from Madge any clew to the meaning of "Ride and Tie," and Eleanor, who was in the secret, was equally obdurate.

At last the wished-for Saturday arrived, and fortunately it dawned bright and clear. The spring sun was warm, but there was a delicious breeze and a freshness in the air that made it a joy to be out of doors.

Saturday morning was Eleanor's favorite time of the whole week, for her mother was at home then, and they could

enjoy the rare pleasure of being together. They were sitting in the little library, the windows of which commanded the view across the valley, for the house was on a hill, as most of the Durham houses were. Mrs. Rogers was sewing, and Eleanor was on a low stool at her feet, idly looking out of the window as she leaned against her mother's knee.

"All the girls are furious with Bertha for pulling off my wig, mamma," she said, presently. "I wonder what makes her act so to me? We used to be good enough friends."

"I am afraid it is jealousy, Eleanor. Bertha needs a friend very much, and she probably thinks that you monopolize Madge."

"But Madge and I have always been friends."

"I know, dear, but I think you could be kinder to Bertha if you were to try. She knows that you and Madge take her up and drop her just as it happens to please you, and she resents it, I suppose, and as she wants to be intimate with Madge especially, she visits her displeasure on you. I think you should remember that Bertha has had a sad life, poor child! It is very hard for a girl to be left without a mother."

"I know that, dear, darling mamma," said Eleanor, hugging her mother as she spoke. "We ought to be kinder to Bertha for that reason, if nothing else. What should I do if I had no mother! Why, mamma, it makes me ache all over just to think of it. But Bertha seems to have something on her mind about me, she looks at me so strangely, and several times she and some of the others have been talking together and stopped as soon as I joined them, just as if they were about me. And yet I know they were all very mad about the wig, for they all told me so."

"Probably you imagined that they were talking about you. I thought so myself the other day when I went into the literature class a few minutes earlier than usual. They had all been talking very fast, and suddenly stopped

short, but I suppose it was merely because they were surprised to see me so early."

"I wonder where that boy is going?" said Eleanor, presently. "I have been watching him all along Deane Street, and now he has turned the corner and is coming up this way."

"You have a great deal of village curiosity, my dear child," said her mother, laughing. "Fancy wanting to know the object of every boy who chances to stray past the house!"

"But I have a feeling about that boy," persisted Eleanor. "From the moment I caught sight of him I grew interested in him, and, yes, mamma, he is turning in here, and he has a book and a letter in his hand. It is a telegram, mamma!"

Mrs. Rogers started from her chair. "A telegram! I trust it is not bad news. Run, Eleanor, and get it!"

With trembling fingers she tore open the envelope.

"Your Grandmother Rogers is very ill," she said, "and they have sent for me to come. I must go at once, Eleanor. Come, help me to get ready."

"Shall I give up the party?" asked Eleanor, as she flew about, packing her mother's bag, and getting out her bonnet.

"No, it does not seem necessary for you to do that. I should be sorry to deprive you of it. You will be lonely enough, dear, I am afraid. You might spend to-night at Mrs. Barnes's, if she would like to have you, and ask Madge to come here to-morrow night. Old Catherine will take care of you, and I know I can trust you. I hope to get back Monday. But you must send word to my classes, Eleanor, that I am called away, and cannot tell when I shall return. What o'clock is it now? Eleven, and I shall just have time to make the eleven-fifteen to town, and get the twelve-o'clock train to Baltimore. I think there is one then. Good-by, darling! Take good care of yourself."

"Oh, mamma, how I hate to have you leave me!" cried Eleanor, as she threw her arms about her mother. "It seems as if the world were coming to an end when you go away from me."

And then Mrs. Rogers hurried off, and Eleanor was left to make the best of the matter. First she wrote the notes to the various classes, cancelling her mother's engagements. Although so young, Eleanor knew all about Mrs. Rogers's business affairs, for the two had grown to depend very much upon each other, and she was quite equal now to the emergency, and knew just what to do.

Then she went to see Madge, to tell her of her mother's unexpected departure, and to ask if she might spend the night there after the party. To this Mrs. Barnes and Madge agreed with pleasure, and then Eleanor, declining their invitation to luncheon, went home again to prepare for the afternoon.

It seemed very strange without her mother, for although she was away so much, to-day it had a very different feeling. Eleanor supposed it was because it was Saturday, and on that day she and her mother were always together.

Whatever the reason, she felt very lonely. She was sorry, too, about her grandmother. She wondered if she were going to die. And oh, how she did hope that nothing would prevent her mother from returning on Monday!

At three o'clock fifteen boys and girls had assembled on Mrs. Barnes's broad piazza. Presently Madge produced a little covered basket, from which floated narrow ribbons of various colors, each with a little silver pin stuck through it.

"Choose your favorite color," she said to them all, "and learn your fate."

This was most exciting, and when the ribbons were chosen and drawn forth a card was found attached to the

other end, with a sprig of arbutus daintily painted upon one corner, and a little pen-and-ink sketch in the centre.

Upon examination the drawings upon the various cards were found to consist of only two varieties. They represented either a funny old-fashioned chaise, with two people driving in it, in quaint hat and sunbonnet, or the same two people were depicted as walking, leaving the horse and chaise tied to a tree.

Of course there was a vast amount of curiosity as to what these pictures signified, and Ruth Barnes explained the matter.

"In old times," she said, "it was the custom, when several people had a long road to travel, and only one horse to ride or one buggy to drive in, for one to start off first on the horse, ride a certain distance, and then tie him and walk on. The other person would walk until he came to the nag, mount him and ride, pass his friend, and then in turn leave the horse tied for the friend to take. It was called 'ride and tie.' So this afternoon we are going to do very much the same thing. We thought a ten-mile walk would be almost too much to attempt, so we are going in a three-seated carriage. Those who chose cards that have the people in the buggy drawn upon them will be the first to drive, while those with the people walking will have to go on foot until they come up with the carriage."



"IT ISN'T TRUE. THERE'S NOT A WORD OF TRUTH IN IT."

Every one thought this the most perfect and the most novel idea that had ever been heard of. At this moment a large three-seated vehicle from the livery-stable, drawn by Mrs. Barnes's handsome horses, came up to the door, and then there was a general rush to see who were to be the first to drive.

It was found that Eleanor, Bertha, May Brewster, and Grace Adams were the girls, while four of the boys filled the remaining seats. Ruth and Madge Barnes were both of the walking party.

After strict injunctions to Thomas, the coachman, that he was not to drive beyond a certain distance, the carriage started, the walking party cheering them as they drove off, and presently they themselves set out, each with the pretty card pinned to the shoulder by the little silver pin.

Madge was sorry that Eleanor and Bertha were of the same party. But nothing could be done about it, and she was obliged to content herself with squeezing Eleanor's hand and whispering, "Don't mind anything Bertha says!"

Bertha could not hear the words, but she saw the action, and in consequence all her ire against Eleanor was again stirred, while Eleanor, remembering her mother's words, determined to be as nice as possible to Bertha.

It did not take long to drive the mile and a half that had been fixed as the limit, and then they all jumped out, leaving Thomas and the horses drawn up in the shade at one side of the road to wait for the others, while they walked on towards "Hanging Rock," the name of the hill where the finest arbutus of the country was to be found.

It did not add to Bertha's pleasure to find that on the road the boys openly showed their preference for Eleanor's society by walking entirely with her and May Brewster, leaving Bertha and Grace Adams, a quiet girl of fifteen, quite to themselves. Eleanor tried to have it otherwise, but was unsuccessful. Two of the boys would fall back and join Bertha and Grace, only to leave them again, and hurry forward to hear the latest joke at every burst of laughter from the group in front.

Presently Ned Brewster, with the air of one who was trying to do his duty, came back and walked with Bertha and Grace.

"Why don't you two girls walk a little faster?" he said. "Then we might all keep together."

"Oh, don't worry about us!" replied Bertha. "We don't mind walking alone. Do we, Grace? Go back to the popular orphan."

"What under the sun do you mean?" asked Ned.

"Haven't you heard the news? Don't you know about Eleanor Rogers?—or rather she isn't Eleanor Rogers at all."

"I'd like to know what you're talking about!" said Ned, somewhat roughly. "I hate mysteries."

"Not much mystery about this now, because it's all been found out."

"But you don't know whether it's really true, do you, Bertha?" put in Grace, shyly.

"I do know it!" returned Bertha, angrily. "Do you suppose I would say it if it were not really true? You must think I am a nice kind of a person?"

"But what is it?" persisted Ned.

"Only that Eleanor is not really Mrs. Rogers's daughter at all. She is adopted, and she came from an orphan asylum."

"Pshaw! I don't believe a word of it."

"That does not alter the facts," replied Bertha, grandly.

"And even if it is true, what's the harm? Just as good things come out of orphan asylums as anywhere else. In fact, in this case they are better."

"That is a matter of taste," said Bertha. "But the worst of it is the hypocrisy of it. Think of Mrs. Rogers

and Eleanor pretending things that are not really true!"

"Where did you hear it?" asked Ned, after a pause.

"Never mind! But from very good authority. You would think the very best," said Bertha, meaningly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, I fancy your mother knows more about it than she chooses to tell."

"Probably she does, if it is true, for she and Mrs. Rogers are such old friends, but mother is away, and I can't ask her. She has never said a word about it, and I don't believe it's meant to be talked about. I'd like to know where you got the information from. Not from her, I bet! And I'll tell you another thing, Bertha. It's a pretty mean trick for you to be spreading it round if Mrs. Rogers and Eleanor want it kept a secret."

"Eleanor! Why, she doesn't know anything about it."

"She doesn't! Then you're worse even than I thought."

Bertha stopped in the road and made a courtesy. "Thanks for the compliment, Mr. Brewster!"

"What are you doing, Bertha?" cried Eleanor, merrily, looking around just at this moment. "Here is the carriage waiting for us, and it is our turn to drive again."

They all got in, and the conversation became general, but Ned Brewster was very thoughtful, and he made up his mind that he would not again sacrifice his own inclinations by walking with Bertha Weld.

So it went on, turn and turn about, until the whole party had reached the foot of Hanging Rock, where they were to join forces. Then the search for arbutus began, and great was the joy of the first to find the delicate little flower hidden away under the broad tough leaves.

It was very luxuriant this spring, but with so many searchers it did not take long to gather all that there was, and then the party sat and rested while a large basket was lifted from beneath the seat of the carriage, and a tempting array of sandwiches and fruit was disclosed to view.

After this the cards were collected again, and each person made a new choice, that the party might be divided differently on the way home. This time Bertha and Eleanor were not together, and neither was especially sorry.

On their return to the house a delicious supper was found awaiting the hungry boys and girls, and afterwards they played games, danced, and had, as May Brewster expressed it, "the most perfect of all the perfect times they had ever had at Madge's perfect party."

It was almost time to go home. Eleanor had been asked by Mrs. Barnes to close a certain window in a little room that opened from the library. She stood a moment behind the curtain—it was a small bay-window, and the drapery made a recess within—looking across the valley as it lay bathed in the moonlight.

"How lovely it is," she thought; "and what a good time I have had! If only mamma were at home that I might tell her all about it! It seems so long to wait until Monday."

She was just turning away to go back into the room, when she heard her own name mentioned by some one on the other side of the curtain. It was Ned Brewster's voice.

"Are you sure Eleanor doesn't know anything about it?"

"No, she doesn't. I think she ought to be told what a deceiver her mother is, or, rather, Mrs. Rogers, for she's not her mother."

It was Bertha who replied: "Well, I advise you not to be the one to tell her. It would kill her to know it. I don't believe it, anyhow. If mother were only at home

"I'd ask her about it. For my part I don't believe there is a word of truth in it."

For a moment Eleanor stood still. She felt as if she had turned into stone and could not move. Then, without a word, she stepped out and confronted them.

Bertha gave a little scream. Eleanor looked from one to the other. Ned whistled softly and walked away.

"What are you saying about my mother and me?" asked Eleanor.

Her voice sounded strange, quite as if it were some one else's.

"Oh, nothing!" said Bertha.

She was frightened for the moment.

"Yes, you were. Tell me!"

"What were you doing there—listening?" asked Bertha, pertly, recovering her self-possession. "Listeners never hear any good of themselves."

"I was not listening. Mrs. Barnes sent me there. Tell me what you said."

"You heard well enough for yourself."

"Did you really say that mamma was not my mother?"

"Yes, I did."

"Then who am I?"

"You—you came out of an orphan asylum."

"Who told you so?"

"Somebody who knows all about it."

"Who?"

"I shan't tell you."

"You've got to tell me."

"I'd like to know why I've got to do anything you say."

"You don't tell me because you don't know. It isn't true. There's not a word of truth in it."

"Very well. You needn't believe it if you don't wish to, but I tell you it is true, for it came from Mrs. Brewster. So there, now!" And Bertha, feeling that she had had enough of this interview, ran out of the room.

Eleanor sank into a chair. Mrs. Brewster! If any one would know of such a thing it was Mrs. Brewster, her mother's dearest friend.

And her mother was away. Her mother? Bertha said she was not her mother, and Bertha knew it from Mrs. Brewster. Perhaps it was true. Yes, if Mrs. Brewster said so it must be true.

How long she sat there she did not know, whether five minutes or five hours. After a while Ruth came to look for her.

"Oh, here you are at last! We have been searching everywhere for you, Nell. Why, what is the matter, child?"

Eleanor looked at her, and did not answer.

"I am afraid you have walked too far."

"Yes, I have walked too far," replied Eleanor, mechanically. She was not conscious of speaking.

"You must go to bed at once," exclaimed Ruth, assisting her to rise, and half leading, half carrying her from the room. "Mamma, Eleanor is quite exhausted. She doesn't seem at all well."

Mrs. Barnes was distressed. "She had better not sleep with Madge to-night. She will be quieter in the little room next to yours, Ruth."

And so Eleanor was put to bed in a little room by herself, and at intervals during the night Ruth stole in to see how she was getting on. She thought the child was sleeping peacefully, but it was not until towards morning that Eleanor really fell asleep.

All night long the terrible words were repeating themselves in her ear, and if she dozed off, a frightful dream awoke her. All night long she heard Bertha's voice saying, "Mrs. Rogers is not your mother. You came from an orphan asylum. Mrs. Brewster knows."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LEYDEN-JAR.

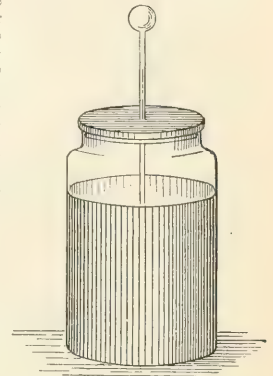
THE Leyden-jar is a necessary adjunct to any kind of electrical machine, for by it alone can the electricity generated by the machine be stored for the numerous experiments and for imparting shocks. A small jar may be made from an ordinary

thin glass tumbler of the largest size; but if a larger jar is desired, a glass bottle or jar with a neck sufficiently wide to admit the hand must be used. Such jars are easily procured. Take the tumbler or jar and paste tin-foil inside it, covering the bottom and extending about three-quarters up its height; when this has been done paste tin-foil on the outside, covering the same surface as has been covered on the inside. When the paste has become perfectly dry trim the upper edges of the tin-foil with a knife, scraping away all the irregularities, and clean the uncovered glass thoroughly.

Now make a lid for the tumbler or jar, so as to fit it.

This is best made by being turned out of a piece of three-quarter-inch thick hard-wood; but it can be cut with a knife out of two quarter-inch pieces, one a little larger than the outside of the tumbler or neck of the jar, and the other made to fit inside the tumbler or neck. When these pieces are glued together they will form a sufficient lid. Bore a hole through the centre of the lid to receive a stout brass wire, about six inches long, having a brass or lead ball at its upper end, and a short piece of brass chain tied with wire to its lower end. When the lid is put in its place the chain must touch the tin-foil at the bottom.

To use the jar, place it so that its ball is close to the ball of the collector or conductor of the electrical machine, and turn the handle. Sparks will be seen to pass from one ball to another until the Leyden-jar will refuse to receive more. At this stage it is charged with electricity. Now if a person touches the outside coating of tin-foil with one hand and the ball with the other, he will receive an electric shock. If a string of ten or twenty boys is formed, by joining hands, and the left-hand boy touches the tin-foil of the jar, while the right-hand boy places his finger on the ball, the entire string of boys experiences a shock in the arms. Such a harmless experiment causes great fun in a gathering of young people.



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

JUST at the turn of the midnight,
When the children are fast asleep,
The tired Old Year slips out by himself,
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,
And the New Year takes a peep

At the beautiful world that is waiting
For the hours that he will bring;
For the wonderful things in his peilder's pack;
Weather, all sorts, there will be no lack,
And many a marvellous thing

Flowers, by hosts and armies,
Stars and sunshine and rain!
The merry times and the sorrowful times,
Quickstep and jingle and dirge and chimes,
And the weaving of joy and pain.

When the children wake in the morning,
Shouting their "Happy New Year,"
The year will be started well on his way,
Swinging along through his first white day,
With the path before him clear.

Twelve long months for his journey;
Fifty-two weeks of a spell;
At the end of it all he'll slip out by himself,
Glad of a chance to be laid on the shelf,
At the stroke of the midnight bell.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

UNTIDY JANE



"Come Jane," said grandmamma one day,
 "'Tis time you learned to sew;
 At your age I could make a frock,
 And you should also know."

But Jane cared little for such things;
 She liked to make a noise;
 She used to run about all day,
 And shout, and play with boys.



So now she only tossed her head
 And ran with eager feet,
 And soon was racing up and down,
 And playing in the street.

Once Jane was to a party asked;
 Her friends would all be there;
 She wore her best sprigged muslin frock,
 And ribbons tied her hair.



When she was shown upstairs to lay
 Her hat upon the bed
 She saw a little basket there
 With needles, wax and thread.

"I wonder," said untidy Jane,
 "If Mattie likes to sew;
 I'm glad that I have never learned;
 I should not care to know."



With that she laughed and ran downstairs,
 But on the way - ah see!
 She's caught her skirt upon a nail
 And torn it terribly.

If Jane had learned from grandmamma
 She might have mended it,
 But she had been a thoughtless child
 And could not sew a bit.



So with her frock all torn, into
 The room she had to go,
 And all the children wondering stared
 To see her looking so;

Then when Jane played it caught her feet
 And almost made her fall;
 That shamed her so she ran away
 And tried to hide from all.



When nurse at last was sent for her
 How glad was little Jane;
 She almost thought she never wished
 To romp or play again.

"Oh! grandmamma, dear grandmamma,
 Indeed, indeed," said she,
 "If now you'll teach me how to sew
 A thankful child I'll be!"

KATHARINE FYLE.

HUNTING REEDBIRDS.

WHEN Jimmieboy first tasted the reedbirds his father had had sent home, he was very much pleased with their taste, but he thought they were awfully small.

"Do they hunt these birds with a gun, papa?" he asked.

"Yes," his father replied. "Why?"

"Seems to me they'd ought to hunt 'em with a microscope."

MOLLIE'S REASON.

I LIKE to talk to dolls and things,
 To chairs and sofas too,
 Because they listen all the time,
 And do not answer you.

"G-RR-RRR-R-ROW!" growled little Jack.

"What does that mean?" queried Uncle George.

"I'm a polar bear. Whrr-grrr-ugh!" returned little Jack.

"Dear me!" cried Uncle George. "How singular. I'll have to write to the papers about this. I never in my life before saw a polar bear in short trousers. It is most interesting."

A SUGGESTION.

"I WISHT you'd buy some glass covers and put 'em over my bed," said Kenniboy to his father. "It was awful cold last night, and John says you can make a hotbed with glass covers."

A POSSIBLE REASON.

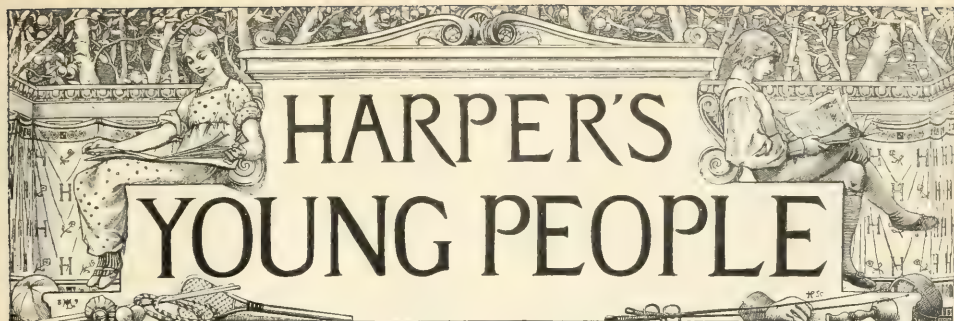
"I KNOW why flowers grow," said Wilbur. "They want to get up out of the dirt."

A DISCOVERY.

I DON'T think rolling off a log
 Is easy as 'tis said.
 I tried it yesterday, and got
 A big bump on my head.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

"MY papa knows more 'n your papa," said Jack.
 "I know he does," said Tom. "My papa says your papa knows it all."



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



A USELESS ADVENTURE.

BY A. J. ENSIGN.

"HAVE you put in the compass, sextant, and chronometer?" asked Harvey Drake.

"Of course I have," answered Philip Boyle. "But I say, Harvey, our chronometer is just a Waterbury watch; is that right?"

"Certainly it is. I looked for the word 'chronometer' in my dictionary, and it said 'a clock or watch.' We haven't room for a clock, so a watch is all right."

"And say, Harvey, what's the sextant for? I'm glad I knew where to look for it, but it takes up a good deal of room."

"But we can't get along without it," said Harvey, emphatically. "We navigate the boat with that; it tells us our latitude."

"Do you know how to work it?" asked Philip, taking it out of the case, and eying it curiously.

"Of course I do," said Harvey. "Father showed me one day. All you have to do is to look at the sea through the telescope, and push this bar till you see the sun reflected in the sea, and then you look on this scale alongside of the bar and it tells you the latitude."

"Why, Harvey!" exclaimed Phil, "you know enough to command an ocean steamer. And who knows? Perhaps our expedition will be so successful that some one will come forward and offer you the command of a ship, and the papers will be full of the wonderful story of Harvey Drake, the Boy Captain. There's never been any story like the one that will be written about our voyage."

"That's so," said Harvey, "because no boys have ever attempted to cross the Atlantic in a twenty-five-foot boat. It's been done by men, but never by boys."

"In a twenty-five-foot boat?"

"Yes, and in a smaller one than that," said Harvey, looking very wise. "One man crossed in a sixteen-foot dory, called the *Dark Secret*."

"What a funny name!"

"Wasn't it? And my father says it was done just to advertise a play called by that name."

"Oh, Harvey! I think that was wild. I wouldn't do such a dangerous thing just for advertising."

"Well, I don't know. We expect to advertise ourselves by our expedition, don't we?"

"But we're not doing it for that! We are doing it because it's brave and venturesome—and wonderful."

"And we'd better get at it right away, Phil. See, the dawn is coming, and the first thing we know it will be daylight before we're out of sight of the house, and then they'll come out and bring us back."

"That's so, Harvey. Everything is in the boat. No, wait; there are the marine-glasses hanging on the fence."

The boy ran and got the glasses, and then the two friends were ready for their wild adventure. For weeks they had been planning to outdo Captain Anderson, Captain Frietsch, and all the other hardy mariners who have crossed the Atlantic in small craft. They were two boys of thirteen and fifteen, and they intended to cross the western ocean in the catboat which they owned in partnership. They were quite aware that their parents would not countenance such a plan, so they had equipped and provisioned their boat in secret, keeping her far down the creek which led into the bay; and now they were about to embark.

"Let's get the mainsail on her," said Harvey, and in a few minutes they had the canvas spread. Both boys knew how to sail a catboat on the comparatively peaceful waters of the bay, though as a matter of fact neither of them had ever been out in a gale even there. They had both made short coasting voyages on stanch steamers, and had formed a wrong idea of the might of old ocean. Looking down on a five-foot sea from the deck of a steamer fifteen feet above it, and looking up to it from that of a catboat three feet below it, are very different matters. But the gravest trouble with these two boys was the inflammation of their minds by reading sensational newspaper accounts of the voyages already referred to, and also trashy novels depicting such sea heroes as never existed except in the minds of hack writers for cheap story papers.

"We shan't have any trouble getting out of the creek with this wind," said Phil.

"No; it'll be abeam all the way out into the bay and out to the sea, too. Shove her off, Phil."

Phil braced his back against the mast and pushed with his foot against the pier. The sail filled, and the boat glided gently down the creek just as the east began to glow with the rising of the sun. The bay was quickly reached, and the boat, getting the full force of the fresh morning breeze, sped away with a fine smother of foam

under her lee bow. Harvey did the sailing, while Phil set to work to get the breakfast, for their early rising and the work of preparation had made them both hungry. Phil had often cooked aboard the boat, and the fact that she was heeled far over to port did not inconvenience him at all. There was a place for the little oil-stove just forward of the cabin, but Phil preferred, in clear weather, to bring it out into the cockpit and cook there. In half an hour he had hot coffee, boiled eggs, and rolls all ready, and the two friends fell to with fine appetites.

"I tell you what," exclaimed Harvey, "this is just great!"

"You bet it is!" said Phil, with his mouth full of bread.

"See," cried Harvey, "there's an ocean steamer just coming in. How surprised some of those fellows will be when they meet us half-way across."

Phil was speechless with delight at the very thought. An hour later the catboat passed the point that marked the entrance to the bay, and got the run of the long ocean swells under her forefoot. It was an ordinary summer-day swell, but it appeared to be extraordinarily large to the inexperienced boys. Phil ran to look at the aneroid barometer which hung in the cabin, and found it had fallen a little.

"Too bad," said Harvey; "I suppose we're going to run into a gale of wind the first thing."

"Well," said Phil, confidently, "the *Elsie* can weather any gale that a sixteen-foot dory can."

Which remark showed that Philip did not know much about the sea-going abilities of catboats or dories. However, the day wore on, and noon was reached without any sign of an immediate storm. When it was five minutes of twelve by the little clock in the cabin Harvey brought the sextant on deck. At precisely twelve he gazed through the sight vane at the sea, and brought down the reflection of the sun by moving the index bar. Then he read off the arc, $72^{\circ} 41' 00''$.

"How's that!" exclaimed he.

"Why, Harvey," cried Phil, "that can't be right."

"That's so," answered Harvey, looking rather gloomy. "We can't be in latitude $72^{\circ} 41' 00''$ already, because we've only just left latitude $40^{\circ} 30'$ about three hours ago, and there are sixty miles to a degree. We couldn't have sailed that far, you know."

"The sextant must be out of order," said Phil.

"That's what's the matter," said Harvey; "but it's too late now. We must go by dead-reckoning—just keeping account of how many miles we sail on each course, and then adding them up, you know."

At three o'clock, when they were some thirty-five miles out, it began to cloud over and look like a squall. The boys double-reefed the mainsail and prepared for trouble. At four o'clock a fierce storm of wind, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and rain, swept down upon them from the southwest. For half an hour it blew a small hurricane. Harvey had taken in the mainsail as soon as he felt the weight of the wind, and the catboat, yawing wildly, went scudding away before the wind. At the end of half an hour the squall ended as suddenly as it began, and the boys hoisted the sail with the reefs still in it. Just as they were about to shake them out the breeze came out of the northwest, fresh and strong, and Harvey decided that they would better let the reefs remain. Shortly before six o'clock they began to learn something about the ways of old ocean, for the sea began to rise, and the great curling crests rose astern of the catboat threateningly. Of course the little craft steered wildly, and it made Harvey's arms ache to hold her on her course. Phil went below to get the supper, and he felt that the boat was tossing greatly. Suddenly Harvey lost his grip on the tiller, and the boat partly broached to. A big green sea curled in over her quarter, half filling the cock-

pit. At the same instant a cry of dismay broke from the galley.

"What's the matter?" called Harvey, anxiously.

"The oil-stove has fallen over and smashed; and I can't cook anything anyhow, because she pitches so."

"Come up here a minute. We're half full of water, and it doesn't run off fast enough."

Phil hastened out with a tin pail, and began to bail out the cockpit.

"What ever shall we do now?" he asked, as he flung the water over the side. "We shall have to live on cold food."

"As soon as this blow is over," said Harvey, "we must try to find some way to mend the stove. We can't get along without hot tea or coffee."

But the blow did not appear to be inclined to pass over. The barometer continued to fall and the sea to rise. In the mean time the wind backed point by point, till it went round to south-southeast, and there it staid. All old sailors know that a southeaster on the Atlantic coast is the worst kind of a storm. At midnight it was blowing what even an old seaman would have called half a gale, and a heavy sea was running. Harvey and Phil had tucked in their close reef and then lowered their peak. Now they found that this ordinary trick of catboat seamanship was of no avail on the broad Atlantic. The gaff swung madly, and made the mast buckle and jump. "Hurry forward, Phil," said Harvey, "and take in the sail."

Phil was so hungry and tired that he could hardly drag one foot after the other, but he realized that Harvey's order must be obeyed. He started forward, but as he went along the top of the cabin a mighty sea broke over the little boat, filling her sail and literally dragging the mast out by the roots. At the same instant Phil was swept from his feet and hurled into the sea amid the tangle of canvas and ropes.

For a moment Harvey was stunned by the swiftness and extent of the disaster. But the next instant a half-strangled cry from Phil, who was struggling for his life, recalled the boy to his senses. He sprang to the side of the boat, and leaning far over, dragged the heavy water-soaked mainsail off Phil's body by main strength. Then seizing Phil by the collar of his stout flannel shirt, Harvey dragged him aboard the boat and hauled him into the cockpit. In the mean time the heavy seas were driving the broken mast and boom against the side of the little vessel in a way that threatened to make a hole in her. Harvey left Phil lying dazed and nearly unconscious in the cockpit while he got the axe out of the cabin and hurriedly began to cut away the wreckage. A few sharp blows sufficed to free the mass from the hull of the boat, and away the tangle of spars, canvas, and ropes went driving across her stern.

"This will not do," said Harvey; "we'll be swamped if we don't ride head to it."

He procured a bucket from the fore-peak, and made fast to its handle a long rope. Then he tied the other end of the rope to the stern shackle where his main-stay had been, and hove the bucket overboard. It made an excellent drag, and held the frail boat head to the seas. Harvey now hastened back to Phil, who was just beginning to revive. He had swallowed a good deal of water, and for a short time was dreadfully sick. When the nausea had passed off, the poor boy sat on the flooring of the cockpit weak and despairing.

"Oh, Harvey," he said, with a choking voice, "I suppose we shall never see home again."

"We mustn't give up, Phil, old man. The boat is afloat yet, and she seems to be tight and sound. This is a summer gale, you know, and it can't last forever. Besides, we are sure to fall in with a ship soon, and then we shall be taken aboard and get dry clothes and hot coffee."

The morning dawned without any evidence of a coming break in the gale. Phil was now able to move about, though he felt stiff and sore. Harvey found that he could heat some coffee in a tin can over the cabin lamp, and when they had drunk this, and eaten some damp biscuit and cold beef, they felt much better. But the storm still raged, and frequently heavy seas swept the deck of the boat. As the day wore on the two boys began to lose heart again. But suddenly out of the driving foam and rain there loomed the form of a brigantine.

"A sail! A sail!" screamed Phil.

Both boys stood up and waved their arms, shouting wildly. On came the brigantine under a close-reefed foretopsail and a jib, scudding before the storm. It seemed a grand sight to the boys to see her rise on the great waves and then plunge into the dark hollows with a mad roaring of foam under her black bows. But their exaltation turned to despair when they beheld her rush by them a quarter of a mile away. They cried; they screamed; they almost jumped overboard; but they failed to attract attention, and the vessel swept away into the gray gloom, and left them pitching hopelessly on the angry sea. The two boys lay down in the cockpit and cried. But presently Harvey plucked up courage again, and said:

"We mustn't despair, Phil."

"Hark!" cried Phil, "what's that?"

"I don't hear anything but the wind and sea," said Harvey.

"I do," declared Phil; "there it is again. Listen!"

"That's a steamer's whistle!" cried Harvey.

A few minutes later they saw a great black hull, surmounted by two huge smoke-stacks, come rushing out of the rain and mist.

"My goodness, Phil!" shouted Harvey; "she's heading right at us! She'll run us down!"

The boys again stood up, and waved their arms and shouted. A minute later the big steamer was abreast of them, not a hundred yards away, with her engines reversed. Hundreds of eager faces lined her rail, and many hands pointed at the dismasted catboat.

A heavy ten-oared cutter manned by strong sailors, and steered by the first officer of the ship, came jumping through the waves, and in a very few minutes the boys were taken off their sorry-looking craft, and placed aboard the steamer.

"Two little boys!" exclaimed the ladies among the passengers, with sympathetic voices.

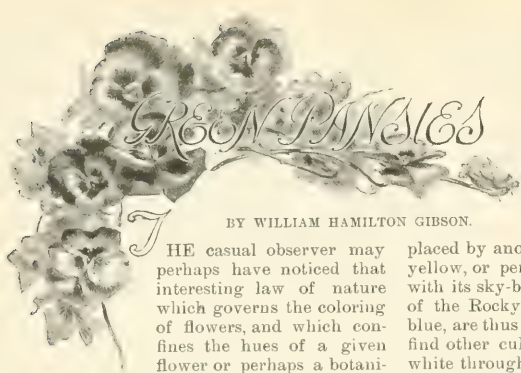
As soon as Harvey and Phil had been given a hot meal and had their clothes dried in the engine-room they were taken before the Captain, who asked them how they came to be so far from land in such a boat. Harvey, who now saw how foolish they had been, confessed the truth.

The Captain looked very grave, and said, "Young gentlemen, it is very fortunate that we found you to-day."

"Well," said Phil, who had regained some of his courage, "we are very thankful, for we shouldn't have liked to ride out the gale through another night."

"No," said the Captain, solemnly; "this gale has not reached its height yet. The sea will be twice as heavy by midnight, and your boat will be at the bottom long before to-morrow morning. Let this be a lesson to you, boys. Never attempt any more such mad adventures. Suppose you had succeeded in crossing the ocean—which, by-the-way, you never could have done with your ignorance of navigation—what good would it have done? Would the world be any better or wiser for it? Do people make a practice of crossing the sea in dories because one man did it? Would they make a practice of crossing in catboats if you had done it?"

"I think," he added, smiling, "you have learned a good lesson at a great risk, and when you reach your homes to-morrow you will not start out again on such a foolish errand."



BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

THE casual observer may perhaps have noticed that interesting law of nature which governs the coloring of flowers, and which confines the hues of a given flower or perhaps a botanical group of flowers to two colors and the combination of these colors. The three primary colors—red, yellow, and blue—are rarely to be seen in the blossoms of the same botanical group. Thus we observe roses, hollyhocks, chrysanthemums, and tulips in all shades of white, yellow, pink, red, and crimson, even almost approaching black, and numberless combinations of these colors, but never blue. The same is true with dahlias, zinnias, lilies, gladioli, pinks, and portulacas.

On the other hand, flowers which are notably blue—as in the bellworts or “Cantebury-bells,” and larkspur, which vary from white through all shades of blue to purple, pink, and even reds—never show any trace of yellow. This color limitation of blossoms was noted by De Candolle early in the present century, who classified flowers in two series as to their hues. The first, which included the yellow, was called the

placed by another species, *A. chrysantha*, of a fine clear yellow, or perhaps by its near relative, the *A. cœrulea*, with its sky-blue corolla, a common species in the region of the Rocky Mountains. Columbines, red, yellow, and blue, are thus to be found in a state of nature, and we thus find other cultivated forms which extend from a pure white through all shades of purple.

The pansy, that protean offspring from lowly “johnny-jumper,” occasionally comes very near embracing the entire gamut of color to which its name, *Viola tricolor*, would seem to entitle it. Blue pansies and yellow pansies we certainly have, but the ruddiest of its rich wine tints when laid beside the red, red rose at once confesses its purple, the remnant of blue which it cannot absolutely eliminate.

The blue rose, blue tulip, blue dahlia, and blue carnation have as yet refused to respond to the coaxing arts of the florist, but he has at least succeeded in imposing upon our credulity in a carnation pink of white, streaked with peacock blue. Bouquets of these uncanny-looking blossoms are frequently to be seen in our city flower booths, but they smack of trickery, and the vendor is rarely seen to look you in the eye as he responds “new variety” to your inquiry as to the peculiar color.

“Are those natural?” I heard a lady ask at a flower-stall recently, referring to these pinks.

“Sure, madam,” he replied, this time with easy conscience. “They were picked in the conservatory this morning.”

But as he folded the paper carefully about her generous purchase, he didn’t trouble her with the details of the subsequent aniline bath to which they were subjected, and of which they bore plain evidence upon close scrutiny.

But if we are to resort to hocus-pocus in the tinting of flowers, there is an artificial method available which leaves this clumsy artifice of the blue-green pinks far behind, and which, withal, affords a very pretty experiment in chemistry, albeit presumably more enjoyed by the operator than the victim.

A gentleman of the writer’s acquaintance, while visiting his sister at her country home, noted her fondness for pansies, as indicated by the numerous beds and borders of the flowers there. After expressing his appreciation and surprise at the endless shades of color in the bouquet which she was gathering for the library table, he stooped, and apparently plucked one of the blossoms from a bed.

“Your pansies are certainly the most remarkable

be seen with notable purity, blues, yellows, and reds, and thus with possibilities of almost any conceivable color, under cultivation and careful selection.

Another striking exception, and one which would have puzzled De Candolle for its color classification, is the columbine. One common species of the Eastern United States, *Aquilegia canadensis*, is of a pure deep scarlet color, as every country boy knows. If we seek for our columbines in the far West we shall miss this familiar type, and find it re-



THE MATERIALS.

Xanthic; the second, which omitted the yellow, the *Cyanic*.

World-wide fame and a comfortable fortune await the florist who shall produce a variety of blue rose, tulip, hollyhock, or dahlia, or a yellow geranium or larkspur, which all persist in their fidelity to their particular color series. And yet nature gives us occasional exceptions which, however, only serve by their contrast to emphasize the universal law. Thus we see the water-lily group—if we include the two separate orders *Nymphæa* and *Nelumbo*—with blossoms of pink, yellow, and blue. The water-lilies of this latter color, allied to the Egyptian yellow lotus, which were to be seen in the New York City Hall Park fountain last summer, were almost lost in the azure of the sky which their surrounding waters reflected, and yet they clearly had no right to include blue in their gamut; purple or red possibly, but not blue.

But this is not so remarkable an exception as we find in the hyacinth, in which the three primary colors are to



A TUMBLER CONCEALED NEAR BY.

that I have ever seen. Here is one which is truly most astonishing in color," he remarked, as he handed the blossom to her.

It was received with an exclamation of amazement, and with eager glances at the neighborhood of the bed from which she presumed it had been taken. "Where did you find it?" exclaimed his sister, in complete demoralization. "Which plant was it on? Why, I never saw such a pansy! It's wonderful! There must be more. I never heard of such a pansy! Do show me where you picked it."

"I got it from this plant here, I think," replied the young man as soon as he could be heard; and stooping carelessly he plucked another, which proved even more of a surprise than the first, so vividly intense was its color.

The first specimen was a dark pansy. The two usually deep purple upper petals now appeared of a deep velvety peacock blue. The remaining three petals were pale emerald-green bordered with deeper green. In the second blossom the upper pair of petals were now transfigured in vivid emerald-green, the rest of the flower being of paler but almost equally dazzling brilliancy.

The demoralization was more and more complete as another and another of the remarkable blossoms was rescued from its obscurity, always by the accommodating young man, and added to the growing bouquet. Neighbors on right and left were quickly acquainted with the remarkable discovery, and a gathering of excited natives soon assembled in the parlor to view the new floral sensation. The pansy beds were soon the scene of busy commotion, but in the eager search for the rare blooms fortune seemed still to favor the young man, to the exasperation of several of the bright-eyed young ladies, who, of course, did not happen to know of the young man's occasional sly recourse to a certain tumbler concealed near by.

But the secret soon leaked out, and the victim confessed and did penance. Had he realized what a commotion his innocent prank was destined to create he would not have yielded to temptation. But his sister was primarily to blame. Why had she placed that bottle so conspicuously upon his wash-stand? He had noted her fondness for pansies, and a minute later had read "Ammonia" on the label of the bottle, and association of ideas and mischief did the rest. In a casual stroll about the pansy beds he had then gathered a dozen or so of the several varieties and taken them to his room. Laying a piece of crumpled paper in a saucer, he then poured about a teaspoonful of the ammonia upon it, afterward gently laying the pansies in a pile upon the paper, and thus free from actual contact with the liquid, and covering the whole with a tumbler. In two or three minutes the fumes of the ammoniacal gas had done their work, and lo!

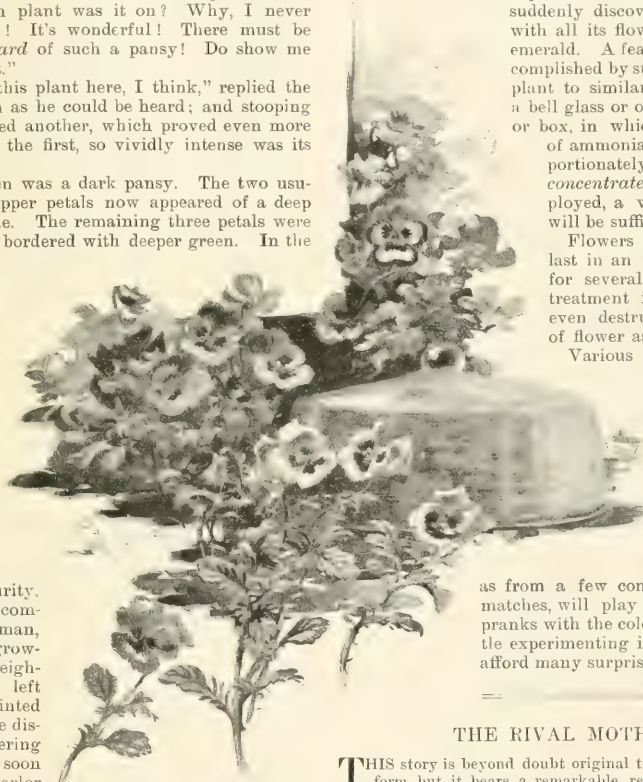
when he removed the tumbler his pansies had doffed their blues and purples, and were transfigured in velvets of all imaginable emerald and peacock and mineral greens, though still retaining their perfect shape and petal texture.

To more completely confound the innocent with this experiment the "operator" should suddenly discover an entire plant with all its flowers thus tinted in emerald. A feat which may be accomplished by submitting the whole plant to similar treatment beneath a bell glass or other air-tight vessel or box, in which case the amount of ammonia used should be proportionately increased. If the concentrated ammonia is employed, a very small quantity will be sufficient.

Flowers thus treated will last in an unaltered condition for several hours, though the treatment is really injurious, even destructive, to the tissues of flower as well as plant.

Various other blossoms respond in their own particular virescent hues to the vapors of ammonia, as the reader will discover upon experiment.

The fumes of sulphur confined beneath a glass, as from a few common old-fashioned matches, will play all sorts of similar pranks with the colors of petals. A little experimenting in this direction will afford many surprises.



MAKING A WHOLE PLANT GREEN.

THE RIVAL MOTHERS.

THIS story is beyond doubt original to Japan in its present form, but it bears a remarkable resemblance to another celebrated judgment given more than two thousand years ago on the other side of the world.

About a century and a half ago a woman who was a servant in the house of a *daimyo* had a little girl born to her. But it was inconvenient for her to have the child with her in the *daimyo's* mansion, and so she put the little one out to nurse with a woman in the neighboring village. The child grew to be very intelligent, and the foster-mother, who was a heartless woman, thought she saw an opportunity to earn money through the girl's services, and determined to keep her. Accordingly, when the mother's term of service expired, and she came to get back her child, the foster-mother treated her claim as false, said the child was her own, and utterly refused to give her up.

So at last they came before Oka, the town magistrate of Yedo, who, after some thought, hit upon a novel plan of deciding. He placed the child between the two mothers, had each one take an arm of the child, and then ordered them to pull! He could then tell, he said, which one deserved to have the child. The foster-mother, thinking only of winning, pulled with all her might; but the true mother, full of her affection for her child, couldn't bear to inflict on it such brutal pain; and she let go as soon as she felt the other woman pulling. "The child is mine!" exclaimed the foster-mother, triumphantly. "Not so!" said Oka, sternly; "you are a pretender; this other is the true mother."

Then the false mother confessed her deception, and begged for pardon. The people, when they heard of the judgment, were full of admiration for the penetration and sagacity of their great magistrate.

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.*

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XIX.

BREASTWORKS AROUND THE GUNS.

AN hour later the whale-boat safely reached the *Detroit*, and Harold made his report. Mr. Crane expressed his approval, and complimented the boy on his clever escape.

"Hal," said George, as they were turning in, "I hardly know what to say to you. I came near ruining the whole thing."

"Well, George, if you don't know what to say, don't say a word, and let's go to sleep. We haven't much time."

A few minutes later both boys were in the land of dreams. Harold was the first to awake on the call of the messenger, at ten minutes of four in the morning.

"Turn out, old man," said Harold, shaking George.

"All right," exclaimed George, rolling out of his bunk, and beginning to tumble into his clothes.

It was clear and still when the boys reported on deck for the morning watch.

"It's going to be an active watch this morning, young gentlemen," said Mr. Burrell, the officer of the deck, "so keep your weather eyes lifting."

"Ay, ay, sir," came the regular response.

"George," said Harold, a minute later, as they paused a moment near the mainmast, "look down yonder."

The young cadet turned his gaze in the direction indicated, and slowly but deeply the details of the scene impressed themselves upon his mind, there to remain as long as he lived, the memorial record of his first moving experience in the service of his country's flag. Admiral da Gama had not replied to the last communication of Admiral Benham, but he had read between its curt lines the challenge of a spirit that would not brook light treatment. The bay swam in the glory of the morning sky, silver blue streaked with dull crimson and purple. Not a cat's-paw roughened the polished surface of the great natural basin, which was lambent with the radiant reflection of the heavens. The gray slopes of the Organ Mountains formed a strong background for the picture. In the foreground the troubled city of Rio de Janeiro, with its taller turrets lined in sombre silhouette against the sky, seemed to rest in temporary dreamless peace. Before the water-front, less than half a mile from the shore, lay Captain Lockwood's bark, the *Alma*, swinging to her arched cable, her yards stripped and squared, and her jib-boom housed. A slender vane fluttering at her main-truck, fanned by some gentle upper current that did not touch the sleeping water, was the only visible sign of life aboard her.

Just beyond her lay the rebel war-ships *Trajano*, *Guanabara*, and *Libertade*, the last outside and furthest to the north. Their decks were silent, not a figure showing above the bulwarks. Slim night pennants trembled aloft, but thin, steady streams of smoke flowed from their smoke-stacks, showing that there were fires in the furnaces and steam in the boilers. Beyond these ships, further out in the bay, lay the *Tamandare* and the massive hull and frowning turrets of the formidable *Aquidaban*. These two ships were riding to short cables, and both had steam up. Frank Lockwood was striding up and down the *Aquidaban*'s quarter-deck. His face was deathly pale, and there were blue hollows under his eyes. He was suffering the greatest agony of mind that had ever

come into his young life, for he feared that a general engagement between the insurgents and the American fleet was imminent. He had determined that he must do his duty, but the fierce desire of his heart almost amounted to a prayer that the first fire of an American gun might stretch him on the deck.

"This is my punishment," he murmured, half aloud. "I might have known that my wild craving for adventure would bring its own retribution. But would I have suffered any remorse if I had not been brought face to face with the possibility of fighting against my own countrymen? No, no; this is a lesson for me."

Fortunately for Frank he could not know what an important part his classmates were to take in the approaching scene or he would have been in still deeper pain. They were at their early morning duties aboard the *Detroit*, and their thoughts were not of Frank at that moment. Harold had mounted the fore-castle-deck, where he had a clearer view of the bay. He caught George's eye, and nodded to him to look out again through the port. As he did so he caught sight of a tug, well known to be in the employ of the insurgents. She was steaming out from the shore of Cobras Island. She ran along the line of American ships, and it was easy to see that her people were taking accurate note of the condition of preparation aboard each vessel. Having completed her tour of observation, she hurried away with half an acre of foam under her bows, and went alongside the *Libertade*.

"Aha!" said Harold to himself, "she is carrying the news to his highness."

"Mr. Briscoeb," said Mr. Burrell at this moment, "send for the bugler."

George was surprised at the order, for it was half an hour earlier than the usual time for getting the bugler ready to sound the reveille; but of course he answered with the ever-ready "Ay, ay, sir!" and obeyed at once. It was just 4.30 o'clock when the brisk notes of "I can't get 'em up" rang out on the berth-deck, followed by the shrill piping of the whistle of the boatswain's mate, and the familiar cry: "Turn out all hands! Up all hammocks!" But the routine order was destined not to be obeyed that morning. Before the bugle had ceased to sound, the Executive Officer, Mr. Crane, swung himself on deck with his cap jammed well down over his eyes.

"Good-morning, Mr. Burrell," he said; "have you issued the order about the hammocks yet?"

"No, sir," was the answer. "I thought it would prevent confusion to wait till the men began to come on deck."

"Very good," said Mr. Crane. "I'll attend to it myself."

Mr. Burrell saluted and turned away. Mr. Crane mounted the bridge. George, who had heard the brief dialogue, waited anxiously to see what was coming next. His suspense was short. The petty officers and men came tumbling up the hatchways and lined themselves along the rails ready to pass up their hammocks to the stowers.

"Keep fast with those hammocks!" was Mr. Crane's curt order.

Then he called Harold and George, and in a few words told them what he wished. The astonished crew were set to work building breastworks with the hammocks. One was made across the poop abaft the six-inch rifle, and others around the wheel and across the ends of the bridge. As the men started at this unaccustomed task, a low, irresistible murmur ran along the deck and for a moment threatened to grow into a cheer. The men looked into one another's faces with blazing eyes and fast-coming breath.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 784.

"S'help me, bloomin' bully!" muttered Peter Morris, beginning to look eager, "but it means fight!"

"Cool and steady's the word, lad," said Harold, quietly.

The cockswain looked the boy straight in the eye, nodded his head approvingly, and said,

"Cool an' stiddy, you says, sir, an' cool an' stiddy it is."

The work of building the barricades occupied most of the crew for three-quarters of an hour. Then Mr. Crane gave orders to lower the four boats at the quarter-davits and moor them off the ship. By the time this had been done and the men were back on deck, Commander Brownson came from his cabin and mounted the bridge. At the same instant Harold, whose eyes were quicker than those of the quartermaster on watch, touched his cap and said,

"Signal from the flag-ship, sir."

"Two-forty-nine—get under way," said Mr. Crane.

The next moment the order to weigh anchor was given aboard the *Detroit*, and at the same second George and Harold saw that all the other American war-ships were under way.

CHAPTER XX.

READY TO FIGHT.

"FOUL anchor, sir."

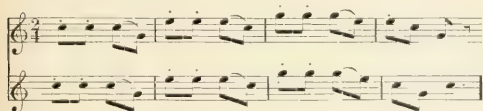
That was Harold's report as the anchor rose into sight, and consequently the *Detroit* advanced at a very slow pace while the work of clearing the anchor was in progress. She was moving straight down the bay, and the other ships of the American fleet were turning over their propellers just enough to make steerageway. Now another string of flags rose to the *San Francisco's* signal yard-arm, and a moment later the answering pennants were flying on the *New York*, *Newark*, and *Charleston*, but not on the *Detroit*. Harold looked wonderingly at the Commander and his aides on the bridge; but it was evident that they had noted the signals. Harold was puzzled for a moment, but suddenly he said to himself:

"We got our orders at the meeting last night."

Commander Brownson picked up a binocular and took a look at the insurgent ships *Guanabara*, *Trajano*, and *Libertade*.

"Our friends over there," he said, laying down the glass, "are preparing to receive us."

He smiled as he spoke, and then curtly ordered the man at the wheel to port a little. The *Detroit's* head swung slowly around till it pointed toward the centre of the opening between Enchada and Cobras islands, when the order was given to go ahead steadily. By this time it had begun to dawn upon all hands that the *Detroit* had special duty to perform, and there was an air of breathless expectation all through the ship. At 6.25 the bugler was again summoned, and at 6.29 this brisk call was sounded:



"General quarters!" exclaimed Harold, as he sent post-haste for his sword.

"This here are a-gettin' to look like fun," said Peter.

In a moment the ship was alive with a great bustle of action. The men of the Navigator's Division set to work to rig the hand steering-gear in case the steam-gear should be disabled by shot. They also brought axes and hatchets for clearing away incumbrances on the deck. A spare compass was placed in a safe spot, leads and lines were laid near the foot of the fore-shrouds, and hammock

and boom cloths were stopped down. Chronometers and other instruments of navigation had to be stowed away out of the reach of shot or the influence of the jar of heavy gun-fire. Fire buckets were put in order, the cables extra stoppered and made ready for running, and extra lashings put on the anchors.

The surgeon opened up his case of instruments, and made ready his operating-table in the sick-bay. Basins, towels, lint, bandages, and all the dread paraphernalia of the hospital stood in ghostly array in the white-walled apartment; while the bay-men bustled about adding here and there a touch to the preparations. Tackles and slings were rigged to lower away the wounded, and the grave-faced surgeon sat, with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, waiting.

In the powder division, charged with the all-important business of distributing ammunition, activity was at fever-heat, yet everything was done coolly and in order. The officer in command of the division gave the keys of the magazine and fixed-ammunition rooms to the gunner, who distributed them among his mates. The men allotted to the magazines put on their felt-soled shoes and magazine clothes, and carried wet swabs and cans of water for drinking or drowning fire to their places. The screens were let down, scuttles opened, chutes placed, and shell-whips rigged to hoist the heavy shot to the spar-deck. Hose was uncoiled and let out, the steam-pump made ready, and water-tight bulkheads closed. When all was complete, and the scuttle-men, runner-boys, and whippers at their proper stations, the officer in command of the division reported to the Executive Officer.

On the spar-deck the guns' crews, under the watchful eyes of the division officers, prepared the big weapons to do their deadly work. The gun captains of the six-inch guns threw open the breeches, inspected the bores, looked to the gas-checks, put in place the breech-sights, and saw that the necessary appliances were at hand. Other men freed the elevating-gears, placed the loading-trays under the breeches, laid the rammers and sponges on the deck, brought tubs of water and put them at the rear of the guns, and provided cutlasses, revolvers, rifles, and bayonets for the crews. At the four-inch rapid-fire guns similar preparations, though of a simpler nature, were going on. At the Hotchkiss six-pounders the crews of four men rapidly made the pieces ready for loading. In the tops men were hoisting ammunition for the guns aloft. The marine guard, with rifles at an order, mustered on the poop-deck, ready to be sent where their services would do the most good. As each division completed its preparations the officer in charge of it reported to the First Lieutenant. Little more than three minutes elapsed before the entire battery was ready for loading. Commander Brownson smiled slightly and nodded at Mr. Crane, who gave the order:

"Sponge! Service charge, common shell."

"Werry good, too," murmured Peter; "makes the bore slick."

This order applied only to the six-inch guns. The big bristle sponges were dipped into the tubs, and then run through the chambers of the guns. The shell-men and powder-men went to the ammunition scuttles and received the powder and shells from the men at the whips.

"Load!" said Mr. Crane, in a low sharp tone that was audible all over the ship.

The shell-men of the six-inch guns entered their shells, which were pushed home by the loaders, the powder following in a similar manner.

"Wich the same it goes in at the back door werry quiet," muttered Peter, "but comes out o' the front werry lively."

"Peter," said Harold, trying to look stern but with smiling eyes, "you *must* keep quiet."

The second captains closed the breeches, and the first



"GENERAL QUARTERS!"

captains inserted primers, hooked the lanyards, full cocked the locks, and stepped back. At each rapid-fire four-inch gun No. 4 of its crew stepped up with the cartridge resting in the hollow of his right arm, and shoved it into the breech, which No. 3 closed with a snap. The Hotchkiss six-pounders and the machine-guns aloft were also loaded, and for a few seconds nothing was heard save the clanking of breech-plugs as the guns were closed. And now every division officer and gun captain stood gazing intently on the Executive Officer, whose calm and immovable countenance was as inexpressive as the face of the Sphinx. Commander Brownson stood leaning lightly against the rail on the starboard wing of the bridge. He knew that his ship was ready for action, and he was watching through his glass the movements of the bark *Alma* and the insurgent war-ships. It was evident that Captain Lockwood was aware of the progress of events, and was preparing to make an attempt to move his vessel. It was equally plain that the crews of the *Guanabara* and *Trajano* had gone to quarters. In the momentary breathing-spell that now came, Harold and George had time to look about them. Harold was on the fore-castle-deck beside the six-inch gun, which was under his immediate charge, and George was posted between the two forward four-inch guns. The *Detroit* was steaming ahead at a four-knot gait, the ripples parting gracefully around her moderate ram bow and streaming away sternward in glistening ribbons. The sunlight danced on the polished curves of her brass-work, and laid splashes of silver on the chocolate chases of her loaded guns. An intense silence reigned. The officers on the bridge, with swords and revolvers at their hips, stood like statues. The men on the deck were motionless, every

dark eager face turned toward the bridge. A dead calm prevailed in the bay, and it seemed as if Nature herself was astonished at the unwonted spectacle of an American man-of-war prepared to fight.

Bang!

Every man started as the report of a gun rang out.

"Now what's coming?" Harold asked himself, as he listened for the shrieking of a shell.

"Tain't fur us, sir," said Peter, in a low tone. "It are a small pup of a rebel tug up yonder."

"Here they come; I wonder what they're up to?"

At that moment Commander Brownson had the *Detroit's* engines stopped, and gave the crew orders to stand at ease. He was entirely too wary to be drawn into the local quarrel.

"Them small fry is exchangein' of compliments with the shore batteries," remarked Peter.

"I wonder what our own ships are doing?" said Harold.

"They ain't a-loafin', sir," said Peter. "Look, sir. There's the *'Frisco* a-lookin' in out fur the batteries on Cobras an' Enchadas islands."

"Yes, and here's the *Charleston* a mile astern of us. She must be our support."

"An' look at the *Newark*, sir, a-layin' broadside to broadside with the *Tamandare*."

"And the *New York* is laid opposite the *Aquidaban*," said Harold. "That will be the centre of the fight."

"Lord bless ye, sir," said Peter, "it 'll never git as fur as that. If we kicks 'em oncet they'll squeal an' run."

"And, Peter, does it occur to you who's to give the first kick?"

"W'y, we is; an' bully well we'll do 't, too, sir."

And then that one big, significant thought seemed to flash upon the minds of all the *Detroit's* men. The little gunboat had been honored with the task of making the initial movement. She was to voice Uncle Sam's imperative demand for justice to his merchant-ships and respect for the stars and stripes. Every man turned a hungry gaze on the *Guanabara*, *Trajano*, and *Libertade*, and the gun captains fingered their lanyards.

The insurgent tugs, barking like mongrel curs, swung in wide curves away from the shore, and circled out among the merchantmen. A few scattered sullen shots, and they steamed slowly away. Commander Brownson swept the bay with his binoculars, pausing for a more careful survey of the *Alma*. He hung the glass on the bridge rail, placed himself beside the engine-room telegraph, and signalled,

"Ahead slowly."

The propellers began to revolve, and the gunboat advanced. Harold noted that the shore was black with people, and that the roofs of the houses in the city were crowded with persons eager to see what the despised Yankees were about to do.

"Port," commanded Commander Brownson.

The helmsman obeyed the order, and steadily the *Detroit* swung around, heading so as to pass between the bark *Alma* and the insurgent war-ship *Trajano*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE RED BOOK.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next day was Sunday. Eleanor awoke late from the heavy sleep into which she had fallen towards morning. The window of her little room faced the east, and though the blinds were closed, the spring sun shone in through the cracks, making golden bars on the drawn shade.

It was not her own room, and she had never slept here before. Where was she?

Eleanor raised herself on one elbow and looked about. The door into the adjoining room was half open, and she recognized it as belonging to Ruth Barnes. Oh yes, she was spending the night here. But what was the heavy weight at her heart? What had happened?

Then she remembered Bertha's words, and fell back on the pillow. But could they be true? Did Bertha know? Did Mrs. Brewster know? Surely her mother would not have deceived her.

She recalled many things her mother had told her about the place where she was born, and how her father had died when she was only a year old, and all the little details of her babyhood. She thought Bertha must be mistaken. Perhaps it was not true at all. Bertha had not seemed to like her lately. Probably she had only said this to frighten her. At any rate, she would ask Madge what she knew about it.

She tried to rise, but her head ached; and Ruth, coming in, persuaded her to stay in bed, at least until after breakfast. Mrs. Barnes would not allow her to go to Sunday-school and church; so Madge went off without her, and it was not until late in the day that the two girls were alone together. Eleanor felt better as the day wore on. The load at her heart lightened, and by the time afternoon came she felt and looked like her usual self.

Mrs. Barnes wished her to spend another night with them, but her mother had told her to be at home, so she declined the invitation, begging that Madge might be allowed to go home with her.

The two girls departed at last, carrying their travelling bags, and feeling that it was a great "lark" to keep house entirely alone without any grown people. They had had many good times together, but anything quite so unique as this had never happened before.

Old Catherine, who had lived with Mrs. Rogers for years, gave them their tea, and after that was over they took their books and settled down by the library lamp to read for a time before going to bed.

"I think I'll tell Madge about it now," thought Eleanor. "I don't believe a word of it, but I'll tell her, to see what she says."

She had grown light-hearted during the day, and felt that it was quite impossible that Bertha had spoken the truth. She could almost laugh about it now. Then, all of a sudden, she said:

"Madge, Bertha Weld told me the most dreadful thing yesterday! It was what made me ill."

Madge's book was down in an instant.

"What! You don't mean to say Bertha has told you? Oh, I begged her not to! I'll never speak to her again—I'll—"

"But, Madge!" cried Eleanor. "Did you know it, and is it true? You can't know what I mean!"

"Yes, I do. You mean about you and your mother. I know all about it, but I didn't want you to hear it."

"Madge," said Eleanor, in a low voice, springing from her chair, "how long have you known it?"

"About two weeks. We found it out that day—don't you know?"

"What day?"

"Why, the day we read Mrs. Brewster's diary and you wouldn't stay. We found it out in that. Don't look so queer, Nell! It isn't so dreadful."

Eleanor did not speak.

"I didn't want Bertha to say anything about it. I haven't told any one," she continued, "not even mamma. I knew Bertha had told some of the girls, but I never dreamed that she would really tell you. I think it was awfully mean of her, and I wouldn't mind it a bit if I were you, Nell dear!"

"Wouldn't you mind if you suddenly found out that Mrs. Barnes wasn't your own mother, and you didn't really belong to her at all?"

"Yes, I would," said Madge, honestly.

"Well, then, you can just imagine— Oh, Madge!" cried Eleanor, breaking off suddenly, "I can't stand it. I thought it wasn't true, but now you say it is, and you saw it in Mrs. Brewster's diary. It must be true. Mamma, mamma! Where are you? I want you. Oh, you are not my mother! What shall I do?"

The child was on the floor in an agony of grief.

Madge was terrified. She could do or say nothing to comfort Eleanor in the least. Old Catherine, coming in, was frightened too. She knew nothing of the cause of this strange attack, and imagining Eleanor to be in pain,



"MAMMA, MAMMA! WHERE ARE YOU? I WANT YOU."

she put her to bed, and proceeded to make a huge mustard plaster, her favorite panacea for all ailments.

But the child became quieter after a time. Her calmness was unnatural, but neither Madge nor Catherine suspected it. They both felt relieved, and Madge went to bed and to sleep longing for the next day, when she might tell her mother all about it and ask her advice. She could not mention the diary, because of her promise, but she could say that Bertha had received the information from a trustworthy source.

But as it happened, when Madge went home the next day, after school, she found that her mother and sister had gone to the city, and would not return until evening. She contented herself by going to Bertha Weld and giving her a piece of her mind, as she expressed it. But Bertha would not release her from her promise about the diary.

"Very well," said Madge, at parting, "Eleanor is very ill, and if she dies it is all your fault for telling her!"

"I guess she won't die this time," replied Bertha, scornfully. "And as for you, you're not to be trusted at all. First you're friends with one person and then with another. I like steady people. You are as fickle as a weather-vane."

Madge walked away, feeling that there was a good deal of truth in Bertha's remarks.

In the mean time Eleanor was tossing about in a high fever. Catherine, thoroughly frightened, sent for Dr. Brewster, the husband of Mrs. Brewster, whose diary had caused all the trouble.

He looked at Eleanor, felt her pulse, and then said to Catherine, "I shall send for her mother at once."

"She's not my mother," said Eleanor, in a dull voice.

"Oh, good land! She's wandering! She's out of her head!" exclaimed Catherine, throwing her apron over her face.

"Hush!" said Dr. Brewster, sternly, though he thought the same thing himself. "Go at once and get Mrs. Rogers's address. If Mrs. Brewster were at home she would stay with the child until her mother comes."

"Not Mrs. Brewster!" cried Eleanor, getting very much excited. "Not Mrs. Brewster! She knows all about it. And mamma is not my mother. Mrs. Brewster said so."

"Very well, my dear," said the doctor, soothingly. "You shall have a nice trained nurse in a cap and apron. How will that do?"

Eleanor said nothing to this. She lay with heavy eyes looking at him.

"Just think of it, Dr. Brewster! She's not my own mother at all. Do you hear?" as he made no answer.

"Yes, I hear," he replied, quietly. "Suppose we don't talk any more about it now."

"Oh, it is true!" moaned Eleanor. "He knows it, and he can't deny it."

And then Catherine came back, and the doctor hurried off to telegraph to Mrs. Rogers and to secure a trained nurse for the little girl, whom he considered very ill indeed.

It was evening when Mrs. Rogers arrived. She hastened to Eleanor, but the sight of her excited the child to such a degree that the nurse was forced to ask her to leave the room.

"You are not my mother!" cried Eleanor, starting up in bed with flushed cheeks. "You are not my mother, and never were. Mrs. Brewster says so, and she knows all about it."

Mrs. Rogers was terribly distressed. It was such a strange form for Eleanor's delirium to take. What could she mean by it? She supposed, of course, that it was merely the ravings of fever; but it seemed as if there must be some cause for the constant reiteration of these particular words. And it was very hard that she should be kept from her daughter's bedside.

Eleanor continued very ill, and every one in Durham soon knew that it was extremely doubtful if she would recover, and it was rumored that the cause of her illness was the announcement that Bertha made to her at Madge's party. Ned Brewster had been present when she did so.

All this time Mrs. Rogers was quite unconscious of what was being said. She wandered about her own house, unable to enter Eleanor's room, and refusing, in her distress, to see any of the many friends who called upon her. And they, knowing the facts of the case, were at a loss to know what to do to help matters.

It seemed to be a well-authenticated story. Who could interfere?

Finally Dr. Brewster took the matter in hand. He was a shy, retiring man, who never talked much, hurrying from one patient to another, and attending solely to his business. But his wife's name was connected so closely with this affair that he felt that it was time to speak. If she had been at home he would have left it to her, for she and Mrs. Rogers were old friends. She was in Boston.

At first he had supposed that Eleanor's words were merely the ravings of fever, as much that she said undoubtedly was, but he soon discovered how matters stood.

The next morning, after his usual visit to his patient, he told Mrs. Rogers that he wished to speak with her, and they went into the library.

"Mrs. Rogers," he said, "I want to ask you a question. Is Eleanor your own child?"

"Dr. Brewster, what do you mean?" exclaimed she, in amazement, staring at the doctor, and believing that he too was out of his mind.

"Just what I say. Is Eleanor your own child?"

"Of course she is! Whose else could she be, Dr. Brewster?"

"Mrs. Rogers, you are probably quite unaware that the story has gone all over Durham that Eleanor is your adopted daughter—that you took her from an orphan asylum."

Mrs. Rogers was now quite speechless. She could only gaze at Dr. Brewster in silence. Finally she said,

"Is it possible that any one believes this absurd story?"

"Yes; a great many people do. It seems to be well authenticated. And the strange part of the thing is that my wife is quoted as authority."

"Your wife! Mary Brewster?"

"Yes, Mary Brewster. What it all means I can't pretend to say. As far as I can find out, Mr. Weld's daughter—what's her name? Bessie—Bella—"

"Bertha!" put in Mrs. Rogers, impatiently.

"Yes; Bertha was the first to tell the story, and I understand she says she got it from Mrs. Brewster."

"Dr. Brewster, it is the most outrageous scandal I ever heard!" cried Mrs. Rogers. "I shall go at once to Bertha Weld and insist upon an explanation. And Mary told her? When is Mary coming home?"

"Not for a week or so; but if necessary we will send for her. I think I had better speak plainly, Mrs. Rogers. This story has been the chief cause of Eleanor's illness. She was a little run down before, and in such a condition that a shock of this kind was too much for a child of her extremely high-strung temperament. Though she is delirious, she knows what she is saying when she declares that you are not her mother. Unless she is made to understand the truth I will not answer for her life."

"Let me go to her!" cried Mrs. Rogers, starting up. "I can make her understand."

But the doctor barred the way. "My dear Mrs. Rogers, it would never do. You know the mere sight of you throws her into such a paroxysm that it is almost impossible to quiet her. We must manage in some other way

First of all, I would advise you to see the Weld girl, and find out what she means by the story and why she quotes my wife. If necessary we will telegraph Mary to come home. Let me take you down there now in my buggy."

Dr. Brewster was really afraid to leave Mrs. Rogers. She should insist upon going at once to her daughter. She hurried from the room, and in a moment returned ready for the drive.

When they reached Mr. Weld's house Mrs. Rogers was informed that Bertha was at school.

"I might have known it!" she cried, in despair. "Dr. Brewster, what shall I do now?"

The usually self-contained and independent woman was quite beside herself with indignation and grief. If Eleanor were to die!

"Stay right where you are, and I will go to the school and bring the child back to you." And he drove off without another word.

Bertha Weld, ever since she heard of Eleanor's illness, had been in a most unhappy frame of mind. She was thoroughly frightened at the effect of her words. She had not really intended to tell Eleanor, although she had threatened more than once to do so; but when the girl unexpectedly came from behind the window-curtain, having overheard Bertha's speech to Ned Brewster, it was too late, and Bertha told her all.

And now she was truly, heartily sorry. They said Eleanor was going to die. If she died, would it be her, Bertha's, fault? After all, why had she hated her so? Eleanor had never done her any harm. She simply had been Madge's friend. And Madge did not like Bertha any better for all she had done. On the contrary, she refused to have anything to do with her, and Bertha was more miserable than ever in consequence.

Poor Bertha had no one to whom she could unburden herself. She cried herself to sleep every night. If she only had a mother like other girls! And she had tried to take Eleanor's mother away from her. Even if Eleanor were adopted, what difference did it make? She and Mrs. Rogers loved each other like mother and daughter, why had she interfered? Oh, if she had never found the little red book!

She was in the geography class at school, paying little attention to the questions, and giving a list of the products of South America when asked to name the principal cities, when some one entered the room and requested Miss Parker, the teacher, to excuse Miss Weld. Dr. Brewster wished to see her.

Bertha started violently, and a suppressed murmur ran through the class. Every one supposed that Eleanor was worse, and that Bertha had been sent for, though no one could imagine why. All they knew was that Bertha had caused her illness.

"I wouldn't like to be in Bertha's shoes if papa is going to take the matter in hand!" whispered May Brewster to Madge.

"Silence, young ladies!" said Miss Parker, rapping the desk. "Miss Barnes, will you bound Brazil?"

Bertha never knew how she got out of the class-room and down the stairs. Dr. Brewster was waiting outside in his carriage.

"Get your hat and come with me," he said, brusquely. "Don't stop to make an excuse to your teacher. I will be responsible for that."

Bertha tremblingly obeyed, and in silence they drove to her own home. Dr. Brewster stopped his horse at the gate, and telling her to go into the house, drove quickly away. Bertha walked up the path and across the piazza. The door was opened for her by Mrs. Rogers.

"I wish to know what you mean!" cried Mrs. Rogers, seizing the girl's hand tightly and leading her into the parlor. "What is this story?"

"What story?" gasped Bertha, faintly.

"The story that you have been spreading about me and my child. If she dies, it will be your fault. Do you hear? Your fault?"

"Mrs. Rogers!" said Bertha, growing very white. "Don't!"

"Then tell me what you mean. I must get to the bottom of it at once. Who told you that Eleanor, my darling Eleanor, my only child, was not mine? Who told you, I say?"

"I—I read it in Mrs. Brewster's diary," faltered Bertha. "Mrs. Brewster's diary! What do you mean? Where did you see it?"

"I picked it up in the street the day she went to Boston."

"And read it!" said Mrs. Rogers, scornfully. "So that is what you did that Eleanor would not join you in! I remember. And to punish her for her sense of honor you made this up about her. For shame!"

"I didn't make it up. It is there, written down."

"Get it for me at once. I must see what Mary Brewster means by this absolute lie."

Bertha flew from the room. Her limbs trembled so that she could scarcely get up stairs. She opened her desk, and seizing the fatal little red book, turned to go down again; but she found that Mrs. Rogers, unable to restrain her impatience, had followed her up stairs.

"Give it to me!" she said, stretching out her hand.

"Where is the place?"

"July 20th," said Bertha.

Mrs. Rogers turned to the date, and read the memorable entry.

"Spent the morning with Mrs. R. She told me much about her life. E. is adopted, but is never to know it. Came from an Orphan Asylum. Loves her, however, like her own child."

Mrs. Rogers tossed the book to the floor with an exclamation of contempt.

"And why should it mean my daughter and me?" she said. "Is there no other 'Mrs. R.' in the world?"

"And it isn't really you, Mrs. Rogers?" cried Bertha. "Oh, oh, I am so glad! And so sorry I thought so! I knew Mrs. Brewster was your most intimate friend, and so we thought—"

"You thought it was a fine chance to make mischief, and you proceeded at once to do so. I tell you again that if my child dies it will be because of you. All your regret will make no difference now. It is too late. If she dies I never wish to see your face again."

And saying this Mrs. Rogers left the room. She went out of the house, and found Dr. Brewster waiting for her.

"I have telegraphed to Mary," he said, as he helped her into the carriage. "I thought you needed her, apart from the advisability of getting her testimony about this absurd story, whatever it may be. What did you find out from the girl?"

Mrs. Rogers told him.

"Humph! The great thing now will be to prove to Eleanor that the whole thing is false. It will be a difficult matter, but I am convinced that it is the only thing to save her life."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DAY AFTER.

OH dear! it's so far to next Christmas! Seems long as forever and more.

I've been counting the days over 'n' over,

Three hundred-and-sixty-four!

That's a dreadful lot to be waiting

To hang up your stocking, you see;

But to-morrow—that's something—there's only

Three hundred-and-sixty-three! A. H. D.

TYPICAL AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

GROTON SCHOOL.

BY GRAFTON DULANY CUSHING.

ABOUT a mile and a half from the pretty, old New England town of Groton, on a ridge sweeping gently down to a broad valley and up again, far away towards the Temple Hills, you will find the buildings and fields of Groton School; the clean solid red-brick buildings with

is the principal bathing-place, and on a June afternoon it is covered with naked little figures running and diving and splashing until the fatal "all out" from the Master in charge puts an end to the fun; all dress leisurely, and wander up the narrow road, lined with tender green



WELL FITTED FOR A WINTER'S DAY OF SPORT.

their white trimmings; the low picturesque Old House; the stately New House with its big doors and white colonnade; the squat gymnasium; the tall severe walls of the fives courts; and across the road the bright white and red farm buildings, and the pretty little stucco chapel; and here and there football fields, the first eleven field under the shadow of the chapel; the diamond on the lawn between the school-houses. Every where there are light and sunshine, and the air comes fresh from over the mountains, the long line of purple mountains stretching off indefinitely beyond the valley.

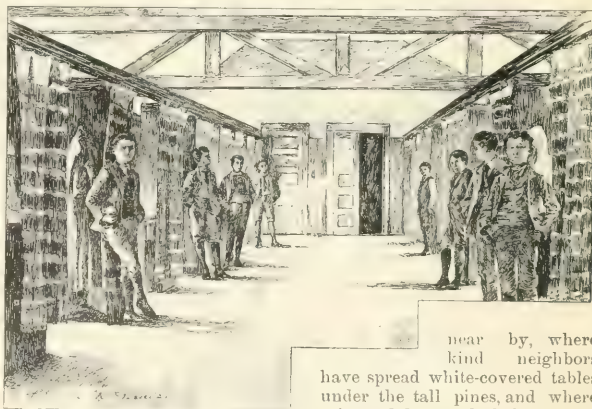
Down in the valley, hidden by the trees, flows the river Nashua, with its turns and twists and shady banks, its little tributary streams which the boys love to explore. The Nashua is a constant delight; we bathe in it in summer, we skate on it in winter, we row on it, we paddle on it. Oh, those long summer afternoons with the hard pull up the river, the coolness of the plunge into the dark waters, the lying at full length in the green meadow in the shadow of a tree, with the comfortable sense of having earned the right to rest, and the floating down with the current towards evening!

On the edge of the river is the boat-house, where are kept the four-oared working-boats in which the two boat clubs, the Hemenway and the Squannacook, row their annual race, and the numerous canoes and Adirondack boats which cover the river in the spring term. The float

across the river and back, accompanied by a boat, and surrounded by friends who have successfully passed the ordeal, and who are prodigal of encouragements and friendly advice. As no boy is allowed to go out in a boat without a Master until he has passed his examination, to succeed becomes a matter of some moment to him.

On the day of the races every boy who can get a place in a craft of any description hastens down to the picturesque old red bridge—the finish—while the less fortunate wait half-way down the course, and run along the bank. Little boats dart here and there, or ride lazily under the shadow of overhanging branches. The wheezy steam-launch, the *Pollywog*, whose greatest speed is with engines reversed, sails slowly and majestically by, and her shrill whistle is answered by the discordant blasts of tin trumpets. Then comes a rush of figures along the bank, and the rival crews appear around the bend. The

race is over; the supporters of the victorious crew are elated, and of the defeated one correspondingly depressed. Canoe races follow. There is then a swarming of boats through the arches of the bridge, towards a boat-house



IN THE DORMITORY.

near by, where kind neighbors have spread white-covered tables under the tall pines, and where cake and lemonade help to heal many a disappointment.

A characteristic scene is the half-hour between supper and evening work on a spring evening. Between the two wings at the back of the New House the younger boys are watering or weeding their gardens; for they have little plots to cultivate, and the owner of the best-kept garden receives a prize at the end of



THE NEW SCHOOL.

the year. In front of the house boys are playing scrub, or passing baseballs, or knocking up with a tennis-racket, while shouts of laughter come from the broad steps under the colonnade where the Head Master is reading *Hap-py Thoughts* aloud.

In the autumn term football is, of course, the all-absorbing occupation. Groton has always been successful in football, and plays the game with much vigor and skill. The team-play and the body-checking are particularly good, and the right traditions have grown up. The Captain of the eleven is a great man in the football season, and is looked up to with much awe and admiration by the younger boys. He is a bit of an autocrat, and runs his team as he thinks wise, no one venturing to question his orders on the field, not even the Masters.

The great match of the year is with St. Mark's. It is the school's Harvard and Yale game, and is played in alternate years at Groton and at Southboro'. When the game takes place at Southboro' only a few boys—the second eleven, the Captains of other teams, etc.—are allowed to go. The rest of the school spend the day in a ferment of excitement. There is a miniature Groton-St. Mark's played by the younger boys, and St. Mark's invariably wins. This is looked upon as a sure sign of victory. Long before it is possible to receive news, the telephone is besieged by impatient groups. At last joyful tidings are received, and there follow the usual excessive demonstrations—shouts, cheers, and ringing of bells, the slaps on the back, and the rough handling of friends—which are indispensable to a proper expression of manly joy. Preparations are at once made for a celebration; a large bonfire is built, and a procession is arranged to welcome the victors. Sometimes the boys dress themselves in rubber coats, night-gowns, and red wrappers (the school colors being black, white, and red); sometimes a sully is decorated with appropriate mottoes, in which the

Captain is dragged gloriously home. The eleven is met half way to the station by the procession, with its transparencies, banners, torches, drums, and flutes, and is escorted back with much solemnity and amid no little enthusiastic clamor.

The last event of the autumn term is the Christmas concert at a neighboring country-house. The school orchestra, the glee club, the mandolin club, and such individuals as have talent perform. A satiric poem by one of the Masters is always received with uproarious appreciation. As you step out of the garland-hung hall into the quiet night with the strains of the Christmas hymn, "Oh, come all ye faithful!" still ringing in your ears, and



AN AFTERNOON IN JUNE AT THE BOAT-HOUSE

as you drive home in the starlight over the crisp snow through the mysterious white country your heart is filled with peace and good-will towards men.

It always seems as though the winter term was going to be long and dreary; as a matter of fact, it is so full that before one can realize it is fairly under way, it is gone. It is an intimate time; a season of short days when one gathers around the blazing open fires; perhaps the most homelike time of the year. On half-holidays there is afternoon tea in the Head Master's house for the sixth form, and you will often find little tea-parties going on in the rooms of the other masters. If you want really to appreciate a cup of tea and a fire, spend a good hard afternoon coasting or skating or snow-shoeing. A New England winter may be cold, but it is dry and clear, and with a bright sun cold is ever endurable.

In Groton every one is out-of-doors in winter as well as in warmer weather. If there is neither skating nor coasting nor snow-shoeing, one can at least ramble through the woods, or chop a path, or take a good walk. There is rarely an excuse for doing nothing. There are various hills which are used for tobogganing, and occasionally afford wonderful crust coasting. A chute is put up every winter near the school-house for both toboggans and double-runners. There are several ponds on which one can play hockey, but it is when the river is frozen that skating is at its best; then one can fly along for miles up or down stream, often on ice as smooth as glass. The five courts are a tremendous resource in stormy weather; the game is very exciting, comparing favorably with raquets or court-tennis, is capital exercise, and requires skill and agility. A five tournament, with doubles and singles, takes place every year, and a winter meeting in the gymnasium. A certain amount of exercise is compulsory. Every evening, except on half-holidays during the winter term, at five o'clock, directly after afternoon school, the boys have calisthenics for about fifteen minutes. This brings them all into the gymnasium, and many remain to work there.

On Washington's Birthday the sixth form give a play. It is true maybe that no great dramatic talent is displayed; it may also be that it takes a lively imagination to make a tree or a plant out of the green smears on the cotton scenery, but the audience is independent, shuts its eyes to such small defects, and enjoys the performance.

In a school like Groton so much is done for the boys that there is a danger they may forget that they in their turn owe something to their generation. And so a Missionary Society was started from which should originate plans to help the less fortunate. Committees investigate cases of need which come before the society; discarded clothes are collected and distributed among the poor; Sunday-school classes are formed in the neighborhood. This year a series of evening services in villages where there is no church met with great success. A clergyman or a lay-preacher, and four or five boys who could sing or play on some instrument, formed each party, and a simple service with a good deal of singing was held once a week for four weeks in some hall or school-house. There were four different parties, and each party took a different district. The best work done by the Missionary Society is perhaps in the Summer Camp for poor boys. The society has bought an island on Lake Asquam in New Hampshire, and has erected a simple building which will hold about twenty boys. During the summer the Masters, the graduates, and some of the older boys devote two weeks each to the supervision of poor boys who are sent from the cities. The boys are divided into squads to do the necessary work, to make the beds, to clean the boats, to chop the wood, to get the provisions. They bathe, play baseball, walk, etc., and improve greatly in weight and appearance after two weeks of good plain food and a healthy life. Last year about eighty-five

poor boys came to the camp. It is to my mind one of the striking features of Groton School that it is constantly growing in new fields of usefulness, and that it is not content with the mere improvement in school methods and school machinery, but is pressing on toward the highest ideal of education, the rearing of Christian men who are willing to turn their hand to any work which their country and their generation may demand of them.

Ten years ago, when Groton School was founded, the Old House was the only school building—if we except an old pink barn which was fitted up as a gymnasium, and which has since disappeared. The boys lived, studied, and recited in the same house. To day the boys live in the New House, and do all their studying and reciting, except evening preparation, in the Old School, which has been slightly modified for that purpose. The left end of the New School, as one faces it, is given over to the rooms of the matron, the infirmary, the kitchens, and the servants' quarters. The corresponding right end is the Head Master's house. The central part of the building contains a large school-room, a sunny library, and dormitories in the wings running out behind. On its left is the dining-hall, a splendid room the height and width of the house, panelled in dark wood. On its right are the studies of the older boys, and a dormitory above. The boys sleep in large, light dormitories; each boy has a cubicle, as it is called, separated from the adjoining ones by partitions which do not reach to the ceiling. A Master's study and bedroom open into each dormitory, and there the boys assemble before going to bed and chat, or are read to; very cheery and enjoyable these little reunions are, I can tell you. Each dormitory has a lavatory belonging to it, where are the baths and washing apparatus.

The old-fashioned theory that there is a natural antagonism between Masters and boys has never been able to find a foothold in Groton. The boys like and trust the Masters, and are, in turn, trusted absolutely. The comradeship is complete. The boy's life is the Master's life; they play the same games; they do the same work; they are always together. No Master ever does anything alone; whether it be work among the poor or an afternoon's amusement, he always has some boys with him. Masters play on all the teams. And so the boys develop naturally, as in their homes, surrounded by kindly influence. Punishments are, of course, inflicted; but the boys recognize that it is in no unkind spirit, and the pleasant relations are rarely even temporarily disturbed. This sympathy makes the work in the class-room easier and better. Every Master knows each boy well, and does his best to make his recitations interesting and instructive to the whole class. This relationship is no mere coincidence. The policy of the school is to approach, as much as it is possible, to family life. The Head Master's house has always been separated from the rest of the house only by a door, so that the boys may come and go with freedom. The Head Master and his wife live in the midst of the boys; they eat with them, are with them constantly, and there is no part of the school-life in which they do not share. Three evenings a week the boys are invited into the parlor to play games, and on other occasions too numerous to mention the Head Master's house is made a meeting-place. There is nothing that can be done to make a school-boy's life happy and homelike that is not done.

It is very difficult to analyze or to express in words the charm of a place. To a stranger, I suppose, the charm of Groton seems to lie in its youth, its enthusiasm, its air of happiness. To the younger boys it is enough that they are happy without asking why. But to the older boys, to the graduates, and to the Masters, the school stands for all that is best and brightest and happiest in life. They love the place, they love the work, and they give to both the loyalty of a lifetime.

A LITTLE BOY'S PLAN.

"I F I had made the calendar," said Bobbie, yesterday, "I sort of think I'd have it fixed in somewhat different way. I'd not have put the Christmases so very far apart; I think that six months 'tween 'em would please any youngster's heart."

"And scattered through the other months I'd have a lot of times

On which we'd decorate the house and gayly ring the chimes; On which we'd have, not Santa, but some other Saint like him, Who'd go about and gratify our every little whim.

"Who'd bring us cakes and candy in the middle of July; Who'd bring us cars and wagons when the June sun's in the sky;

Who when September came about would bring us lots of things To make us all as happy as a band of Brownie Kings.

"It wouldn't be like Christmas altogether, for, you know, July would find the country warm and without any snow. The man for June could enter by the coal-hole, just as we expect dear Santa Claus to come in by the chimney."

"In this way we'd have lots of things a-coming all the year, And waiting for the Christmas-time would not be long and drear,

And best of all we'd not wear out our toys, and I am sure The old ones would be newer when we gave 'em to the poor."

GASTON V. DRAKE.

A CLEVER RETORT.

THAT was a clever retort which a laborer once made to Lord Chancellor Camden of England. It appears that in consequence of the interest which the Lord Chancellor took on behalf of Wilkes, he became so popular that the parishioners of Chiselhurst, where he resided, made him a present of ten acres of common. His lordship, who was a very early riser, was the first to discover, in one of his morning walks, that a poor widow who resided on the common had all her geese stolen during the previous night. He chanced to meet a laborer going to work, and thinking from being wrapped up in his great-coat that he was unknown to the man, he enquired of him respecting the geese, and asked him if he knew what punishment would be inflicted on the offender who stole the geese from the common. The man answered, "No."

"Well, then," said his lordship, "he would be transported for seven years."

"If that is the case," replied the laborer, "I will thank your lordship to tell me what punishment the law would inflict on the man who stole the common from the geese."

A CORRECTION.

WILBUR was quite hoarse, and when the doctor came he said, "I guess you've got a frog in your throat, eh?"

"Guess not," said Wilbur. "'Tain't big enough for anything bigger'n a pollywog."

MERELY A GUESS.

"How did you break your slate, Jack?" asked his mamma.

"I don't know," said Jack. "I drew a picture on it of a boy throwing a stone at a bird, and I guess maybe the stone hit the slate instead of the bird."

ONE OF JACK'S PROBLEMS.

"Don't see much sense in boys studyin' grammar," growled Jack. "If a boy'd ought to hold his tongue all the time, what's the good o' knowin' how to talk?"

NOT A BAD PLAN.

THE children were playing up in the attic when suddenly Whitty gave a fearful yell.

"What is the matter?" said the nurse, from below.

"Nothin'," replied Whitty.

"Then what are you yelling for?"

"Cuz I had a half a dozen of 'em in my throat, and I thought I'd better yell 'em now than do it to-night when Papa's asleep."

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TODDLES.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER IV.

AS the two approached the Poor House the Reformed Burglar caught sight of them, and turned around to see who his visitors were. Then he stuck his head in through an open window and shouted,

"Hi there, below! All hands on deck to repel boarders!"

"Does he think we are coming here to live?" asked Tommy of his companion.

"I guess not," answered the Sheep. "Why?"

"He said something about boarders."

"Oh, that's only an idiom of the piratic vocabulary," replied the Sheep, laughingly—so learnedly, in fact, that Tommy was just as much in the dark as he was before he put the question.

When he looked up at the house again a wild-eyed individual with long hair and a fierce mustache, holding a knife in his teeth and a pistol in each hand, burst out of the door and stood beside the Burglar.

"This must be the ex-Pirate," thought Tommy, as he cautiously got behind the Sheep. "I wonder if he'll shoot?"

But the ex-Pirate was not that kind of a man at all. When he saw that there were strangers present he put his pistols back into his belt, and came up to the visitors with a genial smile, and shook hands with the Sheep and then with Tommy.

"Welcome to the Poor House," he said. "There is nothing here, and so you will find nobody any richer than yourselves."

"But we have not come to stay," murmured Tommy.

"Nothing comes to stay," replied the ex-Pirate, with a sigh. "Everything that comes, goes."

During this conversation the Reformed Burglar, who had put down his paint-pot, approached the group. Tommy noticed that he only had one eye, and that he wore a blind over the other. He wanted to ask him what was the matter with this other eye, but he thought the Burglar might feel offended at such a question, so he merely said,

"How do you do, sir?"

"To-day I do it in red," answered the Reformed Burglar, with a bow.

"But I did not ask you that," said Tommy.

"You should have," said the Burglar; "it is important."

"I don't like red," interrupted the ex-Pirate. "I prefer black. I wanted him to paint the house black."

"But that would have looked so sad," remarked the little boy.

"No matter; black is the pirate's color, and I like it." The ex-Pirate was getting somewhat excited.

"Black is a beastly color," shouted the Burglar.

"It's better than red," retorted the ex-Pirate, hotly, and then there followed a lively dispute between the two inmates of the Poor House as to the relative merits of red and black for mural decoration.

"Well, I'm doing the painting, anyhow," sniffed the Reformed Burglar, finally, and he went back to his pot and brushes.

"He's that way," said the ex-Pirate, turning to Tommy in an apologetic way. "But won't you sit down? We have no chairs, but there is a bench. I painted the bench. You see, it's black."

Tommy felt grateful for this invitation, for he was beginning to feel a little bit tired after his walk. There was a rude table in front of the bench, and they all sat down and leaned back against it.

"I write here sometimes," said the ex-Pirate as he sat down between his two guests.

Tommy didn't know exactly what kind of a reply this statement called for, so he said, "Is that so?"

"Of course it's so," replied the ex-Pirate, facing the little boy. "If you don't believe it, ask the Reformed Burglar."

"I do believe it," answered Tommy, somewhat timidly, for he feared he had offended the ex-Pirate. "What I meant to say was 'Indeed,' or something of that sort."

"That's all right," continued the ex-Pirate, cordially. "I thought perhaps you doubted me. Some people doubt pirates, you know, and although I am not a pirate now, I was once, and my reputation clings to me. If you would like to see how I do it, just to be convinced, I will write some poetry now."



"THIS MUST BE THE EX-PIRATE," THOUGHT TOMMY.

"Oh no, don't," said the Sheep, impulsively.

"But, if you prefer, I will recite some of my own compositions," continued the ex-Pirate, heedless of the Sheep's protest. "I can recite something I wrote here. Would you like to hear it?"

"Certainly," said Tommy, politely; "is it about pirates?"

"No; it's about the Reformed Burglar. Would not you like to hear about him? I can recite something about pirates afterward, if you would like me to."

"Never mind. Let us hear about the Reformed Burglar," said the Sheep, wearily.

The ex-Pirate appeared to be pleased at receiving even this slight encouragement. He climbed up on to the top of the black table, and Tommy and the Sheep turned around so as to face him. He bowed very politely and elaborately in all directions, just as if there had been a large audience present, and then began. His manner of speaking was very melodramatic, and Tommy suspected once or twice that he saw the Sheep hiding a smile. But the little boy was very much interested, because he had wanted all along to know more about the Burglar, and this piece of poetry told him a good deal.

There was a bold bad burglar
Whose name was One-eyed
Bill,

He used to burgle shops and
banks,
And also tap the till.

Now in the street where
William lived

There dwelt a little maid,
Her face was very pretty, and
Her name was Adelaide.

Alas, she was an orphan, for
Her parents both were dead,
And her father's brother cared
for her
Now in her mother's stead.

Her uncle was a constable
Upon the town police,
And he used to keep a watch-
ful eye
Upon his pretty niece.

But Adelaide, as maidens will
Nine cases out of ten,
Would sit upon the front-door step,
And smile upon the men.

It happened thus that One-eyed Bill
Came walking down that way,
And seeing pretty Adelaide,
He wished her a good-day.

And Addie said: "Good-morrow, sir,
How is the world with you?
Would you sit down here beside me
If I should ask you to?"

So William went right up the steps,
And sat upon her left
(For, if you will remember, of
One eye he was bereft).

He sat there all the afternoon
With pretty Adelaide,
And when he went back home again
He loved the gentle maid.

Said he unto himself: "Ha! ha!
True unto my profession,
I'll burgle this young woman's heart
And make it my possession."

But this was his last burglary;
For when he won her heart,
She made him swear that he and his
Profession then would part.

So One-eyed Bill and Adelaide
Were married very soon,
And sailed away to foreign lands
To spend their honey-moon.

When the ex-Pirate had finished speaking he clambered down from the top of the table, and bowed again to Tommy and to the Sheep.

"Did the burglar really get married?" asked the little boy.

"Certainly," answered the ex-Pirate; "he married Adelaide."

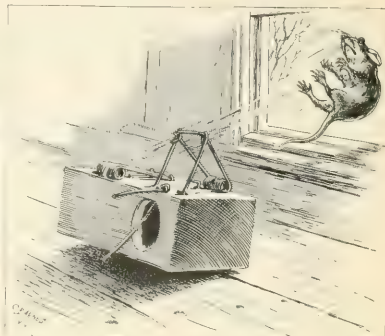
"Well, where is she now? Is not she poor too?"

"I don't know," said the ex-Pirate, with an air of embarrassment, as he glanced stealthily toward One-eyed Bill, who was still zealously painting the side of the Poor House.

"Don't ask so many questions," whispered the Sheep. "It is very embarrassing sometimes. When in doubt, always change the subject."

Tommy did not like to be talked to in this fashion, especially by a sheep, although he knew down in the bottom of his heart that it was a little inquisitive to ask questions about the private affairs even of a reformed burglar. But it was evident to him that the ex-Pirate felt slightly disturbed over the matter, and so he tried to change the subject, as the Sheep had suggested.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A VERY WISE LITTLE MOUSE.

"FOLKS THINK ME A GREAT SNAKE IF THEY
INDUCE ME TO PEEK MY NOSE IN THERE. IT IS
ONLY NECESSARY TO SPRING THE TRAP, THEN
TAKE THE CHASE AT ONCE!"

HE SPRUNG THE TRAP, AND MAY RETURN FOR THE
"CHEESE" AT FIVE P.M."



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NEW YORK BOYS' WORK AND PLAY.

BY REV. W. S. RAINSFORD, D.D.

BOYS in a big city like New York are obliged to live a more or less unnatural life; they cannot do some of the things boys should always be encouraged to do. Indeed, boys generally do these things without encouragement. No boy's life is complete and natural without he has the opportunity to freely use his limbs as well as his head. His legs, arms, and chest need education just as much as his brain or his heart, and when for several generations this education of exercise and play has been denied the boys of a great city, the sad evidences of this denial are very easily seen.

The boys of London, for instance, are now sadly behind

the boys of England, just because they have been denied such education for many years. When the English officers are looking for recruits to join the army and go all over the world to uphold the honor of the British name and flag, while many volunteers come forward in London, comparatively few are tall enough or strong enough to pass the very modest standard which the laws of English enlistment require.

The London boys, until very lately, have had no playgrounds but the courts, alleys, and streets, and such games as can be played in these narrow places are too apt to inter-

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IN A RABBIT-TRAP.

SCARCELY any animal is so harmless but that, if you put it in the wrong place, it may not grow dangerous. It would be hard to name a more harmless-looking creature than a rabbit, or one less likely to do a great deal of mischief to anybody, yet on the Australian continent rabbits are a thousand times more feared by the settlers who live there than all the dozens of kinds of poisonous snakes that abound in the country.

Australia is a warm country, and for the most part it is covered with grass. Snow never falls there, and there are no severe frosts to prevent the grass growing, so that, except in a bad drought, the grass grows there all the year round. About twenty years ago some one set free some wild rabbits in the great grassy plains where the settlers fed their vast flocks of sheep and cattle. Rabbits breed very fast everywhere, but nobody ever heard of their increasing as they did in Australia. In a very few years they had spread over the country by millions, and had driven the cattle and sheep out of whole districts where they left them nothing to eat. The settlers tried many ways to get rid of them, but it looked as if they had come to stay, and all the settlers could do seemed to make no impression. At last, after all sorts of schemes had failed to kill the rabbits, the settlers made up their minds to fence them out and fight them from behind the fences.

It was a terrible undertaking, for it meant putting up many hundreds of miles of fences made so close that rabbits could not get in. At last they did it, however, and now they are fighting the rabbits from behind these fences. It is not an easy fight even now. If the fences were not watched constantly the rabbits would get through in spite of all the settlers could do. They swarm up to the barrier in thousands, and to prevent them from making burrows so close to the fence that some would be sure to get under it, if only by accident, they catch and kill as many as possible by means of traps. These traps are so unlike any that my readers are likely to have seen, and generally contain so many curious animals besides rabbits, that I think a short description of one, with a glance at its contents, may be of some interest to boys even at this distance from the great rabbit campaign.

Let me first describe an Australian trap. It is made in this way: First of all a hole is made in the wire fencing about eighteen inches in height; then just inside the fence a pit is dug about eight feet long, five feet wide, and six feet deep. The hole in the fence opens about the middle of the pit, and the ground is sloped with a spade leading through the hole to the edge of the pit. A wooden cover is built over the pit, sloping up to the fence so as to include the whole height of the gap left in the wire fencing. A trap-door with a hinge is made at one end of the pit cover, about eighteen inches or two feet square, to let a man get into the pit; then it is ready for business.

Simple as this trap is it could hardly be more efficient. The rabbits as they prowl along the fence run down the inclined path only to find themselves on a board which tips up instantly, shooting them into the pit below. Once in, there is no way out again, and they have to wait the arrival of the executioner, as he makes his daily round each morning, unless some other animal comes to forestall him, which is not at all unlikely to happen. There are other animals besides rabbits sure to find their way into a trap of this sort. Some of them seem to go from mere curiosity, but most go there on business. They know that the rabbits are sure to be there, and they have important business with the rabbits.

When the boundary-rider opens the trap-door in the morning he lets in the light on a curious scene. At first sight it is no easy matter to guess what the jumping, running, struggling heap of life can be that rolls and tumbles

about at the bottom of the pit. Then you begin to see that it consists of a great variety of creatures, some of which are terribly frightened of the others, and some of which are only very much astonished to find themselves in such a place and such company. The first you will make out quite clearly will very likely be one or two wallabies—a curious-looking little kangaroo from two and a half to three feet tall; they have evidently strolled into the trap by mistake. There they sit up on end blinking in the sudden flood of sunshine just let in upon them, with a funny, puzzled look on their faces, until suddenly some other creature or perhaps half a dozen at once jump on to their long tails that trail behind them on the ground, and then they make a little nervous hop, and light perhaps on two or three rabbits, who struggle wildly to escape. The terror of the rabbits is indeed the main feature of the scene, and a second look will explain it. Their natural enemies are there, and have evidently come on business. There are perhaps three or four wild-cats, already so overgorged with food that they are harmless enough if the rabbits only knew it, but evidently feeling indignant that they can eat no more rabbits, and can only sit glaring in helpless disgust that so much excellent food should be wasted.

Then, of course, there are snakes, perhaps only two or three, or in some places a dozen. They are of all sizes, but the kinds most likely to get into a trap are the larger sorts that eat rabbits. They are of all colors—black, brown, gray, some beautifully spotted, others striped with various colors, and generally from four to eight feet in length. These glide about through the throng of moving bodies, their bright eyes glittering, and their heads moving with a graceful, wary motion backwards and forwards as they go. Occasionally, as some creature jolts up against them, they draw their heads up and give an angry hiss; but they have evidently had breakfast and don't care for more.

There are sure to be lizards too. Most of these have no business there, but a lizard is an unreasonable sort of creature that never seems to know his own mind, and these have, no doubt, come into the trap through sheer curiosity, all of them, that is, but *one* kind. In a corner, probably engaged in swallowing a last little rabbit, is an "iguana"—the boundary-rider calls him a "goanna"—who, alone of all the party, seems wholly undisturbed, perhaps because everything else gives him as wide a berth as possible. He is, it must be confessed, ugly enough to account for it. He is a large and very clumsy lizard, from three and a half to even five feet long, and, as he stands there in the corner, he suggests very unpleasantly a small crocodile.

There are other creatures too in the trap, generally a good many, if one had time to pick them out. There may be a native bear—a clumsy, stupid, simple-looking beast, about the size of a good big dog, with very thick grayish fur, from amongst which his eyes look out with a puzzled sheepish air which is almost irresistibly funny. Then there are bandicoots, queer furry creatures about the size of large rabbits, as well as a collection of native rats and moles of different kinds. All are alike in having pretty furs, and all bear in their structure the sign-manual of the original Australian animal, the marsupial pouch.

We have stood in imagination at the trap-door of our rabbit-pit longer than would have suited the boundary-rider, who was supposed to be at our side. Your boundary-rider is a busy man, and has a dozen more traps to visit when he has cleared this one. He has, therefore, no time to waste, but, after a single glance into the pit to see what he has to deal with, he proceeds to business. He first rolls the long heavy thong of his stock-whip round his arm, and grasps the eighteen-inch long handle by the thin end, then, without a moment's hesitation, he drops through the trap-door into the pit.

The new arrival is the signal for a confusion even wilder than before. The rabbits and small furry creatures scamper off in every direction. The simple-faced wallaby makes a clumsy hop to get out of the way, while the stupid-looking native bear shuffles clumsily to one side. The wild-cats arch their backs, swell out their tails, and grin and spit horribly. The snakes uprear their crests, and hiss threateningly at the intruder. Even the iguana backs a step and opens his jaws, showing two formidable rows of teeth in an ugly snarl.

The boundary-rider, however, is accustomed to this sort of welcome, and has no time to fool around with either snakes or lizards. As quick as thought he strikes right and left, breaking the vertebrae of a snake at each blow of the heavily loaded whip-handle, and laying them writhing on the ground, where he probably crushes their heads with the same weapon, in case they should happen to be poisonous. The wild-cats are free to go if they choose. They kill rabbits, and are therefore so far privileged; but they are blessed with a temper so bad that it is a chance whether, after all, they don't feel the sharp deadly blow with which the stock-whip dismisses the more innocent furry denizens of the trap. In their case he is no respecter of persons. To possess fur is in the eyes of the boundary-rider to have the mark of the beast, and therefore to be a proper subject for a sudden death. Rabbits, bandicoots, native rats, moles, native bears, and wallabies are all involved in a common and speedy slaughter. Even the lizards, being in the way, get killed, with the one honorable exception of the iguana. The boundary-rider himself is not a greater enemy of the rabbit than the iguana is, and therefore the iguana is privileged. He is rather a fierce animal when meddled with, for he gives a very ugly bite, so a plank is usually provided for him, by means of which he marches out of the pit triumphantly, with the honors of war. Then the bodies of the numerous dead are thrown out of the trap, those that have furs or skins worth selling in the Sydney market to be secured, and the others, amongst which are, of course, the rabbits, to be covered up in a trench as quickly as possible so as to set the executioner free to attend to the other traps on his daily beat.

H. H. Lusk.

THE DOGWOOD-TREE.

"I CAN always tell a dogwood-tree
When I walk in Central Park,"
Said Jack, "for can't you plainly see
You can tell it by its bark?"

LITERARY SALAD.

ELEANOR CHASE belonged to a literary society, and at the end of the year when the meetings were over all the girls wanted to give some kind of an entertainment. Helen Jackson suggested a dance, "So we could invite the boys, you know," but Eleanor, who had been brought up in a literary atmosphere, thought a dance was too frivolous for a literary society.

Progressive euchre was proposed, or a theatre party, but none seemed quite consistent with the literary ideal of the girls, so Mrs. Chase was called in, and the girls poured out to her their tribulations, and begged for some ideas.

After much discussion Mrs. Chase said: "Girls, why not have a luncheon? And if you want it to be 'a feast of reason and a flow of soul,' I will help you arrange a dish of literary salad."

The girls agreed that this really seemed the best thing to do, and it would at least have the merit of being something different from a luncheon with just "plain talk," as Grace Porter said. "And you know," she added, "it is so frightfully hard to be entertaining from one o'clock

until four. I nearly die trying to think of something to say, and the more I think the fewer ideas I have."

The rest of the girls had all had similar experiences when they were hostesses, and any plan for helping along the conversation was gladly welcomed.

The day was fixed for the luncheon, and ten invitations were sent out, as each member of the society was allowed to invite a friend.

The girls had great pleasure preparing for the luncheon, and everything looked so pretty when all was ready, that Eleanor declared "anybody ought to be glad to come to see such beauty, even if they did not hear a word spoken or have a thing to eat."

The society colors were pink and green, so the table was decorated with pink roses and smilax, and when the guests saw the table they were enthusiastic enough to delight even Eleanor.

Mary Webster, the artist of the society, had drawn a little sketch for each girl's luncheon card, and it was characteristic of the girl in some way. A rhyme or some quotation accompanied each sketch, and these cards proved very entertaining.

After several courses had been served, and when the guests would naturally expect a salad course, there was served a dish of lettuce leaves made of tissue-paper. Before this was passed, each girl was given a card on which were twenty numbers, and to these cards were attached pale green pencils by means of pink ribbons. The lettuce leaves consisted of three different shades of green tissue-paper, the edges being crinkled and cut in the shape of a real leaf. A piece of white paper a little smaller than the green one was pasted down the middle of the leaf, and on this was written a quotation more or less familiar. When every girl had her leaf of lettuce, Mrs. Chase asked Jane Paul, the girl who sat at her right, to read her quotation.

After Jane had read hers all the girls tried to guess the name of the author, and without telling any one they wrote down on their cards opposite number one the author they thought had written the verse. Each girl in turn read her quotation, and the name of the author was written opposite the number of the quotation. When all had been read the girl with number one read her quotation again, and also read the name of the supposed author. In this way the quotations were all read again, and when finished the number of correct authors was counted, and the girl who had written correctly the largest number received the prize.

A great many quotations can be taken from Shakespeare. If there should be great difficulty in guessing the author the hostess can give a little help. One quotation at this luncheon was,

"I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart."

No one was familiar with the quotation, so Mrs. Chase said, "I will tell you the next line, and then see if you can tell the author." So she said,

"Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar."

Immediately all said, "Oh yes, I know," and all put down Shakespeare.

When one of the girls read this quotation,

"But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart,"

Helen Jackson said, "Everybody knows Casabianca wrote that," and only one of the party knew the author was Mrs. Hemans.

After this came the real and palatable salad, but I assure you it was not enjoyed as much as the literary dish. Ice-cream, fruit, and coffee followed, and when the girls went away they declared it was the nicest luncheon to which they had been, adding, "It was so literary."

MAY STOCKTON SHREVE.



THE KINDERGARTEN ROOM.

(Continued from front page.)

fare, as we all know, with the comfort of the inhabitants, and so are forbidden by the police. London is a very old city; New York a very young city. Things, therefore, that may be excused in the one are inexcusable in the other.

In these latter days all sensible people give far more thought to the growing-time of boys and girls than our forefathers did, for they are beginning to understand that the old saying "a stitch in time saves nine" is far truer of a life than of a coat, and they are disposed to agree with the saying of one of the wisest of men, Plato—that the man who teaches people to bring up their children is really a greater and rarer man than he who teaches his countrymen to successfully wage war; for the former is great in making men, the latter in killing them.

This great New York, of which we are all so proud, and in whose future we believe, is like a rash young fellow, so full of life and courage that he does very foolish things sometimes—things that cost him a great deal to undo. One of these things which we have done carelessly and which has cost us dearly already, and is likely to cost us a great deal more before we undo it, is the tenement-house system of living. The houses are so crowded together that no room has been left for exercise or play, and the chief sufferers are the young people.



LEARNING TO BE TELEGRAPH OPERATORS.

I have been asked to tell of some little aid which we in St. George's Church are trying to give by way of helping our neighbors, what success has attended us, and where we fail. I might sum up, I think, truly, our efforts in one word, a very comprehensive one when rightly understood, and say we aim to provide a little "recreation" for those so sorely in need of it, and as you will see later on, by recreation I mean far more than mere amusement. I mean the re-creating, making over again, that part of a boy's life which is so apt to die within him, or become diseased, because he never is allowed to use it. I would say at once that I do not think any church or society can at present do more than point the way to better things, so that good results can be won, even where there are very small means to win them; and if in this manner attention is but called to some of these things that should be changed

in our city life, that should be provided for our young people, public spirit will insist on these changes being made.



THE CARPENTER SHOP.

I believe that the greatest need of our New York boy, as I said before, is opportunity for recreation. He has all the schooling and head-training he requires, though I fear even this is often a very old-fashioned sort, and tires him more than he needs to be tired, and interests him less than he ought to be interested; but I am very sure, for all his scholarship, he often has not much real education. But you say, "Can a boy have plenty of schooling and yet not be educated?" Indeed he can, for education means far more than knowing things. Education means bringing out all that is best and manliest in him. A man is not only a being who thinks and knows things. These things he may do and yet be a veritable demon, a curse to himself and a terror to those who are forced to come into contact with him. He must know how to make good use of his knowledge, not evil use, and more than that he must *wish* to make good use of himself. One thing still farther, before he is a truly educated man he must know how to make good use of the *whole* of himself.

There was, I believe, an old custom among soldiers long ago, in times of chivalry, when they made a vow or went to war, they would sometimes put a sharp stone in their shoe, or even blind one eye with a patch over it,



THE ST. GEORGE'S DRILL CORPS.

until they had made some pilgrimage, or had done something they had vowed to do. This may have shown their courage and determination—good things in themselves—but certainly it did not show their sense; for a long pilgrimage they needed the fullest use of their feet, and on the battle-field surely no one can find two eyes one too many.

Now so it is in life; we need not only men and women, nor even good men and good women, but educated men and women—people whose whole being is at its best, and used for all it is worth—clear heads, clever hands, healthy, pure, clean bodies. Then indeed will the country and the whole world be the better for the living of such *educated* people.

But some of my readers will say, "This is only theory." No, it is proved fact. At one of our State penitentiaries, during a period of ten years, the average number of men received each year was 504; out of that number the yearly average who had attended school was 437, while of all these 437 the average number who had trades of different kinds was only 52. The lesson such figures as these teach is very plain indeed. The boy who went to school learned, no doubt, something there, but his fellow pupil who took up a trade learned something more—he learned what the first knew and he then tried to make some real use of it. His fingers and arms were called to the use of his head. His trade was in itself an education to him. He had, no doubt, the same temptation to idleness and sin as the other, but he had what his fellow did not have—something interesting to do, something that he could not do without putting a good deal of himself into the doing of it; and so when his poor school-fellow fell into evil ways he kept straight, and his trade education helped him to keep straight.

Now we have tried to establish at St. George's, gymnasium, athletic fields, drill corps, boys' clubs, and things of that sort, but I have only space to speak of one of our efforts particularly, which has for its aim this widening of a boy's education. One of the troubles of our New York life is, that it is not easy for boys to learn trades. There is a great demand for office boys, messenger boys, boys in stores, etc. In these positions they can earn from two to four or six dollars per week, but I am sure that this is the poorest work possible for boys. When they are beginning to think of earning their own bread it seems a fine thing to gain such a sum, and a parent often foolishly encourages them to do so. School is dropped as soon as possible, and three or four dollars are quickly added to the earnings of the family; but the young earner is really not earning much; he has left

school too soon; he has no trade, no prospect of gaining a thorough knowledge of any one line of business. His cheap work is in all likelihood used to oust some older person who once began on the ladder of life just where he is now beginning. The boy who ousts the man will in a few years, when he asks for higher wages, be replaced by another much younger than he, and where is he then? His best youth past, no sure position won, he is only another hopeless recruit going to swell the great sad army of unskilled, unorganized labor. But it is hard for boys to learn trades in New York, not only on account of strong temptations that beset them to accept positions that will not afford them fair opportunities to rise in the world, but also for another reason. At present the Trades Unions limit very strictly the number of apprentices who can enter in any trade. They do this because they are afraid that there may be too many carpenters or bricklayers or plumbers, too many for the work that there is in this country for them to do; and thus it comes about that many a lad wants to learn a trade, and his parents are willing to work all the harder that he may learn it, but he cannot get a place.

To meet such cases we started the Boys' Industrial Trade School. We leased the house at 520 East Eleventh



SETTING UP TYPE IN THE COMPOSING-ROOM.

Street, and made such alterations as were absolutely necessary. On the ground-floor, in the main room, we placed a carpenter's shop, and in the room back of that a drawing-class. The next floor was fitted up for a school in telegraphy, with ten instruments, and the third floor was given up to a kindergarten school for boys from ten and over in manual training. There are twenty benches in the carpenter's shop, each supplied with a complete set of tools, which the boys are taught to use with care. The work they are called upon to do is first prepared in the drawing-classes.

The attendance at the telegrapher's class has not been as good as at others. The reason for this is that the telegrapher's trade is not as good now as it was, and the wages are lower than many other trades. There are also classes in stenography and printing. In the composing-rooms there are three classes, with room for twelve boys in each class. The boys are taught to set up and distribute type, but, unfortunately, we have not yet been able to afford the expense of a press, and so it has been hard work to hold the boys' interest, as they could do no actual printing.

The chief difficulty we have to overcome in order to make our work a success is, of course, the irregularity among the boys who attend. To any one who knows the city this is not discouraging. Public-school hours are sufficiently long; little or no attention is paid to any but head-work; consequently when the children come away they are both cramped and tired. Almost all of what we are trying to teach could and should be taught in the public schools, but as it is now, since part of "the young thing" is too much taught, and the largest part not taught at all, of course he wants to "let up" as soon as school is over, and to be sent off again at night seems very hard treatment indeed. At least it is hard until his interest is thoroughly roused, and then he comes in without driving or dragging.

We think, on the whole, that our very modest effort to increase the interest and widen the education of some of our young neighbors is succeeding. Attendance last winter averaged eighty-five per cent. of those on the books, but this gratifying showing is due to the system of class associates which we have employed. A number of gentlemen come down regularly one or more evenings in the week; each of them has his own boys to look after. In case any one is absent the class associate goes there and then to look him up, and so not only reaches the lad but impresses upon the parent the importance of the work.

Our aim in the school is to discover in what direction the boy's ability may lie; to do something then, however little, to develop, and so to foster in him the desire to learn a trade.

Every public school should have some sort of a playground, even if it be small, and though it costs the city money, it would be money well spent. It is a sin against life itself to keep young people housed up in ill-ventilated rooms for the best of a day, forbidding them all exercise of the body but such as can be had in a dark basement. In such a place I have seen the boys standing toe to a chalk mark in four long rows, their hands at their sides, and this during the ten minutes called "recreation."

The life of a great city must always be an intense life; it tends to make us either very good or very bad; opportunities for evil must abound. We can only arm the boys against them, as we supply them with opportunities in the best sense to educate themselves. Make the boy sound and strong in every part of him, and he resists almost without knowing it the evil influences that, if once they enter, give so much pain.

There is a beautiful old story you may have heard before, of how a very wise man saved himself and his crew

from shipwreck. He and his sailors had been on a long voyage, had passed through many and unknown seas. They were tired of rowing the heavy ship along; they were longing for rest and for land, when one day they came across a lovely island. Clear water and cool shades were there, and beautiful creatures reared their heads out of the water, or lay on the shore and sang songs that melted the very hearts of the seamen, they were so sweet. But the leader knew the danger, knew that to land was certain death, knew the seeming beauties of the island were false beauties to draw to ruin his sailor folks. He argued and commanded all in vain; his men would toil no longer; they were determined to land. In a moment of inspiration he remembered that they had a singer of the gods on board, one whose voice had charmed the very dead; and he asked Orpheus to sing, and Orpheus sang—sang such a song that the seamen heard the faithless sirens no more, and they passed by their island in safety.

It is so with life: we can only overcome evil things that call to us by giving fullest voice to the best—the very best—there is within us. Nothing less than that is education. Let us not only seek to win it for ourselves, but never cease our efforts until every boy in the city of New York has at least a chance to win it too.

A GHOSTLY WHALING-GROUND.

THE ship had entered the northeast trade-winds, and was bowling along at a ten-knot gait under all plain sail. It was not necessary to start sheets or braces. Day and night she carried the same canvas, and with the favoring breeze over her port quarter she slipped down the bright blue sea towards the equator with the steadiness of a railway train. The changing of the watch was almost the only excitement aboard. Occasionally it blew too fresh for the royals, and they had to be clewed up and furled, but for the most part it was a soldier's march. Such sailing is pleasant, but it will make the best crew in the world lazy. "Handsome" and his shipmates felt its effects, and they lay about the fore-castle-deck in the dog-watches with hardly enough energy to smoke their pipes. Farmer Joe, however, was a little more restless, and he speedily grew weary of gazing up at the sky.

"Han'some," he said, "yeou ain't too tired to talk, are ye?"

"Seems to me I'm almost too tired to breathe," said Handsome.

"Waal," continued Farmer Joe, "that's all because ye don't do nawthin'. Perk up an' git some life into ye an' tell us some more o' yer whalin' misfits."

Handsome rolled over and grunted a feeble protest against the proposition, but the other hands backed the request of Farmer Joe, and Handsome hove a deep sigh as he saw that he was in for it.

"I'm going to tell you about a curious performance of a humpback."

"What's a humpback, Han'some?"

"He is a whale like the rest of them. He has a great hump on his back, and that's where he gets his name. The humpback is a runner. As soon as he's struck he runs to windward like a race-horse. Well, to get to the point, I'll say that the Captain of the *Two Cousins* got discouraged with the luck after a time, and decided that he'd make a bee-line for a certain bay on the east coast of Africa, where he'd been told that humpbacks were in the habit of going to breed. I don't remember the name of the bay now, but I do remember that it was a cracking big one, and surrounded by high mountains. Say, it looked a good deal like the harbor of Rio, except that it didn't have any islands, and did have a wide entrance."

"I was down to Rio oncet," said Farmer Joe. "I remember that w'en I got there—"

"Shut up, Joe!" exclaimed one of the others; "Handsome's tellin' a yarn."

Farmer Joe relapsed into contemplative silence, and Handsome proceeded.

"Our first day of humpback whaling in that bay opened my eyes to a thing or two. Say, those ugly-shaped brutes, as big as a respectable sloop-yacht, would go dancing around in the water like so many goldfish. Why, say, you couldn't get anywhere near them. There were plenty of them too, but we lost our tempers and tired ourselves out without once getting fast. You can bet we were glad to turn in when the time came. The next day, however, we had better luck. We managed to corner a big cow whale, and to kill her. Of course she sank, but it wasn't over ten fathoms deep, so we buoyed out our harpoon-lines and rowed back to the ship. It was getting dark, and we decided that we'd have to leave her there overnight, and go back for her the next morning. We were just about as tired as we'd been the day before, and we went to sleep right quick, I tell you. I reckon the anchor-watch fell asleep too."

"Well," continued Handsome, after a momentary pause, "it must have been somewhere about six bells in the mid-watch when I woke up with a jump. Something had disturbed me, but for some minutes I didn't know what. Then I gradually became conscious of a dreadful muffled groaning and gurgling. It sounded like a man who had been hurt, and then was drowning. I sat up in my bunk, and listened with my ears strained so it almost hurt me. Say, boys, it was enough to scare a prairie-wolf out of his senses, it was. For a considerable time I didn't do anything, it seemed to me, except sit there and hold my breath and dig my nails into the side of the bunk. Then all of a sudden the whole fore-castle was filled with one wild unearthly yell. It was the cook, a colored fellow named Sam—I suppose he had another name somewhere or other, but that's the only one I ever heard. Anyhow, he'd been waked up by the same dreadful groaning, and had fallen out of his bunk."

"De Lawd-a-massey bress us an' save us!" he screeched; "dere's somebody down under de ship! Ghosts!"

"That brought every man in the fore-castle to his feet. Bacon, our boat-steerer, jumped out of his bunk and grabbed Sam by the neck."

"'Ghosts your eye!' says he; 'who ever heard o' ghosts under water?'"

"Oh, jess listen to 'em, Massa Bacon!" cried poor Sam.

"Say, boys, send I may never see the sunny side of the Bowery again if that darky didn't turn a kind of a sickly blue. Well, we did listen, and we all heard the groanings and gurglings."

"One of the men said: 'I'm goin' up to tell the mate. It's his watch.'"

"He jumped out on deck, and in a second came tumbling back at the heels of the mate."

"'What's this monkey game that's going on here?' demanded the mate."

"'Dey ain't no monkey,' cried the terrified Sam; 'dey's ghosts, suah.'"

"'Shut up, you chocolate-skinned landlubber,' said the mate, sternly."

"Then he stood still, and listened to the noises himself."

"'There's somebody down in the forepeak playing tricks,' he said. 'Bring a lantern, one of you.'"

"He started for the forepeak, and I grabbed the swinging lantern off its hook and followed."

"'Oh, lawdy!' yelled Sam, 'don't go for to leave us in de dark!'"

"That was enough for the other men, and they all started after us helter-skelter, falling over one another in

their mad anxiety to get out of the gloom of the fore-castle. I don't believe there was a man of us that wasn't scared by this time. Well, down we all went into the forepeak, the mate leading the way, and I following and holding the lantern high so I could look under it. As we went down, the groaning became more miserable and more distinct than ever. It was all mixed up with a sort of bubbling and choking, just as if a man was a-holding his face down in the water and trying to cry out. We could hear it as if it was just outside of the ship."

"'Come out o' that, whoever you are,' cried the mate."

"We all held our breath and waited for a reply, but for a moment there wasn't a sound. Then there came another prolonged groan, the worst we'd heard yet, and Sam fairly cried, he was so scared, but he didn't dare go back to the fore-castle because it was so dark."

"'I'll find him,' said the mate, 'and when I do I'll give him the soundest thrashing he ever had in his life.'"

"He began to pull around the stuff in the forepeak and hunt for the man he expected to see, but of course he didn't find anybody. He got right forward into the eyes of the ship, and there the groaning seemed loudest. But not a sign of any one could he find. He bent down and put his ear to the planks."

"'By the great horn spoon!' he yelled, turning pale, 'it's down in the water!'"

"'I knowed it! I knowed it!' screeched Sam. 'It's de spook o' some poah sailah-man wot's done got drowned in dis hyar blame bay by one o' dem humpbacker beast-esses! Oh, le's git out o' dis, er we all be gone 'coons!'"

"'Will you shut up?' shouted the mate, fetching poor Sam a back-hander that knocked him clear off his feet. 'This has got to be reported to the Captain.'"

"We turned to leave the forepeak, mighty glad to go, too, I tell you, and the groaning ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The mate paused and listened for several minutes. As the weird, unearthly sound did not start again, he seemed to become very brave."

"'You men have been scared half to death about nothing,' he said. 'That was only the creaking of a rusty swivel on the cable. I remember seeing it there myself. I'll have it taken off in the morning watch, as soon as there's light enough.'"

"'Dat's berry good, massa,' said Sam, 'but I wish we don't anchor in dis hyar same spot to-morrow night.'"

"Several of the men joined Sam in this appeal; and the mate, appearing to humor them, said,

"'I'll speak to the Captain about it, and I guess he'll not mind anchoring a little further up or down the bay.'"

"In spite of his way of putting it, I could see pretty well that he was just about as willing as any of us to anchor somewhere else. He was not in love with groaning that came from the water under the ship and couldn't be explained. Say, I don't blame him very much."

"No more do I," remarked Farmer Joe, noting that Handsome had paused a moment. "I remember once that a man up in—"

"Oh, shet up, you!" cried one of the other men, "and let Handsome go ahead with his yarn. 'Tain't your time to talk."

Farmer Joe subsided, and Handsome continued:

"The next day we rowed off to the spot where we'd buoyed out our sunken cow whale, and started to haul up the lines to raise her. At the very first pull the lines came away without any resistance, and we hauled in our bare harpoons. There wasn't a sign of anything on them. Maybe we were not disgusted. But one of the men he mutters:

"'Might 'a' knowed it. There's a hoodoo on this 'ere place, that's wot it are—a hoodoo. Whales wot runs away, an' then sinks when you kill 'em, an' spooks a-groanin' under the ship in the mid-watch, 'tain't no reasonable sort o' a place fur human critters to be.'"



"BY THE GREAT HORN SPOON," HE YELLED, "IT'S DOWN IN THE WATER!"

"There blows!"

"At that cry of course we forgot all about hoodoos and such things, and set off in chase of another humpback. We didn't get that one, because we never could get near enough to him to heave an iron. He sported and jumped along about fifty yards ahead of the boat, and led us a wild-goose chase for about eight miles. At the end of that time nearly every man of us was clean done up. Fortunately the wind came in off the sea, and gave us a fair breeze to sail back with. Half-way up to the ship we sighted another whale, and this time we had good luck enough to get an iron into him. In good time, after cutting him half in two with the lance, we persuaded him to die, when plump he went to the bottom.

"Say," says our boat-steerer, 'ain't this enough to drive a man to drink?"

"And we all agreed that it was. However, we buoyed out the brute and rowed back to the ship. That night, in spite of the fact that we were all dead tired, we couldn't go to sleep very early. The ship was anchored a good two miles away from the place where she'd been lying the night before, yet we were all very nervous. But as time passed on and nothing happened, one by one we dropped off to sleep. Well, it was the same old thing over, only in a little different form. I woke up with a start, and sitting up in my bunk I heard the same ghostly groaning and gurgling that I'd heard the night before. But this time it didn't sound as if it was under the bows. It came from away aft. The men began to wake up and peer out of their bunks with pale faces. Not a word was spoken, until Sam set up a yell:

"Oh, de Lawd - a - massey, dar 'tis agin! Dis hyar niggah's got ter die, suah!"

"The next minute the mate appeared in the forecabin, and says he:

"Turn out here—all hands! The Captain isn't going to stand this nonsense. Some one's trying the trick on him to-night."

"Now we knew that was all a big bluff. The mate knew it wasn't any trick of ours, but he didn't want to

admit it. So the whole ship's company was mustered on deck, and the Captain came and called the roll. Every soul was present. Then the old man ordered all hands to stay on deck, under the mate's eye, while he took one man to carry a lantern, and went below to make an examination. As luck would have it, he picked me. Well, to make the story shorter, there was not any part of the hold that the Captain didn't search. But all the time we could hear the groaning and gurgling. It grew louder and louder as we went aft, and when we were right out in the run of her it sounded most terrifying. I could see that the Captain was getting whiter and whiter, and when he put his ear to the planks, as the mate had done the night before, and

found that the noise came from the water outside, he looked frightened. At that very minute the ship, lying there at anchor, gave a great thump and a shiver, as if she'd run on a reef, and the groaning stopped. But that was enough for the Captain. He bolted for the deck, followed by me. It was growing quite light, and there was a little breeze. The Captain ordered us to get up the anchor and make sail, and you may be sure we were not sorry to obey. I heard him say to the mate,

"I've had enough of this; some bad luck 'll happen to us here."

"Just as we were getting under way our boat-steerer suddenly cried,

"Look, boys, look!"

"We did look, and there, sure enough, we saw the *Ellen Burgee* a-coming up the bay. We told the Captain it was our ship, and he agreed to back his fore-topsail yard and put us aboard of her. She came close to and hailed us. When our old Captain heard we were aboard he was right glad. He shouted that he'd like to come aboard and visit the Captain of the *Two Cousins*. He did so, and the two skippers fell to talking about their luck. At length our Captain says to the Captain of the *Two Cousins*:

"What are you going away fer? This is a good ground."

"Then the Captain of the *Two Cousins* he ups and tells him all about the groaning and the gurgling. Well, our old Captain he laughed fit to kill himself.

"Are you going to let that scare you?" says he. "Why, don't you know what that is? It's the whales that does it."

"At first we thought he was crazy. But he persuaded the Captain of the *Two Cousins* to stay, and inside of two days he took us where we saw the whales go down and right afterward heard the groaning under the boat in broad daylight. We staid there a month and got plenty of bone; but I don't think any of us took a real fancy to humpbacks that could scare a ship's company half to death."

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SHOT ACROSS THE BOWS.

UP the bay the decks and rigging of the foreign warships were crowded with men gazing at the unwonted spectacle. It must have presented features for especial consideration to the senior captain of the English fleet, for he had already refused to do for a British merchant captain what Admiral Benham was now doing for Captain Lockwood. As for our two young friends, they were strung to an intense pitch of excitement, for they fully believed that they were about to go into action. George, nervous and active, could not stand still, though he was far from feeling as much apprehension as Harold. The latter saw that the *Detroit's* situation, exposed to the fire of three ships at once, was highly dangerous. But the boy was as steady and cool as a veteran, and as he stood near the breech of the big six-inch rifle, with his hand lightly resting on the butt of his revolver, Peter Morris, who was captain of the gun, could not repress many nods of approval. An involuntary gesture by one of the men called the attention of all hands forward to the movements of the *Alma's* crew. The monotonous metallic clank of her capstan pawl told that her cable was slowly coming in, and presently the stock of the anchor appeared parting the lucent water under her forefoot. Now a boat which had been lying under her port bow started forward. In it were four seamen and Mr. Ball, the mate. They were engaged in an attempt to run a warp from the *Alma* to the vessel ahead of her by which to haul her in toward the shore. Mr. Ball stood up in the stern and hailed the *Detroit*.

"Are we to understand that you're here to see us through?"

"That's our intention," replied Commander Brownson. "You go ahead and take your bark to the wharf."

"That's what we're doing," replied Mr. Ball; "but we're afraid they'll fire on us."

"I don't think so," said Commander Brownson, quietly. "But you must risk that."

Captain Lockwood, standing on the poop of the *Alma*, saw Harold, and waved his hand at the boy, at the same time calling to his mate, "Go ahead there, Mr. Ball; the tide'll be drifting us off shore in a minute."

"Give way, lads!" exclaimed Mr. Ball. The four sailors bent their backs to the oars, and the boat, dragging the line, began to move slowly ahead.

"Ready with that forward six-pounder," said Commander Brownson, in a low tone.

"All ready, sir," answered the division officer, calmly.

The eyes of the captain of the gun sparkled with excitement as he eagerly waited for the order to fire. But it was not Commander Brownson's intention to become the aggressor.

"Keep steady there, my lad," he said, quietly.

"Look!" exclaimed Harold, involuntarily, yet under his breath.

The men of his crew heard him, and gazed in the direction indicated. They saw a marine on the poop of the *Trajano* slowly raise his rifle, take deliberate aim at the *Alma's* boat, and fire. The sharp crack of his weapon rang across the water, and Mr. Ball, rising in the boat, shook his fist at the insurgent war-ship. At the same instant Commander Brownson spoke in a stern, suppressed voice.

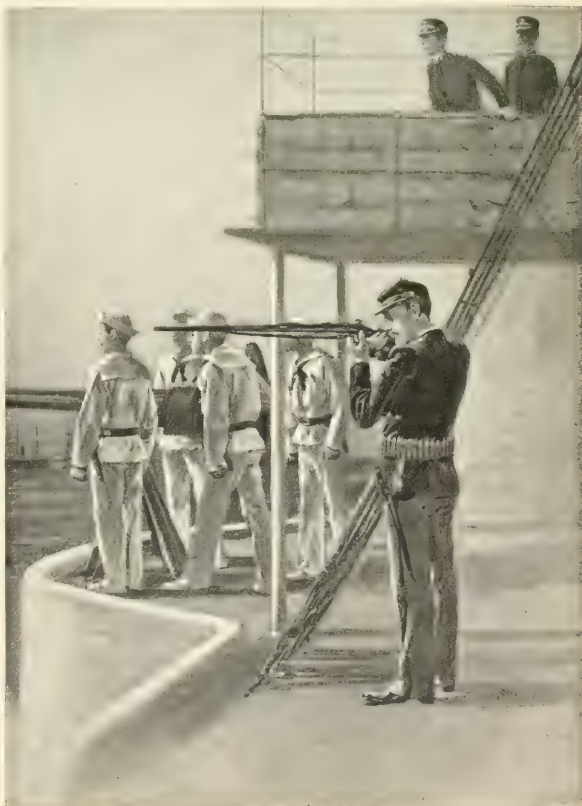
"Let her have it, lad, just abaft the stem, betwixt wind and water."

Bang!

A great fountain of white smoke spurted from the six-pounder rapid-fire gun mounted on the starboard rail of the *Detroit*, abaft the break of the forecastle. But from some unaccountable cause the gun captain had misunderstood the Commander's plain order, heard by every one else, and the six-pound shell plunged into the water about a yard ahead of the *Trajano's* stem, throwing a shower of spray over her forecastle. Immediately Commander Brownson signalled the engine-room to stop the engines, and as the *Detroit* drifted ahead, he said,

"Train all guns on the *Trajano*."

"Left, ha-a-nd-somely," came the low orders of the gun captains; and the trainers swung the breeches of the guns



THE MAN SENT A BULLET WHISTLING INTO THE "GUANABARA'S" STERN-POST.

slowly to the left till the yawning muzzles pointed directly at the insurgent ship.

"Steady, lad," said Harold, in a low voice, to Peter, who was holding a taut lock-string.

"Don't worry, sir," was the reply. "I won't pull till I gets orders."

"*Trajano* there!"

Commander Brownson's sharp hail cut the air like a keen sword.

"Ay, ay," came the sullen response.

"If you fire again," called the Commander, in a clear, high tone, which must have made every word audible to Admiral da Gama aboard the *Libertade*, "I will return your fire, and if you persist in firing, I will sink you."

There was not a heart aboard the *Detroit* that did not leap with exultant pride as these brave words rang out, and as for Captain Lockwood, he threw up his cap and emitted a stentorian cheer. The insurgents appeared to be completely amazed. For fully a minute not a movement was made aboard the *Trajano*, though her officers could be seen in anxious consultation. Finally, at the expiration of two minutes, she fired a gun from her port battery, her starboard side being toward the *Detroit*. Such an action is interpreted among men-of-war's men to mean submission. The officers of the *Detroit* smiled contemptuously, and the gun captains looked disgusted. The little gunboat was forging slowly ahead under her own momentum, and Commander Brownson, again using that ringing tone which made every word audible to the insurgents, hailed the *Alma*:

"Aboard the bark!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Captain Lockwood, with a fine emphasis on the "sir."

"Go ahead to your wharf if you wish to."

"And if they fire on me?"

"You go ahead; I will protect you."

The crew of the *Alma* cheered, and the four men in the boat with Mr. Ball carried their warp to the ship ahead. The *Detroit's* engines were started again, and she moved forward with only mere steerageway. She was now drawing abreast of the *Guanabara*, and in a moment it was seen that the crew of this insurgent ship was at quarters. The eight Armstrong rifles and the machine-guns had been cast loose, loaded, and trained on the *Detroit*.

"Perhaps now we shall get a broadside," murmured Harold.

"Well, sir," whispered Peter, "we mustn't keep wot isn't ours, and so I reckon we'll give it back."

"Train on the *Guanabara*," said Mr. Crane.

The muzzles of the *Detroit's* guns swung slowly as to bear on the vessel.

"*Guanabara* there!"

It was Commander Brownson's voice once more.

"Tell your men to handle their lock-strings very carefully. See that no shots are fired by accident, for I am not going to regard any as accidental."

No answer was made to these words, and the *Detroit* passed on.

"Port," said Commander Brownson to the man at the wheel.

The helm was put over, and the gunboat turned across the *Guanabara's* stern. Her engines were stopped and reversed, and the vessel lay motionless in a position to rake both the *Guanabara* and the *Trajano* with her starboard battery. But the movement of the tide made it impossible for the gunboat to maintain this position with the limited space she had to work in, so Commander Brownson gave orders to get a buoy-rope on the starboard chain and make ready for letting go the anchor. Harold jumped to help to superintend this work, which belonged, of course, to the fore-castle. A few minutes later the *Detroit* came to anchor with all ready for slipping her

cable and getting under way at an instant's notice. Perhaps no one was more surprised at the cool audacity of this manoeuvre than Admiral Louis Phillipe Saldanha da Gama.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SLAP IN THE FACE.

As the *Detroit* lay there Harold noticed that several small armed vessels under the command of the insurgent Admiral had drawn near, and were hovering within range of the *Detroit*. He decided that the trouble was not yet at an end. And he was right. The *Alma* was still busily engaged in warping in, when a loud report broke upon the air. All hands upon the *Detroit* started as they saw a cloud of white smoke rising from the *Guanabara's* side, and realized that she had fired one of her broadside guns across the *Alma's* deck. Commander Brownson's brow was black as night as he sternly said,

"Stand by your guns, lads."

Then he spoke a few low and rapid words to a marine who was standing near him. The man raised his rifle, and taking deliberate aim, sent a bullet whistling into the *Guanabara's* stern-post. Such an action was like a contemptuous slap in the face, but it contained a threat that the deadly broadside might follow. The *Guanabara* received the shot in silence. Commander Brownson watched the insurgent ship quietly for a minute, and then gave orders to lower away a boat. While the execution of this order was in progress, the Commander's eyes slowly roamed over the forms of the half-dozen naval cadets who stood at their posts on the deck. His gaze finally rested with an expression of satisfaction on Harold.

"Mr. King," he called, "come up here."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Harold, starting with surprise.

"You will go in the boat to the *Libertade*," said the Captain. "Present my compliments to Admiral da Gama, and deliver to him this message."

Commander Brownson now spoke rapidly to Harold, whose attitude was one of intense attention. When he had received his orders, the boy saluted and hurried away to the boat, an object of envy to every other cadet aboard the ship. He urged the boat's crew to lively pulling, and was soon alongside the insurgent flag-ship, which was not over two hundred yards away. He found Admiral da Gama on the bridge, surrounded by his staff. The boy saluted respectfully, and said,

"I have the honor to bear a message from Commander Brownson, commanding the United States steamer *Detroit*."

He paused a moment, but no one replied. They stood and glared at him with their sparkling dark eyes. But, as we have already seen, Harold King was a lad of cool and steady nerve.

"Commander Brownson presents his compliments to Admiral da Gama," continued Harold, in a clear firm voice, "and says that while he is not desirous of taking any active steps, he has his instructions from the Admiral commanding the United States fleet to protect American ships in going to wharves. He desires to say to you that he will carry out those instructions by replying to any shots your vessels may fire, and should you persist in firing he will open upon your ships with the *Detroit's* entire battery."

Admiral da Gama's face was pale and his lips twitched, but he answered, steadily: "You will present my compliments to Commander Brownson, sir, and say to him that should he fire on my ships I shall at once lower my colors and request Admiral Benham to take command of my fleet. The gun fired to leeward by the *Trajano* was a gun of protest, not a challenge."

Harold had some difficulty in concealing his surprise at this remarkable message, but he contrived to preserve

the composure of his countenance, saluted, and returned to his boat. "Give way with a will, lads," he said to his crew.

The rhythmic click of the oars and the washing of the ripples were the only sounds that were audible. A great silence of suspense seemed to hang over the harbor. The brave little *Detroit*, defiantly anchored under the guns of the *Trajan*, *Guanabara*, *Libertade*, and the smaller vessels, made an inspiring foreground to a naval picture whose distance was finely filled by the imposing hulls of the *Aquidaban* and the *New York*. The *Detroit's* boat was watched by every eye in both fleets. Had a single treacherous shot been fired at her from a Brazilian craft a terrible and deadly storm of iron would have followed. Harold sat bolt-upright in the stern-sheets, and did not deign to cast a glance at the rebel ships. He mounted swiftly to the *Detroit's* bridge, as soon as he reached her side, and repeated to Commander Brownson the words of Admiral da Gama. The veteran's lip curled with contempt as he said:

"You will return at once, sir, to the flag-ship of the insurgent fleet. Present my compliments once more to Admiral da Gama, and tell him that I have already fired on and struck his ships."

Some of the officers on the *Detroit's* bridge turned away to hide the smiles which this message caused. The insurgent Admiral must indeed have been blind if he did not see from his own deck the treatment of the *Guanabara*. Harold quickly returned to his boat, and once more shot away toward the *Libertade*. Again he mounted her bridge, and repeated his Captain's words to the Admiral.

"Sir," said Da Gama, "you will say to your commanding officer that I have already called a conference of my captains, and my advice to them will be to surrender at once to Admiral Benham, and request him to carry on all negotiations with the Brazilian government in regard to our future treatment."

It is hardly necessary to say that when this proposition was subsequently conveyed to Admiral Benham he smiled at it. He had no desire to saddle himself with the settlement of Brazil's family troubles. His mission was to protect American interests and to stop at that. For the present, however, the message of Admiral da Gama went no further than the *Detroit*, where it was correctly repeated to Commander Brownson by Harold. The Commander smiled, and said to his executive officer:

"Well, Mr. Crane, I am afraid we shall not have any battery practice here."

Then he turned, and with a kindly nod said to Harold, "Have the boat hoisted, and return to your station, sir."

Harold hastened away to obey, and as he left the foot of the ladder leading to the bridge he passed close to George.

"Lucky boy!" said George, in a low tone. "You were right in it."

Harold returned to his post, where Peter was waiting for him.

"Wot did I tell ye, sir?" said the cockswain. "We kicks an' they squeals. They're reg'lar slob's."

"What's the *Alma* doing?"

"She's a-gettin' nearer to the wharf."

"Hello! Here come those tugs again."

The two insurgent tugs steamed down close to the *Alma*.

"Keep a sharp eye on those fellows," said Commander Brownson.

One of the tugs steamed around the *Alma*. Suddenly a dishevelled figure burst out of the cabin of the little steamer and sprang upon the rail as if about to jump into the water. A shout arose on the tug, and half a dozen armed men rushed forward and seized the young man,

but not before he had uttered one wild cry that flew far across the waters:

"Father!"

Captain Lockwood, standing near the knightheads of his bark, heard the sound, and started as if he had been struck by a shot.

"That was Bob's voice!" he cried. "Bob, my boy, where are you?"

An inarticulate and muffled cry was the only answer. Robert Lockwood, for it was indeed he, had been forced back into his temporary prison aboard the tug, and Captain Lockwood began to believe he must have been the victim of a delusion. But Harold King had seen everything from the *Detroit's* fore-castle-deck.

"It's the Captain's son," he said, "and the rebels have got him again."

"Which the same," said Peter, very sagely, "we knows w're he are; an' if you an' Mister Briscock an' me ain't able fur to git him away, then them Dagos is werry much smarter than their ships."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SIMPLE ELECTRICAL MACHINE.

BY GEORGE ASHDOWN AUDSLEY.

IN this age of electricity, while we hear everywhere around us the hum of powerful dynamos and electric motors, which we are familiar with in electric railways, telegraphs, telephones, and electric lighting, nothing connected with electricity can well be without interest to intelligent boys and girls. One of the simplest and most amusing electrical apparatus is the so-called "frictional electric machine."

The most important part of the machine is the glass cylinder, and this can best be furnished in our little machine in the form of a glass bottle, the shape and dimensions of which are given at A, in Fig. 1. This bottle can be procured at any drug-store. Select as smooth and perfect a bottle as possible, empty the water from it, wash the labels off, and set it in a warm place to drain and become perfectly dry internally. To expedite the drying process the bottle may be rinsed with pure alcohol; this will evaporate quickly, carrying all moisture with it. This cylinder has to be so mounted as to revolve between two upright supports; and for this purpose an end piece of some very dry hard-wood has to be turned, in the form shown at B, Fig. 1. The face of this end piece must be sunk to about the depth of a quarter of an inch, so as to receive the bottom of the bottle tightly. The outer portion of the end piece is to be turned in the form shown, to serve as one of the pivots of the cylinder and for the attachment of the handle. The pivot piece should be 1 inch long by 1 inch in diameter; and the piece on which the handle is to be placed should be 1 inch long by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter.

At this stage of the work a sealing-wax varnish should be prepared by putting some fine red sealing-wax (crushed into small pieces) into a bottle, and pouring over it some strongest alcohol. Place the bottle, lightly corked, in a warm place, and shake it occasionally, until the wax has dissolved and formed a thick red varnish. Keep this tightly corked for use.

Paint the sunken portion of the wooden end piece with three or four coats of the sealing-wax varnish, allowing each coat to become thoroughly dry before the next one is applied. The end piece is now ready to be fixed to the bottom of the bottle, in the position shown in Fig. 2. To do this in an easy and satisfactory manner proceed as follows:

Arrange on the kitchen floor boxes, or any convenient heavy objects, so as to support the bottle securely in a vertical and inverted position. The bottom of the bottle

must stand an inch or two above the level of the boxes or supports, so as to be easily manipulated. When this has been arranged remove the bottle, and wash the bottom well with hot water and soda, so as to remove any trace of grease; then place it on some support opposite the kitchen fire, with its bottom directed toward the stove. It must not be placed too near at first, but it should be gradually advanced until it is close enough to become hot. While this process is being conducted melt a few ounces of common sealing-wax in a tin cup (provided with a handle) by setting it on the hot plate of the stove. Now place the wooden end piece with its sunken and varnished face near the fire to be warmed; and, with your hands protected by thick gloves and cloths, remove the heated bottle, and carefully drop it into the place provided for its support. Immediately this is done pour the melted sealing-wax from the tin cup on the centre of the bottom of the bottle, until its hollow portion is filled, and the body of wax stands a little above the level of the flat margin of the bottom. Then, without delaying an instant, seize the wooden end piece and press it down firmly on the bottom of the bottle, using as much pressure as you can exert. If all this is done properly a perfect junction will be made. After a few minutes lift the bottle and place it a short distance from the fire, so that it may cool slowly, and allow the contraction of the different materials to take place gradually.

The cylinder has now to be mounted in the following manner: Dress and square a board of pine 12 inches wide by the exact length measured from the cylinder, as indicated from C to D in Fig. 2, and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick. Glue and nail to the under side of the ends bars of pine 2 inches wide by 1 inch thick, as shown at E E in Fig. 3. Cut from a dressed pine board $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick two standards of the form and dimensions shown at F F in Fig. 3 and the other drawings. Cut the upper ends of these standards to fit the neck and wood pivot of the cylinder, so that it may revolve easily, and insert wire pins to keep the cylinder in its place, as indicated at G G. Screw the standards F F securely to the ends of the board or stand of the machine directly opposite each other. Furnish the cylinder with a handle of the form and size shown at H in Fig. 2, and place the cylinder in position on the standards, lubricating the neck and wood pivot with powdered black-lead.

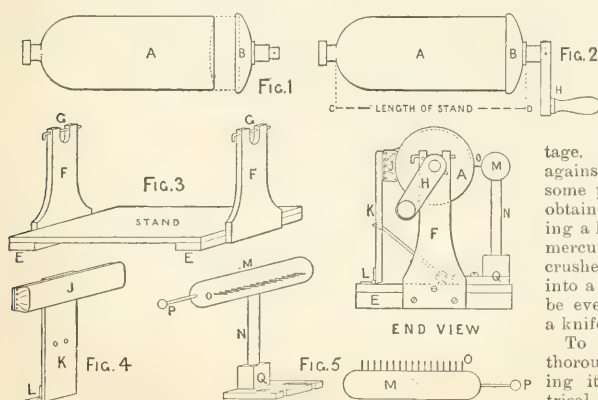
The remaining portions of the machine consist of the cushion or rubber and the collector or conductor. To make the rubber, take a piece of wood $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and tack along its two edges a piece of thin woollen cloth 8 inches long by 4

inches wide, so as to form a cushion when tightly padded with soft hair or wool. When so padded, neatly fold the ends, and tack the same to the wood. Cover the cushion with a piece of clean chamois leather, stretching it tightly, and tacking it to the edges of the wood backing in the same manner as above directed for the under covering. The finished cushion will appear as shown at J in Fig. 4. This portion of the machine is completed by attaching to its back by small screws a support of wood 8 inches long, 2 inches wide, and $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick, shown at K. Fix this support to the stand of the machine by a 2-inch brass hinge, L, so that when it stands vertical the cushion will rest against the flat surface of the cylinder, as indicated in the end view of the complete machine. To press the cushion with the required force against the cylinder to generate the electricity use strong India-rubber bands, passed through two holes bored in the centre of the support (as indicated in Fig. 4), and held by hooks screwed into the centre of the stand.

The collector can be readily made from a piece of round curtain-pole, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and 8 inches in length. Take this, and round each end with a knife and file until they are like half-balls, as shown at M, Fig. 5. Bore a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch hole in the centre nearly through the wood for the reception of the glass rod or tube, N. Now paste tin-foil carefully all over the surface of the wood, and rub it down until perfectly smooth. Cut about eighteen pieces of thin iron wire, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and drive them into holes, previously made with a bradawl, in a row along one side of the collection, as at O, Fig. 5. Cut or file these projecting wires to exactly one length (about 1 inch from the wood), and file their ends to a sharp point to enable them to collect the electricity easily. The collector is completed by driving into one end of it a stout wire carrying a small brass ball at its end, P, Fig. 5. A lead ball or a ball of wood covered with tin-foil will answer, but proper brass balls and wires can be obtained at any instrument store. The stand for the support of the collector may be made of two pieces of wood, arranged as shown at Q, Fig. 5, the lower piece to have two long cuts made in it, to allow it to slide backward and forward on round-headed screws driven into the stand of the machine, as indicated. This arrangement permits of the proper adjustment of the collecting wires to the surface of the cylinder. Fix one end of a glass rod or tube, $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch diameter, into a hole in the support Q, and place the collector on the upper end, as shown at N, Fig. 5. The glass rod should be of sufficient length to allow the collecting wires to be $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches above the stand of the machine, as indicated in the end view.

The machine is completed by tacking to the upper edge of the rubber, J, end view, a piece of old dress silk; this must extend all along the rubber, and be sufficiently long to fall over the cylinder to within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of the collecting points of the conductor on the other side. If the silk is thin, two plies may be used with advantage. The surface of the cushion which bears against the cylinder must now be smeared with some prepared amalgam. This amalgam can be obtained at an instrument store, or made by melting a little tin in an iron spoon and adding some mercury to it. When cold, the amalgam can be crushed to a powder, and then mixed with lard into a thick paste. This is fit for use, and should be evenly and thinly spread on the cushion with a knife blade.

To get the machine into working order, thoroughly dry and warm the cylinder by turning it before the fire or radiator. The electrical machine is now complete and in working order.



DIAGRAMS FOR THE ELECTRIC MACHINE.

THE LITTLE RED BOOK.

ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

AS Bertha Weld watched Mrs. Rogers drive away with the doctor she was almost beside herself with grief and terror. Mrs. Rogers had said that she would hold her responsible if Eleanor died. That meant that she, Bertha, would have murdered her. Bertha shuddered. When she had glibly repeated the sixth commandment in Sunday-school, or had heard it read in church, she had never supposed that it would have any connection with her, Bertha Weld!

Could Mrs. Rogers really have meant what she said? She certainly looked as if she did. Bertha brooded over her words, and the longer she thought the more desperate she became.

She sat for hours at the front window, leaning her elbow on the broad sill and her head on her hand, staring out into the street and seeing nothing. It was a dreary-looking little figure, and kind-hearted Katy, coming into the room, was touched when she saw it.

"La, now, Miss Bertha, why don't you go out and see your friends a bit?" she asked.

"I haven't any, Katy," returned Bertha, sadly. "Nobody likes me any more."

"Land sakes, don't say that, Miss Bertha, you that knows everybody! Go out and take a little walk; it'll do you good. Go now!"

Thus urged, Bertha rose, and putting on her hat, walked slowly down to the gate. Just as she reached there Ruth Barnes passed by. Ever since the theatricals and the affair of the wig Ruth had been very distant in her manner to Bertha, and now that it was known that her idle chatter had caused Eleanor's illness, she felt more than ever inclined to show her complete disapproval of what Bertha had done.

But, like Katy, Ruth was kind-hearted; and, like her, she was touched with the girl's appearance. Bertha's face was pale, and her eyes were red with weeping, and there was such a desolate look in her whole air that although Ruth had passed her by with a cold bow, she turned and came back.

"Bertha, child, how badly you look!" she said, kindly. "I am afraid you are troubled about something. Can I help you?"

Bertha looked at her for a moment without speaking. Could it be Ruth Barnes, whom she secretly admired so much, and whom she knew she had offended so deeply,



"AND YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU?...MRS. BREWSTER KNOWS."

who was now saying these kind words to her in such a friendly way? Her eyes filled with tears. She could not command her voice.

"What is it, Bertha?"

"Oh, th—thank you so much for speaking to me!" she faltered, gratefully, and then turning, she ran into the house.

Ruth hesitated a moment, and then followed her. She found Bertha with her head buried in a sofa pillow, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Poor child!" said Ruth, taking her hand. "I am so sorry for you, dear. It is about Eleanor, isn't it?"

For answer Bertha squeezed her hand and sobbed harder than ever. "She—she won't get well, and—and if she dies, Mrs. Rogers says it will be all my fault!"

"Have you seen Mrs. Rogers, dear?"

"Yes; she was here this morning, and, oh, it was so dreadful! She was very angry, and says I have killed Eleanor. And none of it was true in the diary. It wasn't true, and Eleanor is not an orphan; but it was in the diary, and I thought it was true. Oh, I am so sorry and so, so miserable!"

"Bertha dear, I am so sorry for you. I don't understand all you say about a diary, but I see that somehow you made a mistake. Of course it was natural for Mrs. Rogers to be angry, and she is so worried now about

Eleanor; for, do you know, Bertha, she can't go into Eleanor's room, it excites her so to see her mother, because she thinks she is not really her own mother; so it is all very dreadful. But perhaps she will get well, so you must not despair yet."

"Oh, how good you are to me!" said Bertha. "I thought nobody cared for me in the world, least of all you, because I was so hateful to Eleanor. And I don't know why I was. It was just because she was friends with Madge, and sometimes they would be nice to me, and then for no reason they would get mad, and it made me so angry. But that's no excuse. I have been a wicked, wicked girl! But, Ruth, that isn't all."

"What else, Bertha?"

"It's papa."

"Your father? What do you mean, child?"

"He—he will hear that I've been the cause of Eleanor's illness, and I don't know what I shall do. He will be so angry with me. He won't scold and he won't punish me, but he will be so—so quiet, and he'll look so grave and stern. Oh dear, how can I stand it?"

Ruth was silent for a few minutes. Presently she said, "Bertha, I think you had better tell him all about it."

"Oh, Ruth, I can't!" cried the girl, starting violently. "You don't know what papa is!"

"I can imagine from what you say. And I advise you, Bertha, to tell him yourself. From what I know of your father I should judge him to be a very reserved man, very quiet and self-contained."

"That is it," said Bertha; "and so sad. My aunt says he has never gotten over my mother's death, though she died when I was a baby, and I am fourteen."

"He is reserved with you, and you are shy with him; but don't you think that you are old enough now, Bertha, to make some advances to him? You are fourteen, and in a very few years you will be a grown woman. You can make your father's home life a great deal happier if you choose. And the best way to begin is to throw yourself upon him, as it were. If you tell him all about your troubles, and ask him to help you, I am quite sure he will be so sorry for you that he will do it, whereas if he hears from outsiders what you have done he may feel differently."

"I know," said Bertha, shuddering. "But it will be very hard to do it."

"Bertha, you have done a good many wrong things in the last few weeks, and I think it was partly because you had no one to give you advice or to warn you. Now I am giving you advice," and Ruth laughed a little, "and I shan't like it at all if you don't follow it. You tell your father all about it when he comes home to-night. And we will hope that Eleanor will get well, and that you will have a chance to tell her yourself how sorry you are." And kissing her affectionately, Ruth rose to go.

"Oh, I am so thankful to you!" cried Bertha, throwing her arms about her. "I really thought I hadn't a single friend in the world except Katy. And I love you so much I will do as you say, and tell papa myself. Good-by, dear, dear Ruth! Thank you so much for coming in."

Ruth left the house, and turning to the left, walked along Deane Street, intending to go to Mrs. Rogers's to inquire for Eleanor. But as she did so a bold idea entered her mind, and she stopped short, overcome with the audacity of the thought.

If she could only see Mr. Weld and ask him to be gentle with his daughter! She knew that much depended upon the way in which he should receive Bertha's confession. He had the reputation of being rather peculiar, but perhaps it was because nobody knew him well. If she could only meet him, she believed she

would ask him to be very careful in regard to Bertha, to be very kind to her.

And yet what right had she, a mere outsider and an absolute stranger to Mr. Weld, to interfere between father and daughter?

But while she thought this over she found herself turning almost unconsciously towards the village and the station. The afternoon express was in, which was the train upon which most of the business men came back to Durham from the city.

If she could only happen to meet Mr. Weld!

And looking up, she saw Mr. Weld coming toward her.

He was a tall slight man, with dark hair and beard slightly tinged with gray. He walked hurriedly and with a slight stoop, and his face bore an expression of habitual sadness.

He was startled by hearing his own name.

"Mr. Weld!" said Ruth Barnes, standing in front of him.

Mr. Weld raised his hat courteously and waited for her to continue. This Ruth found to be very difficult.

"Mr. Weld," she repeated, "I—I am afraid you will think me very interfering, and you must forgive me if I am doing wrong. Bertha, your daughter, is in great distress." Mr. Weld's face darkened. "You have heard probably?"

He bowed in answer.

"Please don't judge her too harshly. She is very repentant, and—and—she has had no one who could tell her. I am so sorry for her. She is going to tell you about it herself. Perhaps I have done wrong to speak. I could not help it, I am so sorry for her."

"You are right, Miss Barnes," said he, sadly. "She is much to be pitied."

"And you do not mind my speaking?"

"On the contrary, I thank you for it."

"Thank you for saying so! But please don't tell Bertha you have seen me."

And then Ruth hurried on, and Mr. Weld went home.

That evening, after dinner, Bertha and her father had a long talk. She told him all the incidents of the past few weeks, sparing herself in no way, and his heart ached for his poor little motherless girl when he saw how bitterly she repented of what she had done.

And Bertha, with her head on her father's shoulder, felt comforted by his sympathy and kind words. It was so unlooked-for, so amazing. Was it really her silent father who held her so tenderly?

And a great love sprang up in her heart for him, and she resolved that henceforth she would do what she could to make his home life less sad.

But suppose Eleanor were to die? The old fear came back with overwhelming force, and she shuddered.

"Papa, could we send to see how she is now?" she whispered.

"I will go myself," said Mr. Weld. "Get your hat, and come with me."

And for the first time in her life that she could remember Bertha and her father walked out together.

The news was not encouraging.

"She is no better," said old Catherine, at the door.

And then they went sadly back to their own home to wait until the morning.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening. Eleanor was lying quietly for the moment, only half conscious. Her eyes had a dull look in them, and the flush of fever was on her face. Every now and then she would murmur the old words, "She is not my mother!"

The nurse, in her white cap and apron, sat near the table, upon which stood a lamp with a green shade and one or two medicine-bottles. The door into the next room was partly open, and in there sat Mrs. Rogers, tak-

ing care that Eleanor should not see her. She was listening intently. Presently a carriage stopped at the door, and rising quickly, she stole from the room.

The front door was noiselessly opened and closed, and Dr. and Mrs. Brewster came through the hall. Mrs. Brewster put her arms about her friend and held her tight. "You poor child!" she whispered. "Henry has told me all about it on my way up from the station, and I know just what I am to do. He has gone now to see how Eleanor is, and if it is all right I am to go in and put the child's mind at rest."

"But it will excite her too much," said Mrs. Rogers, in alarm; "she must not be excited!"

"You may trust me, dear," returned her friend.

And, indeed, Mrs. Brewster, with her quiet manner and her loving glance, was a woman to inspire trust.

Dr. Brewster came half-way down the stairs, and beckoned to his wife to come up. She hastily laid aside her hat and cloak, and silently kissing Mrs. Rogers once more, went quickly up the stairs and into Eleanor's room.

Mrs. Rogers went into the adjoining one, and in breathless silence sat awaiting the result.

Eleanor was sleeping fitfully. Occasionally she awoke and muttered something, then dozed again. Presently she opened her eyes and fixed them upon Mrs. Brewster. "Why are you here?" she asked.

"I have come to take care of you," replied Mrs. Brewster.

"I have a nurse," said the child. "I have a nurse, but no mother. Did you know I had no mother?"

"No, dear, you are mistaken. You have a mother."

"I tell you I haven't!" cried Eleanor, growing excited. "She is *not* my mother, and Mrs. Brewster said so! Why—why, you are Mrs. Brewster, and you said so."

"Eleanor, try to listen quietly while I tell you something. I never said that Mrs. Rogers was not your mother. I said it about somebody else—some one whom you don't know. Her name begins with R, just like yours, but the name is Reed, and the daughter's name is Emma. Do you understand, dear? It was Emma Reed, not Eleanor Rogers."

Eleanor lay looking at her.

"Are you Mrs. Brewster?"

"Yes, dear."

"And you know, don't you? Those were the words: 'Mrs. Brewster knows.'"

"Yes, dear, Mrs. Brewster knows."

"Then, Mrs. Brewster, say it again," exclaimed Eleanor, sitting up in bed with feverish strength.

"If I say it, will you promise to be very quiet afterwards, and take your medicine and try to go to sleep?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Eleanor, your mamma is your own dear mother, and you are her own dear child. And I am Mrs. Brewster, and I know."

A happy light came into Eleanor's eyes. The nurse was ready with a soothing medicine, and when she had swallowed it she sank back on the pillow. Presently she was asleep.

"If she can sleep naturally for a few hours and awake in her right mind, she is all right," said Dr. Brewster, as he left to visit another very ill patient. "Let her mother sit by her and be the only one whom she sees when she opens her eyes."

And so they sat for hour after hour while Eleanor slept on. And during the still moments just before the dawn of day they thought that her spirit was slipping away from them, so faint, almost imperceptible, her breathing grew. But after a time it strengthened again, and at five o'clock, when she opened her eyes, they rested in happy consciousness upon the face of her beloved mother. Eleanor's life was saved.

Ten days later, and Eleanor was convalescing rapidly. Her naturally strong constitution served her in good stead, and she was rapidly regaining strength.

Madge had been to see her several times, and this afternoon they were sitting together on the piazza. Eleanor's face was thin, but there was a faint color in her cheeks, and her brown eyes looked bright and clear.

The air was filled with the odor of fruit blossoms, and the little birds hopped gayly about, chirping cheerfully.

"Have you seen Bertha?" asked Eleanor, presently.

"Only at school, and I don't have anything to do with her. I never shall again."

"Oh, Madge, don't say that; I'm sorry for Bertha."

"Ruth says she is very much to be pitied, and that I ought to be nice to her, but I am not going to be. She nearly killed you, and I can't forgive her."

"Mamma felt that way at first, but she doesn't now. I have made her see it the way I do; and Madge, I want you to, too. Ruth told me how badly Bertha feels, and I think we ought to make allowances for her. You know, we have often been very disagreeable, Madge, dropping her and taking her up the way we did. There was some excuse for her. And then the diary—" and Eleanor stopped suddenly.

"I know what you were going to say," cried Madge. "You were going to say that I was just as bad about the diary, and so I was. But I didn't tell it, Nell."

"No, you didn't tell it, but then you were fond of me, and Bertha wasn't. But that is all over, the reading of the diary, and I want to say something. You know, I've been very ill, Madge, and they thought I was going to die. I didn't die, and I have the feeling that my life was given back to me to do some good with it. I want to do every bit of good I can. And I feel as if I ought to begin with Bertha. I told mamma, and though she felt terribly angry with Bertha, she agreed with me at last. And now, Madge dear, will you do me a favor?"

"Anything you like, Nell."

"Well, go down to Bertha's house as fast as you can, and bring her up here. Tell her I want her. Will you?"

Madge looked at her friend for a moment. Then she threw her arms about her. "Nell, how good you are! Of course I will."

And in a moment she was flying down the hill, her curls bobbing and shaking as she ran.

She found Bertha easily. She was always at home now.

"Come, Bertha!" she cried, bursting into the room.

"Come, Eleanor wants you right away!"

"Eleanor!" exclaimed Bertha.

"Yes, quick! And I'm awfully sorry I've been cool to you. I was mad as hops at you, but I was just as bad myself about the diary. Come along!"

And away they both ran up the hill, arriving at Eleanor's side almost too much out of breath to speak.

"Oh, Bertha, I'm so glad to see you," said Eleanor, drawing her down and kissing her. "I've wanted to see you very much."

"Eleanor, do you forgive me?" asked Bertha.

"Of course, Bertha. You didn't know it was going to make so much trouble, and of course it was natural for you to suppose that 'Mrs. R.' and 'E.' meant Mrs. Rogers and Eleanor; but don't say anything more about that. It is too dreadful to think of."

"But does your mother forgive me?" asked Bertha.

"I do, my dear child," said Mrs. Rogers, coming out of the house in time to hear the last words. "Thanks to my little daughter, I do." And she kissed Bertha.

"Oh, I am so happy!" said Bertha, her eyes full of tears. "Papa loves me now, and you have forgiven me. It is a great deal more than I deserve. Eleanor, whether you care for me or not, I shall love you all my life."

And she did.



"I LOOKED ABOUT, AND FAR AWAY I SAW A LITTLE SPECK."

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TODDLES.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER V.

TOMMY could not think of anything to say, but the ex-Pirate soon broke the silence himself by remarking,
"I wrote it."

"Oh yes!" exclaimed Tommy, seizing the opportunity to say something nice at last. "The poetry was very nice. It sounded like some of the funny things Uncle Dick learned at college. But you said you would recite something about pirates too."

"I will," answered the ex-Pirate with alacrity, and he climbed up on top of the table again. "I'll read you a selection from my autobiography. I was just writing it as you came," and he pulled a large roll of manuscript out of his inner pocket. "This is Chapter XVII. If you prefer, I will go and get the preceding sixteen chapters, the introduction, and the preface, and read them to you too."

"Oh no," interposed the Sheep. "Chapter XVII. will do. We have not time to hear any more."

"Very well," replied the ex-Pirate, clearing his throat; "I will only read Chapter XVII.:

'The following day the sun rose up as usual from the East, The sea was calm, the sky was clear, the stormy winds had ceased; The *Black Avenger* sped along before a gentle breeze, And the starboard watch loafed on the deck in true piratic ease—'

What is it?" asked the ex-Pirate, interrupting his lecture and turning toward Tommy, who looked as if he wanted to ask a question.

"I was wondering what the *Black Avenger* was," said the little boy.

"I supposed so," replied the poet, reproachfully—"I supposed so. The *Black Avenger* was the name of my pirate ship, and if you had let me read the first sixteen chapters of the autobiography you would have known all about the ship by this time. I think I had better go and get the other chapters," and he started to step down from the table.

"Oh no," put in the Sheep. "We know what the *Black Avenger* is now. It's your ship."

"Yes," said the ex-Pirate, dramatically; "she was a low trim craft, with tall rakish masts."

"Just like all pirate ships," interrupted the Sheep.

"Not a bit of it!" shouted the ex-Pirate, vehemently. "She was not like any other ship afloat, you mutton-head."

"Don't you call me a mutton-head!" retorted the Sheep, hotly, rising from his seat on the bench. "You may think that because—"

"But—" began the ex-Pirate.

"—because you are up there on that table—"

"But—" began the ex-Pirate again.

"Oh, don't tell him to butt!" said Tommy, who was beginning to fear that there was going to be a fight.

"I didn't," said the ex-Pirate, turning to the little boy.

"Well, both of you stop quarrelling," continued Tommy, asserting himself. "I think it's very rude of each one of you."

The ex-Pirate looked at the little boy as though he did not quite understand, and the Sheep moved off to the far end of the bench and began to sulk. Tommy was surprised to see this, for, until then, he had entertained a very favorable opinion of his new friend. He was surprised to see the Sheep sulk, because it was something he never did himself, as he had been told that it was unmanly.

"Perhaps it is not unsheeply," thought Tommy, who was willing to make every excuse possible for the Sheep.

"Shall I go on?" said the ex-Pirate to Tommy, as he glanced at the Sheep.

"Certainly," replied the little boy; "he is very ill-behaved. He ought to be ashamed of himself."

"I guess he is," remarked the ex-Pirate; "he certainly looks sheepish;" and although this did not strike Tommy as being odd at the time, he wondered afterwards how a sheep could look otherwise.

The little man on the table looked over his manuscript, and, having found the place where he left off, read again:

"I took my breakfast down below, and when I came on deck I looked about, and far away I saw a little speck Upon the blue horizon, and I knew it was a—"

I guess I'll have to stop here," said the ex-Pirate, suddenly, putting his papers into his pocket and looking around uneasily.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Tommy, noticing the ex-Pirate's evident nervousness. The Sheep too had straightened up and was looking about.

"Don't you smell anything?" asked the ex-Pirate.

"No; what is it?" inquired Tommy, sniffing and looking about like the rest of them. But before the ex-Pirate could answer, the little boy heard a sort of shuffling noise coming from the direction of the woods, and presently he saw a most peculiar-looking animal, such as he had never seen or heard of before, waddle out into the open grassy space in front of the Poor House. The strange beast seemed to be about the size of a hippopotamus, yet he resembled a rabbit. And he was yellow. As he came nearer, his body looked as if it were made of cheese, and his long ears resembled pieces of toast. A sort of white vapor floated off the creature's back, and, as the breeze wafted it toward the group at the table, Tommy noticed that it had a fragrant and appetizing odor.

"What is that thing?" he asked, somewhat tremulously.

"That's the Welsh Rabbit," whispered the Sheep.

"Oh," said Tommy. "Uncle Dick eats one every night."

"Sh-h-h!" said the ex-Pirate. "Don't talk like that. He might hear you." The Sheep was frowning severely, and Tommy feared that he had said something indiscreet. In a few moments he was sure he had.

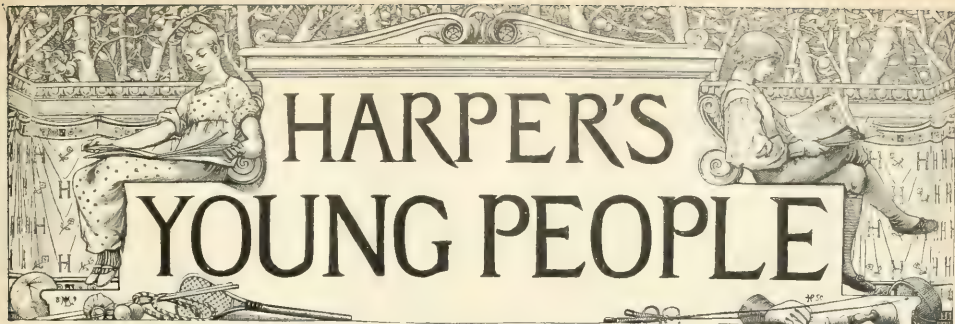
"Never talk of eating things," said the Sheep. "It is a tender subject with some people. How would you like to have a lion come along here now and look at you and ask me if you were good to eat?"

This question, with its suggested possibilities, made Tommy feel uncomfortable, and he moved nearer to the ex-Pirate.

"Are there any lions hereabouts?" he asked.

"There might be," replied the Sheep; "but they are all well-bred lions, and they don't talk about things to eat." This statement reassured the little boy, but it made him again eager to change the subject of the conversation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



GABE LOLAR'S CARIBOU.

BY TAPPAN ADNEY.

ONE day a bundle of caribou-hides, wrapped in gunny-sacking or burlap, arrived at the warehouse of a dealer in hides down in "The Swamp," as that part of New York city lying immediately south of the Brooklyn Bridge is known. So small a consignment as this would hardly be given a second thought by a large dealer like Mr. Cilley. But it had a special interest for me when, at about the same time, I received a letter bearing a Canadian stamp and addressed in the familiar handwriting of Humbolt Sharpe, authorizing me to take charge of his shipment of hides, the result of his last hunting trip.

Humbolt was an old friend and the companion of many a hunting expedition in the New Brunswick woods, con-

sequently I was pleased to be able to help him in this way.

Mr. Cilley was to keep the hides, while the heads of any that could be used for mounting, together with several pairs of antlers, were to go to a certain taxidermist.

We opened the bundle in Mr. Cilley's warehouse, and the hides, numbering upwards of a dozen, were spread out upon the floor to be examined one by one. While we were sorting them over, our attention was drawn (as I afterwards recalled more particularly) to a certain one which, instead of having been taken off in the usual way by a cut below, had been removed by a cut along the middle of the back. Except for this, there was no other

mark by which I could have recalled it, as the antlers, indeed, were smaller than the average. The skins were divided up and weighed, and in due course I received the checks for the amount of their value and forwarded them to Humbolt.

Hardly anything more was thought about the matter until nearly a year later, when I paid a visit to that part of the world.

Humbolt had favored me with only the barest account of his famous hunt (about as much as a fellow ever does put in a letter), consequently when two old hunting companions got within arm's-length and ear-shot of each other, as a matter of course no time was wasted in preliminaries.

We went out into the public sitting-room of the little village stopping-place, or inn, where we could draw our chairs close up around the red-hot stove in the middle of the room, whence we could look out through the double-sashed windows upon the wintry landscape, with the whole world buried in deep snow, and the River St. John bridged with solid ice.

Almost the first thing Humbolt said was, "Did you take notice of one of those hides that was ripped up the back?"

"Then I remembered having seen the one, and I answered, 'Yes!' in the way one does when one asks a question.

But Humbolt, like a true backwoodsman, couldn't proceed without due preparations, so in a leisurely way he first fished out of one pocket an old black brier-wood pipe, and from another a plug of tobacco. He shaved off some tobacco, rubbed it between his palms to soften it, and stuffed his pipe full. No woodsman can do anything without this preparation. Having got the smoke started, Humbolt settled back in his chair and began:

"I never could quite make up my mind whether that caribou belonged more to me than to Gabe Lolar. What I did doesn't count for much, it was just luck, but I call'te if it hadn't been for Gabe, in the first place, we wouldn't have got the caribou.

"I'd heard a good deal about Mirimichi River being a great place for caribou, but I'd never been over there before. One man came from over there, and he said that the caribou were fairly tearin' the woods down, and if somebody didn't git over there quick they'd have all the woods tore to pieces. He said he never saw the like. They were just like cattle in a back pasture. Where the men were working, in the lumber woods, when they left off at night the caribou came around to feed on the fresh tops and the moss, and next mornin', he said, the snow'd be all tramped down just like a barn-yard. So I didn't say a thing, but I just took Gabe Lolar—he's a good Injun and a steady fellow when he isn't lazy—and Sabattis Something-or-other, another Injun, down from Tobique, and we drove over to Sou'west Mirimichi with all our stuff. We didn't go to a lumber camp, but we found a small camp right handy to one of the roads. It was the nicest little camp you ever saw, made out of logs and boards and the snow was all over the top of it so deep you could hardly tell where it was. I guess it belonged to some of those men that go there fishin' in the summer-time.

"Well, I never expected to see what we did. We killed just what you saw, but we could have killed a hundred, I believe, just as easy as not. We took only what we could save. We'd been in there a while when one day I thought I wouldn't go out, as I had some work to do in camp. So all hands staid in. But along after dinner Gabe got restless, and thought he'd take a little cruise around, and he asked if he might take my gun in place of his own, which was only a shot-gun. My gun was a Colt's Repeater, holds fourteen shots in the magazine and another in the barrel. So I said 'all right,' but before I gave him the gun I call'ted I'd better show

him how to work the thing, because—you know how it is—sometimes a cartridge gets stuck half-way, and you can't get it in or out without some trouble. He'd seen me work the gun, and I guess he thought all he had to do was to pull the slide backward and forward. I showed him how you pull the slide to you quick, like this, and then shove it back hard, like that. Then the gun's cocked and all ready to pull the trigger.

"'Oh, sartin,' Gabe said, 'he knew all about it.' I filled the rifle all it would hold, and put another in the barrel (but that isn't safe).

"Gabe started off with the rifle along the lumber road. It was well broke out and easy travellin', so we generally used to start off that way as far as we wanted to go. Pretty soon Gabe turned off into the woods. Then he had to slip on the snow-shoes. It was a warm spell, and a thin crust had formed over the snow. It was pretty near strong enough to hold a man without the shoes, but it's mighty hard travellin' when you go in your whole leg every other step. Gabe didn't go any ways at all hardly before he struck a big caribou. The caribou started to run, but it got stuck the first thing.

"Now I don't care how deep the snow is, it may be six feet, but caribou don't mind it a bit more'n you'd mind a foot. They just spread out their hoofs and jump, landin' on their gambrels and dew-claws, and get along in snow that'd stall a deer or a moose. And it doesn't take much of a crust to carry them, either. Whenever a caribou's got any kind of footin' it's 'good-by.' But that time the crust was too weak. It was just so the caribou cut through every step, and it was hard and as sharp as glass.

"Well, Gabe started after it, and when he came to where it was he took aim (I found out all about it from Sabattis), and then gave the slide a hard jerk. Of course that chucked the cartridge that was already in the barrel out into the snow. Then he shoved the lever back quick, and that threw a fresh cartridge in out of the magazine. Just then the caribou got another whiff of Gabe (Injuns smell pretty strong, livin' in smoky camps all the time), and it started, but had to stop soon. The crust ketched its knees, and it couldn't run far. Gabe must have got rattled by that time. As soon as he got another chance, he pointed the gun and did the same thing he did before. Then he kept on pumpin', and every time he pulled the lever back he sent a cartridge spinnin' into the air, and he never even stopped to pick 'em up. He kept on till he fired every blamed one out of the gun, and then he didn't know what to do, at first.

"But Gabe wasn't such a big fool either. He got over bein' nervous, and he saw about how the caribou was goin'. So he said to himself that if he couldn't shoot that caribou himself he could drive it toward camp, where somebody else might. He started at the caribou again, and found he could drive 'most any way he liked. The caribou could hardly get along at all. Gabe said he could go right up close before it would start. Well, he drove it along ahead of him until he got pretty near the camp. About that time I heard some one holler, and I stuck my head out of the door, and saw there, about eight or ten rod off, the caribou up to its middle in the snow, and Gabe right after it, wavin' his arms like frantic, and didn't know what he was sayin'. It was somethin' in Injun, most likely.

"I yelled out to Gabe, 'Why don't you shoot?'

"But I didn't wait to hear what he said.

"I dived back into the camp, and fell over Sabattis stretched out on the floor asleep, and I think he was goin' to kill me, until he got awake and found out what was the matter. I grabbed the first gun in reach. It was empty. I tell you I never rammed in a charge as quick as I did that. I didn't stop to ram the powder, and it's a wonder I didn't put the powder on top of the bullet, or

forget to put the cap on. I knew there was no time to waste, for if that caribou ever struck the hard road, you can wager that there's nothin' that could touch 'im. I got out of the camp, and before I could get a clear whack, for the bushes, the caribou had struck the road. That caribou had just been restin'. I jumped into the road myself, just to see him linin' right away from me, down hill, on the keen jump. It was a straight piece of road leadin' down a little grade to the brook, and that gave me a good chance. I just drew a bead as nice as I could and let go. That caribou turned clean over; I never saw anything so slick in my life.

"I ran down to where the caribou fell, and Sabattis right after me, and then Gabe came up with my rifle still in his hand. He looked foolish and glad at the same time. I said to him, the first thing: 'What's the matter, Gabe? I didn't hear you shoot.'

"I took hold of the rifle, and when I looked into it I saw it was empty. That kinder knocked me. But in about a minute it dawned upon me how it was. I looked at Gabe, but Gabe was looking at the fallen caribou. He was not a man of words, and at that moment had some-

thing else to attend to. But Sabattis, with a wide grin, made the only comment necessary.

"I guess Gabe forgit to pull-em trigger, mebbe."

"The Indians then drew out their hunting-knives, while I walked around behind the caribou, and discovered that slit up the back that you saw. When I looked closer I saw how it was. The bullet had struck it from above squarely in the middle of the back, and it had travelled along under the skin, and ripped it open as clean as if had been done with a knife. The bullet had fetched up in its neck, and I don't suppose the caribou ever knew what touched it. It was one of those shots you wouldn't make again in a thousand years. But, I tell you, I'd 'a' given a good deal to have seen Gabe tryin' to work that new-fangled rifle, and maybe pokin' at the caribou with his gun to make it get along. Gabe worked hard for him, and after all the trouble he had workin' him in, it belonged to Gabe, by right."

Then changing the subject abruptly, he turned to me, and added, eagerly,

"I suppose you'll have to have a hunt before you go back?"

ON THE EARTH AND IN THE SKY.

WHAT WE KNOW OF THE MOON.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM M. DAVIS, OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

A LITTLE way up the street from my house is the side gate of the observatory grounds; there a path leads to the back door, from which the stairs ascend to the little dome which stands to the right. On mild evenings in the spring and fall, before and after vacation, my boys sometimes go up there with me for a half-hour with the stars or for a trip to the moon. This is our play, for my own work lies in other directions; but the play gives us good lessons in astronomy. It is easy studying about planets while looking at one of them through the telescope.

Of all our evenings, those when a half-moon is shining give the greatest entertainment. Nothing in the sky is nearly so beautiful or so well shown in a middle-sized telescope as the moon, with its plains and mountains. Every part calls for scrutiny; and if a peculiar marking here or there excites our curiosity, we put on a "higher power" and have a closer look at it. Down stairs is the astronomical library, with maps of the moon and books about it, from which we can learn what astronomers have found out concerning the lunar mountains, their great height, and the depth of the circular pits within their ringlike walls. I wish that many others had so pleasant a neighbor as the observatory is to us.

One cannot help feeling gratified that his lot is cast on a moonlit planet, like the earth, and not on a moonless planet, like Venus, where no such lovely object adorns the sky, where the days are too bright and the nights too dark. Of all the moons in the solar system, we have a right to be particularly well pleased with ours, for compared to our planet the moon is exceptionally large, and gives us a more fitting companionship in the solitudes of space than other planets find with their satellites. To be sure, the boys on Jupiter may boast of having four moons to our one; and they may appropriately feel "jovial" in their excess; but the moons there are very small compared to Jupiter himself. The boys on Saturn may brag of a ring the like of which we have not here, not even in the best-welded city governments; but their moons are relatively small. The boys on Mars may take pride in the unique fact that while the sun and the stars rise in the

east and cross their sky westward in the regular way, one of their moons rises in the west and runs backward across the sky; but it is a poor little scrap of a moon, probably less than ten miles in diameter. Really, considering that the earth is a planet of modest dimensions, it has done very well to attach so large a moon to its wanderings.

Let us run over what is known of the moon, and see if we cannot plan a little course in home-made observations by which many of the astronomer's discoveries can be repeated and thus brought nearer to our understanding.

How far away is it? If you know how large the earth is, you can lay out a plan of work that will measure the distance of the moon much in the same way that was done by the French astronomer Lacaille, who observed from the Cape of Good Hope, a hundred and forty years ago, while his friends observed in Europe. As he was then about 4000 miles away from them, that being the length of a meridian chord between the two observatories, the moon seemed to stand a little further north in the sky when seen by Lacaille than when viewed from Europe. On measuring this displacement, it was found to be about a degree of arc, or twice the angular diameter of the moon; and hence, as any boy or girl may prove with a ruler and angular protractor, the distance to the moon must be about sixty times the distance from the Cape of Good Hope to middle Europe, or 240,000 miles. Any high-school scholar can repeat the essential steps of this great measurement, if he can secure a correspondent in about his own longitude in the southern hemisphere; western South America and eastern North America offer many pairs of places that will serve well in this respect. Let the observers agree that each of them shall track the moon through the stars for a certain week; that each shall send the other a tracing of the observed track; then each one can measure the angle between the tracks, and (knowing how far the observers are apart along a meridian chord) each can calculate the distance to the moon, and then compare the results. A boy who does this will ever afterwards have a fuller sense of what astronomy is than if he reads many books. Of course, when the distance to the moon is known, its diameter in

miles is easily found by measuring its angular diameter.

Now here is a neat little extension of this problem. If you have found out how far away the moon is, you can get a fair idea of the distance to the sun in this manner. Watch the moon at the time of its first quarter. Determine as closely as you can when it is just half illuminated—that is, when the rough edge or “terminator” between its light and dark parts is a straight line, as in the accompanying view. By patiently watching through several months you will at last have a chance to see a straight terminator when the moon is in the eastern sky, before sunset, and then by means of two sighting-sticks you can measure the angle, at whose apex you stand, between the sun to the moon. Now what is the geometry of this problem? Manifestly, these three bodies, sun, moon,

like form, with the central area depressed, often to a lower level than that of the surrounding country, as is known by the relative length of the internal and external shadows. The diameter of the rings varies greatly, some of the larger being fifty, one hundred, or even one hundred and fifty miles, while the smaller look like little dots in large telescopes. Their height above the surrounding plains may be as much as three or four miles; this being less than the highest of terrestrial mountains, but greater in proportion to the size of the moon than any of our mountains are to the earth. On account of the resemblance of these ring mountains to certain terrestrial volcanoes, it has long been concluded that they were produced by volcanic action, although no certain sign of volcanic activity has been detected by direct observation. This conclusion is very generally accepted; yet there are reasons for questioning it, or at least for holding an open mind with regard to the origin of the rings and craters of the moon.

In the first place, nearly all the volcanoes of the earth have a large cone and a relatively small crater, while the reverse is true of the moon. It is true that in certain terrestrial volcanic districts the upper portion of the cones has been in some way destroyed—blown off or fallen in—leaving a broad and deep depression, called a caldera, enclosed by ringlike walls. For example, in Italy several such calderas contain lakes of roughly circular outline. Similar basins occur on the Azores, in Sumatra, and elsewhere; but by far the greater number of terrestrial volcanoes are of the large-cone and small-crater variety. Hence if the ring mountains on the moon are of volcanic origin, they represent a phase of volcanic activity that is exceptional, and not prevalent on the earth.

Furthermore, an ingenious suggestion has been offered that the lunar calderas are really the scars made where great meteors fell on the moon, and that the rings around the calderas were squeezed up around the places of impact. Fanciful as this theory at first appears, it really is worthy of consideration; and when treated mathematically, it is not found to be outside of reasonable possibility, as far as the moon is concerned.

However all this may be, the rings and craters and plains of the moon offer a most entertaining field for study. See the great number of them in this view of the half-moon. The semicircular limb turns toward the sun, as we see it shortly after sunset at the time of first quarter. Notice the darker areas, two to four hundred miles in diameter. They are visible to the naked eye, and form the familiar features of the “man in the moon.” They were called “seas” by the older astronomers, and still bear the name, although it is now known that they contain no water, and show no signs of ever having been seas. Taking directions as we should on an ordinary terrestrial map, we see near the eastern limb the Mare Crisium, well known from being visible in the slender crescent of the new moon. A little to the south of Crisium lies the Mare Fecunditatis; and northwest of this follow the Mare Tranquillitatis and the Mare Serenitatis. In the latter, a minute crater, Linné, has been suspected of showing slight change during this half-century. West of the last-named sea is the Mare Imbrium, only its eastern part, sometimes called the Palus Nebularum, being seen here. It contains three important craters: Archimedes, fifty miles in diameter, near the shadow-edge or “terminator,” in the view here given; Autolycus (23), and Aristillus (34) a little further east. Further north, a little white spot is Pico, a curious isolated peak of unusual form. The Mare Imbrium is enclosed by the Apennines on the southeast, by the Alps on the northeast, and the Caucasus lie near its eastern border. These are more like terrestrial mountain-ranges than is generally the case with lunar mountains; but they are dif-



THE HALF MOON, SHOWING TERMINATOR.

and earth, are at the points of a triangle; the angle at the moon must be a right angle (demonstrate this for yourselves), and the angle at the sun must be a right angle diminished by the angle that you have measured from sun to moon. Draw out a triangle of this shape on a large sheet of paper; then, knowing how far it is from earth to moon, find out how many times further it is to the sun. Old Aristarchus of Samos did this twenty centuries ago; but his results were not good; not better than those that any bright young observer can now gain for himself.

Go a step further, if you like. If the sun looks as large as the moon, in spite of being really so much further away, how much larger is it in actual diameter? It gives point to the study of geometry and trigonometry to apply their principles to problems of such grand dimensions as those of astronomy. Even if the measures are not exact, the principles are correct, and are the same as those employed by the greatest astronomers of the world.

The discovery of the mountains on the moon by Galileo were among the first results of the invention of telescopes. A very ordinary modern glass reveals them; and a telescope of four or five inches aperture shows them in much detail; an endless delight for the observer. Over thirty thousand of them have been charted on maps of the moon! Nearly all of these mountains have a ring-



PTOLEMY, ALPHONSUS, AND ARZACHEL.

ferent in having no valley systems, and, moreover, here and there their surface is pitted by a characteristic crater. The Mare Vaporum lies south of the Apennines; and then, passing into the southern hemisphere, we enter a region crowded with craters. First come three large rings in a row, the most northern being Ptolemy (115); with Herschel (4), a smaller and deeper pit, next north of it; then Alphonsus (83), and Arzachel (65), with a well-marked central peak, to the south. Further south the craters are too numerous to be named here. Little craters are often found sukk into the rings of larger and earlier craters; thus their succession of formation can be made out. Just as we call the study of the earth's surface Geography, so the study of the moon's surface is called Selenography; words of this kind still bearing in these modern times the impress of the old Greeks, whom we follow in so many ways.

There is one very curious thing about the movement of the moon. Although it goes around us once a month—or *moonth*, as I like to call it—we see only one side of it. The other side is entirely unknown, as it is always turned away from the earth. Some persons argue from this that the moon does not rotate on its axis; but such an opinion implies a wrong understanding of rotation. Rotation consists in turning so as to face in every direction successively all around the compass. The moon certainly has this motion, for during the period of a moonth, while it is moving around the earth, it turns its visible side toward us from all directions.

The curious point here involved is not that the moon does not rotate, but that it rotates on its axis in the same period as it revolves around the earth.

The real interest in this matter of rotation is: Why do the periods of rotation and revolution agree? Believing that the existing arrangement of the solar system follows by slow changes from former conditions, no one can suppose that the agreement is accidental. It must mean that the two movements have been brought into coincidence of period by some physical process, and this is beau-

tifully accounted for by the tidal interaction of the earth and moon.

Just as the moon causes tide-making forces in the earth, so the earth, a larger body, causes much stronger tide-making forces in the moon. Ages ago, when both bodies were hotter than now, and more yielding to tidal forces, it is believed that tides were produced not only in whatever oceans the bodies may have then had, but also in their whole mass. On account of these ancient bodily tides each body tried to reduce the period of rotation of the other one to equality with the period of the revolution around their common centre of gravity. The moon is so small as to have been unsuccessful in this attempt, and the earth still rotates in much less time than a moonth; but the earth has succeeded completely, and the moon's day and month now agree perfectly. This is all of the tidal story that can be told here.

Lunar eclipses can only occur at time of full moon, because only then is the moon opposite the sun, in the neighborhood of the earth's long conical shadow. But as the moon sometimes passes north, sometimes south, of the shadow, there is not a lunar eclipse every month. On the other hand, at times of new moon the moon's shadow, that is always trailing opposite to the sun, sometimes falls on the earth; then those of us who happen to live on the path of the shadow have an eclipse of the sun, and a total eclipse of the sun is one of the strangest events in the world. The moon's shadow is so small that it covers but a little of the earth's surface; hence total eclipses happen but rarely at any one place. The shadow moves rapidly across the earth's face; hence the duration of a solar eclipse is brief as seen by any one observer. The entire hiding of the sun seldom lasts more than two minutes. Even in a clear sky a pall of darkness then spreads over the landscape. Birds and animals mistake it for the coming of night. Savages and ignorant people are frightened by the unnatural occurrence, and think it forebodes the coming of misfortunes. Enlightened people, knowing beforehand that an eclipse is coming at a certain time and place, watch for it with the greatest interest, and on finding that it happens within a few seconds of the predicted time, delight in it as a proof of the marvellous power of man's intellect, through which the order of nature is so wonderfully revealed.



THE LUNAR APENNINES, WITH ERATOSTHENES AT WEST END, AND ARCHIMEDES, AUTOLYCUS, AND ARISTILLUS TO THE NORTH.

"SCAPEGRACE."

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

THERE was one boy at Fort Ransom who wished there were no such things as women in the world, and that was Captain Grace's ten-year-old Tommy. There weren't very many of them in Tommy's own world, to be sure, and that had something to do with so many from without "coming in and interfering with a feller," as he expressed it. We all know the old adage, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business," but Tommy—on the principle probably that it was a poor rule that wouldn't work both ways—had long since made up his mind that people read the thing t'other side foremost, and, so far as he was concerned, what was really nobody's business seemed everybody's business. It was nobody's business, for instance, that he should like to wear a little beaded buck-skin shirt that his father had had made for him among the Sioux Indians, but the mothers of other boys in the garrison, boys who hadn't a Sioux hunting shirt, used to come to Captain Grace, or to Aunt 'Ria, and protest against his being allowed to run wild in such heathenish garments. It was nobody's business, thought Tommy, that he should prefer to spend his holidays four miles away from the fort, among the railway men at the round-house, where all the locomotives of the division were in turn "stabled" and oiled and cleaned and fired; but other boys were not allowed to go, and, boylike, upbraided their mothers, who accordingly upbraided Aunt 'Ria. It was nobody's business that his father gave Tommy for his own purposes the stupendous sum of twenty-five cents a week for spending-money, stipulating only one thing—that not a cent should ever go for cigarettes; but there were many good and devout women at the fort who declared to Aunt 'Ria that this was simply throwing money away, and snaring the youngster's path with temptation. "No boy of mine," said more than one mamma, "shall ever be allowed to carry about him the means of indulging vicious tastes." And no one was more decided on this point than the chaplain's good wife, whose own boy had been the means of making Tommy acquainted with cigarettes the year before. In fact, it was because of his refusal to contribute more than one-fifth of his weekly allowance to the fund for the Sunday-school Christmas Tree that had led the lady superintendent to refer to him as *Scape Grace*, instead of Tommy. "Give a dog a bad name," says the adage, and with a dog so with a boy. Fort Ransom took up the name with a zest which was born of a propensity for teasing rather than any spirit of unkindness, but it stuck, as often will the most undeserved of names or reputations, and Tommy Grace, through no real fault of his own, became the scapegrace of the big garrison.

It was anything but fair to the little fellow. He was just as square and honest and well meaning a boy as there was in the whole community. Ransom was quite a large post, far out across the wide wind-swept prairies of the West, and near the bustling railway town of Butteville—generally named Butte for short. Here were stationed during the year gone by the headquarters and eight companies of a regiment of "regular" infantry, and one of these companies was commanded by Captain Grace. Tommy's lot might have been a very different one but for a fact you have probably already surmised—that he had lost his mother. Five years before, when he was a little bit of a chap, a severe and sudden illness had swept her from their sight almost before they could realize that she was in danger. Tommy was too young to know what he had lost, but the blow was a bitter one to his soldier father. Not for long months did he return to the regiment after taking her to her far-away Eastern home for burial, and when he did the Captain brought with him

his sister, a maiden lady of nearly his own age, the only thing in the world he could think of as a partial substitute for Tommy's mother.

Aunt 'Ria had no experience in taking care of children, but she had all manner of theories as to how they should be reared and managed. As a result poor Tommy's early boyhood proved to be a period of curiously varying experiments. What was right and proper for him to do one month was all wrong the next, and by the time he was ten years old his ideas of boy rights and wrongs might have become hopelessly confused but for his own propensity for taking the bit in his teeth, and bolting for advice and comfort to his father himself.

"Never mind what the trouble is, Tommy—never mind whether the fault is yours or somebody else's—never be afraid to come and tell me the whole story just as 'straight' as you know how. Let me be your best friend, and I'll do my best; only remember, Tom, 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' I don't care what mischief you can get into or wrong you can do so long as you tell me all about it. Concealment is what I should fear most."

"Poor little chap!" he said to himself, "he has no mother to go to and sob out his troubles. Boys hate to cry before their fathers, especially soldier boys. I can't be his playmate, for boys must have boys for that, but I can be his friend, please God! and teach him to trust me and confide in me, and if he does get into scrapes they can't be any worse than mine were."

And so, despite his name, Tommy wasn't particularly miserable except when Aunt 'Ria was lecturing, or "those other women" were telling him about what he should be or shouldn't be doing, "if you were my boy." Captain Grace had taught him to stand respectfully and listen to it all in silence, "just as I do, Tommy, when the Colonel finds fault with something in Company B, or when I'm officer of the day."

"But he has a right to," blurted Tommy; "he's commanding officer. Now Mrs. Croly and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Darling, *they* haven't any business telling Aunt 'Ria or me I shouldn't do this or that so long as you approve."

"Never mind, Tommy. Every woman thinks she has," said the philosophic Captain. "It does them good. It does you no harm, and we have lots of fun over it between ourselves. So never be rude or disrespectful."

The Division Superintendent at Butte was a man just the age of Captain Grace, and from early boyhood the two had been close friends. Even after their separation, when young Grace was sent to West Point, they had kept up their correspondence, and great was the Captain's pleasure when the regiment was ordered down "out of the Sioux country" and stationed at Ransom, mainly because it brought him once more into close relations with George Rollins, his old-time school chum and his lifelong friend.

Promotion in railroading is almost as slow as it is in the army, and Mr. Rollins at forty was only a Division Superintendent, but every one connected with "the road" was well aware that better things were in store for him. Rollins was still a bachelor, and he took instantly to Master Tommy, and for a whole year that little man had been learning all the mysteries of the round-house, the shops, the train-despatcher's office, and "the road" generally, for while on Saturdays, and even, it must be owned, on occasional Sunday afternoons, the Captain and his old friend were chatting together over old times, Master Tommy, perched in the cab of the switch engine under care of "Mike" Farrell, the engineer, was steam-

ing up and down the yards, darting from track to track, shunting cars from shop to station, from storehouse to elevator, making up trains and pulling them hither and yon, and all the time his eyes and ears were wide open, and he was practically bent on "learning the business." Farrell taught him the purpose and use of every lever, rod, stop-cock, and gauge about the engine; let him ring the bell, whistle for brakes or switches; even, after a while, to stand on the engineer's, instead of the fireman's bench at the side of the cab, and with Farrell's brawny hairy fist to guide, to seize the throttle-valve with his own boy hand and start the engine, increase the steam, and shut it off. He learned how to make a "gentle" start without jerk or strain; he learned how to reverse and "back," although he had not strength enough to throw the great geared lever that Farrell handled so easily. He learned all the science of "firing," so far as it could be taught on a switch engine, and later Mr. Rollins handed him over to the engineer of the great transcontinental express trains, and big Ned Weston, who ran No. 615, the biggest and most powerful passenger locomotive on the mountain division, took him on his Saturdays as far west as Summit Siding, away up at the top of the range, and there presented him to "Hank" Lee, whose engine, No. 525, made the daily down-grade run with the East-bound mail—a light, swift train—from Summit to Butte in forty-seven minutes. That was a glorious run, and Tommy loved to tell of it; so much so, that other boys, and lots of them, grew tired or envious, or both; and even while secretly wishing that they knew the Division Superintendent, and that he would give them "the run of the road" as he did Tommy Grace, they feigned to scorn the whole business, and to ridicule Tommy's railway friends, and sneer at his aims and aspirations—for Tommy had long since decided he did not mean to be a soldier, he was going to be a locomotive engineer.

"If I were Scapegrace," said one of his best friends among the boys, "I'd shake books entirely and stick to the round-house; he's learned that lesson anyhow."

"If I were Captain Grace," said the schoolmaster, "I should require Thomas to spend his Saturdays studying what he has missed during the week, instead of wasting time among those railway hands."

"And if I had any influence with Captain Grace—or if Miss Grace had, either—something would be done to redeem that poor little fellow," said more than one of the army mothers at Ransom. "Think of the danger he is running."

But Captain Grace was deaf to protests of this nature. He listened to what was said with his quiet smile, spent his hour with Tommy every evening over the slate and books, satisfied himself that what he did know the boy knew thoroughly and well, and almost every Saturday rode into Butte with him, and was there to meet him when No. 4 (the mail train) came clanging into the station late in the afternoon, Tommy's cinder-streaked, chubby, happy face smiling at him from the cab.

"That boy's going to be a boss engineer one of these days, Captain," said Mr. Lee one lovely May evening. "I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Rollins would have to start him as a fireman before he's fourteen. The road 'll be glad to get a boy as bright as Tommy. He can handle this old lady now most as well as my fireman here," and Hank patted affectionately the massive steel connecting rod of his "driving wheels."

But neither engineer, nor Captain, nor Tommy dreamed how soon, how very soon "the road" and all Fort Ransom would devoutly thank Heaven that Scapegrace had learned railroading better than he had arithmetic.

Leaving only a small detachment to guard the fort, Colonel Wallace with the regiment, early in June, had marched away westward from Ransom, had crossed

the mountain range, and had joined a force of infantry and cavalry massed in the valley of the Beaver, ninety miles away. There they were to spend two months in manoeuvres under command of a general officer, and there, right after the Fourth of July, some of the boys were to join their fathers in camp—Tommy among them.

But late in June came tidings of serious troubles among the railway men at the East; then that a general strike was threatened, and all of a sudden some mysterious order was flashed along the wires even to Butte and beyond, and that day not another wheel turned on the mountain division. In vain Mr. Rollins argued and plead with his men. They honored him—they had no "grievance" with their employers—but one and all they were members of some one of the several railway men's "Unions," sworn to obey the orders of their respective chiefs, even against those of their foremen or superintendents, and the firemen, switchmen, and certain trainmen had received the signal to strike, and though in almost every case it was done with misgiving and reluctance, strike they did.

Then the engineers tried to run their engines with new hands for firemen, even in some cases tried to "fire" for themselves. Then committees came and warned the newcomers off, and such as would not obey were promptly pulled off and kicked out of the yards. The next who tried were stoned and beaten. Then deputy marshals came to protect the newly employed, and then came riot. It was bad enough at Butte, where the station and yards were in the hands of railwaymen alone, but it was infinitely worse in great cities to the East, where all the criminal classes, the mass of tramps, loafers, and vagabonds promptly turned out, and the next thing known at Ransom a million dollars' worth of railway property was being burned and destroyed; the police and the sheriffs were beaten, and the President had ordered the "regulars" to the scene.

Never will the boys of Fort Ransom forget the evening of the 2d of July, when the despatch was received that Colonel Wallace with his eight companies was on a special train, had started from Beaver Station, and would pass through Butte, eastward bound, at ten o'clock that very night if *nothing interfered*. There was a military telegraph line running from Ransom through Bear's Paw Gap, miles north of the railway, and so on through the mountains to the outlying forts in the Beaver Valley. That, as yet at least, the strikers had not cut, but, all too soon, they learned, through friends and sympathizers among the railway telegraphers, that Mr. Rollins had been able to make up a train; and with old No. 615 in the lead, big Ned Weston at the throttle-valve, two of Uncle Sam's bluecoats for firemen, and Captain Grace with six of his men to back Mr. Rollins on the engine and tender, and with the whole train bristling with bayonets, Colonel Wallace and his regiment were coming for all they were worth, bound to carry out their orders if they had to cut their way through Butte.

It was the schoolmaster himself who came driving out to the fort, and driving the women and children wild with fear and excitement with the next news—that the strikers had armed themselves, and that, with the hangers-on and the unemployed about the town and the great array from the repair-shops, a thousand determined men had gathered, and meant to assault the troop train—"if, indeed," said he, "it ever gets as far as Butte. If a possible thing, wire to Summit siding and warn them." And wire the quartermaster did, only to get reply: "Too late. Troop train passed through at nine o'clock. Should be at Butte now."

"Oh, if we only had Scapegrace with us now!" was the wail of one poor wife and mother. "Is there *no* way of warning? He knew every bit of the track to the west. He should have ridden out and done something." All



HE FALTERED AT THE BRINK AND THEN PLUNGED IN.

the other boys were safe at home within the fort gates, but not since evening gun-fire had Tommy been seen. "He took his pony, ma'am, and galloped away to Butte like mad just before sundown," was all the quartermaster-sergeant could tell Aunt 'Ria, before he himself mounted and rode away after the quartermaster in the vain hope that it might not yet be too late to "do something."

Down in the bottom of his heart the quartermaster had no dread of any serious trouble once the troop train got to Butte. Old Wallace knew well how to handle mobs, big or little; but that long stretch of lonely unprotected track through the foot-hills to the west, that wooden trestle, that Howe truss bridge over Four-mile Creek, suppose the strikers were to get there first, and wreck them in front of that heavy train thundering down grade. *There was the rub!*

And Scapegrace had not had his eyes and ears open for six long months for nothing. No sooner had he heard the talk at Ransom of how a special train was to come on and break the blockade than he bethought him of stories he had heard in cab and caboose, in switchman's shanty and carsmith's shop, and never did that piebald pony split the wind as he did on Tommy's dash for town. Leaving him panting and astonished at the corral, his little master, well-nigh breathless himself, made his rapid way to the depot. The platforms were crowded with rough, sullen, angry men. Somebody was making a speech, and urging the crowd to stand together now, and sweep the bloody-handed soldiers from the face of the earth if ever they strove to pass the spot; and then some frantic, half-drunken fellow shrieked, "They'll never see this side of Four-mile Run!" And Tommy, wild with anxiety, sought in vain for some familiar, friendly face, for some one to tell what had been done or advise what he should do. All in vain.

Engineers had been driven from the yards and forbidden to return. The striking firemen, appalled most of them by the proportions assumed by the riot, seemed to have slunk away. These wild, riotous, half-drunken men were total strangers. Perhaps it was lucky that they knew him no better than he knew them, or he might not have slipped, trembling away, as he was enabled to a moment later, his boy heart fluttering up into his throat, for the fearful words he heard had stricken him with terror.

"I tell you 'twarn't no use to burn the bridge ahead of 'em. They'd only ford the creek, march into town, and make up a train here, an' we hadn't the men to stop 'em. There was only just one thing to do—to set them switch signals 'All right, come ahead,' and wreck the whole outfit as it reached the bridge."

Ten minutes later, his young heart bounding like his pony's hoofs, Scapegrace was galloping westward over the broad prairie, leaving Butte a mile behind, and Ransom farther still beyond. Already darkness was settling over the foot-hills of the range; already lights were popping up here and there from outlying ranch or farmhouse. Behind him the electric globes were gleaming high over the bustling town, but Tommy had no time to look back. Half a mile to the southward he could see dim lights, like will-o'-the-wisps, dancing along what he knew to be the railway embankment, and ahead of him, dark, gloomy, vague, and silent, lay the broad valley through which turned and twisted the stream. A roaring mountain torrent at times, it was only "bank full" now. There was a low wooden bridge two hundred yards north of the railway trestle; there was a good ford quarter of a mile above that, but if by any chance these were guarded by the strikers—and Tom had heard how they held them long years before in the great railway strike of '77—then he and Dot would either have to push a full mile further up stream or find some unguarded point and swim for it. In his right hand he carried a lantern borrowed at the corral—taken, rather, without a by-your-leave to anybody—for only a Mexican packer was there as he unhitched his pony. In his pocket were his matches, and on his lips a prayer for aid and guidance and protection. Beyond all doubt those twinkling lights far to the left and front meant that the strikers were already at the trestle and the truss. Beyond all doubt the only thing for him to do was to pass around them to the north, and speed far and fast up the winding ravines among the foot-hills until—a sure, safe distance beyond all chance of interference—he could light his lantern when the great blazing eye of No. 615 came peering forth from the black mouth of the tunnel, and then he would leap on the track and signal stop.

Not three miles from town, and already Dot was panting and protesting. Not yet quarter past nine, but black darkness was settling down over distant peak and neighboring prairie. One mile further and he would reach the bridge, but long before coming to the stream he must pull up and go cautiously and listen. How dreadfully near those dim wicked lights looked at the southwest—away down in the lowlands! Something told him what that meant. All that ground was overflowed in the spring. The truss bridge and the trestle carried the track along full twenty feet above the July level of the stream, and, just as those villains said at the depot, these villains out here were sawing slanting cuts through the sturdy beams—the uprights of the trestle—and the weight of the massive engine would do the rest. *On, Dot!—on!* Even now old 615 must be roaring through the rock cuts east of Summit. Tommy could even seem to see his friend the engineer standing there with firm-set face staring straight ahead through the cab window, his right hand on the reversing-lever, his left on the air-brake cock, the throttle-valve shut tight, and not an ounce of steam on, for with smoking wheels the great train was shooting

curve after curve down the east face of the grand mountain spur, held back from headlong rush to destruction only by the grip of the brakes on the polished steel of the tires. And soon they would plunge into the tunnel through Ute Tower, and then come sweeping forth in long graceful curve around Red Bluffs, and then, then Ned's left would shift from air-brake to throttle, and one would close and the other open, and 615 would begin again to throb and puff and pant, and, with unhampered wheels, the long train would leap to the race once more, with Four Mile Creek and switch and siding, and beyond them the big truss and trestle only two level miles ahead.

Heavens! Here was Four Mile Creek now, foaming along almost parallel with his road, and there, not two hundred yards ahead, lay the low uncovered wooden bridge over which he must pass unseen, or else ford or swim. Many a time, with exultant heart, high aloft, had he gone skimming over that dimly outlined trestle and under that net-work of beams and stringers just visible against the southern stars. Many a time had he and Dot ridden over the humble crossing that seemed to span only from rock to rock—a fragile bridge that was swept away every spring, only to be gathered up and put together by the ranchmen every June, but on the trestle twinkled wreckers' lights. On the low bridge ahead gleamed a lantern that told him the enemy was there. Dot almost slid upon his haunches in astonishment at the sudden check, and then whirled madly about in answer to his rider's driving heel and tugging rein. Springing up from the roadside a few yards ahead a dark form loomed suddenly into sight, and a hoarse voice shouted, "Who's that?"

But Scapegrace never stopped to answer. With his head turned homewards Dot took new heart, and flew back along the lonely road full three hundred yards before he felt the pressure of leg and rein that turned him northward. Indignantly he shook his mane, but obediently sped away. Over the springy bunch-grass he was

laboring now, panting hard, and wondering what on earth could make his little master so unmerciful, and presently there were sounds as of distant shouting, at which Tommy urged the more, and bent low over the pommel, and then Dot found himself circling westward again, but far above the point where first they reached the bank of the stream, and soon he heard it roaring over its rocky bed and straight ahead of them. Another moment and he would have swerved, for here they were upon the very verge, but both Tommy's heels came driving hard against his astonished ribs, and Tommy's knees were gripping him like a living vise. One instant he faltered at the brink and then plunged helplessly in, yielding to the master hand and will. "On, Dot!—on!" was Tommy's constant cry. And so, stumbling, plunging, going down once on his knees, and burying his nose deep in the flood, the gallant piebald obeyed, and at last, with dripping flanks, clambered safely out on the westward side. One short minute for a breathing spell, then on they went again. Four minutes more, and the dim lights at the bridge, half a mile to the south, were square to the left; six minutes, and they were well behind; ten minutes, and Tom and Dot, wearily, heavily now, were lumbering up a long ravine, dark and drear and lonely, but the brave heart of the little fellow never faltered; he would reach that level mile over the "bench" in front of Red Bluff, and stop the headlong rush of old 615, no matter what lying switch lights might say, no matter what drink-maddened strikers might do.

Already he was drawing near the track again. Glancing over his left shoulder he could see that only one light was gleaming now near the bridge—the faint green disk at the switch. Their cowardly work complete, the gang had doused their lanterns, and now were lurking in the shadows well away, yet lingering, fascinated, to watch the result. On, Dot—on! It must be that the train is near. Scapegrace strained his ears to listen, but Dot's panting drowned all other sounds. At last, just ahead



A BREATHLESS BOY STUMBLED FORWARD INTO THEIR ARMS, SHOUTING OUT, "THE BRIDGE!"

now, dimly seen against the southern sky, a straight lancelike staff stood pointing to the zenith—a telegraph pole, and there, further east, another. The track at last—at last! and not an instant too soon. Even as he prodded Dot to one last effort, far to the west among the hills a dull roar as of distant thunder fell upon his ears. The train! the train! already at the Tower Tunnel.

In mad haste now he threw himself from the saddle, leaving Dot with bowed head and heaving flanks to look after himself. In mad haste he scrambled up the low embankment, grasping his precious lantern. In mad haste he fumbled for his matches, thanking God with all his boyish heart that the night wind had not risen. Another minute, and, crack! a bright flame shot from the iron rail—another, and a feeble glimmer sprang from the wick. Another, and with increasing roar and rumble the bowels of the earth seemed to slowly open half a mile to the west, and a white light growing every instant brighter and broader came streaming around the base of Red Bluff, and then a brilliant gleaming eye seemed suddenly to focus on the track. Two threads of glistening steel, nearly five feet apart where he stood, seemed to meet almost immediately under it; the rails began to creep and quiver, the ground to tremble, and with his little heart away up in his throat Tommy lifted high his lantern—high as he could reach—then lowered and raised—lowered and raised, straight up and down—square in the middle of the track, and, bearing down on him at full speed, his mighty engine throbbing under him instinct with life, big Ned Weston, peering from his cab window just as Tommy pictured him, saw and understood. Shriek went the whistle, slap went the throttle-valve flat against the boiler, snap went the air-brake, every clamp gripping its wheel on the instant like a vise. Out from the 'scape-valve, with mighty hiss and roar, rushed the pent-up steam, and all on a sudden the big train began to bump and grind along the rails. Black heads popped out of the open windows, and little by little old 615's flying wheels slowed down and came to a stand, and Ned Weston's foremost guards, springing from the pilot, ran ahead, a tall Captain bounding after them, and a little freckle-faced breathless boy stumbled forward into their arms, sobbing out "The bridge!"

Four hours later, in another train, without a man injured or missing, Colonel Wallace and his command pushed ahead from Butte. Meantime, however, they had marched into town with half a dozen prisoners picked up near the ruined trestle, had hammered some riotous heads rather hard, and had had a chance to tell to many a wife and mother who had hurried into town for one glimpse of her own particular soldier the story of their escape. "Goodness gracious!" said Fort Ransom, "who would have thought of that in Scapegrace?"

But it was the old Colonel who picked the little fellow up and held him close to his heart one minute before they started on again, then, with glistening eyes, returned him to his silent father, and grasped the latter's hand. "Say rather who would have thought of that but Scapegrace!" was the way old Wallace put it.

THE FALLING STAR.

A LITTLE maid by the window-bar
Stood eagerly watching a falling star:
She clapped her hands with a quick delight,
But grew demure as it passed from sight.

One moment still as the star, now dead,
The next she lifted her early head.
And said with an earnestness none could doubt,
"I think it's a tangle that Dod blew out!"

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.*

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE "WIGWAG" SIGNAL.

"NOW how on earth are we to manage it, that's what I'd like to know?" said George.

"Not by being impatient," said Hal. "We must keep cool and think."

"Right, sir," said Peter, who was a party to the council. "As my old mother used to say, fust do a good deal o' thinkin', then a good deal o' talkin', an' then mebbe ye'll be fit to do a little doin'."

"First of all," said Harold, "we must let Captain Lockwood know that we saw his son in the hands of the rebels."

"Werry good," said Peter. "An' then him an' you talks it all over an' shapes a course for wot are to be did next."

"Exactly," said Harold. "But first of all we've got to get permission to go ashore, so that—"

"Mr. King, the First Lieutenant wants to see you," said a messenger, coming up.

In a few minutes Harold returned with beaming eyes. "It's the finest kind of luck," he said, "but I'm ordered to go ashore on an errand. I have permission to take you with me, George, and Peter's to be our cockswain."

"When are we to go?" asked George.

"Right away," answered Hal.

"Werry good," said Peter. "I goes an' I gets the boat."

Harold had already reported his orders to the officer of the deck, and in a few minutes the boat was at the star-board gangway. The boys set off for the shore in good spirits, and were not long in finding their way to the *Alma*, where they were heartily welcomed by Captain Lockwood and Minnie.

"That was a great time we had two days ago," said the Captain. "But I'll admit that although I came to the wharf I was sorry to see the American ships return to their berths without giving Da Gama a thrashing."

"But you forget Frank!" exclaimed Hal.

"Well, for his sake I'm glad there was no fight."

"We have some news for you," said Hal.

"About Robert?" exclaimed the Captain.

"He's in the hands of the rebels," said George.

"Oh, I've learned that," said the Captain. "It was Bob that called to me from the tug the other day. But my agent here can't find out where he is now."

"Then they have him hidden somewhere," said Hal.

"That's it; but where?"

"Frank is our man," said Hal, after a moment's thought. "He must get his friend Bennos to find out for him."

"Do you think Bennos will do it?" asked the Captain.

"I don't know," replied Hal, "but I see no other way. Anyhow, Captain, you work your way, and we'll try to communicate with Frank. Between the two we ought to get something."

The boys now went to attend to their errand, and in a short time were on their way back to the ship. While they had been ashore Frank had heard a piece of news that filled him with the deepest anxiety. The boy had picked up enough of the language to understand a good deal more than the Brazilians thought he did, and he had overheard a conversation which made him intensely anxious to communicate with his uncle. Unfortunately he was allowed no liberty at all, because the Brazilians, knowing him to be an American, had no faith in him now. So Frank now set about contriving some plan by which he could communicate with Harold and George. He knew that whatever he was to do must be done quickly, for the *Aquidaban* might at any moment up anchor

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 754.

and stand out to sea again. But plan as he might he could think of no way to meet his two classmates. It is said that when Fortune is at her worst she turns favorably, and she certainly now favored Frank.

"Amigo mio," said Bennis, approaching him as he stood leaning over the taffrail; "some men are to go to the beach to swim. You are to command the boat."

The beach referred to was on Engenha Island, near which the *Aquidaban* was anchored. It was half a mile away from the war-ship, and as pleasant a place for bathing as could be found in such foul waters.

"All right," said Frank. "Are they going right away?"

"Si, amigo," replied Bennis.

The boat, with some twenty-five Brazilians in it, was brought alongside, and Frank seated himself in the stern-sheets.

"How long are we allowed?" he called to Bennis as the boat was pushed off.

"Till the next watch begins," was the answer.

That meant nearly two hours. In fifteen minutes the boat was on the beach and the men were undressing. Frank did not feel like swimming in Rio Harbor.

"Take charge of the men," he said to the principal petty officer.

Then he walked away toward a short bluff point which terminated the beach at one end, and sat down on a rock. He was half lost in moody speculation when he chanced to notice that he was almost abeam of the *Detroit*. By walking around to the side of the point furthest from the beach, and out of sight from the deck of the *Aquidaban*, he found himself directly opposite the American gun-boat.

"Now," he thought, "if I could only signal the boys. But of course it wouldn't do."

At that moment an American man-of-war's boat came around the end of the island nearest the city. There were two officers in the stern, but it was impossible to identify them at the distance. However, as the boat advanced it drew nearer to the island, and Frank began to fancy that he recognized one of the officers as George.

"They'll be past in a few minutes, and out of sight around the point," he muttered. "I'll risk it."

He broke a short straight branch off a bush, and tied his handkerchief to it, making a small but distinct signal-flag. Then selecting a place where the light was good, and there was a solid background of green, he began making the three motions to the left which represent the letter D in the navy wigwag code. D is the "call" letter of *Detroit*. He made the signal half a dozen times in vain, and he thought the boat was about to pass out of sight around the end of the point, when suddenly the men ceased rowing. One of the officers in the stern took off his cap, and, without standing up, waved it twice to the left, twice to the left again, and then once down in front of him. That meant that the signal of Frank was seen and understood.

"Jolly good thing I know my wigwag so well," thought Frank; "and if those beastly Brazilians should see these signals they couldn't read them."

Frank now rapidly wigwagged this message:

"Frank Lockwood would like to say something to Hal King or George Briscoe."

"We are both in this boat. Will come ashore," was the answer.

"Pull in diagonally; don't let men bathing see you land," signalled Frank.

The hint was taken, and five minutes later the light whale-boat was scraping her heel on the sand behind the point.

"It's lucky we were sent off on an errand just when you were ashore," said George, grasping Frank's hand.

"We've been to see your uncle," said Hal.

"Is he well? And Minnie?" asked Frank.

"Both are well. We had news for them," said Hal.

"We've seen Robert," blurted out George.

"Where?" demanded Frank.

Hal rapidly told all that was known about the unfortunate son of the Captain.

"That still further complicates matters," said Frank.

The anxious, strained look in the boy's face made Harold grave at once.

"There's something serious, isn't there?" he asked.

"Yes," said Frank.

"Then let's hear it right away.

"Come over here."

The three boys went and sat on a rock, and Frank opened the story of his troubles.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A COWARDLY PLOT.

"I SUPPOSE," he said, "I wouldn't tell you fellows that I wasn't particularly happy when you cleared for action the other day."

"No, Frank," said Harold; "we thought about you."

"I'm sure you did," said Frank.

"But," exclaimed George, "it must have been a little consolation to you to know that none of our class are aboard the *New York*."

"But there are cadets there," declared Frank; "Watkins and Glenn and Carver—fellows we knew well at the Academy. Do you think I'd have felt like starting a 70-pound shell in their direction?"

"No, of course not," said Harold, warmly. "George, don't speak so hastily."

"Besides," continued Frank, with great emotion, "do you think I couldn't see the flag at her taffrail? A fellow doesn't feel much like turning against the flag which four years of his life have taught him to reverence."

The three boys were silent for a few moments, and then Frank continued, "But I didn't wigwag you to come ashore to tell you what oughtn't to be any news to you."

"No," replied Hal; "but I would like to ask you one question about that affair."

"What is it?"

"What did you intend to do that day?"

Frank paused a few seconds before he answered, with much solemnity, "Get myself wounded, if exposure to fire would do it."

"Oh, I say, old man!" exclaimed George, in a shocked tone.

"You'd have done the same thing if you'd been in my place," said Frank, earnestly.

"But fortunately for us all," said Harold, soothingly, "nothing came of the demonstration."

"No," replied Frank; "the kind of fighting that our Admiral saw in your Admiral's eye was something we're not accustomed to down here."

Again the three were silent for a few seconds, and then Frank said,

"As soon as the thing was over, and we had returned to our anchorage, I went straight to the old man, and asked leave to resign from the service."

"And what did he say?" asked George.

"He laughed at me," answered Frank. "He refused to listen to any such proposition. I tried to make him understand my feelings, but he was inflexible. He said that there could not be any possibility be any further collision between us and the United States fleet. I told him I was sick of the whole business anyhow, but he said that was no reason at all. Others were sick of it, too; but he had never known any service in which there was not discontent. He met all further argument on my part by a cold declaration that he would not accept my resignation, and that any attempt at desertion would be treated according to the usages of war."

"The old brute!" exclaimed George.



HE MADE THE SIGNAL HALF A DOZEN TIMES IN VAIN.

"I answered that I had no idea of deserting; that I felt myself in honor bound, as he would not release me, to serve my time out."

"There doesn't seem to be any help for it," said Harold.

"But he has no faith in my honor," said Frank.

"What makes you think so?" asked Hal.

"I can see that I am watched most of the time," responded Frank; "and they don't allow me to get out of sight. This trip ashore was permitted only because they know I'm with a boatload of men, and they don't think I can escape from the island."

"But Bennos?" queried Hal.

"Oh, I think he understands me," answered Frank; "he does not think I would desert."

"I'm glad of that," said George. "I took quite a fancy to that fellow. And we may need his help."

"How?" said Frank.

"Never mind that now," said Hal. "Tell me first why the *Aquidaban* is likely to go out at any time."

"There is a report that the government cruiser *Nichteroy* has been seen not far up the coast, and is coming down here. We intend to meet and engage her outside."

"My!" exclaimed George; "then there will be a big fight."

"Yes," said Frank; "but she has not made her appearance yet. Nevertheless, we are likely to up anchor and go out at any moment. And that's why I consider myself so lucky to catch you to-day. I don't know how I should ever have managed to communicate with you, and you were my only hope."

"Your only hope? What do you mean?" asked Hal.

"It is of vital importance that I get a message to my uncle, Captain Lockwood," said Frank.

"Too bad you didn't catch us when we were going ashore," said George.

"Yes, we could have delivered it, of course," added Hal.

"My uncle must be warned somehow to keep his weather-eye lifting, because they're brewing trouble for him."

"Who?"

"Our people—the insurgents. I overheard a conversation aboard the *Aquidaban* this morning."

"What was it?"

"I know a heap more about their lingo now than they think I do," said Frank, "or they would have been more careful. What I made out was that there's a scheme afoot to scuttle the *Alma* at her wharf to-morrow night."

Harold and George looked horrified.

"To scuttle her!" exclaimed Hal.

"Why, Frank," declared George, "that's not warfare; that's rank piracy."

"It's a piece of contemptible cowardice," said Frank, hotly; "but it's worthy of the rebels. Mind you, it's not to be done by any of the people in the fleet. They're a deal too careful of their precious hides to venture ashore. It's to be done by some agent of theirs in the city."

"Then we must not lose any time," said George, rising.

"Wait a moment," said Hal. "Peter, come up here."

The cockswain left the boat and approached the cadets. Hal repeated Frank's story to him.

"Do you think we could get permission to go ashore again to warn Captain Lockwood?"

"Waal, sir, I should say as how we could, cos w'y; we're here to pectect

American interests, an' if them isn't they, wot are?"

"Good; we'll try it. Meantime this is what we need of Bennos," said Hal, speaking rapidly and decidedly. "He must find out for you where Bob is, and you must tell us."

"Suppose he doesn't know."

"Then you can't help us. Anyhow, the bark must be saved first," said Hal.

"How am I to get word to you?" asked Frank.

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," said Peter, "an' I kin give a plan."

"Go ahead."

"Write yer news an' put it into a bottle. Werry good. W'en you sees our boat a-leavin' the ship you chucks the bottle overboard, an' it drifts down to where we picks it up, sir."

"That might work," said Frank.

"We must try it," said Hal.

The friends now separated, the cadets hastening back to the *Detroit*. They had no serious difficulty in obtaining permission to go ashore again to warn Captain Lockwood. But they looked in vain for the bottle which Frank was to throw overboard. If they had reflected they would have known that they had not given him time enough to accomplish his purpose. Filled with disappointment, they made the best of their way to the *Alma*. To their dismay they learned that Captain Lockwood and his daughter were ashore. So were the mates.

"Here's a go," said Hal. "No use telling the sailors."

"We might leave a note," said George.

"No," said Hal; "you know Captain Lockwood would only laugh at it, and think we were easily frightened."

"Then we must wait till to-morrow," said George.

"The plot is not to be put into execution till to-morrow night, you know."

"And in the mean time we may hear from Frank," said Hal.

They returned to their boat, and started back to the

Detroit. When they were at a point directly to the southward of the *Aquidaban's* anchorage Peter cried:

"There she blows! I mean there she floats—the bottle, sir."

In another minute they were alongside of it, and had it aboard.

"My cousin," said Frank's note, "is said to be confined in the house of a rebel sympathizer named Miguel Santos, on the great northern road, four miles beyond the city. I enclose chart of the location. But my informant is not sure that he is there. He is condemned to be shot."

"We must get off for the whole day to-morrow morning, and search for the boy first," said Hal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PATIENCE RAWLINS'S HEROISM.

A STORY OF THE INDIAN WARS.

BY JAMES OTIS.

THE fourth French and Indian war was declared in due form at Boston, Massachusetts, and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, July 25, 1722, and the first appearance of the enemy in New Hampshire was at Dover, where Joseph Ham was killed and his three children taken prisoners. The second victim was Tristram Heard, and then came the attack on the settlement at Lamprey River Landing, near Newmarket, August 29th, when Patience Rawlins, a girl only twelve years of age, gave her life in the hope of saving those whom she loved.

In this settlement were four "garrisoned houses," so called because they had been built with especial reference to resisting an attack from the Indians. The remainder of the dwellings were ordinary log buildings stoutly made,

but not calculated to hold in check any considerable number of savages.

After the war had been declared, it was customary for the inhabitants of the little village to seek shelter in the "block-houses" during the night, leaving their own homes to the mercy of any hostiles who might pass that way.

Nearly a year elapsed since the "Three Years' War" began, and the dwellers at Lamprey River Landing had grown careless in their immunity from an attack. During two months prior to this 29th of August, Aaron Rawlins and his brother Samuel, both of whom lived on the outskirts of the settlement, had neglected to take any precautions for the safety of their families after nightfall, owing to the annoyance and trouble of moving back and forth every twenty-four hours.

Aaron's household consisted of himself, his wife, Patience, a girl twelve years, Thomas, a boy of eight, and Mary, two years younger.

This day had been exceedingly warm, and as the shadows of evening began to lengthen the members of the family were seated on the broad stone which served as a step to the door, when Jethro Nock, who lived two miles further down the river, came up, looking anxious and excited. "Why are you here?" he asked, sharply, and Mr. Rawlins replied, laughingly,

"Because we are at home, which is better than having a two-mile pull in a boat, as you must take before supper."

"Did you know your brother Samuel had gone to the block-house?"

"What has startled Sam now? He always was a timorous man, and during the past year has spent fully a third of his time moving to and fro, seeking shelter from savages who never come."

"This time, friend Rawlins, they are reported to be



"FIRE AT THE FIRST TUFT OF FEATHERS YOU SEE," MR. RAWLINS SAID, HOARSELY.

close at hand, and it behooves you to follow Samuel's example. I shall take my little ones into the settlement, even though I am forced to travel all night."

"But where are the savages?"

"Have you not learned of the murder of Tristram Heard?"

"That was done two weeks ago, and the miscreants are in Canada again long before this."

"It is said a party of eighteen have been seen near the settlement, and—"

"I have heard such rumors before, Friend Nock; but no harm has come to me or mine as yet."

"Be not overconfident. The cautious man is he who sees danger in every bush—"

"And thereby loses much time looking for it, when he had better be tilling the not-overgenerous soil."

The kindly intentioned neighbor, who had walked half a mile out of his direct course in order to warn his friend, made no reply, but hurried on, fearful lest some harm should already have come to his loved ones.

Mrs. Rawlins was not as bold as her husband, and Mr. Nock had no sooner disappeared among the trees than she called the children into the house, where she made certain the windows were fastened as securely as was possible.

Half an hour later her husband followed, and the dwelling was being closed for the night, when the good woman remembered that some yarn which had been taken from the dye-pot that morning was yet hanging on the bushes at the front of the house.

"Wait until I bring it, Aaron," she said, as her husband was putting in place the heavy wooden bar which served as lock.

Thomas and Mary, who had been frightened by the words of Mr. Nock, followed her, believing there could be no place where safety was more assured than with their mother.

Patience was making ready the rude bed in which she and Mary slept, when she was startled by seeing her father, who had been standing in the doorway watching his wife's movements, suddenly spring back into the room and bar the door hurriedly.

"Why, father," she cried, "mother and the children are—"

"The Indians have come, my child! I have been a fool in my fancied security, and now our lives will pay the forfeit!"

"But mother—"

"She and the children are already in the hands of the enemy. Even as I looked after them they were each seized by two savages, who covered their mouths to prevent an alarm being given, and dragged them within the shelter of the bushes."

"Then we must go to their aid!" and Patience hastily took down one of the two guns which hung, loaded and primed, above the fireplace.

"You will need the rifle, my daughter; but we could do no more for your poor mother and the babies than to die with them if we went out," and Mr. Rawlins spoke in a tone of despair.

"Are we to make no effort to save them?"

"All we can do is to hold the house against the enemy, making the best defence God permits. By so doing the neighbors will be alarmed, and there are enough men in the settlement to overpower the savages, if it happily be that but eighteen are in the party, as Jethro Nock stated. It is our only hope of aiding them, Patience, and this night you must be as a son to me."

"I can use the rifle, father, and if in so doing I am helping our dear ones, I shall be willing to die with it in my hands."

It is more than probable that Aaron Rawlins understood fully how vain would be their efforts at holding

the enemy in check; but he had good reason to believe his neighbors would hasten to the rescue immediately on hearing the reports of the weapons.

Believing she would be assisting those whom she loved so dearly by making the most spirited defence possible, Patience, her face colorless and with a nervous tremor of the hands which could not at first be repressed, went to the window at the front of the house, through the shutter of which small apertures had been cut.

"Fire at the first tuft of feathers you see," Mr. Rawlins said, hoarsely, as he took his station at the door, "and God grant that you don't waste a bullet, for our supply is all too small for our necessities."

The child realized that she must conquer the fever of fear which had seized upon her if she would aid the loved ones, and the rifle was lowered for an instant as she breathed a prayer, not in her own behalf, but for those in the power of an enemy who knew no mercy.

When she raised her weapon to the loop-hole again her hands were steady; the nervous tremor had disappeared nevermore to return.

Peering eagerly into the thicket, which was now dim and shadowy in the gloom of the evening, she saw a moving object which at any other time would have been mistaken for a bird.

The weapon was discharged, and a sudden movement of the foliage told that the first bullet had not been wasted.

"Well done, Patience!" her father cried, hoarsely.

"The alarm has been given, and the neighbors must soon come to the rescue."

"If they succeed in freeing mother and the children it will be enough. If I could only give myself up in their stead!"

"You are doing all that is possible, my darling girl, and between us we shall keep the fiends in check till aid can come. They are not so brave that they will come out in fair battle, and we should be able to hold our house against them, at least, until the ammunition is exhausted."

During the succeeding quarter of an hour the defenders of the building had but little opportunity for conversation. The savages were drawing nearer and nearer the doomed dwelling, and both the brave ones were fully occupied. Patience had discharged her weapon until the barrel was so hot as to burn her slender fingers, and she was obliged to cool it as best she could with water.

Half an hour passed; the attack was being made with more vigor; the rattle of fire-arms should have been heard a mile away, but yet the hoped-for assistance failed to arrive.

"The men in the block-house must have heard the noise, father," Patience said in a tremulous voice.

"They think the enemy is here in larger force than really is the case, and are afraid to venture out. When your rifle is cool, give it to me, and take mine. It is growing so dark that I haven't seen my target fairly since the last ten minutes."

Reloading her weapon, Patience gave it to her father, receiving his in exchange. She was yet busily engaged pouring water into the heated barrel, when a cry of anguish caused her to look up just as her father fell to the floor, the blood gushing from his lips. Through the crevices between the logs a bullet had found its way, wounding him unto death. Springing to his side she did her feeble best to raise his head; but he motioned her away, saying as he did so,

"Your place is at the loop-hole, my darling. It is to save your own life that you must hold the house now; mine is nearly gone."

Patience hardly understood what he had said; the thought had suddenly come to her that unless a vigorous defence was continued her mother might be exposed to yet more danger, and she took her father's station at

the door. Five times did she discharge the weapon at shadowy forms which could be seen darting to and fro amid the shrubbery, and then came a violent concussion which literally shook the building. Well did she know the meaning of that shock. The enemy had felled a tree, and was using it to batter down the door. Forsaking her post of duty for an instant she ran to where her father lay, kissed his blood-stained lips, and whispered,

"God love and keep you!"

Then her weapon was discharged once more; but it was for the last time. Another blow on the already splintered door, and through the opening thus made a host of painted, howling savages burst in. The little heroine barred their passage for an instant, and then she was stricken down without pity.

Patience Rawlins had given her life in vain for her loved ones.

The savages, in too great haste to destroy the building, rushed forth to attack the home of Samuel Rawlins.

This, fortunately, they found deserted, and with their captives they beat a hasty retreat, probably fearing the members of the garrisoned houses would sally out to give them battle.

Meanwhile those in the fortified buildings awaited an attack. It was believed, from the rapid discharge of musketry during the assault in which Patience was murdered, that the enemy were present in very large force, and among them all was no man so brave as the twelve-year-old girl, since not one attempted to aid his suffering neighbor.

At break of day, when it was positive the enemy had fled, the inhabitants of the block-house ventured forth, and found Mr. Rawlins yet alive, despite his grievous wounds. He lived sufficiently long to tell the story which is here set down so feebly, and then his soul went out to join the heroic daughter's.

Four years later, when the flowers were blooming about the graves which alone marked the site of Aaron Rawlins's home, the mother returned. She had been ransomed by some charitable people of Montreal, and came back eagerly anticipating a meeting with her husband and child.

Thomas, the son who had been captured, was adopted by the Indians and the historian Jeremy Belknap says: "He lived with them all his days; he came to Pennycook with the Indians after the peace, and expressed to some people with whom he conversed much resentment against his uncle, Samuel Rawlins, on supposing he had detained from his mother some property left by his father, but manifested no desire of returning to Newmarket again. The daughter (Mary) married with a Frenchman, and when she was near sixty years old returned with her husband to her native place... and after a year or two went back to Canada."

ENVELOPE PHOTOGRAPH-FRAMES.

IF you are—and who isn't?—bothered to know what to make for birthday presents, here are some suggestions that can be quickly and easily carried out.

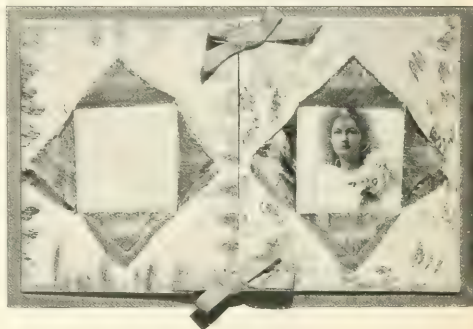
A fifteen-cent bottle of gold enamel, a bolt of daisy ribbon, and a package of envelopes will supply material for gifts to each member of the family; or if the household should find this plan somewhat monotonous, your girl friends will prove more appreciative. Indeed, nothing could be prettier or more appropriate to a girl's room than a panel of white and gold framing fresh young faces, or a screen in two or three sections decorated with dogroses, lilacs, marguerites, etc., and enclosing copies of good paintings.

Slip into an envelope a bit of card-board to hold the paper steady. Trace with a pencil in the middle of the envelope a square, oval, or circle large enough to show the photograph well. Draw two lines diagonally through this so that they cross each other in the middle like the letter X.

Insert a pair of sharp pointed scissors at the point where the lines cross and cut along the pencil marks so that you have four pointed flaps. Turn these back, creasing them lightly in position around the four sides of the opening. Nick the edges of the flaps very slightly—just enough to give a rough appearance—and gild them all over.

Dab gold enamel about the envelope in a systematically careless fashion, or paint a flower design and simply dabble the edges with gold.

For a panel tie together, lengthwise, anywhere from four to six envelopes, using daisy ribbon for the purpose. For cabinet



picture-frames No. 1½ ribbon is best; for smaller envelopes, No. 1 is sufficiently wide.

Slip the photographs in, and seal the envelopes as you would over a letter.

These fragile-looking frames are really very durable, lasting quite as long as the colors of the pictures they enclose. By using envelopes of different sizes, and rolling the centres back round, square, or oblong, a variety of shapes and styles can be produced; and of course any shade of ribbon is pretty—blue for forget-me-nots, pink for wild roses, lavender with violets, and delicate green with marguerites. Where only decorated with gold, however, cream white is most effective. The panels may be finished at the top with small brass rings and ribbon wound through them, or with either alone, to hang them up by.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TODDLES.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER VI.

THIS was an easy matter this time, because there was the Welsh Rabbit there to talk about. Tommy looked at the strange creature and said,

"Is he poor too?"

The ex-Pirate laughed out loud. "No," he replied; "he's very rich. He is one of the richest things I know."

"Then he does not live here?" continued Tommy, pointing toward the Poor House.

"No, indeed. He has a stock farm down the road, where he raises all sorts of queer animals. He comes here occasionally to give us things."

"What does he give you?"

"He usually gives me a night mare," answered the ex-Pirate.

"A night mare?"

"Yes; he raises them on his stock farm."

Tommy was about to ask what sort of an animal a night mare was, but the Welsh Rabbit had come so close to them by this time that his two companions turned toward the visitor and wished him good-day most cordially.

"Good-night," replied the Welsh Rabbit, bluntly.

"But it is not night," said Tommy; whereupon the Sheep pulled his coat sleeve abruptly, and whispered:

"Don't talk like that. The Welsh Rabbit wants to be polite. He does not often wish one 'good night.' Say something nice to him now."



THE WELSH RABBIT LAUGHED UNTIL THE CHEESE OF HIS BACK FAIRLY BUBBLED.

Tommy couldn't think of anything particularly polite to say right on the spur of the moment, so he naturally spoke of what was uppermost in his mind:

"Have you seen my animals, Mr. Welsh Rabbit?"

"No, I have not," answered the Welsh Rabbit. "Have you seen mine?"

"No; have you lost yours?"

"No, indeed!" and the Welsh Rabbit laughed until the cheese of his back fairly bubbled over with mirth. "Would you like to see my animals?"

"I don't know," replied Tommy, for the Sheep was tugging at his coat sleeve again. "What are they like?"

"I can show you all kinds," answered the Welsh Rabbit, patronizingly. "There are green monkeys with pink tails, yellow rats with purple eyes, cerulean dragons with crimson claws, and blue elephants with five legs and lavender tails."

"Oh my!" gasped Tommy: "but I never heard of any such animals as those. I don't think I want to see them, but you were very kind to offer to show them to me."

"Don't mention it," replied the Welsh Rabbit, waving his toast ears lazily; "I will show them to you some other day, whether you want to see them or not."

Tommy did not quite understand how this would happen, but he did not say anything, because the Sheep was persistently pulling at his coat sleeve. Both he and the ex-Pirate seemed to be very much in awe of the Welsh Rabbit, who appeared to Tommy like such a mild and good-natured creature.

The Reformed Burglar had now almost finished painting the side of the Poor House, and he came up and joined the others.

"How do you like that color?" he asked of the Welsh Rabbit.

"What color?"

"The color of this side of the house."

"It reminds me of tomato catsup," said the Welsh Rabbit, after having glanced at the red side of the Poor House. "And you know I don't like tomato catsup."

"I think you will agree with me when I say that the house should have been painted black," put in the ex-Pirate.

"No, indeed," said the Welsh Rabbit; "I disagree with you."

"You always do," retorted the ex-Pirate, with unexpected asperity.

"Especially at night," added the Reformed Burglar, and then it began to look as if something serious was going to happen. But fortunately the Welsh Rabbit merely waved his toast ears a bit, and then waddled off down the road without saying a word of farewell to any of them.

"He's that way," said the ex-Pirate to Tommy, in the same apologetic tone he had formerly used with regard to the Reformed Burglar. "Sometimes he's right agreeable, and sometimes he's right disagreeable. He's mostly disagreeable."

Tommy watched the Welsh Rabbit as he ambled off toward the shore of the lake, like a huge yellow ball, leaving a savory odor of cheese behind him. When the queer creature finally disappeared among the trees, the little boy turned to the others:

"What peculiar animals he must have!" he said.

"Very peculiar sometimes," remarked the Reformed Burglar.

"Where does he keep them?"

"On his farm," said the ex-Pirate.

"I'd like to see them," ventured Tommy.

"You will some day."

"I never heard of a blue elephant with five legs and a lavender tail," continued the little boy. "Has he got many of those?"

"No; most of his animals are bug-bears. But he has a lot of night mares, and he gives them to lots of people."

"Would he give me a night mare?" asked Tommy.

"I reckon he would," said the Reformed Burglar, with a broad smile, for he seemed to be enjoying the little boy's questions immensely. "But I don't think you would like it."

"I don't think you would either," added the Sheep.

"Perhaps I wouldn't," said Tommy, thoughtfully; "but I would like to have my own animals. Have you seen them pass this way, Mr. Pirate?"

"No animals have passed this way to-day," answered the ex-Pirate, "but we can go up on the hill and look around, and from there perhaps we can see where they are."

"That's so!" exclaimed the Sheep; "I never thought of that. Let's go up on the hill."

"I would like very much to go with you," said the ex-Pirate, meekly.

"All right, come along," answered Tommy. "And won't you come too, Mr. Bill?" he added, turning to the Reformed Burglar.

"No; I can't. I must paint. But I think I can guess where your animals went to."

"Where?" asked Tommy, eagerly.

"I guess they went to the fight. All the other animals went. That's why you don't see any about here."

"But we saw the Loon and the Welsh Rabbit," objected Tommy.

"Oh, they don't count," put in the ex-Pirate. "The Loon is crazy and don't know what is going on, and the Welsh Rabbit never attends fights. He's too soft."

"I did not know the fight was to be to-day," remarked the Sheep, in a tone of surprise.

"Certainly, it's to be to-day," asserted the Reformed Burglar. "But it's probably all over with by this time."

"Well, let's go to the hill any way," said the ex-Pirate. "From the summit we can see as far as the beach, and we can easily tell if there are any animals there."

So they bade good-by to the Reformed Burglar, who returned to his pots and brushes, and Tommy, the ex-Pirate, and the Sheep started off on the road which led to the hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MADGE'S FIB.

"I NEVER told a fib but once," said little Madge, "and that was yesterday."

"What? You told a fib?"

"Yes. My teacher asked me what C-A-T spelled, and I said dorg."

EXPLAINED.

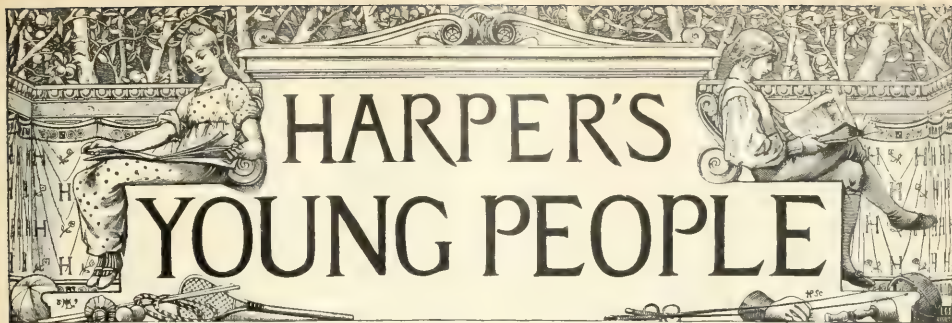
"WHAT on earth are you doing with that little watering can, Tom?"

"Spwinkling the baby's head so's his hair'll sprout."

AN EXPLANATION.

"WHY didn't you answer your teacher when she spoke to you in the arithmetic class, Ethel?"

"'Coz mamma told me I nuthn't theape durin' thebool hourth."



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE LOOMING FALLS AIR-LINE EXPRESS.

BY JAMES BARNES.

I.

THE president of the Monckton Bank sat at his office window looking out into the storm. It was not blowing as hard as it had been earlier in the day, but the drifts were piled up on the east side of the street on a level with the windows, and only the tops of the hitching-posts showed here and there to mark the sidewalk. It was too cold for snow to fall now, but the wind blew the

tops of the curling drifts out into clouds of hissing icy spray. The air was full of it; it showered against the window before the president's eyes, and, owing to the heat within the room, ran down in little wriggling streams, freezing at the bottom into a mass of solid ice that was slowly climbing the pane. In a few minutes the president would not be able to look at the ghostly trees in the little park before the building.

Not a train had reached Monckton for eighteen hours; the telegraph had reported monstrous drifts along the railroad. The blizzard had killed all traffic. It was strange that the wires were not all down, but the heavy long-distance telephone line was still open, for the bell rang suddenly, and the president hurried across the room.

"Hullo! Is that you, George?" he asked, anxiously. "How goes it?"

"Yes, it's I," came the answer, clear and plain, in the president's ear. "The run has continued all day long despite the storm; the corridor of the court-house has been full of people. It is rumored about the town that the bank is going to fail. The Lumberman's Bank went up at one o'clock."

"Well," said the president, "can you tide it over?"

"No," replied the voice, "we can't, to save our lives. There is but two thousand dollars in the vaults. It is past bank hours now, but in the morning, if the run continues, we will have to suspend. Can you reach us with funds?"

The president groaned. It was his brother who was speaking to him—the cashier of the branch bank at Looming Falls, sixty miles down the river. The failure of one bank might mean ruin to both. There was reason for the president to groan.

"The railroad is blocked," said the president, speaking slowly into the receiver. "I have been hoping for a train all day. We have enough money here to help you," he added, hopelessly, "but what good is that?"

"Can't you drive through?" came the answer, in an imploring tone.

"I doubt it; the road is bare in places, and drifted breast-high in others," said the pale man at the telephone. "But I will see what I can do. I will call you up in fifteen minutes."

The president's voice had a tremble in it. There was fright in his eyes.

He turned and opened the door leading into the bank. It was growing quite dark, and a lamp was burning at a desk inside the brass railings. Bending over the big ledger was a tall, thin man, with a bald head and a pen behind his ear. He looked up as the president entered, and touched his bald head with an ink-stained finger.

"Any good news, Mr. Carter?" he asked, quickly.

"No, Spence; bad news, bad news," returned the older man. "I don't see that we can help." Then he told of the conversation over the telephone, word for word. "It was most deplorable."

"Send for Prouty," suggested the bald-headed man.

"If any one can drive you through, he can do it."

"Go fetch him, Spence, and hurry back," said Mr. Carter, with a gleam of hope. "But speak to no one else," he added. "We must not let a single person know."

The cashier picked up his coat, drew on his great felt moccasins, and, unlocking the front door, strode out through the drift into the street. The president of the Monckton Bank climbed upon a high stool and swung himself nervously to and fro. Just then a movement near the large stove in the back of the room made him spin about. He coughed nervously.

"Hullo, Adam," he said, "you here yet?"

"Yes, Mr. Carter," answered a strong young voice. "I've been helping Mr. Spence on the books to-day, sir."

A tall, compactly built lad of fifteen stood up as Mr. Carter walked back toward the stove, and waited for the president to speak. But the latter said nothing, and only extended his hands towards the fire as if he felt the cold wind that was rattling the heavy iron shutters. The boy sat down again and followed a column of figures with his finger.

Adam Buel had come into the bank as an office-boy some three years previously, and by hard work and con-

stant application he had risen to be a junior clerk, an excellent position for one of his years and short experience. He was the second son of Buel the carpenter, down on River Street, and his father was prone to boast of "my son up to the bank," and considered that, next to the huge safe, he was the most important part of Monckton's banking interests.

Mr. Carter had never noticed him especially, regarding him as a good lad who was steady and could be trusted. But it was only right to expect this much, he reasoned, from one in his employ. So he said nothing, but stood there with his hands behind his back awaiting Spence's return, watching the door closely, and glancing at the clock now and then, for every minute counted.

Soon the latch clicked loudly, and Adam, jumping up, admitted the cashier and a burly figure in a buffalo overcoat. The two brought in with them a blast of chilling air. When the door was shut they both stamped loudly on the floor, kicking the snow from their feet and brushing it off their coat sleeves.

"Prouty," said Mr. Carter, advancing, and coming to the point at once, "can you drive through to Looming Falls to-night?"

"To Looming Falls! yer joking, ain't yer?" the driver exclaimed in a thick voice, leaning one heavy hand on the brass lattice-work of the paying-teller's cage. "'Tain't no use attemptin' it; ye couldn't do it, no horses could do it, no man could do it. No, sir! I tell ye what's fact," he went on. "Not all th' money in this bank"—here Mr. Prouty waved one great arm around his head—"could get ye to the Falls 'fore they mended the bridge. It come down 'bout one o'clock, and it'd take a hull day ter break through 'tother side o' Hank Morris; he come in on snowshoes this artemoon."

It was useless to talk further, although Prouty was willing to be voluble enough, and continued to explain, so Mr. Carter went slowly back into his private office, and, paler than ever, walked up to the telephone. Once, twice, three times, he tried the bell, then he hung up the receiver—the connection was broken. A feeling of hopelessness came over him, and he threw himself into his big leather chair. Nothing could be done. The failure of the Lumberman's Bank would only hasten matters. People grow distrustful quickly; he doubted really if he could meet a run of the Monckton depositors here at home if they became uneasy; there was no telling what might happen; he had paid out large sums to the lumber companies for their monthly pay-roll two days before, and had made two or three big loans that were safe enough, only in this weather, with the roads snowed up, he could get no money in. There was nothing for him to do but sit there and wait; he could not even speak about it and try to head it off. Luckily no one could learn for some time of the turn of affairs at Looming Falls. If he could save the branch bank the ruin might be averted. But—

As the president raised his head he saw that some one had entered the room. It was Adam Buel. He stood there respectfully, then he took a step nearer.

"Mr. Carter," he said, "I think I can get you to Looming Falls to-night."

II.

At nine o'clock it was yet blowing strong from the northwest, the thermometer showed the appalling cold to be twelve below zero, the snow was yet swirling about the corners and clinging to trunks of the trees in the little park. No one was on the street, but the moon was up and the dark blue of the sky sparkled with its host of stars.

The two watchmen of Monckton had found a warm corner in the engine-room of the new electric-light plant, but if they had been where they could see the rear entrance

of the bank building, they would have been astonished. Four figures muffled to the eyes were carrying two heavy travelling-bags down the back steps and out into the yard. A few minutes later three figures emerged from the alleyway into the street; they were pulling behind them two strongly built hand-sleds. The fourth figure had gone back into the building and locked the door behind him. On the two sleds were the travelling-bags securely tied. The snow crunched and whistled under their feet as the three fought their way against the wind down towards the river.

"Where have you got her, Amos?" gasped the smallest, turning his back to the wind.

"Down behind the boat-house," came the answer. "We'll be there in five minutes." They plunged along without speaking for some time.

"Phew! look at that, Adam," suddenly exclaimed a voice; the third and largest figure stopped. Just as they had turned the corner the river had come in sight. There it lay in the moonlight, black gleaming ice, here and there crossed by a drift of glistening snow. The ice spray blew down its length in clouds like smoke as the wind puffs struck the drifts.

"Boys, it's blowing out there," went on the last speaker. "Do you think we'd better try it?"

"I think we can do it, Mr. Carter," spoke up Amos Buel, Adam's older brother. "The ice would almost hold a horse this afternoon, and it's growing thicker every minute."

The trio crossed River Street, and half slid down the bank to the edge of the retaining wall. A few rods to the north was a stone pier that extended from the shore, and in the lee of the building that occupied one side was a strange spidery-looking craft tied to a pier head. It was the first and at that time the only one of its kind in Monckton.

"Amos built it after one he saw on the Hudson when he went East last winter," said Adam to Mr. Carter. "He can handle her all right."

Amos, although only seventeen, was a carpenter like his father, but he had given "more attention to making gimcracks than shingling roofs," as the elder Buel had once expressed it. This ice-boat was the latest, and as if to make true the paternal saying he had named her the *Jimcrack*.

"Ever been out in a blow like this, Amos?" anxiously inquired Mr. Carter, as the boys were tying the bags and sleds also tight to the little platform near the tiller that answered the purpose of a deck.

"No, sir," promptly answered the older boy, "but the wind is just right for going down the river. I think it's safe enough. We'll reef down tight."

Mr. Carter noticed that two pairs of skates were lashed to a bolt at the stern. He made no remark, however, for at this moment the sail was raised, and Amos had made his way aft and grasped the tiller. There was just room for the three, together with the bags and sleds, on the little platform. Mr. Carter looked at his watch.

"Lie close and hold hard!" shouted Amos, suddenly.

They had been creeping along slowly under the lee of the long boat-house, but just as the shout of warning came they struck the wind.

For an instant they slewed, then the little mainsail caught, and they seemed to rise like a rocket. Probably nothing in the world gets full speed on so quickly as an ice-boat. Mr. Carter held his breath as they made straight for the middle of the river. The starboard outrigger rose high in the air off the ice, and the heel of the sharp steering-blade shrieked like a noonday whistle. Faster and faster they went; the wind seemed to be going down somewhat as they got it more astern. A wide white drift stretched ahead; in a second they were on it. Puff! How the snow flew and shimmered in the moonlight!

The shock nearly took out the stout pine mast and slid the crew of the *Jimcrack* up in a heap on the two sleds; but they held on tightly and got safely through. What house was that on shore, close to the edge of the dark pines?

"There's Moore's!" shouted Amos. It was the first time any one had spoken since the jump into the gale.

Mr. Carter rolled over on one side and managed to glance at his watch; so bright was the moonlight that he could make out the hands plainly. Two miles inside of three minutes!—and the speed still on the gain, it seemed. On and on, now slowing up a little and then shooting along through a cloud of flying icy mist. They kept more to the north side now, fearing the ice in the middle of the river.

"Jimtown," called Adam. A few lights shone on the bank.

Mr. Carter again looked at his watch. Thirty-two miles in a fraction over forty-five minutes!

But now the course of the river changed a little, and the wind was perceptibly lessening. Besides, the direction of the wind makes a great difference in an ice-boat's speed. The *Jimcrack* settled down to a steady gait of about ten miles an hour, varied by sudden bursts of rapid flight. It was two o'clock in the morning when they struck Small's Point, eight miles on a straight line from Looming Falls, but thirteen by the river, and here they met trouble.

How it happened that Amos did not see the great log that was frozen in the ice was never explained, but there was a thump, a sharp snap, and the port runner broke short off; one of the bags chinked oddly as the contents of the platform were hurled in all directions. No one was hurt, but there was no more sailing. The river for a mile ahead was a mass of logs and drift. The boys put on their skates, and managed to get the wreck ashore. Then the struggle began; for hours they floundered through the deep snow in the woods trying to cross the Point; they lost their way, and poor Mr. Carter was almost in despair when the river came in sight again. It was broad daylight by this time, and five miles off they could see the steeples and chimneys of the Falls. The bank president, nearly dead from fatigue, was loaded on Amos's sled, while Adam drew the one with the heavy bag. It is not every boy who has dragged thirteen thousand dollars in gold and silver on an ordinary hand-sled, but Adam did that day. The other bag held bills of large denominations.

"We must hurry," said Mr. Carter to the panting boys. They skated faster.

There was a crowd waiting for the bank to open. In a few minutes there would be a sign out announcing failure. The people were excited; some had been in line all night despite the cold, when the rescue party came up the street.

"Where did you come from? How did you get here?" gasped the cashier, as the boys dragged the sled right in on the floor of the private office.

"By the Looming Falls Air-line Express," said Mr. Carter. "Allow me to introduce you to the engineer, fireman, president, treasurer, and board of directors." He indicated the tired boys. "They both are depositors to the extent of three hundred apiece, and this young gentleman is our new paying-teller," went on the president. "We just arrived in time, George."

"Yes," returned the cashier, "just in time." And he held Amos and Adam by the hands for quite a minute.

Now such a strange thing is human nature that when the depositors found out that there was plenty of money then they did not want it, and the run stopped at once. The bank was saved.

AT THE BROWNIE PLAY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IT really seemed almost too good to be true, and yet it was true. Mr. Palmer Cox had written a play in which real flesh-and-blood Brownies should appear and sing funny songs, which Mr. Malcolm Douglas had set to music, just as the newspapers said. And it was said further, and with equal truth, that there were to be fairies and dragons and giants, and all sorts of fairy-book creatures in the play besides—as if the Brownies alone weren't enough for any reasonable child, and of course Master Jimmieboy had to go and see the wonderful things the fairies and Brownies and giants did. Such an opportunity to set his eyes on living Brownies, instead of as usual upon pictures of them, might never occur again, and to miss it would be most unfortunate; indeed, as Mr. Cox himself might have written,

When there's to be a Brownie play,
What boy would wish to stay away?
What boy of sense would say, "Oh no!
I do not think I'd care to go?"

Certainly Jimmieboy was not such a lad, and the consequence was that his father had very little peace until he had not only consented that Jimmieboy should go, but had promised to go along himself to protect his son in case any of the dragons or giants should get loose, and try to jump down in the audience and breathe fire on Jimmieboy's new clothes, or bite his leg off. Not that this was at all likely to happen, but that it is well always to be prepared for all sorts of accidents, and especially for those you'd least expect. The little Dude Brownie has never said it, but he would probably agree

that it would be a dreadful thing
If some great fiery dragon king,
When some small boy should laugh or scoff,
Should bite his left leg wholly off,

and Jimmieboy for that reason thought it just as well to have a defender like his father along, who could be counted upon

To take the dragon by the feet
And cast him out upon the street,
Or grab the giant by the hair
And toss him high up in the air,
In case they had a fit of rage,
And took a leap down off the stage
To punish boys who'd laugh and hoot
By breathing on their Sunday suit.

He didn't know that Mr. Cox had fixed all that by writing such a play, that in the end the Brownies and the good fairies could control the giants and dragons so that

any little boy or girl in the audience could say or do anything he or she pleased in perfect safety. His father knew it, however, and so was quite willing to go and risk his life to protect any one or every one from anything unpleasant that might happen, so the two got aboard an elevated train and went down to Fourteenth Street, made their way through the great crowd of shoppers, and entered the theatre where the Brownies were to be seen.

While Jimmieboy's father was buying the tickets, Jimmieboy stood in a corner waiting, and another little boy looked at him very curiously for a minute as he stood there, and then turning to his mother, he cried out, in a little piping voice,

"Say, mar, I guess that's one of 'em, ain't it?"

And then everybody laughed, but Jimmieboy didn't know what at, for though he looks in the looking-glass quite frequently, it has never yet occurred to him that with his sparkling little black eyes and dark-complexioned cheeks and slender little legs, he doesn't look unlike one of Mr. Cox's funny little people himself.

Fortunately the seats his father got were away down in front, where the music sounded beautiful and loud, and in the one or two rows before them there were only little people who hadn't very big hats on, so that Jimmieboy could see perfectly, particularly after his father had built up his seat with an overcoat, a pea-jacket, three or four programmes, and a package of books he had with him. After they were seated Jimmieboy spent the time before the rising of the curtain looking about him, and there were Brownies—painted ones—everywhere. Up and down the sides of the beautiful gold frame of the stage were Uncle Sams and policemen, and running all around the balcony rail were the other funny little folk that had given Jimmieboy so much pleasure by their antics in the pictures, only here they were quite as large as Jimmieboy himself. And then when he had gazed at them he noticed a lot of little electric bells placed about three feet apart hanging from the bottom of the balcony, and he wondered what they were for, and he asked his papa, and his papa shook his head very wisely, and told him to wait and see—for, between you and me, he didn't know, which he never likes to confess to Jimmieboy, because it would be an intense disappointment to him to discover that his father didn't know everything.

And then the music began, and all the little children were delighted, it was so whistleable—if you know what that means. Some music is grand, and requires a magnificent organ or a splendid orchestra to play it properly, and then again there is other music that only sounds well when played on a piano, either by two persons, or by one person who is smart enough to play a duet all by himself if he wanted to, but this music of Mr. Douglas's was quite different from both of them. It was the kind that a boy could whistle and enjoy, or that a little girl could learn to play on a piano with one finger, and have other little girls say it was so pretty and sweet, which is saying



"HONEST INJUN."



THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF THE BROWNIES.

a great deal in its favor, for it isn't an easy thing by any means to write music that boys will whistle and little girls will want to play on the piano with one finger, and Jimmieboy's father said that Mr. Douglas ought to be proud of himself for having done it all so well, to which Jimmieboy replied "that he guessed he was, then, because grown-up people generally do do what they ought to."

Then, when the orchestra had played for four or five minutes, a little bell rang and the curtain went up, and there stood the court-yard of the Palace of Titania, Queen of the Fairies. At the back of the yard was a great wall shutting out the sea beyond. To the right was the iron gate which kept the enemies of the fairies from entering, and scattered through the court-yard were groups of lovely fairies with gossamer wings, and beautiful flowing garments, and pink toes, and splendid soprano voices, with which they sang a merry little chorus about Titania's wedding-day, and how the bells were so glad about it that they kept going "ding-dong, ding-dong," all the time. The fairies sang this as sweetly as they knew how, and when they had about finished, what should Jimmieboy see poking their funny little heads over the wall but his friends the Brownies, who had come to see their Prince Florimel, the heir to the Brownie throne, marry the lovely Titania. There was the Dude Brownie, here called J. Chappie Goodform; Inspector Clubbenn, the Policeman Brownie—who, the book says,

"With watchful eye and club in hand
Keeps order in the Brownie band"

—Sam Doodle Doo, Kraut Van Boom-Boom, Paddy Whacker, and Li Lo; and Hocus and Pocus, the twins, were there too, accompanied by other Brownies of the drollest kind. These, when they had made faces at everybody, popped behind the wall again, and shortly after came rollicking in through the iron gateway as happy and as noisy as you please. Jimmieboy laughed so hard that he fell off his seat, but he didn't mind that much, because nine-tenths of the other children in the audience did the same thing, which the Brownies seemed to wonder at very much, because they sang their song, "A Happy Brownie Band," with very solemn faces, as much as to say: "Well! What funny things children are, to be sure!"

Then other strange things happened, until the orchestra began to play a wedding march, in which Jimmieboy found out what the bells on the balconies were for, for as the sweet strains of the wedding march came from the instruments the bells chimed in, and as each bell sounded a different note, they were always in tune with the music, and the whole theatre seemed to be filled with sweet sounds. Then roses began to fall from the sky, and under a rain of flowers in walked Prince Florimel and the lovely Titania.

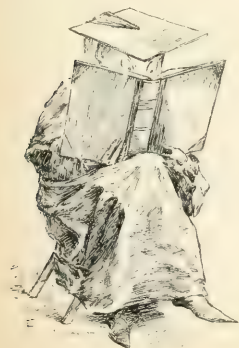


A DANCE BEFORE DRAGONFEL'S CASTLE.

Prince Florimel and Titania hardly have time to sing a pretty song when there comes a great noise at the gate, and the terrible Dragonfel, with his giant followers disguised as friends and bearing magnificent gifts, demands and receives admittance. The Brownies meanwhile are cutting up all sorts of delightful pranks and dancing the queerest dances and making the funniest faces imaginable. The presents brought by Dragonfel and his fellow-giants are all of gold, and about a hundred times too large to be of any use to the bride and groom. They are accepted with thanks, however, and their donors are invited to enter the palace, which they do. Then there arrives a large watermelon on a chariot drawn by a pair of charming little ponies, and the Brownies fall all over themselves with delight, as well they may, for in an instant the watermelon divides itself into slices, and out of the middle of it jumps the Brownie King, whose head is so bald and slippery that the crown won't stay on it, and who sings a most extraordinary song, and puts the Brownie army through the strangest and most amusing drill you ever saw in your life.

Then comes the fearful discovery that Titania has been kidnapped and taken over the sea by Dragonfel, who does not wish the Queen of the Fairies and the Prince of the Brownies to be married, because by that marriage they will become more powerful than he. The Brownies start in pursuit. They board a raft, and a change of scene shows them on the ocean being tossed up and down by a very rough sea and confronted by a huge sea-monster, into whose jaws they cast everything they can lay hands on. While this is going on a terrible storm comes up, and the Brownies appear to be in a very bad way, when, as the story tells us, Euphrosyne, Goddess of Mirth, appears in answer to their prayers, with Neptune and his sea-chariot. The God of the Sea quiets the turbulent waters, and the Brownies proceed in safety.

By means of raft and air-ship they reach the Enchanted Island, and find much to mystify them. The Brownies hide in the outer halls of the castle, while their King and some of his followers, disguised as a German street-band, gain entrance to Dragonfel's mighty presence. At a fa-



THE STUDENT BROWNIE.

avorable moment they make an attack on Dragonfel, and are just about to conquer, when he calls on Vulcan to bring earthquake and ruin. The castle falls in ruins, the mountain becomes a volcano, and lava is seen pouring down its side to overwhelm and destroy the Brownies. The Brownie fire department comes to the rescue.

Daylight finds the Brownies still in quest of the Queen; and as their power is gone with the rising sun they are easily overcome by Dragonfel's followers, and are made to slave and toil in the mines. Here they remain until the Russian Brownie explodes a dynamite bomb with which the peace of the whole band has been continually threatened. The explosion causes a caving in of a rift in which Dragonfel happens to be. And in the mean time Euphrosyne has come to the rescue of the Queen and the fays. Florinel and Titania are united, while the mines gradually disappear, and a glorious night view of Brownieland is disclosed.

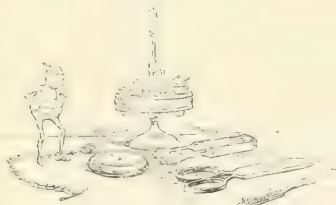
Jimmieboy was in a state of continuous laughter throughout the whole performance, and particularly loud did he laugh at the Brownies when they pretended to be a German street-band; they were so droll, and played so deliciously out of tune like a real German street-band. And he was delighted with the glittering transformation scenes, and the wonderful lady fairies who swung to and fro in the air with all sorts of beautiful colored lights shining on them. And when it was over he was quite as sorry as the little girl who sat behind him, who said to her mother,

"I wish we lived here, mar."

"Why, my dear?" asked her mother.

"So's I could see it all the time. 'Coz I'd never, never, never get tired of it."

Which I was not at all surprised to hear, for I think that even I could see it many times without being in the least wearied by it.



AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG*

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CADETS TO THE RESCUE.

AS soon as the boys reached the *Detroit*, Harold went to Mr. Crane and told him the whole story.

"Now, sir," said the cadet, "I hope you'll allow Briscoe and me twenty-four hours ashore to warn Captain Lockwood and to help him find his son. And I'd like very much to have Cockswain Morris to go with us."

"I must talk to the Captain about this," was the reply. Commander Brownson at once perceived that it was a matter of which official notice could not be taken without more definite information; yet to wait for that might mean destruction to the *Alma*. He gave the desired permission, and the Executive Officer ordered a boat to be in readiness to take the three friends ashore immediately after quarters the next morning. It was understood that they were to return to the *Detroit* in one of the *Alma*'s

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 781.

boats in twenty-four hours. As soon as they reached the landing-place they went at once to the *Alma*. Captain Lockwood was greatly agitated by the news which they gave him.

"So they want to shoot my boy and raze the bark, eh?" he exclaimed. "Well, by the great horn spoon! I guess we'll beat them at both games. But I can't see why they've put Bob ashore. I should think they'd have kept him aboard one of their ships."

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," said Peter, "but seein' as how he are a American, they wants to keep their doin's dark."

"That must be it. But we haven't any time to lose. We have to get horses yet."

"And the bark?" asked Hal.

"Oh, Mr. Ball can take care of her. He'll take her out of the wharf and anchor her."

"But it would be better to defer doing that till late in the day, so that they may not have time to form a new plan," said Harold.

"That's so, boy; you have a clear head."

"And as we shall probably get back after dark, we ought to know where she's going to be," continued Hal.

"Right again. You're a sailor, sure."

"Which the same he are, sir, beggin' his pardon fur sayin' so," said the cockswain.

The first mate was sent for and let into the secret, but he was instructed not to tell the crew.

"Now, Mr. Ball," said Captain Lockwood, "about four o'clock, or later, you stand by to get the bark off. Anchor about just off Enchadas Island, bearing no'-no'-th-east from the wharf, say about three-quarters of a mile."

These instructions having been given the Captain arose to go, but Harold said:

"One minute, sir. It will not do for us to go on this expedition in uniform. Can't you fit us out with some old toggery from your slop chest?"

"Right," said the Captain.

"And to make everything snug and safe," said George, "I think we ought to shift somewhere ashore."

"There's a friend of mine who lives right on the outskirts of the city," said the Captain, "and we can have our horses sent there, and shift there, too."

The party, consisting of the Captain, the two cadets, and the cockswain now arose to depart. The first mate was instructed to have a boat at the landing-float at eight o'clock to wait for them.

"Good-by all," said Minnie. "I wish I were a man so that I could go with you."

They set off with grave faces, the cockswain carrying the bundle of clothes to be used as disguises. Captain Lockwood was well acquainted with the city, and he knew where to procure horses. It was decided that they should get the animals at once and ride out to the house of the Captain's friend. An extra horse for Robert was to be sent after them. On arriving at their destination, Señor Pereira, the friend of Captain Lockwood, and a loyal Brazilian, heard their story, and said that he was ready to give them every assistance. He knew the house of Miguel Santos, and suggested that they should all ride out in that direction in the afternoon and reconnoitre. As soon, therefore, as they had eaten, they mounted their horses and set off. In spite of the gravity of the occasion George could not help laughing.

"Señor Pereira," he said, "did you ever see anything more absurd than four sailors on horseback?"

The polite Brazilian made some courteous remark, but Peter shook his head and said:

"Werry bad, werry bad; but not no wuss nor a sea-sick sôjer aboardship, w'ich the same he are 'most as distressin' a sight as a cat in swimmin'."

The four miles were soon covered, and Señor Pereira pointed out the house. Captain Lockwood was very ex-

cited, and the boys had much difficulty in calming him. Suddenly, as they walked their horses slowly past the place, Harold exclaimed, in a suppressed voice,

"I see him!"

Captain Lockwood looked in the direction indicated, and there was his son in an upper room.

"There are no bars to the window," said George; "why doesn't he escape?"

"He must be fastened in some way," said Hal.

"Nothing but chains would hold him," said the Captain.

"Then we must bring a steel saw to-night," said Hal.

"Have you thought of a way to reach him?" asked George.

"Which the same I have did," said Peter, significantly.

"Did he see us?" asked the Captain.

"No," said Hal, "but we ought to let him know that we are around."

They turned back and rode past the house again. Captain Lockwood began to whistle a peculiar tune. Robert heard it, raised his head, and saw his father, who at once laid his finger on his lips, and rode on. They now returned to Señor Pereira's. The Brazilian sent a servant to purchase a steel saw, and now there was nothing to do but wait for darkness. As soon as it was dusk the rescuers set off, Peter having provided himself with a large coil of rope. When they arrived at a point about two hundred yards away from the Santos house, they led their horses into the woods and made them fast. Then they stole on foot to the rear of the house.

"George," whispered Hal, "here's your chance. You used to be fond of playing Indian scout. Now see if you can find out where the people of the house are."

George needed no second bidding. Pulling off his shoes, he threw himself on his breast in the thick grass and crawled away. He was gone more than half an hour, and his friends became anxious, when suddenly he reappeared.

"It's all right," he said. "The family is just going to bed; they are evidently early risers. There are two men with rifles in a front room on the first floor, but they have a table with a bottle of wine and cards on it. They'll be too interested to watch their prisoner."

They waited about three-quarters of an hour longer, and then Peter was directed to go ahead with his scheme. The seaman at once climbed a tall tree at one side of the house, carrying an end of his rope with him. Harold followed him. A long branch of this tree extended nearly over the roof, and climbing out on it, Peter, with a sailor's dexterity, cast the bight of the rope around a chimney. He now made the ends fast to the tree limb. Then taking another piece about thirty feet long he slung it around his body, and by means of his extemporized bridge he crossed hand over hand to the roof, Harold following him. The piece of rope which Peter took over was made fast immediately over the window where Robert had been seen, and then Peter descended by it to the window-sill. The window was latched. Peter laughed quietly, and taking out his knife, inserted it between the two sashes and forced the latch. He stepped into the room, which was pitch-dark.

"Who's that?" called a voice.

"Are you Robert Lockwood?" asked the cockswain.

"Yes."

"We're here fur to save you. Come with me."

"I've got chains on my ankles."

Peter examined them, and found them too heavy to saw through in a short time. So he made the end of his rope fast around the boy's body, and climbed back to the roof, where he and Harold, with much labor, hauled the boy out through the window until he hung suspended in the air. A moment later the captain saw his son descending to the ground. He started forward quickly, and the next instant

the boy was clasped in his father's arms. As soon as Peter and Harold had descended they lifted Robert and carried him to his horse in the woods.

"You'll have to ride side-saddle fashion, Bob," said the Captain, laughing.

"I can ride that way as well as any other," replied the boy.

Their progress was slow, but in three-quarters of an hour they were at Señor Pereira's. There a cold chisel was obtained, and not being afraid to make a noise, the chains were cut from Robert's ankles. The horses were left at the house of the Brazilian, to be returned in the morning, the cadets and Peter put on their uniforms, and with many expressions of gratitude to him the party set off at a brisk walk for the wharf. Minnie and Mr. Ball had rowed the dingy ashore themselves, and were waiting for the party. Just as Captain Lockwood set his foot on the inshore end of the wharf a splutter of dampness broke against his face.

"What's that?" he exclaimed. "Fog, as I'm a living man."

"It'll be a werry bad job to find your bark, sir," said Peter. "Cos w'ay? fur a vessel in a fog are like huntin' fur whales in Broadway, New York."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LOST IN THE FOG.

It was difficult even to find the landing-float, so dense was the oily blackness which the fog spread over the whole shore and bay.

"It are werry much like lookin' down the neck o' a bottle o' ink," muttered Peter.

But presently Mr. Ball heard their footsteps, and in a low voice called out, "Is that you, Cap'n?"

"All right," answered the skipper, "here we are."

The next minute they were in the boat, and Minnie, half crying, had her arms around her brother's neck. Mr. Ball, Peter, and the two cadets took the oars.

"Wait a bit," said the Captain, "let's get our bearings. You anchored just where I told you, Ball?"

"Yes, sir; but I'm sorry --"

"Sorry for what?"

"I couldn't find a boat compass to bring ashore."

"Goodness!" exclaimed the Captain, "there are three aboard, but they're all in the locker in my cabin."

"Well, sir," said Peter, after a moment of silence, "I reckon we got to feel fur her."

"We'll be mighty lucky if we find her," said Hal.

"Yes; but we can't stay here," said George.

"Couldn't we wait till the fog lifts?" asked Hal.

"These fogs in Rio Harbor generally hang on all night," replied Captain Lockwood. "If it wasn't for Minnie, we might lie right here till daylight."

"Oh, papa, please, please don't think about me," said the girl; "think about saving Robert."

"An' beggin' your pardon once ag'in, sir," said Peter, "if we stays here till daylight, an' the fog lifts, doesn't we stand a good chance fur to be seed by some o' them rebel tugs afore we git off to the bark?"

"Why, of course, cocks'n," said the Captain. "You've got your wits about you. We must do the best we can to find the *Alma*. Let's see, now. This wharf here runs about due north and south. We must get our bearings as well as we can from that. Give 'way, lads."

The four oars dipped into the water, and the boat started. The landing-float was instantaneously hidden from sight, and the boat appeared to be floating in darkness.

"It's a mean, dirty night," said the Captain.

"I am not in love with it," said George.

"It has one advantage," said Harold.

"What's that?" asked the Captain.



A MOMENT LATER THE CAPTAIN SAW HIS SON DESCENDING.

"If we can't find the *Alma*, they can't either."

"True enough," answered the Captain; "but I don't think they would undertake to harm her while she's out in the bay."

"We must be pretty nearly there," said George.

"Oh no," said Mr. Ball; "we haven't pulled 300 yards yet, and she's a good three-quarters of a mile out." They rowed on for several minutes in silence. Then they ceased pulling, and listened.

"I don't hear a sound," said the Captain. "I think we might try a hail now."

"Very well, sir," said Harold.

"*Alma* ahoy!" shouted the Captain.

They all waited, but there was no reply.

"We're not far enough out to be heard in this fog," said Hal; "let's pull ahead."

For a few minutes nothing was heard save the monotonous click of the oars in the rowlocks.

"I think we'd better try it again," said the Captain. He lifted up his voice, and shouted the name of the bark once more, but again there was no reply. "Young gentlemen," said he, "I'm afraid we've missed her."

All hands were silent for a moment. They knew too much about the water to question the judgment of an experienced mariner like Captain Lockwood.

"Don't you think, sir," said Hal, "that we must try to find her?"

"Of course," said the Captain. "But if we do find her, it'll be because we stumble on her by chance."

"I'm mortally sorry about this," said Mr. Ball.

"It's not your fault, Ball; you've done the best that could be done in the circumstances."

"Why, we can steer by the wind," exclaimed George. "I remember distinctly how it was blowing when we started out."

"Oh, Georgie, Georgie," said Harold, with comic dismay, "that's a dreadful break for a fellow who was brought up on the sea-coast."

"Why, I'd like to know—"

"A wind, sir," said Peter, "are like a young woman's mind, beggin' your pardon, miss. It changes w'en ye don't know it are a movin' at all."

George was silent, and presently they began to row again. Even while they had been lying on their oars the boat's head had swung about three points unknown to them, and they were now pulling down the bay. They were already half a mile below *Isla de Cobras*, though they thought themselves half-way across to *Nitheroy*. Presently they paused, and the Captain again shouted,

"*Alma* ahoy!"

But there was no answer.

"We must continue to row on," said the Captain; "that is our only chance."

The four oarsmen bent their backs to the oars again. For nearly two hours they pulled in every direction, as they imagined, but in reality in a zigzag course, down the bay. At the end of that time they were outside of the bay and in the cove just behind *Sugar Loaf Mountain*, though they believed themselves to be near *Engenha Island*.

"There's no use of killing ourselves," said the Captain. "We're in for a night in the streets, and we may as well let her drift."

A moment later Harold said:

"Listen! I hear water lapping against a rock or a ship."

"Look!" said George. "There's something—it's a vessel."

A dark mass loomed above them in the fog, and the boat drifted against the side of the ship.

"Whoever she is," said Captain Lockwood, "she'll not refuse us shelter. On deck there!"

"Wait, wait!" cried Harold, who had placed his hand against the vessel's side and discovered that it was iron.

It was too late, however. Lights flashed along the ship's rail, and a voice hailed them in Spanish.

"Speak 'English,'" said Captain Lockwood.

"In the boat there," called a firm young voice, "come aboard and surrender yourselves!"

They had no choice but to obey the order, and climbing aboard, they found themselves face to face with Frank Lockwood.

"Uncle Hiram! Bob!" he exclaimed.

"It seems we're your prisoners, Frank," said Robert, bitterly.

"An' all that horseback ridin' fur nothin'," muttered Peter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE 'SCUTNEY MAIL.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG PEOPLE'S NEWSPAPER VENTURE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

Part X.

MACURDY GREEN was trudging sturdily along the road to the village with a heavy basket on his arm, and thinking of what Captain Levi Hawkes had said to him just before he mounted the stage for Hebron.

"The world is full of square boys in round holes, and round boys in square holes, just like you, Macurdy. A boy has got to fit himself to the hole, or stir 'round lively and find a hole that fits him; and he will if there's the right stuff in him."

What Captain Levi said was worth thinking of, for he was captain of a ship, and knew the world. He had offered to take Macurdy with him on board his ship, but Macurdy knew what he wanted, and it wasn't that.

Farmer Bigsby had taken Macurdy from the poor-house two years before, when he was a little more than twelve years old, and Farmer Bigsby, who was "snug," admitted that Macurdy had always been "worth his keep."

But Macurdy wanted a better chance. He had decided that farming, at least after Farmer Bigsby's methods, would never suit him. He said to himself that he should not be afraid to leave 'Scutney and seek the place in life that would fit him or that he could fit, and he would go—if it were not for Jim! He looked wistfully across the fields at the 'Scutney poor-house, standing dingy and dilapidated on the edge of a dreary little pond, as he thought of Jim. "He's walked over to the Corners to get 'em," he said to himself. "I hope he won't have to carry anything so heavy. Maybe somebody will give him a lift."

For Jim was not strong. The circus that had visited 'Scutney two years and a half before had left Jim behind it very ill with scarlet fever, and he had been taken to the poor-house, and had staid there ever since. The fever had left him weak in mind as well as in body; there were people who thought he had always been what was known in 'Scutney

as "underwitted." The town authorities had tried in vain to discover who he was or where he came from. The circus company had disclaimed all responsibility, declaring that he had run away from home to join it without the knowledge or consent of any of its members.

Macurdy Green had become Jim's friend and protector. In fact it was a part of Macurdy's theory of life that when a fellow was too weak to stand up for himself it was his place to stand up for him. A place for himself must mean a place for Jim, too. Macurdy was small of his age, and he had to wear Farmer Bigsby's old clothes, which Mrs. Bigsby thought it well to leave unaltered, both as a saving of labor and an encouragement to Ma-



"I GUESS WE CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT GIRLS," TOM SAID, LOFTILY.

curdy to grow. This morning he had on a long-tailed coat that daugled around his heels, and he would have been completely extinguished under Farmer Bigsby's old hat if his ears had not been the largest part of him. But Macurdy had a strong and resolute chin, his nose was so sharp that it looked as if it had been whittled to a point, and his gray eyes were keen as well as honest. It was easy to see that there was more of Macurdy than could ever be swallowed up by Farmer Bigsby's old clothes or extinguished by his hat.

Macurdy began to whistle cheerily as he trudged along, his long-tailed coat flapping in the wind, and his great ears standing out from his head like sails set wing and wing. When a boy had thought things over until they began to look harder than they really were, Macurdy had found it a good plan to whistle.

"Where you going, 'Curdy'?" called a voice.

Macurdy had reached Dr. Pickering's house, and Tom Pickering was sitting on the wood-pile whittling a basket out of a nutshell.

When he was younger, Tom had meant to be either a cowboy or a lion-tamer or an arctic explorer; but he had come to the conclusion that those occupations were too risky, and that there is nothing more satisfactory than the power that comes from wealth. He knew something about it, for his uncle Rufus had given him twenty-five dollars, which he had put into the 'Scutney bank, and had also given him a "motto" bank, which now contained seventy-seven ten-cent pieces.

Uncle Rufus had gone away off to Texas and grown rich, and often sent home presents—always useful ones. Tom had hoped that he would send him some money this last Christmas, and was disappointed to have only a printing-press and a fountain-pen. He had used the press to print some cards for his sister Ethelberta, but Ethelberta, who had been away to boarding-school, scorned them because they were not engraved; and he had proposed to print some handbills for the man who kept the Boston store, but the man had wanted to see some specimens of Tom's work, and just because there were two or three words misspelled, and a few letters upside down, he wouldn't give him any orders.

And Tom, when he wrote to thank Uncle Rufus, said, "The Presints were very hansom, but monney was an Orfle Handy Thing." Tom thought he had a head for business, but of what use was a head for business in 'Scutney? Nevertheless, he felt a little thrill of hope when he saw Macurdy coming. As old Uncle Sol Ramsdell, at the poor-house, said, "Macurdy Green had a head-piece of his own."

"Store," responded Macurdy, concisely, in response to Tom's question; and he set his basket down to rest his arms.

"This town was a dull enough place before the January thaw," growled Tom. "Now there's no skating and no coasting, to say nothing of a job to give a fellow a start in life. What you got in your basket?"

"Stuff to turn at the store. There's some winter butters that I churned yesterday. And there's some stockings and mittens; we knit 'em her and me." Macurdy nodded in the direction of the Bigsby farm-house.

"I wouldn't stay where folks made me knit like a girl," said Tom, contemptuously. "Halves?"

Macurdy shook his head, sadly. "She isn't that kind, you know," he said. "But she let me knit a pair of mittens out of the middlin' for Jim."

"The poornistress ought to knit his mittens. He is nothing to you," said Tom. "If you want to help somebody, I wish you'd help me to get out of this dead town where there's no chance for a fellow."

"I'll tell you what this town needs." Macurdy sat down astride the chopping block, so that his coat tails extended along its whole length, and planted his feet firmly on the ground, "It's a good live newspaper."

Tom stared at him open-mouthed, and the expression of disgust deepened on his face. "I should like to know where it's going to get one, and what good 'twould do me, anyway," he said.

"You've got a printing-press, you know," said Macurdy. He didn't add that whether he was milking, feeding the cattle, shovelling snow, hauling wood, or knitting mittens, he had not been able to get that printing-press—a real press, with a large font of type—out of his mind since he first saw it. Macurdy always had his reserves.

The nut-shell that Tom was whittling dropped from his hand.

"'Curdy, let's do it!" he exclaimed, jumping down from the wood-pile.

"It'll take capital," said Macurdy. "And spelling." "I've got twenty-five dollars. And we can look in the dictionary. I always thought a fellow was wasting his time learning to spell," said Tom, easily.

Macurdy Green shook his head doubtfully.

"I wish I could get more'n three months' schooling in a year. I'm awful shaky on grammar," he said, dejectedly.

Tom's manner lost something of its easy assurance. "I'm stuck there, too," he admitted, candidly. "Grammar is for girls, anyhow. I said *them* instead of *those*, the other night, when we had company, and Ethelberta said she thought she should sink through the floor." (Tom, I regret to say, delivered himself of this last clause in a thin falsetto key, in mimicry of Ethelberta.)

"Grammar comes high, but you have to have it," said Macurdy, seriously.

"I'll tell you what we could do," said Tom, after a moment of deep reflection. "My sister Luella is great on grammar and spelling. We needn't let her have her name in the paper, but she can look over the patterns."

"The proofs," suggested Macurdy.

"Yes, that's what they call 'em. You know all about it, don't you? How did you find out?" demanded Tom, eagerly.

"I always wanted to do it. I don't know how such ideas get into a fellow's head. Uncle Sol Ramsdell at the poor-house used to pick up every newspaper he could find, and some summer boarders used to send him some after they went home to New York, and I used to read them to him. Jim knows a lot about it, too. I think his father was an editor."

"More likely a circus clown," growled Tom.

He didn't at all approve of Macurdy's intimacy with that Jim. They had secrets too—Macurdy and Jim—which they never revealed to him.

"I only have my chores to do after school, now, except Saturday, and I'll do more than half the work. I ought to if you furnish the capital," said Macurdy. "You'll be editor and proprietor, and I'll be assistant editor," he continued, modestly. "We'll make a paper that will grow up with us and with the town."

Tom's first impulse was to say that they would share the glory of editorship equally, but it occurred to him suddenly that "Thomas F. Pickering, Editor and Proprietor," would look very imposing at the head of the sheet. And it was Macurdy's own proposition.

Macurdy stifled a little sigh; perhaps he had hoped that Tom would insist upon his having more of the honors; but Macurdy understood the claims of capital.

He jumped up suddenly from the chopping-block. "I must hurry up," he said. "I've got to get some molasses and some ginger. We're going to make dried pumpkin pies." Macurdy made a slight grimace, but he drew himself up with a soldierly bearing in his long-tailed coat.

"If she don't make me wash the dishes with her apron on! *That* hurts," he said.

"You have an awful hard time, 'Curdy,'" said Tom, sympathetically. "We'll put a piece in the paper about her" (the pronouns "she" and "her" were used to darkly

designate Mrs. Bigsby), "and about the schoolmaster and everybody that we don't like."

But these satisfactions of journalism did not strike Macurdy favorably.

"I think that's mean, hitting folks when they haven't got a chance to hit back," he said, shaking his head gravely. "Besides, it isn't business to make people mad. You've got to suit everybody in a paper like that. And we must get advertisements, you know, and make it pay." Macurdy was hurrying off, now, with his basket, under pressure of the recollection of the dried pumpkin pies.

"Macurdy is business. I've got just the right one to help me on that paper," reflected Tom. "But I'm not going to have that Jim putting his finger into the pie!"

"Stop when you come back," he called after Macurdy. "I'll get father to let me take my twenty-five dollars out of the bank; Uncle Rufus said I was to do whatever I liked with it. And I'll talk to Luella about the grammar."

It happened that Luella came to the door just then, with her friend Polly Rawson, who had been calling on her. The girls were chattering about some fancy-work that they were making for a church fair.

"What are you going to do for the fair?" Polly Rawson called to Tom. "There is so little that a boy can do," she added, condescendingly. "But we are going to have home-made candy for our table, Luella and I, and we'll let you crack the nuts."

Crack the nuts, indeed! Tom growled a half-inaudible refusal, to which they didn't even listen. Polly Rawson was only fourteen, just the age of Luella, and a year and a half younger than he, but she had begun to put on as many airs as if she were twenty, especially since she had her long braid fastened up in a little bob, and had written a composition that the teacher read before the whole school. Tom wished he were not obliged to ask a girl to help about the paper. Perhaps it really would have been better for a fellow to give his mind to spelling and grammar, he thought, regretfully.

Luella had seated herself at the piano, and was practising, counting one, two, three, four, with diligent monotony when Tom followed her into the house.

Luella had prim little features, and a straight mouth, and she never understood a fellow's troubles; she was apt to call them *shines*.

"See here, Luella"—Tom shut the parlor door carefully behind him—"it's an awful secret, but we're going to publish a paper, Macurdy Green and I, and we're going to let you help a little."

"One, two, three, four," went on Luella, with provoking indifference. "A paper! you and Macurdy Green!—one, two, three, four—you don't know a thing about it!"

Luella allowed her fingers to fall from the keys with this climax of frankness.

"We know all about it; Macurdy Green and I are the kind that look into things. We only want you to look over the patterns—the proofs—and correct the mistakes. There always are some mistakes, because editors have more important things to think of than grammar and spelling."

"It would be a funny paper with your spelling and Macurdy Green's!" she said. "Macurdy is smart; everybody says so, but he never had a chance." (There was an accent on the pronoun which Tom felt to be unpleasantly personal.) "He's awfully sharp at a bargain. You'd better let him *manage* the paper."

"I guess I'm capable of managing my own paper," said Tom, resenting the implied doubt of his abilities.

"I think you'll find that queer boy at the poor-house will have something to do with it if Macurdy Green has," said Luella. "He and Macurdy are very thick. They keep something in Mr. Bigsby's old granary, and nobody can get into the granary or find out what it is.

Some people think it is money; that boy wouldn't know any better than to steal, and Macurdy thinks so much of him that he would keep him from getting found out. And some people think it's a pony that he hid away in the woods when the circus was here, and before he was sick. Very queer noises have been heard there."

"You and Polly Rawson know such a lot of wonderful things!" said Tom, scornfully.

The truth was that it was a sensitive point with Tom that Macurdy did not take him into his confidence about the mysterious occupants of that old granary, which were reported to be almost everything imaginable, from bags of gold to the queer little animals which had performed such wonderful tricks at the circus. Tom then and there resolved to tell Macurdy, pleasantly but firmly, that before he became connected with his newspaper enterprise he must share with him the secret of that granary.

"There's always a managing editor and a literary editor," continued Luella, returning to the subject of the paper. "Polly Rawson's uncle owns a paper, and Polly knows all about it. We talked it over when we thought of having a paper for the fair. You can be the publisher, Macurdy Green the managing editor, and I'll be the literary editor."

"A lot you will!" cried Tom, with scornful roughness.

"Provided that my name is printed on the paper in very large letters, that I have as many copies as I like to give away, and that I can put in my friends' pieces. But of course you'll be glad to have those, for Nell Tapley writes beautiful poetry, and Abby Atwood can make up conundrums and funny things that you would think came out of a grown-up paper, and Polly can write fairy stories. Don't you remember her composition, 'The Enchanted Pumpkin Seed'?"

"Haven't you got cheek!" cried Tom, hotly. "Do you think we want a lot of girly things like that? It's going to be a very different sort of paper from that, I can tell you! Of course it will only be a boys' paper now, but we expect it to grow up with us and with the town"—Tom quoted unblushingly from Macurdy, really feeling as if that had been his own idea—"and that by-and-by it will be the paper of the country. I can tell you such things have happened. There's a boy in New York—"

"It depends a great deal upon the sort of boy he is. I hope it won't prove like the poultry or the asparagus business." And after these "mean little flings," as Tom called them—for he had made disastrous failures in the two occupations which he mentioned—Luella began again to play, and to count her provoking one, two, three, four, as if the great enterprise in which Tom had asked her help were of no account whatever.

"I guess we can get along without girls," he said, loftily. But even as he uttered this proud boast Tom's heart sank at the thought of the gibes and sneers that would follow any errors in grammar or spelling that might appear in the paper.

That Luella, who had had to have apples and oranges divided into sections over and over again before she could get fractions into her head, who couldn't throw a ball straight to save her life, nor drive a nail without pounding her fingers black and blue, she knew just which way the "i" and the "e" went in "deceive" and "believe" and all such dreadful words, and when to say "whom" instead of "who," and she said "lie down" to Towser instead of "lay down," as a natural boy did, just as easily as she breathed.

Tom felt that it was a world in which things were very unfair, and he turned away from Luella and her one, two, three, four with a heavy sigh.

Macurdy must think of a way in which they could make that paper the great success that they meant to have it—in time the paper of the country—without girls.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BUILDING OF MODERN WONDERS.

THE FLYING-MACHINE.

BY HIRAM S. MAXIM, THE INVENTOR.

At the age of sixteen I had already become quite expert as a mechanic, and had also learned to draw moderately well. My father, who was a mechanic, seeing that I was very anxious to learn, and very greedy for all kinds of scientific information, took me to lectures, and talked over and discussed scientific and mechanical questions with me. One of his hobbies was a flying-machine. He told me that if he lived anywhere but in a "wooden" country, and had plenty of money, he believed he would be able to construct a flying-machine that would actually raise itself in the air.

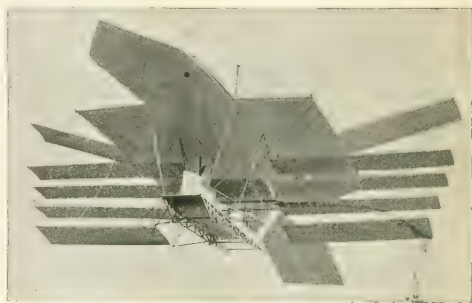
His plan was to raise the machine bodily by means of two large screws revolving in reversed directions. He admitted that he had not made up his mind as to what would be the best motive power, but he said that a flying-machine would be of such great value as a military engine that it would not matter how much it cost to run it, and even if it were necessary to use fulminate of mercury to drive the engines, it could be used for warfare.

This was in the year 1856, and since that time many have proposed flying-machines on lines almost identical to the system thought out by my father at that remote date. Even the great Peter Cooper made similar experiments in New York, attempting to employ chloride of nitrogen, the most sensitive and violent of all explosives, as a motive power. As far as I myself was concerned, I made up my mind not to consider the question of artificial flight until I had made myself conversant with engineering and had become an expert draughtsman, and I believe it was not until 1870 that I began to make drawings and sketches with a view of studying out how a flying-machine should be constructed.

It appeared to me that the great question to be solved

* At that time we were living at Sangersville, a small village in the interior of Maine.

was the motor, and I made a point of studying every new form of motor that made its appearance. First it was a steam-engine, then a caloric-engine, next a petroleum-oil engine, and finally an electrical motor. But the oil-engine seemed the best adapted for the purpose, and I made

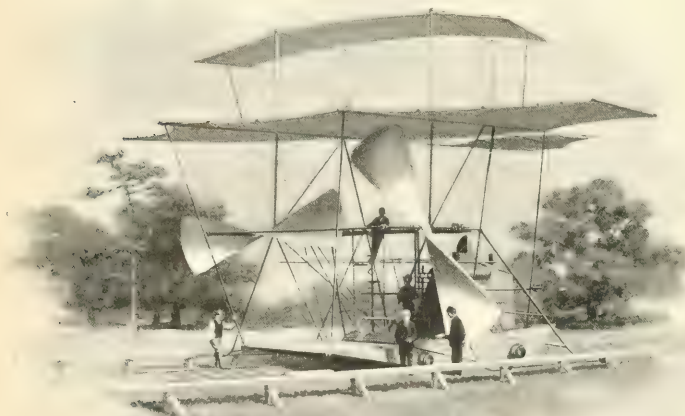


MODEL OF MAXIM'S MACHINE.

a number of drawings with a view to so perfecting this type of an engine as to make it suitable for a flying-machine, but in every case I found that the engine was too heavy for the power developed. It was then understood that no engine would be suitable for a flying machine unless it weighed less than forty pounds per horse-power.

In 1880 electrical accumulators or storage batteries first made their appearance, and a great deal was claimed for them. At the Electrical Exposition in Paris in 1881 I examined all the electrical apparatus, but there were no

motors or batteries, primary or secondary, but what were altogether too heavy for a flying-machine. While in Paris in the winter of 1881-2 I studied out a complete plan of conducting experiments whenever I should find a motor sufficiently powerful and yet light enough for my purpose. From the very first I saw that the aeroplane system would be altogether the best. (Aeroplane is the name usually given to the kite-shaped part of a flying-machine.) I did not believe it would be possible to make a machine that would screw itself up into the air after the manner thought out by my father, because no matter how I considered this problem, it was always mathematically impossible; but whenever I considered the aeroplane system, it appeared to be almost possible even with



THE FLYING-MACHINE IN ITS PARTIALLY COMPLETED FORM, BEFORE THE ACCIDENT.

the then existing motors. My plan for conducting experiments was as follows: Whenever I had sufficient time and means at my disposal I would make a series of experiments with both a steam-engine and a petroleum motor, and whichever proved to be the lightest for the power developed I would adopt. I had read that there were cañons in California leading from the interior to the sea in which during a greater part of the year there was a forty-mile gale blowing at four o'clock in the afternoon.

I proposed to visit California to examine these cañons, and when I had found one to suit my purpose, to build a very large and strong kite, with each side turned up, something like a Chinese kite that flies without a tail. I then proposed to place this kite on a suitable platform, and to suspend from the underneath side my motors, two in number, each of which would be attached to a screw shaft. At that time my idea was to use a propeller very much the shape of those used by ships, except that instead of metal it would be a light framework covered with silk. I did not intend to fly my kite in the ordinary way; that is, in which the cord not only holds the kite against the wind, but also pulls it downward. What I proposed to do was to secure my kite to two or more tall posts by several strong cords or wires, and to provide it with fore-and-aft rudders to steer it in a vertical direction. The kite would be a suitable distance from the posts, say two or three hundred feet, and when the gale commenced to blow in the afternoon I would tilt up the forward end of the kite, when the wind would get underneath and take it up in the air, carrying with it the platform on which I proposed to ascend. The fore-and-aft rudders of the machine would be attached to a windlass, somewhat like the one used for steering ships, and my first experimenting would be with these rudders. When I had learned to so manipulate them that I could cause the machine to rise above the posts to which the wires were secured, or sink below them, or keep exactly at the same height, I believed that the steering part of the problem would be solved.

The next thing would be to run the motors and screws, and whenever I could get these to develop sufficient thrust on the machine while it was flying to push it forward against the wind, and slacken the wires or cords which secured it to the posts, the problem to my mind would be solved, because I would only have to let go of my wires altogether in order to soar on the wind, and then by slackening the speed of my motors I should settle again into the place from which I started, running my motors all the time, so as to hold my machine against the wind until the kite should be secured to the ground. Although this plan was never carried out, nevertheless it still appears to me to be a very simple and cheap mode of at-



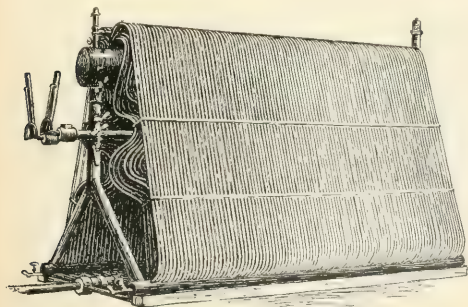
AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

tacking the problem, but a very powerful motor would be necessary.

While in Paris in 1889 I saw some very beautiful seamless tubes of steel, copper, brass, and also of German silver. I was assured that they could be made of almost any size and thickness, and of almost any length, but the small and thin tubes were exceedingly expensive. These tubes caused me again to think of the subject of aerial navigation, and while on a journey through the Austrian Alps I studied a great deal on the subject, and it appeared to me that with these light tubes I should be able to make a steam generator light enough for the flying-machine of which I had so long been thinking. From Austria I went to Spain, and while there I had the misfortune to break a muscle in my leg, which confined me to my room for a considerable time. I obtained pen, ink, and a lot of paper, and amused myself by making a great number of mathematical calculations in regard to the weight and power of a steam generator and of engines, also in regard to the thrust of screws working in air, and the lifting power of aeroplanes.

On my return to England I employed all my leisure moments in making drawings of a pair of compound engines, three hundred horse-power, for my proposed flying-machine, and, the drawings finished, I at once set about to have the engines made. I decided to make the whole engine of steel.

The crank shafts were very light and hollow, and were highly tempered; the cylinders were of a high grade of steel; the passageways, etc., were made of seamless drawn steel tubes, and the whole was very neatly riveted and then brazed with silver solder. The cylinders were then reboiled, and their thickness reduced to $\frac{3}{32}$ inch. I made my connecting rods of steel tubes, using the inside as an oil reservoir. These connecting rods were new in design, having universal joints at both ends. Two pairs



THE COPPER BOILER.

of engines were built (one pair for each of the two screws which I proposed to have on my flying-machine), and every ounce of steel in them was of the very best quality. When finished it was found that they weighed collectively six hundred pounds, and that they would develop over three hundred horse-power. These were by far the lightest engines for their power ever built in the world.

The next problem was the steam generator. I again went to Paris to see about the tubes, but I found that the kind I required had only been made in very small quantities, and were very high-priced. However, I ordered a lot of the very thin and strong copper tubes. The price agreed upon was equal to their weight in silver, namely, \$750 for the lot.

These tubes were made and forwarded to England. But at that time I happened to be in St. Petersburg, and in my absence they were placed in the stores of my gun company, and before I returned to England some of the dishonest employés of that company stole the tubes, and sold them as old copper for about \$5, and went on a debauch with the proceeds, and the beautiful tubes which had cost so much money and taken so long to make were again reduced to pig copper. Another set of tubes was obtained as soon as possible, and experiments commenced with the boiler. The first boiler made did not prove satisfactory, and a third set of tubes of a larger diameter was obtained, and another boiler was built. When finished it had, with its feed-water heater, which really formed a part of the boiler, a heating surface of 800 square feet. It weighed with its gas-burner, casing, and smoke-stack about 1000 pounds. Experiments were then made with a gas apparatus, as I believed that gas was the only fuel that would be suitable for running a boiler constructed of such a large number of very thin tubes. This required a great deal of experimenting, but in the end I succeeded in making and burning all the gas required, and I found that my boiler would make all the steam that my engines would use.

I then constructed a species of platform car mounted on four flanged wheels. The boiler was placed on the forward end of this car, and the engines attached to the rear end on brackets. I had already made a number of very large, light, and strong wooden screws of white pine, worked down very thin, and covered with strong linen. They were found to be very efficient. Each screw was 17 feet 10 inches in diameter, and had a pitch of 16 feet. In the mean time I had been providing a railroad track, nine-feet gauge, leading from the shop where I had built my machine, across a field, a distance of 1800 feet. When everything was in readiness I ran my machine out on the track and started my engines, and I found that the screws could be run at a very high velocity, that they got a good grip on the air, and would propel my platform car across the field at a high velocity.

The next experiment was to secure a very large aeroplane or kite, 50 feet wide and 47 feet in a fore-and-aft direction, over my platform car, and about 25 feet above the ground. The forward end of this kite was tilted up so that it would catch the air as it ran rapidly across the field. The first kite made did not behave well, so I constructed a second one, with which I made a great many runs with a view to finding out how much screw thrust was required to drive the machine across the field and how much the aeroplane would lift on the machine. Finally I succeeded in lifting about half the weight of the machine with a screw thrust of 1500 pounds. Then I added long and narrow planes to each side of my main aeroplane. This brought the total width of the machine up to 104 feet. I then placed horizontal rudders fore and aft for steering the machine in a vertical direction, and I saw it would be necessary to experiment a great deal in order to learn exactly how to manœuvre the machine,

and for this purpose the machine would have to be kept on the track, and not be allowed to soar in the air until I knew that I should be able to steer it.

Therefore, to keep it from rising off the track, I placed some heavy timbers on each side of the track, and about ten feet distant. These were elevated a few feet above the ground, and another set of small wheels was placed on outriggers, attached to the machine in such a manner that when the machine had been raised one inch off the railroad track these small wheels would be brought in contact with the underneath side of the timbers, which in reality was a reversed railroad track.

When everything was ready several runs were made, each one with increasing power. In the last run the engines were worked up to nearly their full power, and the whole machine, which, with three men on board and its water and fuel, weighed nearly 8000 pounds, was lifted off the track, and all four of the small wheels were running on the timbers. As the speed increased the lift also very much increased, until the rear axle-tree of the small wheels was broken. Then one of the small front wheels broke the timber holding it down, and this timber became entangled in the frame-work of the machine, and it became necessary to shut off steam. This accident destroyed the frame-work on one side of the platform, and broke one of the flanged wheels and also one of the propellers.

This will delay further experiments for some time, as it may be necessary to seek a field which is considerably larger than the one which I now have at my disposal. I have, however, shown in the most conclusive manner that a machine can be made that will lift its own weight and the weight of those operating it. Before free flight can be attempted it will be necessary to experiment in a very thorough manner with the steering apparatus.

At the time the accident took place the engines were developing 363 horse-power in actual effect upon the screws of the machine. It will therefore be seen that the engines are of great power for their weight. In a word, they have the power of a horse for the weight of an ordinary barn-yard fowl.

After the accident a number of scientific gentlemen visited the scene, and they all admitted that there could be no question about the machine having actually flown, because it had moved off the railroad track and come down on the soft turf, where all four of the wheels were deeply embedded. The fact that there were no other marks on the turf showed that the machine had been stopped in the air, and had fallen directly downward to the earth.

And this is the first time in the history of the world that a machine has ever been made strong enough and at the same time light enough to raise itself from the earth.

MOLLIE REJOICES.

I THANK my stars I'm not a cow,
I really truly do.
With naught but grass to eat all day,
And naught to say but "Moo!"

For instance, if the donkey came
And asked me how I did,
I'd have to answer him with "Moo!"
Just like a little kid.

Or if the dog barked at my heels,
As he would do, past doubt,
The same old word would have to do
For "come, bow-wow, get out!"

No matter what I wished to say,
The same 'twould be all through,
My conversation would be limited
To "Moo-oo-oo!"

SOME THINGS THAT LITTLE GIRLS CAN MAKE.

AS the simplest embroideries and paintings may prove too much for inexperienced fingers, it seems only fair that little girls should be told of some useful birthday and Easter presents requiring no more than an ordinary knowledge of sewing and a few inexpensive materials. If there is a man or boy in the house who hasn't a whisk-holder, for instance, his needs should be supplied at once in a pretty and substantial fashion.

For the holder shown in our illustration cut two round pieces of stout pasteboard six and a half inches in diameter. Cover each of these with gold-brown denim, turning over the boards a margin of two inches or so. Baste these edges down neatly, laying the extra fullness in small pleats.

Make two circles of the denim four inches in diameter, turn under the edges, and hem one on each inner or pleated side of the holder to cover the centres of the circles.

Lay a band of Persian trimming diagonally across one of your circles, and fasten it firmly at the ends with a few stitches.

Sew brown spangles, each with a bead in the centre, irregularly below the band, and ornament the top with a straggling pattern of gold lace, or some zigzags in gold paint.

Place the inner parts of the two disks together, and overseam four inches on each side. The open space at the top should be twice as great as that at the bottom, otherwise the whisk would fall through.

Sew a loop on the back of your holder to hang it up by, and put in a brush that will fit comfortably the place provided for it.

To make a very pretty bag that will serve as catch-all, or as a receptacle for soiled handkerchiefs, you will require half a yard of India silk in a flowered pattern, or the silk and cotton goods threaded with gold in Oriental patterns that are to be found in any upholstery shop, a five-cent embroidery hoop, three-eighths of a yard of silesia, and one and a half yards of inch-and-a-half ribbon.

Measure the silesia plain around the hoop, leaving room for seam. Sew up straight to within eight inches of the bottom, then begin to curve both sides of the bag inward till it measures only three inches across the bottom. Then cut off the extra material.

Turn the top over the hoop and baste in place.

Sew the silk together at the side, but leave it open top and bottom. Make a narrow hem around the bottom.

Turn three inches under at the top, and put a double row of shirring.

Slip it over the hoop outside the silesia bag, and hem it lightly to the lining at the edge of the hoop, the ruffle standing above the lining.

Draw the lower shirring thread and tack to the lining just below the hoop.

Sew on a brass ring to hang it up by.

Now gather the silk together at the end, about two inches from the hem, and tie firmly with waxed sewing-silk. Pass the ribbon around, and tie a long full bow.

This bag may be made of plainer materials, or turned into a very handsome affair, as the maker pleases.

A very attractive pin-cushion can be made like the illustration without trouble or expense. It is merely an ordinary cushion four inches square, not stuffed too tight. The back is of light-color-

ed silk, the top of a darker shade of the same or some contrasting color. Magenta and baby-pink, old-gold and straw-color, mignonette and lavender, are good combinations.

Sew a full gathered ruffle of wide white chiffon or soft lace around the back about an inch from the edge, but do not square the corners.

Use seven-eighths of a yard of chiffon or lace for the top frill, bunching the fullness together in the middle.

Fasten it in the centre of the cushion, and cover the sewing with a bow of ribbon one and a half inches wide, the color of the silk.

Catch the two ruffles together at regular intervals with tiny bows of daisy ribbon of the same shade as the back of the cushion. A loop of the narrow ribbon is then stitched over the chiffon to a corner of the cushion if you wish to hang it beside the dressing-table glass.

The beauty of this cushion is the square shape under a double round frill.



THE CATCH-ALL.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TODDLES.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER VII.

TOMMY was most curious to know what this fight was that his new acquaintance had been talking about, and after they had walked along in silence for a few moments he asked the ex-Pirate to tell him about it. The latter expressed some surprise that Tommy should have known nothing about it, and asked him if his animals had not told him about it.

"Why, they never tell me anything," answered Tommy. "They're wooden."

"They wouldn't" said the ex-Pirate; but before Tommy could explain the misunderstanding his companion began telling him about the fight. It seems that the Penguin lived in a house near the sea-shore, and was the editor of a newspaper which he called the *Tidal Wave*. In it he chronicled the events of the animal world, and frequently said pretty sharp things about the beasts, the birds, and the fishes.

"You see, the Penguin is half bird and half fish," explained the ex-Pirate, "and as he lives on land he counts as a beast. Well, it seems that this editorial Penguin had made some sarcastic remarks in his paper about the Swordfish, who was a captain of Sub-Marines; and the Swordfish, being a very haughty personage, had taken offence, and had challenged him to fight a duel. The Penguin, although he was, so to speak, a man of peace, accepted, and all the beasts and birds and fishes were invited to witness the contest and to decide which was the mightier of the two. And I suppose the fight took place today," said the ex-Pirate in conclusion.

"Who won?" asked Tommy, eagerly.

"I don't know; we'll find out when we get to the beach."

By this time they were nearing the foot of the hill. The road ran alongside of a stone wall that was just about as high as Tommy's head, and it seemed to the little boy that he could hear, now and then, strange sounds, like squeals, coming from the other side of it. He asked the Sheep what the sounds were.

"That's the Guinea Pig school in there," said the latter.

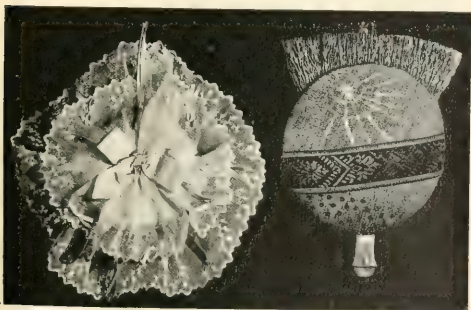
"It must be recess," remarked the ex-Pirate. "I can hear them playing."

"Are there Guinea Pigs on the other side of that wall?" inquired Tommy, with much interest.

"Hundreds of them," said the ex-Pirate.

"Can't we climb up and look at them?"

"Of course we can; and in less time than it takes to tell



THE PIN-CUSHION AND WHISK-HOLDER.



THE SPOTTED GUINEA PIG SAT OUT IN FRONT AND BEAT TIME WITH HIS PAWS.

about it all three had clambered to the top of the wall, and were looking down into the Guinea Pig school-yard.

"Where is the school-house?" asked the little boy, as he gazed at the hundreds of funny little animals clambering over one another, playing tag and leap-frog, and every now and then giving vent to little squeaks of delight. They did not even notice the three on-lookers sitting on the wall, so busy were they in having a good time.

"Did you know," said the ex-Pirate to Tommy, "that if you pick up a Guinea Pig by the tail his eyes will fall out?"

"Uncle Dick told me so once, but I did not believe him."

"Well, I'll show you," said the ex-Pirate, jumping down into the play-ground. He approached a Guinea Pig who was not looking, and picked him up by the tail. Sure enough, his eyes fell out, and rolled around on the ground with a most terrified expression. Then the ex-Pirate put the little beast down again, and he groped about until he found his eyes, and put them back where they belonged. He looked quickly about to see who had played the trick on him, and seeing the ex-Pirate laughing, he stuck out his tongue at him, and ran away to join a group that was playing blind-man's-buff.

"Does not that hurt the Guinea Pig?" asked Tommy.

"Certainly not," replied the ex-Pirate; "they like it. It tickles the eyes to roll about like that. Don't you see them playing blind-man's-buff over there?"

"Yes," assented Tommy.

"Well, Guinea Pigs don't carry handkerchiefs, so they have to do the best they can without them. The way they get around this is to take the one who is it, hold him up by the tail, and let his eyes fall out. Then he's just as blind as if he had his eyes bandaged with a handkerchief."

"And it's cheaper too," added the Sheep, as he fanned himself with his hat.

Tommy, of course, was much surprised at all the ex-Pirate had told him, but he said to himself philosophically that so many things had been surprising that afternoon that there was no reason why he should waste any emotion on the Guinea Pigs.

"Did you ever hear them sing?" asked the ex-Pirate.

"Can they sing?" asked the little boy, gleefully.

"They can sing," answered the ex-Pirate, "but they usually sing only just before vacation."

"And"

"And now it's just after vacation."

"I wish they would sing," said Tommy, looking up at the ex-Pirate coaxingly.

"Perhaps I can persuade them to," said the latter, good-naturedly, for he understood that this was what Tommy wanted him to do. He walked over toward the group that was playing blind-man's-buff. As soon as they saw him approaching they scurried off in every direction, until they considered themselves out of his reach, and then they sat up on their haunches and stuck out their tongues, which was very ill-bred of the Guinea Pigs, thought Tommy.

"I'm not going to hurt you," shouted the ex-Pirate. "Honest?" squeaked a little spotted Guinea Pig, as he put his fore paws up to his eyes to make sure they were there.

"Really I'm not. I want you to sing."

"It is not time to sing yet," said another Guinea Pig, who looked very wise, and winked at his companions as if he had discovered some ruse on the part of their visitor.

"No matter about that," urged the ex-Pirate. "Sing

your song, and make believe you are practising for vacation."

This suggestion apparently struck the Guinea Pigs favorably, for at heart they really enjoyed their singing very much. They all huddled together and held an excited debate, during which there were no end of squeaks and squeals, and they finally decided that they would sing—just once, "for practice."

So the ex-Pirate returned and sat down on the top of the stone wall next to Tommy and the Sheep, and the Guinea Pigs approached in a very dignified way, and arranged themselves in a semicircle in front of their audience. The spotted Guinea Pig sat out in front, facing the others, and beat time with his fore paws, while the others sang in chorus:

"Oh, let us away
To the land of Kathay,
Where the peppermint candy grows;
Where all the streets
Are paved with sweets,
And the lemonade river flows.

"We'll revel in quince,
And slices of nince,
And dine on chocolate-creams;
And visions of tarts
Shall please our hearts,
And fill our peaceful dreams.

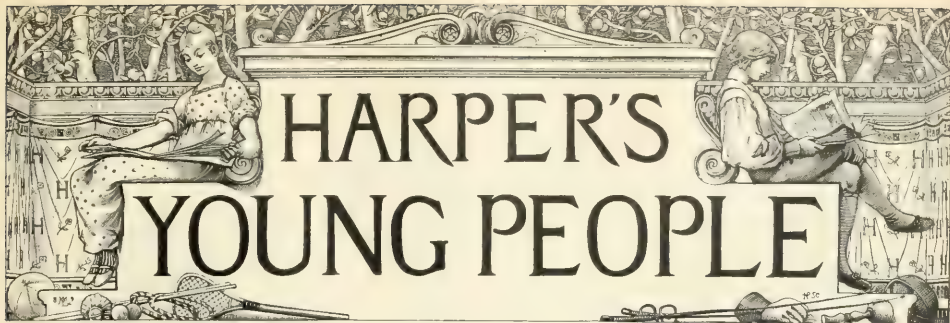
"Oh, let us away
To fair Kathay;
The summer days are coming.
For now we know
It's time to go;
The bumblebees are humming."

The ex-Pirate then thanked the little fellows for their song. But they soon ran away again, and lifted one of their number up by the tail and resumed their game of blind-man's-buff.

"Where is the land of Kathay?" asked Tommy, as soon as the Guinea Pigs had gone.

"Oh, it's miles and miles away," said the Sheep, and then he jumped down from the top of the wall, and told his companions to hurry along, as they had been wasting time in their journey to the top of the hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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THE BLOWING UP OF THE IRONCLAD "ALBEMARLE."

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PATTERSON, U.S.N.

IT is the night of October 27, 1864. A blockading fleet of Union vessels rides at anchor off the harbor of Plymouth, North Carolina. Alongside the flag-ship an open launch is secured, her after-part made visible to those on board the over-towering ship owing to the glow that comes from the open door of the little furnace. The light that streams forth also throws into relief the face and form of the engineer as he spreads a layer of "green" coals over the surface of the fire, and thrusts the slender brass spout of his

oil-can into the various feed-cups of the machinery. Just abaft the cockpit, holding the stern of the launch to the frigate by means of a boat-hook, stands a blue-jacket, his naked feet showing as two white patches on the lead-colored planks. Another seaman is performing a similar office forward in the bow, while several more are gathered about a long, curious-looking spar carefully secured, with its cylinder-shaped head resting on a wad of cotton waste; but these men are lost to view, owing to the gloom of their situation, which is deepened by contrast to the firelight aft. At the open gangway of the flag-ship two officers stand conversing. Beside them a gray-haired quartermaster is stationed, lantern in hand, to light the way down the ladder that leads to the launch. In the shoulder-straps of one of the officers glistens a single silver star, which denotes his Commodore's rank, while the two gold bars that decorate the straps of the other show him to be a Lieutenant. As the latter is observed in the rays of the lantern, his smooth face and slender figure are suggestive rather of extreme youth than of a man quali-



LIEUTENANT CUSHING.

fied by years and experience to assume the office that his uniform represents. The gold bands around his coat sleeves have been nobly won, however, and the boy of nineteen, who entered the service three years previous as a master's mate, has already commanded with singular and enviable distinction a gunboat of the blockading squadron. There is a touch of fatherly tenderness and a depth of anxiety in the old Commodore's voice as he speaks:

"Cushing, my boy, you are going to almost certain death; the rebels have learned of your object, and are prepared for the attempt. The *Albemarle*, as you know, is surrounded with heavy floating timbers so arranged that you cannot get within thirty feet of her, and unless you can succeed in laying your boat alongside, how can you expect to explode the torpedo?"

The lines of the Lieutenant's thinly cut mouth deepen, and the brows draw ominously down over the flashing eyes.

"Commodore, I've got my plan all worked out, and I'll carry it through or die with it! If I don't succeed in destroying that ironclad, she will come out here before long, and perhaps sink the fleet. It's worth the risk, sir, and I'm willing to take it along with my volunteer crew." Then, as his natural spirit of recklessness and humor comes to the surface for a moment, he smiles and continues, "It's either another stripe or death, Commodore."

The flag-officer presses the young man's hand, while he says, huskily, "God bless and grant you success and a safe return!"

Preceded by the quartermaster, Lieutenant Cushing descends the gangway ladder and drops into the launch.

"Lieutenant," says the old man, "there won't be no sleep in the fleet to-night; if y'll hexcuse the liberty, sir, I'll be a-prayin' for ye."

"All right, Lynch; but pray hard, for I'll need it," replies Cushing. Then he looks at the face of the little dial which registers the steam-pressure, and turns to the engineer: "Keep a full head of steam up, but be careful not to let her get so much that she will open the safety-valve and let Johnny know we're coming." Next he goes forward, examines closely the torpedo-spar, stations his small crew, orders the furnace door closed, and lays hold of the steering-wheel in the forward cockpit. "Shove off," he orders.

The great black hull of the flag-ship slips into the gloom ahead. A moment later the propeller churns the water, the tiller is put over to port, the head of the launch swerves to starboard, and is kept steadily pointed towards Plymouth, where lies the great rebel ironclad *Albemarle*, waiting only for the time, speedily coming, when, with equipment complete, she will steam out to do battle with the wooden walls of her enemies.

After the fleet has been left well astern, the boyish commander orders the engines stopped, and calls the men around him.

"Boys," he says, "I'm going to tell you my plan, so that you may work it out, if possible, in case anything happens to me when we get under fire. As soon as I make out the ship and get my bearings, I'm going to put on a full head of steam, and jump the launch over the logs that surround her on the water side. Once over the spars, it will be only a few feet between us and the hull; so we must have the torpedo ready to push under the water against her side as soon as we get near enough. On the dock that she is moored to they have a couple of howitzers and a company of sharpshooters to help guard the approach from sea, and on board they are sure to be prepared to give us a warm welcome. I will keep the wheel until we are over the logs, then I will handle the torpedo, so see that it is clear for me. But if I should fail, try to carry out my plan, then jump overboard, dive under the logs, swim across the river, and make your way down along the bank until you get abreast of the

fleet, where you can signal. That is all, except to strip yourselves for a swim. Do you understand?"

"Ay, ay, sir, we understand," comes the answer from the handful of heroes.

The little wheel under the stern of the launch turns over slowly and noiselessly as eager, anxious eyes peer ahead into the night.

Suddenly a huge blot is made out a little on the port bow, and a moment later it shapes itself into the outlines of a dock with a great vessel lying alongside.

Out of the gloom rings the challenge, "Boat ahoy!"

While the echo of the last word trembles, Cushing orders, fiercely: "Give it to her! Steady, boys!"

The engineer opens wide the valve, and throws the wild pressure of a full head of steam into the cylinder. The launch jumps forward in time to escape a shower of iron hail that ploughs into her white wake.

Before the guns can be pointed anew a long narrow barrier washing level with the water shows a few feet ahead.

A sheet of flame from the rifle-barrels on the dock and ship, so close to the open boat that it scorches the air in the faces of the crew, makes vivid for an instant the on-rushing destroyer. One of the bluejackets throws his arms up, and falls face downward in the cockpit just as the stem of the launch strikes the log.

Will she go over it? is the agonizing thought of the brave youth who stands in the very bosom of the deadly tempest.

The head of the boat rears itself on the air until the water is splashing into the stern-sheets aft; then, without checking her mad rush, she clears the barrier like a steeple-chaser and hurls herself forward.

Another volley greets them, and the engineer and one more of the sailors go down; but Lieutenant Cushing springs from the wheel, grasps the torpedo-spar, and as the bow of the launch strikes the rebel ram he thrusts it against her side just as a thick storm of missiles from the howitzers crashes into his boat and shatters it to pieces.

But the doom of the *Albemarle* is written. An awful rumbling is heard, accompanied by the sound of splintering timbers, followed by a towering volume of torn and maddened waters that for a moment hide the scene from friend and foe, and under cover of which Lieutenant Cushing regains the river beyond the floating logs.

Mingled shouts of command and cries of rage are heard by the swimmer when he comes to the surface after his plunge under the barrier. A number of bullets whistle above his head and patter into the water around him. It is evident that he is yet within the range of vision of the sharpshooters, so he draws a long breath and sinks below the level again, striking out strong, and swimming until forced to regain the air.

The confusion of voices is yet audible, but when he turns his eyes in the direction of the clamor nothing is visible save the indistinct outline of the shore; then he knows that he no longer affords a mark for the soldiers on the dock.

But another cause of alarm is quickly manifest, for he catches the sound of the thud of oars as they pound against the rowlocks, telling him that the enemy have manned a boat and are seeking him. Before he can decide as to the direction in which to swim in order to get out of the track of the on-coming craft, it looms up only a few yards from him.

There is only one course to pursue, so, catching a quick breath, he quietly sinks, and the boat passes over the spot where the bubbles on the water mark his disappearance.

Until he experiences a sense of suffocation he remains under, swimming off at right angles to the path of his seekers, so that his head may not be in line with the eyes of the rowers when he regains the surface.

When he again casts his anxious eyes around, nothing

is seen, so he throws himself on his back and floats while recovering his strength, and shortly after strikes out for the opposite bank of the river, which he reaches after a weary trial, then creeps into the underbrush, and sleeps from exhaustion.

The sun is high when he awakes. Parting the wild foliage, he looks across and up the stream at the scene of his exploit. The dock is plainly to be seen, but the *Albemarle* has disappeared. Looking intently, he sees two masts rising from the water near the pier, and is thus assured that the career of the rebel ship is ended.

Ha! What causes that rustling of the foliage to his right? Is it an animal, or is it an enemy in search of him?

Almost naked, and altogether defenceless, he watches breathlessly.

He promises himself that he will never be taken alive. Better to die than to endure the tortures of a Southern prison. The bushes part a little further, and a man's sun-browned face and brawny bare shoulders and tattooed arms come into view.

"Jack!" says the Lieutenant, in a loud, glad whisper.

"Lieutenant!" responds the seaman, in a tone of equal surprise and gladness.

All day the officer and his companion, the only survivors of the expedition, work their way painfully through the swamp, and just as the sun is sinking they drag their bare bleeding feet and cruelly lacerated bodies out on the bank of the river opposite the Union fleet.

All hands have been called to "make sunset," and the men are silently standing by the signal halyards and boat-falls waiting for the word of command, when the quartermaster on the bridge of the flag-ship quickly levels his telescope at the shore, then hurriedly approaches and addresses the officer of the deck, who stands beside the Captain. The latter takes the glass from the seaman, peers through it for an instant, wheels sharply around, and speaks to the Lieutenant.

"Away, first cutter!" roars the latter.

The boatswain's mate blows a shrill pipe, and repeats the order.

"Go down the boat-falls, boys; lively's the word! Jump into the cutter, Mr. Arnold, and pull into the beach for the men!"

Half an hour later Lieutenant Cushing comes over the gangway, and salutes the Commodore. "I report my return on board with one man, sir," he says; "the *Albemarle* is destroyed."

WATER COLDER THAN ICE.

BY GIFFORD LE CLEAR.

THE freezing-point of water is 32° by the Fahrenheit thermometer; but it is possible, by taking certain precautions, to cool water several degrees below the freezing-point without its freezing.

The experiment can be performed with very cheap and simple apparatus, but it requires some little care to carry it through successfully. The apparatus you need is a "test-tube" about half an inch in diameter (you can get this from any druggist for a cent or two) and a cheap thermometer; also some salt and cracked ice or snow, and a containing-vessel about the size of a quart measure.

In the first place, clean the test-tube thoroughly; then put in about an inch and a half of pure water, distilled, if you can get it, and boil over a candle flame to remove the air from the water. Boil away the water so that there is just enough left to cover the bulb of the thermometer when it is placed in the test-tube.

Mark with a file the freezing-point on the stem of the thermometer, and remove from the board to which it is fastened. Put the thermometer in the test-tube so that the bulb is just clear of the bottom of the tube, holding it there by means of a piece of pasteboard, which rests on the top of the tube and through which the thermometer passes. Now put a couple of drops of oil in the test-tube. This will spread and form a thin film over the surface of the water. The test-tube is now to be put in a mixture of salt and crushed ice.

Salt always tries to unite with water whenever it can. It even takes it from the atmosphere on damp days. The salt over the cracked ice wishes to unite with the water of which the ice is composed, but cannot do so till the ice is melted. As the salt cannot melt the ice of itself, it calls upon all neighboring substances to help it. Now it requires heat to melt ice, and so the only way the neighboring substances can melt the ice is to give up their own heat; consequently they grow cold, and we call a mixture of salt and ice a cooling mixture. The mixture of this experiment should be about one-third salt, but care should be taken not to let the mixture fall below 15° Fahrenheit.

When you put the test-tube in the cooling mixture, the mercury of the thermometer will begin to descend very rapidly, but if you keep everything very still the mercury will not stop at 32°, as you would expect it to, but will travel on down past 32°.

Now watch the mercury very carefully, for after it reaches a certain point it will rise to 32° so quickly that you may not see it if you look away for an instant. When the mercury has jumped in this way to 32°, remove the test-tube, and you will find the water in it frozen.

Melt the water by the heat of your hand, and repeat; but when the mercury has almost reached the point from which it jumped to 32° before, remove the test-tube carefully, and you will find that the water is not frozen. Here you have water colder than ice. Now comes the prettiest part of the experiment. Move the thermometer ever so little, and instantly, before your very eyes, the water will freeze. At the same time the mercury will rise to 32°. It would seem, then, that water in freezing gives out heat. This is perfectly true, and will bear thinking over a little.

Now repeat the experiment, but instead of freezing the water by moving the thermometer drop in a very small piece of ice. As before, the water will instantly freeze. Sometimes the mercury will fall to 32° and stay there. This shows that the water has frozen, and you must try again.

The exact reason for this phenomenon is not known. In fact, no one is quite sure just what the oil does. One of its duties, at least, may be to keep the air away from the water; but just why the air must be kept away, it is hardly safe to say. However, if you do not boil the water at first, so as to remove the air from the water, the experiment will almost certainly fail.

A RUSSIAN SLED.

TO think of Russia is to think of six-month winters, of long low sleighs dashing over country roads behind sturdy horses with bells hung on yokes over their shoulders, of log houses half buried in snow, and of peasants in sheepskin coats with the wool turned inside. Living in Russia is not so pleasant as living in the west of Europe. Siberia is near, and grown-up people who do not have the same opinions as the majority of their fellow-subjects are put in prison or set to work in mines like criminals. Neither is being a boy in Russia as much fun as being a boy in the United States, especially if the Russian boy happens to be a peasant. He does not have to go to school, because there is no public-school system in Russia, and learning is considered by the government a dangerous thing, suited only to the rich and the nobility. But lack of school does not mean leisure for the Russian peasant boy, who begins to work, as a matter of course, almost as soon as he can walk, and grows up to a life of hardship, with little prospect of becoming anything but a tiller of the soil for some rich man, who will hold a mortgage on his land, his crops, and pretty nearly everything else that is worth mortgaging.

But the Russian boy, like every other, has his hours of fun. He cannot work all through the long cold winter, and it is then that he enjoys most of his sports. Snow is to him as natural a form of water as any other, and he makes the most of it for sleigh-riding, coasting, and building block-houses, very much as the lad of the northern United States does, while the rivers and lakes furnish plenty of skating. The Norwegian boy combines his sled and his snow-shoes in the form of skis, which are long strips of wood, on which he walks and coasts down the hills and through the valleys. The Russian



RUSSIAN BOYS' NOVEL COASTING.

peasant boy's sled is even more curious. The cold weather builds it for him, and he has to have a new one every winter, for it is nothing more, or very little more, than a block of ice. Riding down hill on a cake of ice would not seem to us very amusing, except, perhaps, to the spectators, who might enjoy it as a sort of frozen tub-race. As a matter of fact, though, a cake of ice in the hands of a Russian boy will make a very good and rapid sled. He saws out a block that is longer than it is thick, and about high enough for a comfortable seat. Then he scoops out a hollow like a saddle a little back of the middle of the upper surface, and upholsters it with straw or rags. It is then ready for its first trip down hill, and if the rider is skilful he will make very good time on it. But carrying it back to the top of the incline would be too hard work for even a Russian boy, and pushing it up hill would be about as bad. A clever lad once thought of a better way, and all other boys have copied him ever since. He found a good rye straw, and began blowing through it at the front of the block with the end of the straw close to the ice. Soon he had a little hole in the block, as neatly drilled as a steel tool could have done it. In the course of an hour and a half he had driven a hole slantwise through the ice, coming out at the top just in front of the saddle. A stout string passed through the hole and knotted completed his sled, which could then be drawn up hill almost as easily as the best coaster that ever was made. If a boy is careful of his ice sled—and he is apt to be careful, for considerable work is necessary to make one—it will last all winter. Imagine him freezing on a new set of runners when the old ones have worn out!

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.*

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HAROLD USES STRONG WORDS.

"I SUPPOSE we're aboard the *Aquidaban*," said Captain Lockwood, after a few moments of silence.

"That is true," said Frank; "though for the life of me I can't understand how you came here."

"Lost in the fog, my boy, trying to get aboard the *Alma*."

"Then she has left her wharf?"

"Yes; she's safe at anchor."

"And you've all been ashore to rescue Bob?"

"That's it."

"But, Uncle Hiram, this is simply terrible. He's under sentence of death, and here the whole lot of you have walked straight into the lion's jaws."

"It seems that I am doomed to bad luck!" exclaimed Robert. "I'd better end it all now; there's plenty of water here."

He made a movement toward the ship's rail, but Harold and George seized him.

"Wait a bit, sir," said Peter; "never sink so long as ye can swim, an' there ain't no hole knocked into ye yet."

"My son," said Captain Lockwood, "there must be a way out of this. Be patient."

"Bob, old fellow," said Frank, "I've suffered enough since I was such a fool as to enlist under a foreign flag. Don't add to my misery. We must find a way to save you. Do you know where you are?"

"Never a bit, except that we're on Mel-lo's deck," answered the Captain.

"You're in the cove just south of the Sugar Loaf."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Hal; "we must have rowed over four miles trying to find the bark."

"But now that we're here," said Captain Lockwood, "what's to be done with us?"

"I don't know," said Frank; "I haven't made any report yet. I was ordered to find out who you were and what you were about. If you'll just wait here till I report, I'll soon be able to let you know."

Frank hastened away, and laid the case before the officer of the deck, who, fortunately, chanced to be his good friend Roderigo Bennos.

"You must tell the Captain," said Bennos.

Accordingly he directed Frank to carry the report in person to the Commanding Officer. The boy did as he was ordered, but he did not deem it necessary to say that the American skipper who had come aboard was the Captain of the bark *Alma*.

"Let them remain," said the Commanding Officer.

"But if they wish to go ashore when the fog lifts?"

"Let them remain till I am ready to talk with them."

Frank saluted and left the cabin. He understood that, although nothing of the kind had been directly said, the *Alma*'s party were prisoners. The boy was hot with indignation, but he had no tangible fact to grasp, and even if he had he would not have profited by expostulation.

"You are to remain aboard the ship for the present," he said, when he had rejoined his friends.

"And Bob?" demanded the Captain.

"Well," said Frank, "perhaps no one will recognize him, and you may be able to get him off when you go."

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 784.

"But," said Hal, "if they should afterward discover who he was, Frank, you would be in serious trouble for letting him go."

"I'll take my chances of that," said Frank, decisively.

"God bless you!" said Captain Lockwood, wringing his nephew's hand.

At that moment the shriek of a boatswain's pipe arose, and a command was shouted.

"What's that?" asked George.

"It's up anchor," said Frank; "I suppose we're going up the bay. We came down only last night, but up and down like a seesaw appears to be a large part of our business."

"What's to become of my boat?" asked the Captain.

"We'll tow it up," answered Frank.

"I suppose that'll do," said the Captain.

He was by no means satisfied with the aspect of affairs, yet there was nothing that seemed to call for a serious complaint. The monotonous clanking of the heavy cable was now the only sound that disturbed the night. The fog was drifting off in writhing shreds among the crannies of the mountains, and the dim light of a young crescent moon fell across the peaceful waters. Presently the ship began to swing slowly around, showing that the anchor was aweigh. Then the calm of the night was suddenly broken by the blare of a bugle.

"What's that?" asked Hal, with a sudden start.

"That's quarters," said Frank; "we never attempt to go into the bay without going to quarters. As soon as we poke our bow out of the cover of this mountain Fort Santa Cruz will open on us."

"But," said Hal, sternly, "your commander has no right to put us under fire of the fort. Your uncle and cousin are non-combatants, and George and I are officers in the service of a neutral power."

"I know all that, Hal," said Frank. "I'll see Uncle Hiram and Minnie, together with Bob, in a place of safety—though, for the matter of that, almost any place is safe, for they seldom hit us—but I don't see that I can do anything for you."

"Let me see the Captain."

Harold's request was taken to the cabin, and he was invited to enter. An interpreter had to be provided, and then the boy said:

"We are citizens of the United States placed aboard your vessel by accident. Our boat is towing astern, and we desire to leave your ship."

"It is not convenient for me to stop now," was the reply.

"I protest, sir, against your course as outrageous," said the boy firmly.

"Your protest is of no avail," was the answer.

"You have no right to place two American officers and an American seaman under fire," said Harold.

"If the American officers are afraid they are at liberty to go below the water-line," said the Brazilian commander.

"Afraid!" exclaimed Harold. "We come from the *Detroit*."

At these words the Brazilian's face became very stern.

"You will remain aboard this ship," he said, "till we reach our anchorage. We shall then set you ashore; not before. As for the merchant Captain and his children we shall do as we like with him."

"Very well, sir," said Harold, taking advantage of the officer's mistake; "I shall make it my business to have this affair reported in detail to Admiral Benham, and if you do the slightest harm to Captain Lockwood or his children you may rely upon it that the commander of the American fleet will blow you out of the water."

With these words the boy turned and strode out of the cabin without saluting.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A SHELL THROUGH THE PORT.

THE boy rejoined his party on deck, and reported the failure of his mission.

"They're a fine lot," said Captain Lockwood.

At this moment Frank, who had been attending to his duties in preparing the guns for action, returned. "Come," he said to Captain Lockwood, "you and Minnie and Bob must be put in a place of safety."

"I wouldn't go if it wasn't for her," said the sturdy old seaman.

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed George. "You don't want to give these fellows the satisfaction of seeing you hurt, do you? Besides, it may prevent Bob from being recognized."



HAROLD SPRANG FORWARD WITH A LOUD CRY, "IT'S FRANK!"

They all descended to the gun-deck, where Frank paused to point out to them the particular gun which he commanded.

"I don't wonder you're sick of the whole business," said Hal.

Just then the Captain of the ship appeared, and calling Frank to him, asked what he was doing. The boy explained briefly. The Brazilian Captain smiled and said,

"Tell your two young naval friends that I should be delighted to give them guns to command."

"I wonder what he's talking about?" asked George, who saw from the man's face that the words referred to himself and Harold.

Frank went over to the boys and repeated his superior officer's words.

"The impudent old scoundrel!" exclaimed George.

"Bully boy!" said Captain Lockwood.

Minnie's face expressed alarm mingled with admiration for the boy's boldness. The Brazilian commander stepped over to where they were standing.

"Accept my compliments, sir," said Harold, looking the Brazilian full in the eye, "and understand that we both command guns which your friends aboard the *Guanabara* did not care to hear speak."

The officer's face flushed, and he spoke sharply to Frank.

"Put those two young men under arrest."

Frank turned pale, and stood speechless and motionless.

"Do you hear my order?" demanded the Captain.

"Sir," said Frank, drawing his sword, and offering the hilt to his commander, "I cannot obey that order."

The Brazilian stood for an instant regarding the boy with amazement.

"Cannot obey!" he ejaculated.

"No, sir," said Frank; "these gentlemen are my countrymen, my classmates, my friends. It is not—"

"Enough, sir! Do as I bid you, or I will—"

"I don't care what you do," cried Frank. "I have suffered too much already in the service of a foreign flag. I have tried to resign, but you have refused to let me. Now I wish I could die. But so sure as there is a sun in the heavens, so sure will I refuse now and forever to lift my hand against the American flag or any man who serves it."

The Brazilian drew his revolver and levelled it at the boy. Harold and George both sprang before him, the former seizing his arm.

"Here, arrest these two fellows!" cried the officer to the nearest gun's crew.

"Are you crazy?" asked Harold.

At that instant the heavy roar of a gun from Fort Santa Cruz was heard, and a deafening crash told that a well-aimed shot had struck the *Aquidaban* above the deck. Captain Lockwood threw his arms around his terrified daughter and drew her to his breast. The Brazilian commander with a mighty effort gained control of himself.

"We shall speak of this matter at another time," he said to Frank. "Your friends may remain at liberty. To your station!"

The boy saluted and went to his gun. A petty officer led Captain Lockwood, Robert, and Minnie to a safe place behind the armor belt. Harold and George remained on the gun-deck quietly watching the operations. The leisurely manner of the Brazilians caused the American boys to smile contemptuously.

"No wonder this war lasts so long," said George.

"And no wonder so little is accomplished," added Harold.

For once, however, the soldiers of the Republic in the forts seemed to be aroused to activity. The scene became intensely interesting. The powerful battle-ship was

weak in propelling force, her engines being in poor order, and she moved through the narrow entrance to the harbor slowly. She was a shining mark in the faint moonlight, and had the soldiers been better shots great damage might have been done to her. She was a noble sight as she thundered up the bay, her sides ablaze with the constant flashing of her mighty guns, and a vast canopy of gray smoke rolling over her. The forts every second sprang into red and glowing relief against the hills as their bellying guns lit up the night and set the echoes booming along the rocky crests. Occasionally a terrific shock would be felt as a heavy missile struck one of the turrets or the armor-belt of the *Aquidaban*, but as a rule the shots passed harmlessly above her decks or plunged into the water, sending tall columns of ghostly spray up into the moonlight.

Frank Lockwood was doing his duty with reckless bitterness. He watched the range, and kept the breech-sight rightly placed with ceaseless vigilance. He was continually running from the breech of his gun to the port and giving directions to the gun-captain. He seemed to be determined that the weapon should do deadly work.

"Stupid!" he exclaimed to the gun-captain, "you pull your lanyard before you have covered your mark. What is the use of wasting ammunition so?"

The man muttered something in Portuguese.

"Any American cadet can shoot better. George, come and show him how to hit the fort."

"Of course I will," exclaimed George.

He sprang forward, and was about to take the lanyard from the man's hand when Harold seized his arm:

"What on earth are you thinking about?" cried Hal.

"Do you want to be dismissed from the service?"

"Dismissed? Why?" asked George, pausing.

"For firing on a friendly fort."

"But it is not I who fire," said George. "It's the *Aquidaban*."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Harold.

"It's good sense, I think," declared George.

"No, old man, you're wrong."

"Well, the skipper'll never know anything about it."

"You can't be sure of that."

"You would tell?"

"No; but such things can't be kept secret. Some of these men would talk about it, and it would eventually become known."

"Come, come!" cried the division officer. "Why is that gun silent?"

Frank stepped forward and took the lanyard from George's hand.

"Harold is right," he said. "I am the only American naval cadet who has a right to do this—I, Frank Lockwood, the mercenary."

The boy bent down and glanced along the sights, giving orders to the trainers and elevators in a firm tone. Suddenly he jerked the lanyard, and the gun roared out its message. At almost the same instant there was a deafening report, a blinding glare, and a great cloud of dust and smoke. A small shell from the fort had entered the port and exploded against the gun-carriage, shattering it and dismounting the gun. For a few seconds no one could see what had happened. A moment later the smoke cleared away, and it was discovered that one man lay stretched upon the deck. Harold sprang forward with a loud cry:

"It's Frank!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A VARIATION.

"I CANNOT go to school to-day."

"What, sick again?" Tom's mother said.

"Oh no; I'm well, and full of play;

This time the teacher's sick in bed!"

THE RED DEVILS' RESCUE.

BY L. A. TEREBEL.

THEY called it the Red Devil Snow-shoe Club, because the members wore red toques and red stockings and red mittens and red mufflers, and every other piece of apparel of a red hue that they could possibly secure. Bob Moreley was elected president of the club and chief Red Devil, principally because he had a complete suit made out of a red blanket; but it turned out afterwards that Bob had other qualities which fairly entitled him to the highest office in the organization. In addition to Bob there were fifteen other Red Devils.

Up in New Hampshire, where there is no nonsense about winter, the snow comes with Santa Claus, and buries the whole country-side in deep drifts, which stay right there until spring. And so almost every Saturday during the cold months the Red Devils, in all their crimson glory, would gather in front of Bob Moreley's house, and Tad Wallace would drag up the club's baby toboggan, the "Whizzer," and Bob's mother would pack the basket with sandwiches and apples, and then Tad, as commissary of the organization, would strap the basket securely to the "Whizzer," and tie a fagot of dry wood on top of it, and Bob would give the command, and the red company would swing out into the road and over the fields toward the river or the woods. At the end of a couple of hours' march Bob would call a halt, camp would be formed, and Tad would build the fire and heat the tea or coffee that had been provided for the Red Devils, and then each Red Devil would get his share in a tin cup, and sandwiches and apples from the basket.

"There's going to be great doings at our house in a couple of weeks," said Tad, as the Red Devils sat around their camp-fire the first Saturday after New-Year's. "It's father's and mother's golden anniversary of their wedding on the 28th, and all my brothers and sisters are coming home to celebrate."

"Hurrah!" shouted Bob. "And will the Red Devils be in it?"

"Will they be in it?" said Tad, with emphasis. "Well—will they?" And all the boys laughed. But when he said this Tad had no idea how very much "in it" the Red Devils would be.

On the morning of the 26th the skies became very dark, and a thin fine snow began to fall. Then the wind rose and blew fiercer and fiercer all the afternoon, until by night a storm was raging such as had not been known since the great blizzard. The next morning it was impossible to move about the streets. Drifts ten and twelve feet high hid the fences, the roads were entirely obliterated, and horses and sleighs were not even to be thought of. The operator at the railroad station sent word up to the Wallaces that no trains could get through in either direction that day, as the road was completely blocked, and the wires were down on all sides. Of course no one knew whether the special car with the anniversary guests had started from Boston, and as the telegraph wires were down, the only thing to do was to await developments. It was still snowing, and the big flakes kept on falling all the day of the 27th, and did not cease until late in the night. The village was as if dead, except for the smoke that curled up out of all the chimneys. Everything was snow-bound.

When the towns-people got up on the morning of the 28th they set to work to burrow through the drifts, and some of the more venturesome ones struggled as far as the butcher's or the grocer's for provisions. It was the day of the golden anniversary, but there were no guests on hand to celebrate.

News came, however, at ten o'clock that morning. A man, all covered with ice and snow, struggled into the village and battled his way through the billowy streets to

the Wallace house, where he fell exhausted at the doorstep. He was taken into the kitchen, where he was gradually revived under warm drinks and chafing; but no one knew who he was, and it was some time before he could speak. Tad's father and mother were there, and Tad was there, and beside him stood Bob Moreley, who had ploughed his way through the drifts to make a morning call.

Finally the man recovered strength enough to explain that he was a farmer who lived about six miles from the village, not far from where the railroad tracks turn the swamp. He said a train had gotten stalled in the snow near there the day before, and that the people could get nothing to eat, as there were no houses near but his, and what little store he had was exhausted. There were women and children on the train, and one child was very sick. He had started at three o'clock in the morning for help, and he had a letter from one of the passengers for Mr. Wallace. The letter was from Tad's eldest brother, and it said that the party in the special car was suffering greatly from hunger, that his youngest child must have a doctor or it might not live, and that one of the trainmen had both feet frozen.

"It's no use, though," sighed the man. "We can't help 'em. The drifts are twenty feet deep, and the train's fully six miles from here. No horse or sleigh can travel the road. A hundred men could not reach 'em."

"No," shouted Bob Moreley, "but the Red Devils can. The Red Devils to the rescue!" And he rushed out of the kitchen like a wild man.

Tad had caught his meaning at once, and began to explain to his father that the Red Devils would put on their snow-shoes, and travel over the thin crust across country, over the swamp about four miles, and take relief to the snow-bound sufferers. The "Whizzer" was quickly brought out, and another old toboggan was dragged down from the stable loft. Tad's mother and the servants worked as fast as their hands could move packing the good things that had been intended for the anniversary dinner, and in less than an hour the "Whizzer" and the old toboggan were heaped with baskets. In the mean while the Red Devils, summoned by Bob, had been arriving, one by one.

"But how about the doctor?" asked Tad's mother.

Mr. Wallace had sent for the doctor, and he was in the house. He had never snow-shoed, and of course it would be impossible for him to travel four or five miles over the thin crust any other way. But Bob came to the rescue.

"Why not pack the doctor on the toboggan and drag him there?" he said.

"There's no more room on the toboggans," said Tad. "They're almost too heavy now."

"Then we must make another," said Bob. It took some minutes to determine how this should be done, but finally, at Tad's suggestion, two smooth boards were nailed together, and a snow-shovel was fastened at the forward end, so as to make the curve. A soap-box was nailed on as a seat for the doctor, ropes were attached, and two hours after the messenger's arrival the Red Devil relief expedition was starting over the drifted fields.

They had a hard time at first, until they got out into the open country, where the snow had not drifted so heavily, because there was nothing much for it to drift up against. The boys took turns at pulling the toboggans for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time, helping one another up hills and over rough places. They did not try to follow the roads, but made a cut across the country, taking their directions from the doctor, who had a small compass on his watch chain, and acted as a sort of navigating officer for the expedition. But in spite of the fact that the doctor had none of the hard physical work of dragging to perform, he probably had the worst time of any of the rescuers. More than once he was upset into



IT TOOK JUST THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR TO REPAIR DAMAGES AND PACIFY THE DOCTOR.

snow-drifts, where the crust was too thin to support the toboggan, and then it took the combined efforts of half a dozen of the boys to get him out.

After an hour's travel the unfortunate physician looked more like Santa Claus than anything else. His hands and feet were numb, and two miniature streams of cold water trickled down his back from the melting snow that kept getting into his neck and ears. But otherwise the expedition got along pretty well, until it came to the top of the hill that slopes down for fully half a mile, and ends at the swamp which had to be crossed. Tad suggested that it would be much easier and quicker to coast down the hill on the toboggans than to go down any other way, and one of the other boys immediately proposed that the three toboggans have a race. The doctor objected vigorously to this, but the boys overruled his objections, and before he knew what had happened he was whizzing down the hill with a couple of Red Devils on the back of his toboggan, and a toboggan-load of other Red Devils on either side of him, and with more Red Devils who had not been able to find room on the sleds charging down the hills behind him, howling like savages.

Now an improvised toboggan is not the best thing in the world to race on. It is not fitted for the strain. And the doctor's toboggan, as we know, was a very hastily improvised affair. Consequently, when it ran afoul of a concealed stump half-way down the hill, the boards and the snow-shovel parted company with a crack and a shock that sent the doctor and his companion Devils rolling head over heels down the icy incline into the swamp, where the doctor landed in an icy pool. It took them just three-quarters of an hour to repair damages and to pacify the doctor, who was so much irritated that he wanted to

walk the rest of the way; but at the end of that time they got started again, and in half an hour they had fought their way through the thick bushes and had crossed the swamp. When they came to the far edge of it and broke out of the undergrowth, they caught sight of the train almost completely buried in the snow.

At the anniversary dinner, which occurred about a week later, Tad's eldest brother made a speech, in which he told of the adventures of the party in the special car. He told of how melancholy and depressed every one was on the train.

"I sat looking out of the window of the car," he continued, "wondering if all that snow would ever melt, and praying that some sort of assistance might come to us. My eyes rested on the distant swamp, when suddenly I saw what looked to me like a band of Indians moving about in the bushes in all their feathers and war-paint. I did not believe it possible that there could be any savages in New Hampshire, but I could not discredit my eyes when the figures came in full view and set up a wild war-whoop. I felt convinced we were about to be scalped, for the Indians grabbed their sleds and made for the train as if they were thirsting for our chilly blood. It was not until the band was almost upon us that we recognized the boys, and I shall remember that sight and the feelings I had as long as I live. Heaven bless the Red Devils! They came over the snow like a hurricane, and their impetus was so great that they could hardly stop their toboggans. We picked the doctor up from under the baggage-car, and took him in and thawed him out. And I don't blame him for refusing to go back with the Red Devils."

And all this happened just exactly a year ago.

THE "SCUTNEY MAIL."

THE STORY OF A YOUNG PEOPLE'S NEWSPAPER VENTURE.

BY SOPHIE SWEET.

Part XX.

"I THINK we'd better propitiate 'em," Macurdy said, shaking his head sagely, when Tom told him of Luella's exactions, and called upon him to think of some way by which the paper could be made correct in grammar, and yet dispense with the services of girls.

"You can't leave girls out of your calculations," he continued, seriously. "They kind of hang together, and if you get them all down on the paper, why, you might as well not have any paper—that's all."

"They'll want to fill it full of compositions; the kind they tie up with blue ribbons; all about flowers and little brooks," said Tom, dejectedly.

"It ought to be easy to *manage* girls; we'll manage 'em," said Macurdy.

But Tom shook his head gloomily. "You haven't got sisters," he said.

It was finally arranged that Luella should be allowed to call herself the "literary editor," in very small type, and that everybody, "girls 'n' all," as Macurdy said, should be at liberty to send in contributions, but that nothing should appear in the paper without the consent of "the whole editorial staff." (That phrase was also Macurdy's.)

"She can't complain of that; they can't any of 'em complain," said Macurdy, with a modest sense of being equal to the occasion.

Tom didn't feel quite so sure of Luella's "sweet reasonableness," but the readiness with which Macurdy took hold of difficulties was cheering.

The question of the paper's name came up next. Tom wished to call it *The War Whoop*, or *The Boomerang*, or at least *The Scutney Boom*; he thought it should be a name that would make people understand that they were "up and coming." But Macurdy thought those names sounded more like a paper that was going to stir up things just for a while than one that was meant to last. To his mind an ordinary "grown-up name" was much better; he liked *The Journal*, or *The News*, or *The Sun*, or—

"Or *The Mail*," suggested Tom.

And Macurdy thought that name the best of all, because it sounded as if news had come from the world outside as well as from 'Scutney.

Tom gave up his striking names the more readily because he had thought of the best one of the "grown-up" kind; it didn't look well for Macurdy Green to think of everything when he was the proprietor of the paper.



"GIRLS AGAIN!" EJACULATED TOM, UNDER HIS BREATH.

"I'm going to send to Lenton for the paper and ink, Monday," he said. "Father says I may. And he says we may have our old tool-house for a publishing-house and office; there are two rooms, you know. I wish it was nearer the street."

Macurdy shook his head decidedly. "Plenty of people will come. Editors don't like to be bothered."

"We'll have the old building painted—" began Tom.

"Next spring," interrupted Macurdy. "We must be sure that the paper is going to pay first."

"You're the greatest fellow to think about making things pay," said Tom. "But I should like to know how it pays you to spend so much time on that Jim!" he went on, in an aggrieved tone. "He was on the wagon with you and Mr. Bigsby coming home from the store, and that was why you couldn't stop, I s'pose. You had got to help him take care of that bundle he was carrying."

Tom had a well-developed bump of curiosity, and he thought he ought to know what there was in that bundle which Macurdy had been helping Jim to hold on to as the wagon jolted along. When he reached Farmer Bigsby's that afternoon, he had found Jim just locking the door of the granary and thrusting the key hastily into his pocket; that queer-looking bundle was probably locked up there. Tom wouldn't ask what it was; he had asked what there was in that granary too many times already, only to receive an evasive reply. But he sternly resolved that he would very soon make Macurdy understand that between a publisher and his editor there must be no secrets.

Macurdy's freckled face grew red up to the rim of Farmer Bigsby's old hat. "Jim hasn't got anybody but me," said he. "He and I are just alike; we haven't got anybody but each other. And he knows a lot more than folks think he does, if his mind does trouble him some. He'll help us about the paper."

"I don't think that would do," said Tom, in quick alarm. Who knew but Jim would expect to have *his* name on the paper as some kind of editor? "He isn't what you could call very smart, anyway." Tom tried to speak delicately, for Macurdy was sensitive.

"If he should write what he knows about animals, I guess you'd want it in the paper," said Macurdy, stoutly. "There's nobody round here that knows so much."

"That's because he belonged to a circus company, I s'pose," said Tom.

But Macurdy shook his head. "I don't think he had belonged to it for long," he said. "He doesn't seem to remember much about it. And the circus people said he had run away from home and joined them only a little while before they got here."

"Some people think he's rich, and that he's hiding money 'round," hazarded Tom, glancing at Macurdy.

"That's a likely story, isn't it?" said Macurdy, scornfully. "I wish I knew where he came from," he went on, anxiously. "I'm afraid they'll send him to the State poor farm in the spring. It doesn't belong to 'Scutney to take care of him, and the Selectmen are talking about it. He doesn't have a very bad time here, if he does have to make up beds and wash dishes. I used to wash dishes for him; that's how I learned to do it so well that Mrs. Bigsby makes me do it all the time." And Macurdy heaved a long sigh, from a consciousness that good deeds do not always bring the reward that one might expect.

"I wish Jim could find his own folks, or that you would stop trying to be own folks to him," grumbled Tom. "I'm afraid it's going to be a hinderance to that paper."

"A fellow has to have more than one thing on his mind in this world," said Macurdy, with an anxious glance towards the old granary.

Tom made up his mind that it was time for a serious remonstrance with Macurdy, but just as he had braced himself against the pigpen and prepared to begin, girls' voices were heard eagerly calling "Tom Pickering," and

Nelly Lamphier and Bobsy Briggs came running into the barn.

Tom felt a sudden regret that he had allowed himself to talk about the prospective paper to Halsey Briggs and Dick Lamphier on his way over to see Macurdy. Some brothers had to run to their sisters with everything, he thought, indignantly.

"We want to put advertisements into the paper right away the very first number!" announced Bobsy.

"If there's a good circulation," interposed Nelly Lamphier. "Uncle Albert said we mustn't promise any ads—that's what he called them, ads—unless you can guarantee a good circulation."

"Girls again!" ejaculated Tom, under his breath.

"I want to advertise my three Angora kittens," pursued Bobsy, who had a less prudent mind than her friend. "They must give five dollars apiece and love them, and six for the white one; and shall I pay nails, or pins, or cookies? *I can* pay a large doughnut boy—or even twins."

Bobsy evidently felt a great sense of importance from her ability to make so magnificent an offer, and she was much astonished at Macurdy's laugh and Tom's scowl.

"Nails and doughnut boys, indeed!" cried Tom, scornfully—as scornfully as if he had not himself done much business with such commodities as legal tender. "If you want to advertise your kittens, you can pay so much a line—so much money. I don't know whether we want to take such advertisements—"

"Oh, yes, yes," hastily interposed Macurdy, who had an eye to business. "Twenty-five cents for one insertion, thirty-seven cents for two; you'd better take two. If you only sold one kitten it would pay you to advertise. You can't expect, you know, to sell your kittens for five dollars apiece, and pay us only doughnut boys for advertising them."

Bobsy pulled her worsted Tam o' Shanter down over her stubby tow-colored bangs, as if it were a thinking-cap, and reflected deeply.

"This is real business," explained Macurdy. "We expect to get up a paper that will grow up with us."

Bobsy and her friend looked at each other.

"We didn't think of its being a truly paper. You're only boys," said Nelly Lamphier.

"Have you got truly kittens to advertise?" asked Tom, with what he felt to be great acuteness. "Or are they only those stuffed things that the girls make?"

"They're real live kittens!" said Bobsy, indignantly. "And I like it better to advertise them in a real paper," she added. "I'm awful sick of make-believes. But I can't pay until the kittens are sold."

"Maybe you think we're like those medical fellows that advertise 'no cure, no pay,'" said Tom, angrily.

"We've got to propitiate 'em," whispered Macurdy.

"I can pay when I open my bank. It will open when there are ten dollars in it, and there are fifteen cents now," said Bobsy, hopefully.

"I think we can make an arrangement that will be satisfactory, Miss Briggs," said Macurdy, politely. "And we shall be open for business in our—our counting-room and editorial sanctum, on Dr. Pickering's grounds, by the last of next week."

Bobsy was so greatly abashed by this ceremonious speech that she slowly drew off her mitten and thrust her thumb into her mouth, while Nelly Lamphier stared at Macurdy for a moment, and then drew her friend away.

"D' you see me manage 'em?" demanded Macurdy.

"They're only little ones; wait until you have to manage the big ones," said Tom, with a shake of the head.

"I don't expect that paper is going to be published without any difficulties," said Macurdy, seriously. "That isn't the way of this world. But I like to pounce right on to difficulties and get the upper hand of 'em. It makes a fellow feel as if he was somebody."

"You can't pounce on to girls and—and crazy folks."

Tom had caught sight of Jim coming towards the barn, and felt vaguely irritated. He said to himself that he wished he ever could come to see Macurdy without having to see that Jim.

Jim stopped at the granary door and tried it, with an anxious look; then he went to the window and tried to peer in at the sides of the paper curtain which had been roughly nailed up.

"It's all right, Jim," called Macurdy. And Jim turned and came towards the boys with an expression of childish satisfaction replacing the anxiety on his face.

"All right," he repeated, "snug and warm." And then he said something in a low tone to Macurdy. It was about sleeping in the granary, or having a burglar-alarm, or so Tom thought, from the few words that came to his ears. He didn't mean to listen, but he could hardly help pricking up his ears a little at that. Macurdy evidently did not care to have any private conversation with Jim in Tom's presence.

"It's all right, all right, Jim," he repeated, reassuringly. "And the paper is all right too. We're going to print the first number next week."

Macurdy had had to go and tell Jim all about the paper already, thought Tom, with great disgust.

Macurdy had his arm around the boy, and Jim was looking at him with wistful eyes.

"I'll write something for the paper," he said, eagerly. "I can write now—just so you can make it out."

Jim had evidently once been able to read and write, but the fever had left him so vacant mentally that he had to begin over again with the little children. There were rough boys in 'Scutney who had giped and sneered at Jim for this, whom Macurdy had been obliged to thrash.

"Local items and general news are what we want. And I suppose we shall copy a good deal from other papers," said Tom, with a view to discouraging Jim.

"I'll write you all about the Queen of Sheba," said Jim, eagerly. "All I can remember," he added, with a touch of patient dejection. "I had forgotten all about her until that day that I went to Hebron with you and Mr. Bigsby, 'Curdy. She wasn't in the circus—do you think she was, 'Curdy? Where do you suppose I was when I had her?" There was a pathetic wistfulness in his voice, and he laid his hand pleadingly on Macurdy's shoulder.

"Never mind, old fellow, you'll remember all about it when you get strong," said Macurdy, cheerfully; but rather gruffly, because of a lump in his throat.

"We can't have Bible stories, you know; it isn't going to be a Sunday-school paper," said Tom, and he said it the more roughly because he was afraid his voice was a little husky; he wasn't going to be a softy about that fellow.

"Write it, Jim," said Macurdy. "Of course we can't put everything into the paper, but we'll see, we'll see!"

It struck Tom that Macurdy was taking a great deal upon himself about that paper. He'd better remember whose money was going to pay for it!

Jim went off, and Tom was preparing to speak his mind to Macurdy about his encouraging Jim to write for the paper, when Teddy Norcross and Orin Seaver came running up to the barn door.

"I say, Tom, who is going to report the ball games for your paper? There's the Hebrons and the 'Scutneys next Saturday, and—"

"Jolly! I never thought of that!" exclaimed Tom.

But Macurdy interrupted him. "We shall do those things ourselves—with such help as our friends want to give us," he explained.

"As I want a new bat, I thought maybe I could earn it that way," said Teddy Norcross, in a disappointed tone. "I'm just the fellow. And tennis games in summer—"

"You see, a 'Scutney paper can't afford to hire reporters in the beginning, anyway," said Macurdy. "But we're

sure that every—every public-spirited citizen will want to help us all he can."

"You don't want any assistant editors, or anything, that would work cheap, do you?" persisted Teddy, who had the reputation of being businesslike and thrifty.

"Not yet, anyway; if we should want any—" murmured Macurdy, politely.

"We heard that girls were going to b'long," said Orin Seaver, with a somewhat contemptuous accent.

"It's the fashion. We want to keep up with the times; you read about women in journalism, you know. And we think they'll come in handy about—about the fashions and—and and crochet-work—a girls' corner, or something like that," said Macurdy, delicately ignoring the sensitive points of grammar and spelling.

"You talk as if 'twas a grown-up paper," said Orin Seaver, a little sulkily.

"We mean it to be a growing-up paper," said Macurdy. "We expect it to grow up—"

"We mean business, and we're going to run it ourselves," said Tom, who felt that Macurdy, with his fine phrases, had kept him in the background all too long.

There was more than one boy in 'Scutney that day who felt it to be an unkind fate that Tom Pickering owned that printing-press, and was therefore Macurdy's partner, instead of himself.

"I tell you what, Macurdy," said Tom, as they separated, planting himself firmly on the ground, and holding his head very high, "I'll get a lot more type. That paper is going to be a Big Thing!"

Luella, for her part, did not keep on counting one-two-three-four after Tom left her. Although she had treated Tom's project with so little respect, no sooner had he gone than she whisked up stairs to tell Aunt Esther all about it (Aunt Esther tried to take their dead mother's place to Tom and Luella, and talked much to Luella about the influence she ought to have over Tom). Then Luella ran, all out of breath, over to Polly Rawson's to see what Polly would think of the paper. "Aunt Esther says it will be a great opportunity for us to soften and refine and elevate those boys," she said, after she had unfolded the great scheme to the attentive Polly.

"I'm sure they need it," said Polly, plaintively. "I wish somebody would do that to our Bing. I think we'd better help them, Luella. And I'll let them print 'The Enchanted Pumpkin Seed.'"

It was after nine o'clock that night—and nine o'clock was 'Scutney bedtime—when Tom, on his way to bed, answered a knock at the back door and found Macurdy.

"I couldn't come before," he said, breathlessly. "I've had to chop mince-meat and knit a stent; she don't know I've come now. I want you to let Jim put his piece into the paper. It will do him such a lot of good in his mind. And so I wanted you to know that the Queen of Sheba is only a turkey—a big white turkey."

"I didn't know we were going to print a paper to help people's minds," said Tom, sulkily. "And I don't like such a lot of mysteries!" Tom glanced meaningfully across the field towards the old granary, which stood out white in the moonlight, although it was weather-worn and gray.

"It's awful cold, isn't it?" said Macurdy, his gaze following Tom's anxiously. "And if Jim wants to put anything into the paper about Sarah Lond I think we'd better let him. It will be awful interesting."

"If she's anybody that 'Scutney folks know," said Tom—for he didn't want to quarrel with Macurdy.

"I tell you we're going to do great things with that paper, Tom," said Macurdy, evasively, as he pulled his woollen comforter up over his ears and trudged away.

"I s'pose Sarah Lond is somebody that they've got shut up in the old granary," said Tom to himself, with what he thought was sarcasm, as he went off to bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE IN A PARIS SCHOOL.

THE American school-boy does not know how well off he is until he tries a few terms of school life in some foreign country. Then he soon realizes that the home institutions are really not run on the plan of "all work and no play," as he used to think they were, and that the rules and regulations he once considered onerous are, on the other hand, most delightfully simple and unobjectionable. The writer attended school in Paris some years ago, and it was there that he came to these conclusions. He, as a foreigner, was not forced to live the same kind of life that the French boys accepted as a perfectly natural thing, but he had every opportunity to see just what this life was, and as a consequence he became a more patriotic American.

The large Paris schools are called *lycées*, or lyceums, but the pupils refer to them as "boxes"; and this is not at all surprising when you consider that the boys are kept shut up in the schools just about as if they were in a box or a prison. They are also required to wear a distinctive uniform, which is usually of dark blue cloth, with gold buttons and gold embroidery, and a peak cap bearing the monogram of the school in front. They sleep in dormitories, fifteen or twenty in one room, and get their exercise and recreation in a gravelled court-yard in the rear of the school buildings. This yard is usually not very large, and the only games the scholars play are marbles, tops, and leap-frog or tag. There is no football or baseball or tennis, and even the childish games they do indulge in are under the supervision of a tutor. On Thursdays the boys are taken out for a promenade in charge of a tutor, and they are marched around the streets two by two for an hour or more. Those boys whose parents live in Paris, and those who have friends in the city, are allowed once in two weeks to visit their friends and relatives on Sunday. Of course almost every boy can rake up some sort of a "relative," for the sake of getting out of the "box" occasionally, and those with imaginary relatives spend their time on the boulevards eating cakes and seeing the sights. This



ON THURSDAY AFTERNOONS.

they would probably not do if they enjoyed the liberty accorded to American boys, instead of being confined for weeks in a walled yard.

Besides the games already mentioned, the older boys in the Paris schools may take fencing lessons and riding lessons. All those who can afford to invariably jump at



LEARNING LATIN VERSES AT RECESS AS A PUNISHMENT.

the chance of taking a riding lesson, for this gives them an additional opportunity to get out of the "box." But these French boys on horseback are sorry-looking sights, and afford constant subjects for caricatures in the Paris comic papers.

The method of punishment is to make a scholar write several thousand lines as a task, or to deprive him of his Thursday walk, or to deprive him of one or more of his Sundays out. A minor punishment is inflicted by making the boys stand up against the wall of the playground and learn Latin verses by heart during recess.

The working-hours are somewhat longer than in America, because certain fixed hours are set aside for preparation and study. For instance, there is a recitation at eight o'clock in the morning, then a study hour, and then fifteen minutes' recess, followed by another study hour. In the afternoon there are usually two recitation hours and one study hour. All studying is done in the classrooms under the supervision of a tutor, and no talking is allowed. As a result of this enforced silence the boys become adepts in a sort of deaf-and-dumb sign-language, and carry on lengthy conversations which they would never think of wasting time on if they might say what they had to say out loud. At four o'clock every afternoon the boys line up in the playground, and servants pass along in front of them with baskets of bread-and-butter, each boy helping himself to a slice as his turn comes.

At the schools where there are both boarders and day scholars, as is the case at a number of the Paris *lycées*, the boarders are forbidden to speak to the day boys, and usually have a different playground. But they do speak to one another, nevertheless, and the day scholars act as messengers to the outside world, and smuggle all sorts of forbidden delicacies and story papers into the school for the boarders.

We have no such system as this in America. The American boy is looked upon by his teachers as a young citizen with self-respect and a gentlemanly sense of honor. He is not forbidden to do things before he ever thinks of doing them, and for that very reason he remains a better-behaved boy than the lad of any other country. So we may all well be thankful that we are Americans, and that we can go to school in a country where every boy gets a fair opportunity to make himself a good man.

HAND-IN-HAND SKATING.

BY W. G. VAN T. SUTPHEN.

THERE can be no lasting interest in any form of sport unless some definite end is kept in view, some problem finally worked out, some purpose accomplished. There is no amusement in shooting arrows aimlessly into the air or in carelessly knocking tennis-balls over a net. The archer is intent on seeing how often he can hit the gold; the tennis-player tries to put that ball over in such a way that his opponent cannot return it. The score, the game—something is the object.

Now skating is one of the oldest and most popular of winter amusements, and yet how many of the thousands of boys and girls who anxiously await the hoisting of the "red ball" know anything more than the merest beginnings of the art? The vast majority of skaters are perfectly satisfied with being able to progress in an aimless, desultory fashion up and down the ice and keep out of the way of the hockey-players. And I may add that hockey, good game that it is, is not skating, in the real sense of the word, and it can never help you to anything better than the ability to keep your feet (and your temper) in a rough-and-tumble scrimmage after a little block of wood or a rubber "puck." And yet there is something better.

Aside from speed-skating, which few can hope to excel in, there is figure-skating, as it is popularly called. It is generally supposed to be very difficult, and in some respects it is so. To attempt it without the assistance of a teacher requires unlimited pluck and perseverance. There are a number of books on the subject, illustrated with elaborate diagrams, and everything made easy, in theory. But the actual thing in practice—that is very different. It is like "French at Home, in Six Easy Lessons," or, "The Violin Without a Master." The hard work does pay in the end, if persevered in, but the beginner generally gets disgusted after the first few failures and goes back to tag and hockey. Perhaps that has been your experience—you have tried, and found it of no use. And yet you do envy the expert skater, who glides past you on the "back cross-roll" so easily and gracefully that you are certain that it must feel like flying.

Well, that is exactly what it does feel like, and I am going to suggest a plan by which you may secure that delightful sensation for yourself at the expense of comparatively little time and trouble. After you have once known the fascination that there is in true figure-skating, you will probably feel encouraged to take up again the explanations and diagrams of the discarded textbooks.

Hand-in-hand figures are among the prettiest things that can be done upon the ice from the spectators' point of view, and they are easiest for the performers. You have the assistance of your partner at every critical moment, and movements such as the forward-rocking turn, which

require weeks of practice to do alone, can be executed hand in hand with comparative ease. In individual figure-skating you are obliged to advance very slowly in order to preserve correct form; in hand-in-hand skating the "form" is of less importance, or, rather, it seems to come of itself.

Let us take the Mercury, or 3-scud, as the English call it. If you will analyze the movements in the Forward Mercury (Fig. 3) you will see that there is first a glide on the left-foot outside edge backward (L.O.B.), then a glide forward on the right-foot outside edge (R.O.F.), and finally a cross-roll on the left-foot outside edge forward (L.O.F.), which finishes in a little backward turn on the same foot, leaving you in position to repeat the movement with the right foot on the outside edge backward (R.O.B.). Examining in like manner the detail of the Backward Mercury (Fig. 4), which is done by your partner at the same time that you are performing the "Forward," you will notice that it is exactly the same, except that there are *two* backward glides and *one* forward, while in the "Forward" there are *two* forward glides and *one* backward.

It is necessary, then, that both you and your partner should be able to skate the outside edge forward and back and make the little curl-like turn, and also that one of you should be reasonably proficient on the cross-roll backward. It sounds very difficult, but remember that I am not asking you to attempt all this alone; the secret lies in the fact that you will help each other.

The outside edge forward is the first movement to be attempted. Try it with hands joined and crossed, and endeavor to make the stroke together—that is, in the same time. Lean boldly outward, and make the curve as long as possible. Try it again, but this time hand in hand, that is, with one hand free. It will be well to change sides occasionally.

Now for the same edge in a backward direction. To put the first question in the catechism to a very practical use, and to simplify the explanation, I will assume that you are M and that your partner is N. Join hands (not crossed), and let M try the outside backward on alternate feet, while N keeps both feet on the ice and simply squirms along in a serpentine line, and helps M to preserve his balance. M can then perform the same kindly office for N.

The only difference between the outside forward and the corresponding cross or Dutch roll (Fig. 1) is that the unemployed foot, instead of being put down alongside of the employed, is swung entirely over and set down in front of the foot on which you have been gliding, and which is then immediately taken up. Join hands (not crossed), and let N skate backward, keeping both feet firmly on the ice. M will then follow on the outside forward, remembering to cross the unemployed foot just at the end of the glide. After the unemployed foot is swung over and put down, lift the other quickly, and let it swing gently out over the ice, and then bring it in ready for the next cross. You will soon find that you will not have to push off as you

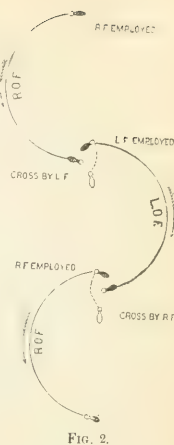


FIG. 2.

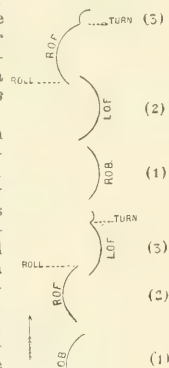


FIG. 3.

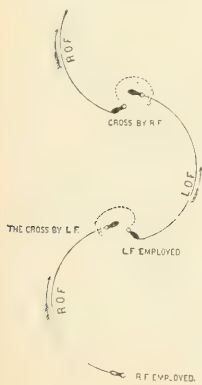


FIG. 1.

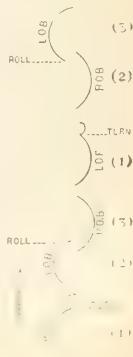


FIG. 4.

did on the ordinary outside edge; the swing of the unemployed leg is quite sufficient to bring you around.

Now for N's part, the backward cross roll (Fig. 2), which is not quite so easy. As before, M will keep both feet on the ice, so as to give his partner a firm support. Join hands (not crossed), and let N take several backward steps as though he were walking, but crossing his feet alternately, the one behind the other, and turning the skate so that the outer edge is the one placed on the ice. After seven or eight steps press the blade firmly into the ice as you set it down so that you can feel it "bite." Now give the unemployed leg a swing as you take it up; let it come all the way around, so that you can put it down (on the outside edge) well crossed behind the employed foot. Lean out as you do this, and let the skate that is on the ice move freely. Your partner can help you immensely if he will lift up on your hands, and at the same time gently force you over in the proper direction. It will seem impossible at first, but the knack will come all in a flash, and you will realize that it is the twist of your shoulders and the swing of the unemployed leg that is doing the work. It is very necessary to get these forward and back cross-rolls as perfect as possible before attempting the Mercury proper. Unless you can do them, the pace quickly gets too fast and dangerous, and the figure is spoiled.

There is only one thing more before we begin to put our material together, and that is the little turn on the same foot which is technically called a 3. This particular turn is very easy, and is the natural one that everybody uses. Make the end or tail short, and practise on each foot forward and back.

As soon as M can be sure of his forward cross-roll, and N of the corresponding backward movement, we can try the whole figure. We will suppose that M has learned the "Forward," and N the "Backward." If anything, the "Backward" is the lady's step, as her partner should do the steering. Join hands (not crossed) and stand facing each other. Endeavor to take the strokes together in exactly the same time. You will find it of advantage to count one, two, three, as in learning the waltz. For instance, in the "Backward," begin on the right outside forward, and turn a 3 (count one), drop on the left outside back (*two*), cross the right foot behind, and continue on the right cross-roll backward (*three*). If now you are looking over your left shoulder, as you should on a right outside back, you will be ready for the left outside forward, ending with a 3 (*one*), the drop on to the right outside back (*two*), and the cross-roll backward on the left foot (*three*). The counting is the same for M, who does the "Forward," but he should be particular to see that his cross-roll forward (in which he makes the 3) is done in exactly the same time that N is doing the cross-roll back. The steering can be brought to as high a degree of perfection as in a ballroom. A variation of this figure, called the "Flying Mercury," is sometimes skated, the difference being that the skaters do not make the little turn or 3, but jump from one edge to another. It is very much more difficult, and should not be attempted without long practice on the regular figure. After you have become proficient in skating the Mercury with a partner, you can do the two movements by yourself. The "Forward" is particularly effective when done alone.

There are many other hand-in-hand figures, such as "Double Mohawks," "Q Scuds," and "Rocking Turns," which look well done hand in hand. If you once learn the Mercury, and get a little insight into the fascinating mystery of figure-skating, you will be anxious to look them up in the books, or seek the assistance of some friendly expert.

If you have a file or the bound volume of the *YOUNG PEOPLE* for 1892, look up the article on figure-skating under date of March 8th. It contains some valuable hints

on skate-fastenings and foot-gear. Above all, don't use straps, or you will never be able to skate with confidence and freedom. It is not strength but suppleness of ankle that is required, and any ankle that is strong enough to walk on without turning is strong enough to skate with. Straps cramp the muscles and stop the circulation. Use heel-plates and a key-fastening at the sole, unless you can set aside a pair of shoes for skating only, when the foot-stock should be permanently attached to the boot by ordinary screws.

A TROUBLESOME CHILD.

MY Maud Louise is a Paris doll
With the cunningest turned-up nose,
And four white teeth, and a parasol,
And lace all over her clothes.

And, goodness, isn't she just the worst!
She's never a moment still.
She sucked my red balloon till it burst—
Of course she was deathly ill.

She's always running away to hide
On purpose to make me search;
She jumps on wagons to steal a ride,
And giggles aloud in church!

She broke the blade of my pocket-knife;
I haven't a dish uncracked.
Why, every day of her naughty life
She has to be simply whacked!

I'm just discouraged. Won't some of you
Whose dollies are good and mild
Please write me, telling me what to do
To manage this dreadful child?

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

HOME-MADE VALENTINES.

ST. VALENTINE is a saint whom we all love to honor. For many years we did homage to him with lace paper, sentimental verses, and foolish pictures. Then for a time he retired in disgust; but of later years he has come to claim the attention of both old and young, and in his name all sorts of pretty and attractive trifles are sent from friend to friend.

Boubonnières and flowers tied with true-love knots are perhaps the most favored messengers of the older folk, but the charming bits of sentiment which you make yourselves are the best possible valentines for you.

A valentine is a message of love or of true friendship. St. Valentine's day has become an occasion for the sending of little gifts, for remembering one's friends with dainty cards or with a bunch of flowers; but fortunately it has not yet become a rival of Christmas, and does not entail giving to each and every one, only to the chosen few whom you wish to greet in loving fashion.

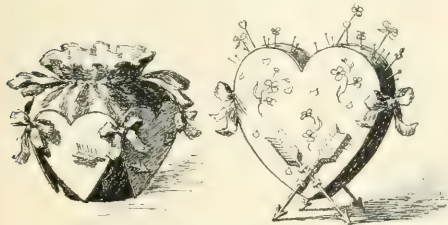
The boubon - box, shown in the first illustration, makes a really delightful valentine, and carries, besides the sentiment expressed by the hearts and the arrows, the sweets so dear to every girl. It is really very simple to make. The bag is of silk, true-blue, or anything you may prefer, and must be made and finished before the hearts are touched.

First cut a disk of card-board four inches in diameter, and cover it neatly on both sides with the silk. Then cut a strip thirteen inches wide by thirty long, seam it, turn in the upper edge for a distance of three inches, and stitch in casings half an inch wide for the strings. Gather the lower edge of the strip, after turning it under for about half an inch, and overhand it firmly to the covered disk of board. When that is done begin to make the hearts.

Of these there should be four cut from celluloid, each measuring five inches at its widest point. When they are all in readiness punch a hole in each at the point of meeting, and tie them all together with narrow ribbon as the drawing indicates. Purchase four gilt or silver arrows, and stick them through the hearts and the bag in such a way as to make all firm. Run some ribbons through the casings, and fill your bag with confections.

The pin-cushion is a little more complicated than either the frame or the bag, and, when completed, makes a little more of a gift. It is not difficult, however, and requires only attention as to details.

You must first buy four gilt arrows of medium size, such as are used for trimming hats, and must then cut the pattern of a heart, which shall be proportionate to them in size. When that is



BONBON-BOX AND PIN-CUSHION.

done cut two pieces of card-board after the pattern, and two pieces of fine white linen big enough to cover them. On each piece of linen embroider forget-me-nots. Press the work, and carefully cover the foundation boards. Then overhand neatly to each one edge of a band of ribbon, one, two, or three inches wide, according to the size of the heart. Leave a small opening at one side, and through it fill all the space between the two hearts with lamb's wool, until a perfect cushion is formed. Close the opening. Cross the arrows so as to form supports or feet, and stitch them firmly into place.

Tie a ribbon bow at each side of the heart, and into the cushion stick small pins showing heads in heart shape, in four-leaf clover, and in the lover's knot. You may be sure that the friend to whom you send the greeting will be charmed, and that your valentine will be a perfect success.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TODDLES.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was a steep climb to the top of the hill, and when they reached the summit Tommy was quite out of breath and very warm. He looked about for some place to rest, but there was not any. The top of the hill was bare except for a few stubby alder-bushes and half a dozen white birches, which trembled in the breeze that was blowing in from the sea.

"This is the place," said the Sheep, presently.

"I don't see any other place around here," retorted the ex-Pirate, "so I suppose this *must* be the place."

"What place?" asked Tommy.

"Don't you see?" queried the ex-Pirate.

"Don't I see what?"

"Everything. This is the place where you see everything." And the ex-Pirate waved his hands out toward the horizon.

In fact, it seemed as if what he had said were true. Tommy thought he really could have seen everything if his eyes had only been strong enough. The view appeared to have no bounds. The hill was not so very high, yet it seemed to the little boy as if he were up in a balloon, and was looking down upon the whole world. Not far distant was the sea, with the waves breaking on the broad sandy beach, and the deep blue water stretching off immeasurably toward the sky. In the other direction were hills and valleys and green fields; and far away were peaceful towns and villages with church spires sticking up out of a tangle of roofs and chimneys. Tommy felt very much impressed, and wondered again how it was that he and his Uncle Dick had never discovered this beautiful spot. "How nice it would be to have a house up here," mused the little boy, and then he suddenly bethought himself of his own house that he had run away from so unexpectedly. He looked over in the direction where he thought the big house ought to be, but he could not locate it anywhere in the landscape, and he did not quite like to ask the Sheep or the ex-Pirate to show it to him. "It must be an awful long way off," he concluded, mentally, "if

I can't see it from here." And then he sighed and wondered how he was ever going to get back.

"Well, I don't see them," exclaimed the Sheep, who had been standing on top of a boulder, and peering intently in the direction of the ocean.

"You don't see who?" asked Tommy, coming out of his reverie.

"The animals."

"Perhaps they are behind that knoll yonder," suggested the ex-Pirate. "The Penguin lives there, and they may be calling at his house."

"They may be," said the Sheep. "We'll go there." And he jumped to the ground.

"But can't we rest a little while first?" pleaded Tommy.

"Certainly; let's rest," said the ex-Pirate; "and we'll have some luncheon too. Kindly ring the bluebells."

Tommy had taken a seat on the grass near one of the birches, but he had not noticed that there was a beautiful spray of bluebells growing almost at his elbow. When the ex-Pirate called his attention to them he leaned over and touched the flowers, and as he did so they tinkled merrily and loudly, just like his mother's tea-bell at home.

"That's right," said the Sheep, quite heedless of Tommy's surprised look. "That will bring the Dumb Waiter. Indeed, there he comes now."

All three looked down toward the foot of the hill, in the direction pointed out by the Sheep, and they saw some one coming rapidly up toward them. As he approached, Tommy perceived that the new-comer was an undersized man with a bald head and side whiskers. He wore a short black coat and a long white apron that hung down to his toes, just like the waiters Tommy had seen in the city restaurants.

"That's the Dumb-Waiter," said the ex-Pirate to the little boy. "What do you want to eat?"

"I don't know; what can I have?"

"Anything."

"I think I'd like something sweet."

"You can have a sweet-potato," said the ex-Pirate; and then, turning to the Sheep, "What will you have?"

"Can you spare a grass?" asked the Sheep.

"Do you like asparagus?" broke in Tommy; but before the Sheep could answer, the ex-Pirate turned on the little boy sharply and said: "Keep quiet until your next turn comes. You have ordered once!"

And so Tommy leaned up against the birch and said nothing more, but just gazed at the Dumb-Waiter, who stood near by in silence, bowing his head respectfully at each order given to him by the ex-Pirate.

"Well, what will you have?"

"I guess I'll take some Hayberry Long-cake," replied the Sheep.

"Very well. Hayberry Long-cake for him," said the ex-Pirate, "and you may bring me some soft-boiled egg-plants and some watermelon on toast."

Then the Dumb-Waiter bowed again, and began making his preparations for serving the luncheon. All his dishes and knives and forks seemed to be down at the foot of the hill, and he kept running up and down for some time to collect these. He never seemed to bring up more than one or two things at a time, and seldom the thing that was wanted. The ex-Pirate kept finding fault with him and scolding him, and at last he turned to Tommy and said:

"That's always the way with these Dumb-Waiters. They never bring up what you want."

And at each word of reproach the Dumb-Waiter would exclaim, "Oh my, but I do get so tired of running up and down!" and then he would disappear down the hill again and bring up what was wanted.

"I thought you said he was a dumb waiter?" remarked Tommy, after he had heard the servant speak several times.

"He is a Dumb-Waiter," replied the Sheep.

"But I thought a dumb waiter meant one who could not talk," continued the little boy.

"Oh no," laughed the Sheep. "We call him a Dumb-Waiter because he runs up and down. All Dumb-Waiters run up and down, you know," and as Tommy had never seen any dumb-waiters that did not run up and down (except when they were out of order), he was forced to be contented with this peculiar and rather unsatisfactory explanation.

When the Dumb-Waiter had brought up all that was necessary for the meal, the ex-Pirate got down on his hands and knees and wanted the servant to set the table on his back.



THE DUMB-WAITER BROUGHT THE CAKE UP THE HILL ON
ROLLER-SKATES.

"What for?" asked the Sheep.

"Why, I want this luncheon to be on me, you know," explained the ex-Pirate, genially; but the Sheep would not agree to this, and wanted it to be on him. A wrangle ensued, in which Tommy wisely decided to take no part, and the two disputants finally compromised on allowing the ex-Pirate to sit down and hold the dishes on his lap instead of having them served on his back.

"I am glad you like sweet things," he remarked to Tommy, as the little boy began to eat his sweet-potato.

"I can't say that I care much for sweet-potatoes, though," ventured Tommy, who was forcing himself to eat so as not to be impolite to his host.

"Oh, no matter," answered the ex-Pirate, pleasantly; "try something else." (But Tommy noticed that there was nothing else to try.) "All sweet things are sweet, you know," he continued; "even things that apparently have no taste. Now love-letters, for instance, are sweet."

"Yes, indeed," put in the Sheep. "The Monkey's love-letter must have been sweet. But then he wrote it in jam."

"Did you ever hear about that?" asked the ex-Pirate, turning to Tommy, and upsetting several dishes into the grass as he did so. "It is classic—one of my classics." And then, without waiting for the little boy to answer, he began to recite:

"Said the Monkey to the Tapir,
One Sunday afternoon,
'Won't you let me have some paper,
With some jelly and a spoon?
'For I want to write a letter
To a pretty Perroquet,
And I really think I'd better
Make the message rather sweet."

"It was raspberry jelly," commented the Sheep.

"What?" exclaimed Tommy. "Did the Monkey use a spoon for a pen and raspberry jelly for ink?"

"That's what he did," said the ex-Pirate. "It was a red-letter day for the Perroquet, I tell you!"

Further conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the Hayberry Long-cake. This was a new dish to Tommy. It was a sort of cake, apparently stuffed with hay or straw, and was fully three yards long. The Dumb-Waiter brought the cake up the hill on roller-skates. One skate was fastened to each end of the cake, so that it looked like an eight-wheeled toy wagon. The Sheep ate several yards of the odd delicacy, and the ex-Pirate likewise took a number of slices, and when they had eaten as much as they could, they called the Dumb-Waiter and made him eat some of it, because, as they explained afterwards to Tommy, they always feed the waiter. Then they all three arose and started down the hill toward the sea-shore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IT ALL DEPENDED.

"BOBBIE," said the teacher, "spell eye."

"Which one do you mean?" said Bobbie. "The eye you see with or the I you say one with?"

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

"MAMMA," said Willie, "do you pay Jennie fifteen dollars a month for looking after me?"

"No, sixteen," said Mamma. "She is a good nurse and deserves it."

"Well, I say, ma, I'll look after myself for ten. You'll save six by it."

DIDN'T LIKE TO BE CALLED NAMES.

"How do you like that little French girl next door, Polly?"

"Don't like her at all," said Polly. "She calls me names. She called me a ma'amsele yesterday, and I ain't."

THOUGHT IT WAS SMOKE.

"WHY, mamma," said Willie, as he went out into the cold and could see his own breath, "give me a glass of water quick. I must be on fire inside."

BOBBIE'S OFFER.

THERE'S a lot of fine things I'd like to be,
But don't you make any mistake.

The best of the lot, as it seems to me,
Is to be

A great big scrap-basket for scraps of cake,
Or a box for spice—

They're both of 'em nice.

If you want me for either, I'll come for half price.

THE REASON WHY.

JACK had been to the barber shop with his father. On the way back he asked, "Was that charlotte-russe he put on your face?"

"No, my son," was the reply. "That was lather."

"Oh," said Jack. "I wondered why you let him whittle it off without tasting it."

HIS ADVENTURE.

WILBUR. "I got lost out in the woods to-day."

UNCLE BEN. "And what did you do?"

WILBUR. "I just got scared, and wandered 'round till I found myself."

A DISCOVERY.

"MA," said Robbie, "I know why canary-birds is all yell'er."

"Why, dear?"

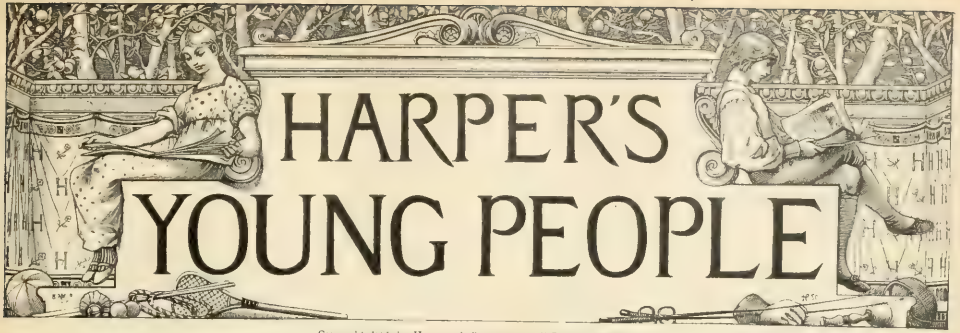
"Because they're always yelling."

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL QUERY.

ALICE. "The owl can only see in the dark, can't he, aunty?"

AUNTY. "Yes, Alice."

ALICE. "Then what do you suppose he sees when he shuts his eyes?"



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



A NOCTURNAL REPULSE.

A STORY OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY L. A. TEREHEL.

IT was only natural that the boys of the Hamford School should be in all things the rivals of the boys of the Tarlton School, inasmuch as the two towns were only five miles apart, and every year there were baseball games and football matches and tennis tournaments held to determine which school should boast the championship. In some ways the Hamford School had the advantage, for there were thirty-three boys there, whereas at Tarlton the roll showed but twenty-six, including little Willie Ricketts, who was only ten years old, and enjoyed

the distinction of being the smallest boy of either institution. Nevertheless, as Willie used to say himself, he was "right in the game" with the older boys, and he insisted upon being called Ricketts by them, instead of Willie, which he considered "too young."

It had been the custom, ever since the Tarlton Academy had existed, for the boys to have some sort of midwinter celebration between the Christmas and Easter holidays, and latterly this celebration had come to be held on St. Valentine's day, since that came about mid-term, and fur-

nished, as the French professor used to put it, a good *raison d'être*. It was the custom, too, to invite the Hamford boys to the party, but this year the latter received no invitations, because at the football game the previous November they had impressed the town butcher boy into their rush-line, and had put up such an ungentlemanly game besides (in order to win the championship, which they had not held for three years), that the Tarlton boys decided to have no more to do with them until they showed themselves in every way more worthy of their attention. Of course, the Hamford scholars said they did not care to go to Tarlton—five miles across the snow—to a Valentine party or to any other kind of a party, and that, anyhow, they would not have gone this year if they had been asked. Nevertheless, they chafed under the gentle snub, and some of the more unforgiving ones among them proposed to retaliate.

"I'll tell you how it was," said little Willie Ricketts, after he had gathered all the Tarlton boys he could find, and they had locked the door of the school-room. They were talking in whispers, and there was no light except what slipped out through the cracks in the stove.

"I'll tell you how it was. You know my aunt promised to contribute the cream-cakes for the Valentine party—"

"Yep!" ejaculated the fat boy so loudly, that Tim Denny had to poke him in the ribs to make him keep quiet.

"Well," continued Willie, "old Slotter, down on Bank Street, says he's got so much to do for that Valentine party he can't make the cream-cakes."

"Oh, pshaw!" murmured the fat boy, and Tim poked again.

"So Slotter told my aunt he thought Binnicks, at Hamford, could make 'em, and send 'em over in the afternoon." (A sort of gurgling noise from the fat boy.) "So to-day she took me to drive the horse, and we went over to Hamford in a cutter, and she talked with Binnicks, and Binnicks said he'd make the cakes for us. And then my aunt says for me to stay at Binnicks's and keep warm while she calls on old Mrs. Talbot; and they put me in one of those little stalls of Binnicks's, where they serve ice-cream and stuff, you know, and they gave me a cup of chocolate and a huge piece of cake."

"Gosh!" interrupted the fat boy again. "What kind, Ricketts?"

But Willie disdained to reply. "Well, now, here's how it happened. I hadn't been in there two minutes when three o' those Hamford fellows came in and sat down in the next coop to mine, and ordered a whole apple-pie and some hot lemonade. And one of 'em says, 'This ain't anything to what our Valentine party 'll be.' And another says, 'Wonder if Tarlton pie is as good as this?' And another says, 'I know from experience that Tarlton ice-cream is mighty good.' Of course I could not help hearing all they said—the partition was so thin—and what do you think? The Hamford crowd's goin' to sneak over here the night of our party in a sleigh, and try to steal the freezers off the back steps, and rush the kitchen, and get all the cake and stuff, and carry it off and eat it themselves!"

Now there was nothing Willie Ricketts could have said that would have caused greater consternation among the Tarlton School boys than the announcement of the proposed invasion from Hamford. The fat boy nearly fainted, and wanted to notify Mr. Day, the principal of the rival academy, at once. But the older boys patted Willie on the back and called him "Ricketts, old man," and made him tell the story all over again in detail, and then they held a council of war. They decided that it would be improbable that more than ten or a dozen of the Hamford boys would come over to do the stealing, and they concluded that the twenty-six boys of the Tarlton

Academy were sufficient to meet and punish them. So they decided to say nothing to Mr. Burns, the Head Master, or to any one else, and after half an hour's discussion they hit upon a plan of action that suited everybody, including little Willie Ricketts, who thought it was great.

During the following four days which preceded St. Valentine's, the boys of the Tarlton School spent all their leisure hours in throwing snowballs. At recess they plugged away at the trees and the fences, and even in the evening they went out in the yard and threw snowballs in the dark. Mr. Burns thought his scholars had all been seized with a mania for snowballing, but as long as they pelted the trees, and not one another, he did not interfere. On the afternoon of St. Valentine's day they ceased throwing, and spent most of the time in the moulding of snowballs, which they carefully laid in rows along the back of the house near the kitchen, and down near the gate. They must have made several hundred, all nice round ones.

The Valentine party began at half past seven o'clock. All the young people of Tarlton were present, and there were games of every description. Everybody seemed to be having a delightful time, and nobody appeared to notice that three or four of the boys were always absent.

At the council of war, Tim Denny had been elected general-in-chief for the defence of the ice-cream, and he had made very elaborate plans to thwart the dark schemes of the Hamford invaders. He arranged to have four outposts where boys should watch until the enemy appeared, and then give the alarm, which was to be sounded on a tin fish-horn. Each picket was provided with such a horn. One stood at an upper window, another perched in a tree near the rear gate, a third in another tree near the front gate, and a fourth loitered in the main hallway of the school-house, so as to blow his horn in-doors as soon as he heard the alarm from the watchers outside. Tim changed his pickets every fifteen or twenty minutes, so that none of the guests would notice the absence of any of the boys. Shortly after eight o'clock Willie Ricketts's turn to watch came, and he ran out to the tree in the back-yard and relieved the fat boy.

"Sh!" said the latter. "I just saw two fellows walk up the street and look at the house, and walk around to the front. I couldn't recognize 'em, but I guess they're Hamfords!"

The fat boy's teeth were chattering with cold and excitement as he slid down to the ground and gave the tin-horn to Willie, who clambered quickly up into the tree. Then, when silence had been completely restored after the change of pickets, and nothing could be heard but the shouts and laughter of the merry-makers in the school-house, Willie peered down the snow-covered street, and presently saw a sleigh with several people in it coming slowly toward him. There was nothing remarkable about the sleigh, except that the horses wore no sleigh-bells, which was a very unusual thing for self-respecting horses to do in Tarlton. So Willie kept very quiet and made himself as small as possible, and waited with his heart jumping and thumping as though it would leap out of his throat.

The sleigh came slowly up until it was abreast of the school-house and then stopped. It was drawn by two horses, and carried, as near as the little boy could discern, eight persons. One of them got out quietly, and hastened across the snow to the rear of the school-house, where the freezers stood. Willie had orders not to give the alarm until all the marauders were in the yard, so he prepared to blow his horn as soon as the others should respond to the low whistle that the first boy had just sounded. But poor little Willie Ricketts had become so numb and excited up there in the branches, that his fingers did not get

a good hold on the horn, and it went banging down the side of the tree to the ground with an alarming noise. At this Willie was almost ready to cry with disappointment, but fortunately the necessity for this was quickly removed by Tim Denny himself, who had been taking his turn at the garret window, who had seen everything, and had been hoping that Willie would not blow too soon. So Tim put the whole force of his lungs into his fish-horn, the boy in the hall blew like a madman, and little Willie almost shrieked himself hoarse.

Every boy of the Tarlton School, as if actuated by one impulse, rushed for the doors as soon as they heard the alarm. They poured out into the yard, where they saw half a dozen strange boys struggling across the snow with the heavy ice-cream freezers toward the sleigh near the back gate. The Tarlton scholars grabbed their convenient snowballs, and let fly such a shower of frozen missiles at the ice-cream thieves as had never been seen before. Almost every ball seemed to hit the mark, too. The marauders dropped the pails (which were really only dumplings filled with bricks), and ran for their sleigh, after making a slight pretense at retaliation.

"Aim at the horses!" shouted little Willie Ricketts, in his shrill voice, and a shower of snowballs started the Hamford steeds at a breakneck speed down the road, while a second volley fell on the heads and backs of the boys in the sleigh. One boy was thrown out by the sudden leap of the frightened horses, and was unmercifully pelted as he got up and ran after his fast-disappearing companions.

The Tarlton boys were satisfied with their victory, and did not pursue their enemies. They returned to the school-house, where all the guests had gathered in their wraps at the doors and windows to see what all the shouting and throwing was about. The scholars came into the brilliantly lighted school-room, where they found Mr. Burns sitting in his chair, wearing a somewhat severe expression of countenance. But they felt conscious of having done right, and before the Head Master could ask for an explanation, little Willie Ricketts was lifted up on to the platform, where he said he would explain the whole thing to everybody if they would only sit down and be quiet.

When he had finished the story he was loudly cheered, and the ice-cream and cake were immediately brought in by the servants.

The next day Mr. Burns went over to Hamford and called on Mr. Day. The result was that all the Hamford boys were summoned into the school-room, and eight of them, who had black eyes and bruised heads and faces, were disgracefully dismissed.

THE FOUR WINDS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE wind o' the West
I love it best.
The wind o' the East
I love it least.

The wind o' the South
Has sweet in its mouth.
The wind o' the North
Sends great storms forth.

Taken together all sorts of weather,

The four old fellows are sure to bring—

Hurry and hurry, rush and scurry,

Sighing and dying, and flitting and flying,

Through summer and autumn and winter and spring.

A MUSICAL GENIUS.

DURING the reign of Louis XI. of France there was attached to his court one Abbot de Baigne, a man of considerable wit. The Abbot was somewhat musically inclined, and delighted the court with inventions of odd musical instruments. One day the King, after having enjoyed a hearty laugh over one of these curious contrivances, and desiring to baffle this musical genius, commanded him to produce harmonious sounds from the cries of hogs. This seemed an impossibility to the King, and he prepared himself to enjoy the discomfiture of the Abbot. Much to his surprise, however, the Abbot readily agreed to produce them. All he required was a sum of money, upon the receipt of which he declared he would invent the most surprising thing that was ever heard.

He scoured the country and secured a large quantity of hogs, trying their voices as to pitch and quality, and finally, having fully satisfied himself, he arranged the animals in a sort of pavilion richly decorated. The day of the trial arrived, and the King and his court entered the pavilion prepared for something, but greatly in doubt as to the success of the Abbot with the hogs. However, there were the hogs, sure enough, and much to the surprise and delight of the King they commenced to cry harmoniously and in good tune, rendering an air that was fairly recognized.

The Abbot had arranged a series of stops that were connected with the hogs, and upon pulling one of them out caused a spike to prick the hog it connected with, making him squeal his note. The rest was easy, for pulling out the different stops he produced the tune. The King and all his attendants were highly delighted with it.

A "DOROTHY Q" PARTY.

BY EMMA J. GRAY.

IT had snowed hard all day, but the preparations for the party had gone on just the same. "Because children take to snow as ducks do to water," grandpapa had said; and then added, with a grave shake of his head, "Instead of any of them staying away, it will seem as if twice as many children are here. Don't I know; snow makes them perfectly wild with jollity."

And now that it was five o'clock, and the electric lights appeared one by one, the snow had ceased. Patches of crimson could be seen through the deepening twilight; indeed, the western sky was rosy.

"Are you happy, Marion? or perhaps you are not Marion to-night, but Dorothy."

"Dorothy, grandpapa," and then, to the surprise of the old gentleman, she twined her arm around his waist and tempted him to waltz with her, while she sang, "I'm so happy, happy as can be." Marion was a charming girl, an only child, and her grandpapa's pet. The party of to-night was his gift to her. So after the little waltz she stopped short, as if a sudden thought had come, and again she answered, this time with a voice which came from her heart, "Oh, yes, *very happy!*" But no sooner were the words spoken than she excitedly skipped away, saying, "Why, it's after five o'clock; the invitations are from seven, and I must get dressed, or my friends will be here before I am ready."

It was half after six when grandpapa, in full evening toilet, walked into the parlor. The house was of the Colonial type, and so had the breadth of floor and front that gives elbow-room. It was a grand old house, even if it was hemmed in by tall, narrow, modern buildings. Many passers-by looked at it, and everybody ached to get inside of it and know its hospitable welcome. So when invitations were out for a Dorothy Q party, to be given at the home of Miss Marion Fiske, on the evening of Washington's birthday, you may be sure there was a stir and flutter among the happy fortunates. Every night was counted from the time the postman left the dainty invitation, till at last the grand festival had really and truly come.

Grandpapa had not long to wait before there came a

light foot down the stair, and then, behold what a transformation! Was this indeed his little Marion, the child with whom he had been dancing not two hours before?

How she did laugh when she saw her grandpapa's dilemma! And how pleased she was when, arranging his spectacles so as not to lose one atom of detail, he interestedly turned her around and around, and finally, with a satisfactory ahem, said: "Why, child, you are a real Dorothy Q, parrot and all. Let me see, how do the words go:

"Grandmother's mother; her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth square forehead, with rolled-up hair.
Lips that lover has never kissed,
Taper fingers and slender wrist,
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade—
So they painted the little maid.
On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene."

But where did you get the parrot?" he questioned, as he almost dazedly stroked the bird's head.

"Don't you remember our pretty Poll? She died when I was seven years old, and because I was so disconsolate and cried so much, you had her stuffed for me."

"That's a fact. I remember all about her now. I was afraid you'd die too, you cried so perpetually. But where has Poll been all this time?"



"On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene."

"Oh, packed away in an up-stairs closet. She comes out on occasions, and this is one of them. But there goes the gong."

"Why, it isn't seven o'clock, child," said grandpapa, as he leisurely pulled out his watch, while adding, "I should think none of your guests would arrive ahead of time."

"I reckon it's George."

"George who?" And grandpapa gave the sweet up-turned face a keen, critical look.

"Why, George Washington, of course. I asked him to come early so as to get ahead of the others, for we are all going to celebrate his birthday. Haven't you heard, grandpapa?"

"Not a word. I supposed you meant to keep it a secret."

"Then listen, for I must talk quickly, or that boy upstairs will be down before I am through." And in her eagerness Marion put both of her little hands on one of her grandfather's big ones. "It is this way: the boy that has just come you will see dressed in exact copy of George Washington. Many of the other boys will represent prominent Revolutionary heroes, as John Hancock, General Greene, General Gates, General Charles Lee, General Lafayette, and so on, but those who I thought could not or would not care to take a notable character will wear the uniform of a private soldier, which in this case will be evening dress. And the girls, grandpapa"—and Marion had become so excited that the parrot no longer "sat unmoving and serene," but, indeed, had tumbled for one second to the floor—"the girls are to represent our States, and, thanks to this big house, we entertain to-night all of the United States."

Grandpapa being an out-and-out patriot, a son of the Revolution, could no longer sit still, but paced up and down, rubbing his hands together as he walked, and nervously drawing out his watch and as nervously replacing it, so impatient was he for the girls to arrive.

"How did you let them know, child?"

"That was simple enough. Mamma put in the envelope with the invitation a small card advising who or what each one was to represent. For example, 'Kindly take the character of General Armstrong,' 'Kindly personate the State of Virginia.' I took it for granted all would know what to do, and if they did not they would ask me. There are any number of engravings which would show the boys how to dress. I suppose there will be lots of them here with wigs or powdered hair, so you need not be so proud of your white locks," and she playfully reached up and lightly brushed the old man's hair. "And as for the girls, we'll see, and you'll not have long to wait now, grandpapa, for just hear the gong go bang, bang-every second. Why, they are arriving in perfect troops! Where's my parrot. Now I'm ready." But Marion's bubbling words suddenly ceased, and she stood a veritable Mistress Dorothy Q as she received General George Washington and the State of Virginia.

It was as Marion stated. The boys and girls had come in troops, and within a short half-hour the big parlors were pleasantly filled. And as grandpapa's old eyes wandered over the merry faces, he smiled with a joy which was proud.

The costumes worn by the various States proved that the girls were equal to the occasion.

Virginia wore a gold-spangled white crêpe lisse over white silk, gold-colored silk stockings, white satin slippers with gold buckles. From her arm was suspended a pretty tobacco pouch, and confining her long wavy golden hair was a wreath of wheat, thus showing that Virginia was rich in flour and tobacco, and could lay a claim to gold also.

Little Delaware, who was a dark-eyed brunette, wore a frock of pink Italian crêpe, with kid slippers and gloves

to match, and carried a small ornamental basket filled with delicious-looking peaches.

California came in a brilliant, showy toilette of gold tulle, shimmering with spangles, over gold-colored silk; stockings, slippers, gloves were all of the same rich color. Around her neck was a heavy gold chain, around each arm and wrist were heavy gold bracelets, around her waist was a golden girdle, while her hair was kept in place with three narrow golden bands.

And thus each State told its own story, and one could not often look on as beautiful a sight as the United States presented, personated as they were by charming, laughing girls, costumed in fashionable frocks, and made from material as diverse in color as are the tints of the rainbow.

To please grandpapa, who was glad of the revival of old-fashioned dances, the party opened with the cotillion. Dorothy Q led, dancing with George Washington. The favors were tiny trees and hatchets, for of course the old hatchet story, whether traditional or true, must be kept alive. Besides, these favors being tied with baby-width red, white, or blue satin ribbon, were later matched, to decide the partners for supper. The blues went down together, and so on.

After the dance, the game Acting Proverbs was played. This was done by one of the company leaving the room, and on his return acting in such a manner as to indicate to the others a well-known proverb. Example, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," was shown by the one having left the room returning with a round stone in his hand, and rolling it over the floor. When they grew tired of this game they played another, which was altogether different, called The Florist. The boy who took the character of florist explained that he had flowers for sale, and that he would try to sell all that he had by putting a question to any person whom he thought would buy, and that whoever in answering his question used the words *flowers*, *yes*, or *no*, would have to pay a forfeit, and that he would try all that he could to get them to use one of the prohibited words. Then turning to one of the players, he asked, "Can I sell you any fresh flowers to-day?"

"The house has been fully supplied. Thank you."

And addressing another, "Do buy my sweet violets."

"Not to-day, sir."

"How about carnations?"

"I don't wish flowers of any kind."

And in that way a forfeit was incurred.

The questions should be rapidly asked, and as rapidly answered, or the players will not get caught. When a few forfeits have been paid they must then be redeemed. One penalty might be to repeat quickly, four times without an error, these words, "A lump of rich, rough, light, red leather, a red, light, rough, rich leather lump." Another:

stand in the centre of the room, and without smiling count ten backwards, courtesying between each count; and still another, make a boat by folding a piece of paper.

When the forfeits were redeemed the musicians played the Washington Two-step, and soon all the little feet were in the very poetry of motion. At its close a march was played, and Dorothy Q and George Washington led the way to supper.

The dining-room seemed, if possible, more imbued with the spirit of patriotism than the rest of the house. Conspicuous in the decorations was a large silk

American flag and a big bald-headed eagle, and snapper mottoes, red, white, and blue, nearly hid the table.

The supper was rich in variety and quantity, having the usual supply of salads, ices, cake, and confections; the only odd thing about it was a course of mulled cider and crullers that grandpapa had insisted should be part of the feast, and that Washington's birthday would not be properly celebrated without.

After supper there was a great deal of dancing, in which grandpapa insisted on taking his part. All the dances were, of course, national as far as possible. The Virginia Reels, for example, were danced to the tune of Yankee Doodle, and altogether the party was one of the most original and pleasant entertainments that either grand-

papa or the young people had ever seen. Then came the good-byes, with the usual thanks for a happy time, which in this case they all declared had been the merriest this winter.

"THE 'SCUTNEY MAIL."

THE STORY OF A YOUNG PEOPLE'S NEWSPAPER VENTURE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

PART III.

THE old tool-house was painted, after all, before it was thought fit to serve as the publishing house and editorial sanctum of *The 'Scutney Mail*. Macurdy Green, like Mrs. John Gilpin, might have a prudent mind, but the literary editor of the *Mail*, Miss Luella Pickering, wanted "to have things look nice." Old Uncle Sol Ramsdell, who was devoted to newspapers, offered to do the painting without other pay than an occasional copy of the *Mail*, and Tom, who had an inexperienced belief in the "stretch-



THE PARTY OPENED WITH THE OLD-FASHIONED COTILLION.

ability" of twenty-five dollars, joyfully purchased the paint.

It looked very smart and shining when it was done; but by the time the imposing gilt-lettered sign *The 'Scutney Mail*, was hung over the door, Tom had spent all his twenty-five dollars and broken open his "motto" bank, with the motto, which had sprung out the last time he put money in, staring him in the face—"small beginnings make great endings."

Macurdy, who believed in small beginnings, strongly disapproved of this recklessness, but he could only agree to Tom's often-repeated and frank assertion that "it wasn't his twenty-five dollars."

It was arranged that the proceeds should be evenly divided between the editors after a certain percentage on Tom's money had been deducted.

The 'Scutney tradesmen, who were disposed at first to regard the paper as boys' play—one of the "make-believes" of Bobsy Briggs's dislike—ended by allowing the *Mail* to print their advertisements at a very low rate; and a concert company that gave an entertainment in the Town Hall not only advertised in the paper, but had its programmes and circulars printed by that press.

This success thrilled Macurdy's practical business soul. But it was the beginning of a danger.

Bing Rawson, who was Polly Rawson's brother, wanted to have his finger in the editorial pie. That was what Tom told Macurdy, warningly, in the very beginning. Bing Rawson was only thirteen and a little fellow, who had red cheeks and baby-blue eyes, and looked like a cherub; but it was the general verdict that Bing was full of mischief. Although not devoted to his books, Bing had very quick perceptions and a retentive memory, and was one of the few boys to whom spelling and grammar seemed to "come natural." And it was Bing's ambition to supplant the literary editor.

Bing was very apt to come gallantly to the front when anything was happening in 'Scutney. It was he who enjoyed the proud privilege of touching off the cannon at the Fourth of July celebration; it was he who had a complimentary ticket to the circus, and sat well up in front, and on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion rode in the chariot with the Fat Lady; it was he who spoke the longest "piece" at school exhibitions and Sunday-school festivals, and who acted the part of the page in the Village Improvement Society's play.

Bing's great friend and ally was Derrick Croome, a much larger boy than he, and inclined to rougher ways and more serious mischief. The Rawson family, from Grandma Rawson down to Polly, made a constant effort to keep Bing from associating with Derrick Croome, but so far it had been unsuccessful.

When the printing business began, Bing thought that the least they could do would be to let him help at that; when that privilege was denied him—although his sister Polly was the intimate friend of the literary editor, and expected to have her story, "The Enchanted Pumpkin Seed," printed in the paper—he demanded to be allowed to distribute the concert circulars and programmes, work for which the contract had been taken by the printers. And Derrick Croome enforced the demand by threatening to "punch their heads" and knock their partly set up paper into "pi." (Derrick's father had been a printer in the city where they came from.) And another and even worse threat Derrick Croome (who was Mrs. Bigsby's nephew) added to these terrifying ones:

"I'll tell my aunt what you keep in the old granary, you and that foolish fellow. She's going to put her foot down on that granary business, anyhow, and on the paper too, if I tell her what I'm going to, if Bing don't get his rights."

Macurdy calmly shut the door in the face of the enemy. It was not that the last direful threat did not move him;

on many a cherished hope and plan of his had Mrs. Bigsby put down her foot. If any threat could make him flinch, it was that one, of turning Mrs. Bigsby's attention afresh to his occupancy of the old granary. But Macurdy was not of the flinching kind; and that was all there was about it.

"They're an awful pair," said Tom, dejectedly. "Bing isn't so bad, and he wouldn't dare to do much, but with Derrick Croome to back him—"

Tom shook his head dismally. It was a dismal-looking head, for mumps had developed on both sides at once, and Tom was not in a state to take cheerful views of things.

"I guess we sha'n't be bullied into giving any fellow a job," said Macurdy, busily setting type. This was the third issue of the paper, and Jim's story of the Queen of Sheba was to appear, and Macurdy was especially anxious that there should be no mistakes in that. "Besides, we promised the job to little Tim Golden, who wants to buy shoes for the twins. When a boy has to help his mother that's a widow— Those threats won't come to anything, you'll see," added Macurdy, as he worked away.

And perhaps the threats might not have amounted to anything if something had not happened to increase Derrick Croome's wrath against the editors and the proprietor of *The 'Scutney Mail*. It happened that very day, after Bing Rawson and Derrick had walked slowly away, engaged in low and confidential conversation, that little Lizzie Magill, who lived with her old grandmother and her lame brother Patsy in a lane by the river, came running in, tearful and breathless, to beg that "a piece" about Derrick Croome's dog might be put into the paper.

"We're thet in drid of him that we hardly dares to stir out of the house," said Lizzie. "Me grandmother is afther havin' her petticoats torn, and she bringin' home the washin', and little Patsy does be that frightened since he was bit by him, that we can't get him to go to school at all, at all. And the farther himself bein' S'lectman, and ownin' the bit uv a place over our heads, what can the loikes of us do at all? And so will ye put the rashkill of a dog, and the big bad boy Derrick Croome that owns him, in your paper, and niver let on I asked you, and I'll thank ye kindly, and so will manny more besides!"

Macurdy looked more and more troubled as he listened to Lizzie's recital of her grievances, and Tom's mummy face grew dismally long.

"You—you run along now, Lizzie, and we'll see what we can do," said Macurdy. "It—it's a pretty serious matter." And Lizzie went reluctantly out, reiterating the woful tale of the grandmother's petticoats and Patsy's enforced absence from school.

"I guess it *would* be a serious matter to meddle with Derrick Croome just now," said Tom.

"Look here, now, Tom!" Macurdy mounted the high stool in the composing-room, and thrust his hands deep into his pockets. "This is a square issue. I've talked a good deal about making this paper pay, but I've thought, too, about having it take a right stand about things. Of course we don't want to meddle with politics, and things that are too big for us, but when anything disturbs the peace and comfort of the town, like that vicious dog of Derrick Croome's, I think it belongs to the press to say something about it. Of course we don't *want* to tackle Derrick Croome."

"Well, I rather think we don't!" said Tom, hastily and heartily.

"But I don't want to have anything to do with a paper that's afraid to take the right stand when the community needs its influence!" said Macurdy.

Tom felt a great admiration for Macurdy's flow of language, and he wished that he had listened more attentively to the minister and the Fourth of July orators, but he wasn't inclined to risk quite so much for principle as

Macurdy was. But he came around to Macurdy's views at length, the usual result of Macurdy's eloquence or of his stronger spirit, and Macurdy wrote "a piece," setting forth the danger and distress occasioned by a vicious dog, and although he called no names, making it perfectly evident that it was Derrick Croome's dog that he meant. The "piece" was written and set up that very afternoon, and Derrick Croome read it the next day but one.

And the next week something happened. The mumps had gone hard with Tom, and he was convalescing slowly, and Macurdy had unfortunately had an unusual number of hard "stents," and they had both been obliged to work with might and main at odd moments to get started on this week's paper; and they were not a little anxious as to whether they should get it all set up in time. There had been prophecies that that paper would soon fail to appear, having only boys to manage it, and both Macurdy and Tom felt that to have those prophecies fulfilled would be an unendurable disgrace.

So it happened that after a hard and anxious and feverish day—he had been obliged to work on the sly, because it was not thought proper that a boy too ill to go to school should be occupied in printing a newspaper—Tom was sound asleep at eleven o'clock at night, and entirely oblivious of stealthy noises about the publishing house.

Luella, too, who, with editorial work and music and a church fair, found quite enough to occupy her out of school hours, was tired enough to sleep well, and to hear nothing of the marauders who were ruthlessly fulfilling Derrick Croome's threat of knocking the precious forms of *The 'Scutney Mail* into "pi."

But Polly Rawson, a little way further down the street, had been having a bad dream. Polly meant to be a good sister, and Bing often lay heavily on her mind, and she dreamed that Bing had turned into a flapjack (that was Grandma Rawson's name for griddle-cakes), and when she tried to turn him on the griddle he went flopping into the fire. Polly awoke with a start, fairly jumping up in bed, and for a moment it seemed as if the dream really must be true. Polly had a very vivid imagination, as you would know if you could read "The Enchanted Pumpkin Seed."

Presently she heard a very queer noise directly under her window—a noise of footsteps and light wheels and a queer little rattle mingled with it. Polly sprang out of bed and hurried to the window. There were two figures—Bing's small and slender one and great hulking Derrick Croome's—and Bing's hand-cart piled full of something that rattled as the boys drew the hand-cart cautiously along.

Polly had heard from her friend, the literary editor, of Derrick Croome's threat, and she saw instantly that it was being put into execution. Not only had the printing been knocked into pi, but they had stolen and were carrying away the type, and probably the press itself, for something loomed large and black in the semi-darkness—the full moon was just then covered with light clouds—and they evidently had a heavy load.

Something startled the boys, and they began to run. Polly checked her first impulse to call after them, to arouse the house. That course would involve so much delay. And this was more serious mischief than Bing often indulged in; it would certainly cause his busy and long-suffering father to fulfil his threat of sending him away to school, and Polly did not think that a large school, where he would have no sister to look after him, was the place for Bing.

These thoughts were swift ones; Polly was dressing herself while they flashed through her mind. She stole softly down stairs, slipped on a warm jacket and cap, got out her bicycle as noiselessly as possible, mounted it, and was off in pursuit of the thieves.

What they were going to do with their spoils? If it



IT WAS HE WHO RODE IN THE CHARIOT WITH THE FAT LADY.

were only a little lighter so that she could see them far ahead! The January thaw had extended into February, and the ground was so slightly frozen that the cart wheels made but little noise; yet, straining her ears when she came to a turn in the road which made her uncertain which way to go, Polly detected the distant rumble and rattle of the hand-cart. The poor-house pond! They meant to throw the contents of the hand-cart into the pond! Polly's heart sank as this suspicion grew into certainty, for by the light of the moon, which had emerged from the clouds, she saw that the cart had turned into the lane by the poor-house which led to the pond—a small sheet of water, but so deep that there had always been a village tradition that it had no bottom.

If the boys had meant to secrete the press or the type, returning it after a while, it would have seemed more like merely boyish mischief; but to destroy it was a depth of wickedness into which she would scarcely have believed that Bing could be enticed.

A feeble and flickering light burned in an upper window of the poor-house as Polly, not having decided upon any plan of action, but afraid to hesitate, turned into the lane. The light disappeared as she rode, swiftly and as softly as possible, down the lane, and suddenly reappeared at the open door of the poor-house. It was a candle held above Jim's tall yellow head. Jim extinguished it suddenly, and ran towards the pond. He turned at the sound of Polly's wheel, and shrank back in evident alarm as she drew near.

"Jim! Jim! don't be afraid," she said, softly. "I'm trying to stop some mischief, and you must help me!"

"You—you're a girl on a bicycle, aren't you?" said Jim, slowly, with an accent of relief. "You looked like a witch, growing bigger and bigger in the moonlight. Yes, I know there's mischief; those boys that went along with a hand-cart are Derrick Croome and Bing Rawson."

A heavy splash came to their ears, and Polly cried out,



GETTING OUT AN EDITION OF "THE 'SCUTNEY MAIL'"

frantically, as she slipped from her bicycle beside the boys at the water's edge: "Bing, don't you dare to destroy property like that! I'll ring my bicycle bell and arouse every one in the poor-house, and have you arrested."

"We—we didn't throw anything overboard but a rock," stammered Bing, startled out of his accustomed audacity by the sudden appearance of his sister.

"You did it to see how deep the water was! You meant to throw the press into the water," said Polly, accusingly.

Jim seized the handle of the cart from Derrick Croome. "They're Macurdy's things, and I'm going to take care of them," he said, as if it were a matter of course.

Derrick loosed Jim's hold with a jerk and a rough push, and Jim fell heavily, striking his head against the cart wheel; he arose to his feet staggering, and a trickle of blood was plainly visible upon his cheek in the moonlight.

"I—I didn't mean to hurt him," stammered Derrick, evidently a little frightened. "But I ain't going to have a girl or a foolish fellow interfering with me!" Derrick moved the cart towards the edge of the pond, and prepared to tip its contents into the water.

Polly uttered a half-smothered cry and put her hand on her bell. It had a sharp ring, that little bell, and would arouse every one in the poor-house, and it would bring disgrace upon Bing, trouble upon his father and

mother. Perhaps Derrick Croome had some misgivings, or the cart was heavy to tip, and in the moment's pause the poor-house door opened, and a tall figure came hurrying out.

"Here's Mr. Peters with his gun!" cried Polly.

Bing's small person instantly disappeared from sight behind a tree, and Derrick Croome—well, what could you expect? a bad boy like him is almost always a coward—Derrick Croome ran away, behind the trees that bordered the pond, over the stone wall, and across the pasture.

And after all it was only Caddy Forsythe who had come out of the poor-house door—Caddy Forsythe with her broom; she was a poor insane woman, whose husband and sons had been lost at sea, and she swept and swept with a broom to sweep away trouble. She was harmless, and wandered about at her own will day and night. She wandered off to the barn, sweeping diligently all the way, and without seeing the group by the pond.

For once, thought Polly, poor Caddy Forsythe's broom had swept away trouble. Bing emerged from his retirement.

"Derrick Croome's a coward!" he said, wrathfully. "I wouldn't have run away and left him like that!"

Polly was helping Jim to wipe the blood from his face.

"We can take the cart back without any of his help," she said, resolved to strike while the iron was hot. "And though you've spoiled the paper for this week, perhaps what you meant to do need never be known—unless you want to confess it, and do all you can to make up for it."

"I guess not much!" responded Bing, gruffly, but with a little uneasy laugh.

"They put in a piece about Derrick's dog, and they were sarsy, and wouldn't give me a job."

"This was a noble, a manly revenge, wasn't it? Oh, Bing Rawson!" began Polly, hotly. But she checked herself. One must manage Bing. Being a sister was not easy. "I will leave my bicycle. Jim will take care of it and help push the cart," she said.

But Jim declared that he was not hurt, and he would help push the cart. They were Macurdy's things; he wanted to take care of them. Oh no, he would not be missed, he said, in answer to Polly's question. He had been sitting up writing the "piece" about Sarah Loud for the *Mail* when he heard the noise of the cart in the lane.

"You can't help much, you're only a girl," growled Bing, glad of a chance to emphasize any point of superiority to Polly, who thought herself so superior.

So the little midnight procession started hurriedly, for Caddy Forsythe had come out of the barn, still sweeping busily, and she was coming towards them as if she thought them something to be swept away.

Polly, going ahead on her bicycle, saw in the bright moonlight, as she turned out of the lane, a wreath of smoke curling upward behind Farmer Bigsby's house—a curling smoke and a swiftly leaping flame.

"The old granary, Bing! Derrick Croome has set the old granary on fire!" she cried.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN ANXIOUS VIGIL.

IN an agony of fear and grief Harold and George bent over their classmate, and sought to ascertain the nature of his injury.

"Oh, Frank!" exclaimed George; "can't you speak?"

"He's unconscious," said Harold. "He ought to be removed to the sick-bay."

"These fellows don't seem to know what to do," said George, impatiently.

"I wish Bennos were here," Harold said.

One of the sailors seemed to catch the boy's meaning. "Bennos," he ejaculated. "Si, si, Bennos."

The man hastened away. At the same moment the firing ceased. The *Aquidaban* had passed out of accurate range of the forts, and was opposite the city. The bugles sounded the order to secure, and presently the guns were put to rest for the night. Bennos came running along the deck, while the bugles were still sounding.

"Oh, amigo mio!" he cried, sorrowfully, as he saw Frank's unconscious form.

He speedily gave orders for the removal of the boy to the sick-bay. He was evidently indignant that so many precious minutes had been wasted.

"Perhaps he'll bleed to death; no one will care," said the young Brazilian, angrily.

A stretcher was brought, and Frank was placed on it. Two stalwart seamen carried him to the sick-bay, where the ship's surgeon at once began to undress him preparatory to making an examination. Harold and George stood outside the door of the room in feverish anxiety. They turned their heads at the sound of heavy footsteps, and saw Captain Lockwood, Bob, and Minnie coming

toward them. The boys grew a shade paler, and looked at one another anxiously.

"What shall we say to him?" asked Harold.

"Or to her," said George.

The Captain approached with a smile, and said: "Thought you'd get down out of the line of fire, too?" Well, that shows your good sense. You'd be mighty stupid to take chances of getting hurt in a quarrel that don't concern you."

"Oh, the firing's all over now," said George, with an attempt to be cheerful. "Robert ought to keep out of sight, sir."

"Oh, this deck's about deserted. Well, for my part, I'm glad the firing's done. Aren't you, Minnie?"

"Oh yes, father; I think it's terrible, and I can't help fancying I see some poor fellow torn by shot."

"Not so very much danger of that in a ship of this sort, is there, boys?"

"No, not so much as in a wooden ship," said George.

"Still," said Harold, gravely, "men do get hurt sometimes in the most powerful battle-ships."

"I hope no one has been hurt on this ship," said Minnie, with apprehensive eyes.

The boys were silent.

"Some one has been hurt," said the Captain.

"I was sure of it from the way you talked," said Minnie.

A faint moan was heard coming from the room behind the boys.

"What's that?" asked the Captain, starting.

"What place is this?" inquired Minnie.

"This is the sick-bay," said Harold.

"That's the ship's hospital," explained Captain Lockwood. "But why do you stand in front of the door?"



"YOU'VE BEEN RECOGNIZED," SAID HAL. "PULL, LADS, PULL."

"We are waiting to know whether our friend is badly wounded," said Harold, in a trembling voice.

"Your friend? Why, say, it's not that nice young Brazilian officer, is it?"

Again the boys were silent.

"Oh, father!" cried Minnie, "they don't dare to tell us: it's Frank!"

The stout old merchant Captain staggered as if he had received a heavy blow.

"Don't tell me it's the boy," he said.

Harold grasped the honest mariner's hand. "I wish to Heaven I could tell you it was not," he said.

For a few moments the Captain was speechless, while Minnie cried quietly.

"Are the doctors working over him in there?" Robert finally asked.

"Yes," said George; "and Bennos is helping them.

We could do nothing because we don't understand the language."

"How did it happen?" asked the Captain.

"Well, sir," said Harold, "Frank was not pleased with the marksmanship of his gun-captain, so he thought he would take a shot himself. He sighted the gun very carefully and fired. Almost at the same instant a small shell from the shore came whizzing through the port and burst on the side of the gun-carriage. It must have struck the forward end of the carriage. I think, and that's what makes me hope that Frank isn't badly hurt. The bulk of the carriage and the breech of the gun must have been between him and the explosion; so I think he was struck by a small fragment. Anyhow, when the smoke cleared away we saw him lying on the deck."

"Unconscious?"

"Yes, sir; I must say that he was."

"How long has he been in the sick-bay?" asked Robert.

"About ten minutes."

"Then surely they ought to be able to give us some news of his condition?" said the Captain.

Just then Bennos opened the door of the sick-bay wide enough to speak to the boys.

"The doctor can't tell yet. He must examine a little more," he said.

Bennos retired into the sick-bay, and the four watchers resumed their anxious vigil. The minutes were hours long to them. The Captain paced up and down with his hands behind his back and his head bowed. He looked as if he were in deep thought, but ever and anon a heavy sigh told that his heart was full of grief. The girl stood watching him and occasionally wiping away her tears, which flowed freely. George shifted about restlessly, but Harold stood like a statue, with clinched lips and strained eyes. Presently the door swung open, and Bennos appeared once more. The four watchers turned eagerly, and George said,

"What's the verdict?"

"I am glad," said Bennos, speaking rapidly. "He is not badly hurt. The most trouble is the shock and the loss of blood. He will get well surely, but slowly."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the Captain, fervently.

CHAPTER XXX.

PLACED UNDER ARREST.

THE night was a long and weary one for Captain Lockwood, his daughter, and the two boys. Bennos offered to give up his state-room to Minnie, but she naturally declined to pass the night separated from her father. Through the kind offices of the young Brazilian they were provided with cushions and blankets, and permitted to sleep on the locker in the mess-room. The two boys and Robert were given hammocks and allowed to swing them in a roomy corner. As they overhauled the clogs and cast off the lashings George said, with a faint smile:

"Hal, this takes me back to *Constellation* days. I shouldn't be surprised if we were turned out in the night to reef topsails."

"I wish there were no possibility of our being turned out for anything more serious," said Harold.

"But you are not alarmed about Frank now, are you?"

"I hardly know what to think," said Hal. "I wish he was in the hands of our own surgeon."

"Then you haven't confidence in these fellows here?"

"Not of the most perfect kind."

"Well," said George, thoughtfully, "they must know their business. It's likely that the best surgeons in the service are aboard this ship."

Harold lay awake for a long time considering what was to be done in the morning. He was unable to solve the problem, especially as he and his two companions had to be aboard the *Detroit* again before ten o'clock. At length, worn out by the events of the day, he fell asleep and slept soundly till reveille. Immediately after breakfast he went to Bennos and informed him of the necessity of returning to the *Detroit*. Captain Lockwood, who was now at Frank's side, was sent for.

"I'll stay here for the present," said the old mariner.

"You boys and Mr. Ball get Bob aboard the *Alma*, if it's possible, and then Mr. Ball can send the boat back for me later in the day."

"I don't know just how to manage about Bob," said Hal.

"Beggin' yer pardon ag'in, sir," said Peter, "an I'd like to make a siggition."

"Go ahead," said Hal.

"Waal, sir," said the cockswain, "Mr. Robert he are took werry sick, werry sick indeed; an' we has to cover up his head, sir, fur to keep the sun from him, an' so we carries him down into the boat an' lays him along the bottom, an' there he stays till he are safe."

"Peter," said Hal, "you're a jewel."

The boys now applied, through Bennos, for permission to leave the ship, which the Brazilian commander was pleased to grant. The *Alma's* boat was got alongside by Mr. Ball, and the party prepared to depart.

"Leave me to do all the yarnin'," said Peter; "'cos w'y; wot good are a sailor wot can't tell a yarn, egspecially to save a young gemman?"

Peter covered up Robert's head and supported him to the deck as if he were very sick indeed. He was taken to the boat and caused to lie down. Minnie trembled and turned pale with anxiety as the boat pushed off. They had gone safely about fifty yards, when Robert raised his head for some reason; a whiff of wind blew the light covering off it and overboard. At the same instant a sailor on the *Aquidaban's* fore-castle uttered a loud cry and rushed aft, shouting and pointing at the boat.

"You've been recognized," said Hal. "Pull, lads, pull."

"In the boat there!" came a hail from the *Aquidaban's* deck. "Cease rowing, or we'll fire."

"Pull hard," said Harold, between his set teeth.

Bang! A shell from a rapid-fire gun struck the water not three feet from the boat. Minnie shrieked.

"Hold on," said Robert, springing up. "My sister mustn't be exposed to fire. Take me back and surrender me."

"Wich I reckon that are about all we can do," said Peter.

"Worse luck to it," muttered Mr. Ball.

Slowly the boat returned to the ship's side.

"Come on board, all of you," was the order.

It was obeyed in silence. The Brazilian commander was standing at the gangway.

"So, my fine young American friends," he said, "you are trying to help a condemned deserter to escape."

"Yes, he's condemned, but I dare you to shoot him," said a voice behind the Brazilian.

Turning, the officer found himself confronted by Captain Lockwood, who was glaring at him with blazing eyes.

"Pray, sir, what authority have you in this matter?" demanded the Brazilian.

"Just this," was the reply. "I'm the Captain of the American bark *Alma*, which you didn't keep away from a wharf, and which your agent on shore didn't destroy last night, and that young man is my son."

The Brazilian Captain stared in amazement. For several moments he hung his head in deep thought. Then he said:

"This matter must be placed before Admiral Da Gama. In the mean time your son must remain a prisoner here."

"And my daughter?"

"She may return with your mate to your ship."

"And what do you intend to do with us?" asked Harold.

"I shall report your conduct in this matter to your commanding officer."

"You needn't trouble yourself," said Harold; "we shall do that ourselves the moment we reach our ship. Our leave expires in three-quarters of an hour."

"Indeed?" said the Brazilian, with a grim smile. "Well, you'll stay here till I can get a boat ready to send you to your ship."

"Why can't we go in Captain Lockwood's boat?" asked George.

"Because it's not my pleasure," was the curt reply, and the officer walked away.

"Waal," said Peter, "as my ole mother remarked when she fell into the bar'l o' vinegar, 'here's a pooty pickle.'"

"Anyhow," said Captain Lockwood, "Minnie and Mr. Ball must go to the *Alma*."

So the mate of the bark slowly pulled the heavy dingy away. It was over half an hour later when a boat was reported alongside to take the three Americans to the *Detroit*.

"The Captain hasn't been in any hurry about this," said Harold.

"He has intentionally made us late," declared George.

The oarsmen in the cutter must have had orders to take their time, for they did not break their backs in pulling toward the *Detroit*. It seemed to the two boys that they would never reach her. They were fully a hundred yards away when the bell chimed out the hour of ten.

"Pull, you lazy rascals!" cried George.

"No use now, George," said Hal; "we're late."

The cutter ran alongside the ladder and the two boys leaped to the deck. They found themselves confronted by the Executive Officer, Mr. Crane.

"What cutter is that?" he asked, sternly.

"The *Aquidaban*'s, sir," said George; "we—"

"You come from aboard her?"

"Yes, sir; we were —"

"I didn't ask you where you were or what you were doing. You got permission to go ashore for a specific and proper purpose, and you come off from an insurgent man-of-war after your leave has expired. You are both under arrest."

"Under arrest!" exclaimed the boys.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A QUESTION.

I'VE puzzled and puzzled since Christmas-time,

And now I must ask it of you:

If Santa Claus' stomach is so big around,

How does he get through

That little round flue?

If you can explain it, pray do.

HOW TO MAKE A CROSSBOW.

BY GEORGE ASHDOWN AUDSLEY.

WHEN I was a boy roaming the pleasant hills and woods of Scotland, nothing afforded me more amusement than a good crossbow; and many a crossbow I made in those days. As doubtless many of the readers of this journal would like to possess such a weapon, capable of throwing a missile a considerable distance with precision, I shall in the briefest possible manner instruct them how to make a simple and effective crossbow.

The construction of a crossbow such as I am about to describe is a simple matter in the hands of a young mechanic, and it is also attended with very little expense. The first thing to be made is the stock, and while, so far as utility is concerned, it may be formed in the roughest fashion, I strongly advise you to take pains and finish it carefully. You should early in life learn and practise the golden rule that whatever you do that is worthy of being done should be done with all your might, being fully assured that doing well always brings its own reward.

The stock may be made of clean white pine, or, what is better, straight-grained oak, walnut, or ash. Take a piece of wood, dressed on both sides and the top edge, 3 feet 6 inches long, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches thick, and carefully cut out the stock in the form and proportions given in Fig. 1. The dotted line indicates the dimensions of the piece of wood. In shaping and finishing the "butt" and the "grip," you had better take an ordinary shot-gun as a model; you will save time and arrive at a satisfactory result by so doing. The portion required for the lock (shown enlarged in Fig. 2) must be left flat at the sides, and the full thickness of the wood. The head should also be left flat on the sides, and pierced to accurately fit the centre of the bow. The barrel extending between the lock and the head should be neatly rounded on its under side, as indicated in Figs. 1 and 3. Groove the upper face of the barrel from the lock to the end with a segmental channel $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch wide and $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch deep, for the purpose of holding and guiding the "bolts" or "quarrels" in the process of shooting. A section of the barrel showing the channel is given in Fig. 3.

The lock is a somewhat important piece of mechanism, but it is of the simplest construction, as will be seen by reference to Fig. 4. A is a small brass wheel, $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick, in which two notches are filed, one for the reception of the bowstring, and the other the detent in which the trigger, B, acts. The trigger is kept in its place by means of a small spring screwed to the under side of the stock. For the reception of this mechanism you must carefully cut a mortise of the form shown, $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wide, through the lock-piece of the stock, and file it until it is perfectly smooth inside and accurately fitted to the wheel and trigger. In placing the wheel and trigger in position, lay them accurately together on the outside of the lock-piece, and with a bradawl or screw which fits the holes in the wheel and trigger make corresponding holes in the stock. Now bore these holes squarely through the stock, and secure the wheel and trigger within the mortise by screws or pieces of stout iron wire. You can either turn and file the wheel and the trigger out of pieces of flat brass plate, or prepare patterns in wood and have the pieces cast at any brass-founder's. They should be finished $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick, and have their pivot holes about $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch in diameter. The notch for the bowstring must be rounded at its edges and made very smooth, so as not to cut or fray the string. My drawings show every detail so accurately that further description of this portion of the crossbow is unnecessary.

I now come to the bow required to complete the weapon. The best bow is one made of steel; but as such a bow is too expensive, too difficult to bend by the unaided

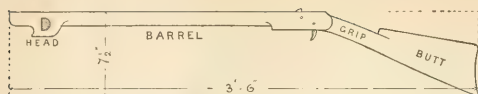


FIG. 1

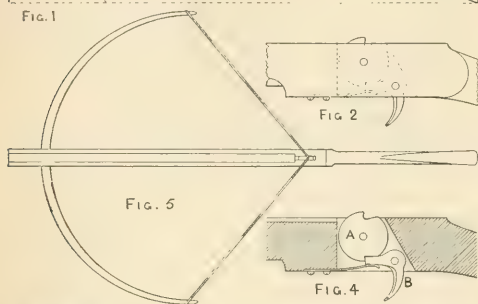


FIG. 5

FIG. 4



FIG. 3

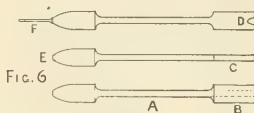


FIG. 6

DIAGRAM OF THE BOW WITH BOLTS.

hand, and unnecessarily powerful, it may be left undescribed. A very good bow can be made of lancewood or hickory, and perhaps the best course for you to adopt

would be to purchase a cheap lancewood bow about five feet long, and cut about twelve inches off each end, tapering the new ends slightly, and forming fresh notches for the reception of the bowstring. Whip with thin cord, well waxed, a length of twelve inches in the middle of the bow; and then fit the centre accurately in the hole cut in the head of the stock, and secure it there by thin wedges of hard-wood. The bowstring must be very strong, as it is subjected to considerable wear. The best string is formed of stout catgut, doubled, and whipped in the middle, where it is held by the catch of the lock, and adjoining the loops at each end with thin cord or strong silk. The whipping should be renewed as it becomes worn by the lock and contact with the quarrels. Fig. 5 shows a top view of the weapon, with the bow drawn ready for action.

The simplest and best form of the crossbow bolt or quarrel is that given in Fig. 6. It is made from pieces of any kind of straight-grained hard-wood turned in the shape of the drawing A. The tail-piece, B, is simply cut away on opposite sides, forming a feather end, as indicated at C; and this is notched, as shown at D, for the reception of the bowstring as it is released from the lock. When the quarrels are used blunt, as at E, their heads should be plugged with lead to give them the necessary weight, but when they are required for target-shooting they should have brad-awls fixed in their heads, as shown at F.

If you have followed my instructions, and finished your crossbow, I can promise you much enjoyment in its use, and after some practice you will become a skilled crossbowman.

GREAT STATE PAPERS.

BY HENRY CLEMENT HOLMES.

OUR TREATIES, AND WHO MADE THEM.

WHILE there is but one original Treaty of Versailles, one Treaty of Washington, one Clayton-Bulwer Treaty—which last you so often hear mentioned—there are at least two official copies of all other treaties. These are called “exchange copies,” because they are really exchanged by representatives of the governments which are parties to them, and the exact moment at which this exchange is made by those representatives is that moment on which the treaty becomes legally operative in both countries affected by it.

Treaties take their names after cities, or after courts at which they are drawn up. Thus the Treaty of Versailles, dated at Paris, affects the United States and England. The famous Treaty of Berlin affected in vital degree not Germany, but England and Russia.

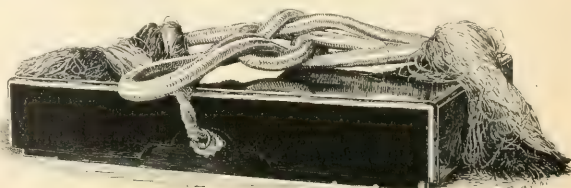
After a treaty has been negotiated and ratified by both governments that are parties to it, our State Department prepares an “exchange copy” of it, which it presents to the other party to the treaty. If it be a treaty with Japan, China, or any countries of the far East, or if it be one with Turkey, Russia, Sweden, or Greece, it is written in some European language. If it be a treaty with Spain, Portugal, or any of the South American republics, it is usually written in Spanish and English.

The treaty is engrossed upon parchment, on one side of the sheet, and the seal of the United States, which, unlike the seal of almost every other nation of the world, is not wax, but embossed white paper, is placed at the left of the official signature at the end of the document.

This official signature is not that of the Secretary of State or of a commissioner, as in the case of an original, but the signature of the President of the United States. The parchment used is ten by eighteen inches in size, and to preserve the sheets there are provided stiff covers of red or blue Russia leather.

The exchange copy of our last treaty with Spain was engrossed in a hand that was more beautiful than print. The paper was divided down the middle by a pale blue line. On the left of the line was written the English version, and on the right the Spanish one. In mentioning the parties to the treaty we always mention ourselves first, thus reversing the usual rule of private etiquette. The Spanish government prepared a similar exchange copy, signed by the Spanish sovereign. In this one the Spanish version is written on the left, or first, half of the page, the English on the second, or last, and Spain follows the universal diplomatic custom by mentioning herself first.

These exchange copies having been prepared, the rep-



THE JAPANESE TREATY IN ITS LACQUER BOX.



JAPANESE TREATY OPEN.

representatives of the two countries meet by appointment, and formally trade copies. Hence our exchange copies are not at Washington, but in foreign capitals, while in the State Department at Washington may be seen, if you get the necessary permission to do so, exchange copies that have been prepared in almost every part of the globe, and which bear the autographs of almost every sovereign and President of the world for the last hundred years and more.

Exchange copies made by us to present to foreign nations are severely plain when compared with those that foreign nations present to us. Those from Siam, Japan, and China contain all the flummery that can be crowded into or upon them. They bear gold lettering in profusion, seals as big as the crown of your hat, and enough ribbon to stock a notion-counter of a metropolitan store.

A famous treaty of amity and commerce was drawn up between this country and the Tycoon of Japan, and the exchange copy of it, prepared by the Japanese Foreign Office for presentation to us, is a work of art. First, there is a black lacquer box of exquisite make tied with heavy cords and tassels of purple silk. Raising the lid, one sees the treaty contained in a book over half an inch thick, and bound in gold brocade. The text of the treaty is in Dutch, but accompanying this is the document known as the "full power," a few sheets of paper bearing Japanese characters, and contained in a sewn slip of white and gold brocade; both the treaty and "full power" are wrapped in a large square of scarlet silk brocade.

Another unique exchange copy is the one between the United States and the Sultan of Muscat, called the Treaty of Muscat. It is written in Arabic upon linen paper that is bordered with scarlet and gold lines, and enclosed in a highly polished three-jointed ivory cylinder. Uncle Sam is also in receipt of many queer articles that signify to the senders amity and good-will. There is a whale tooth from the Fiji Islands, a grass robe trimmed with bird feathers from Samoa, a daguerreotype of the King of Korea, and a silver urn from the Queen of Madagascar.

A student in Syracuse University, who is deeply interested in autograph-collecting, penned a polite request for an autograph, enclosed a postal note for twenty-five cents, and addressed the envelope, "Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, London, England." He waited three months for a response. Then he wrote again, making the same polite request, but adding a postscript to the effect that in his opinion either the autograph or the quarter ought to be forth-coming. At the end of a little more

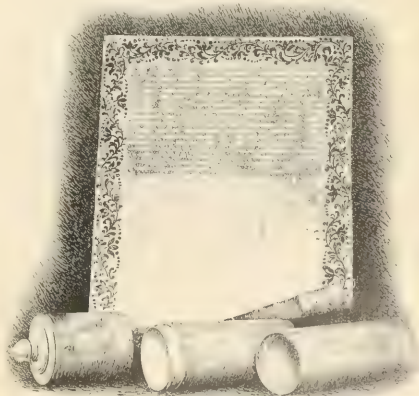
than a month he received the autograph.

I would not encourage this sort of thing among American boys and girls. The Queen never knew, of course, that the student made such a request, yet the autograph was genuine. Did you ever see Queen Victoria's autograph? I have seen it many times in the British Museum, among records of Parliament in Somerset House, London, and on exchange copies of treaties in the State Department, Washington.

Queen Victoria writes a coarser hand now than she used to do, but it is still firm and full of character. She now signs herself, "Victoria, R. I.,"—the letters on the same line with her name. Before she added the "I" she used to write the "R" beneath her name, connecting it with the final stroke of the "a" in her name by a rather stiff flourish. Of course the "R" signifies Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and the "I" Empress

of India, the Latin initials being used. Here is a pen description of a late autograph, the signature to an exchange copy of a treaty between this country and England relative to the Northwest boundary—that 54° 40' one to which your grandfather in a famous political campaign added the words, "or fight."

The "V" is seven-eighths of an inch tall, and she used exactly four inches of horizontal space in writing the ten letters. If you try to make these letters fill the space indicated you will see that this signature is a very bold one—for a woman to write. The "V" is not correctly made, but is crossed near the top, and looks almost exactly like the lower part of a small writing "y" set up on the line. The "t" is crossed twice—once with a heavy flourish above it, and once with a pen mark running upward, left, and then to the first stroke of the letter. The "R" follows the "a" without a break, falls far to the right of the upright line, and has a very small top. Exactly reversing this order, the capital "I," which follows the "R" without a raise of the pen, is almost all top, and almost no bottom. The small letters are coarse, and the capitals ungraceful. The whole looks quite unlike a woman's hand, and unlike the hand of a person accus-



THE MUSCAT TREATY.

to the use of a pen. This signature is attached to a very beautiful copy of this important treaty. It was prepared in the London Foreign Office for presentation to us, and is a book ten inches by fourteen in size. The covers are stiff, and padded on the outside with scarlet plush; on the inside with very pale blue satin.

The treaty is written upon sixteen pages of heavy parchment, unruled, but bordered all around each page, and very near the edge, by a single red line. The engrossing is most beautiful. There is no introduction, such as "In the Name of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity," that begins many treaties. Its first word is "Victoria," written quite large. Following this name there are enumerated about a score of titles. When at last the text reaches the party of the second part it calls us "Our good friends," and specifies that the term means the United States of America. Only at the very beginning is the term explained. Throughout the rest of the treaty we are called simply "Our good friends."

The lines go entirely across the page, and at the end is the statement, "Given by the Court at Osborne, August 5, 1892." The covers are held together at the front by two gros grain ribbons two inches in width. One is a pale blue, and the other an emerald-green; the latter for Ireland, I suppose, but against the pale blue and scarlet it gives one's sense of color harmony a shock.

The parchment leaves are bound into the covers by two large scarlet and silver-tinsel cords that are four feet long, and that terminate in two ugly tinsel tassels. Before reaching the tassels, however, the cords pass through the seal, which is of pale olive-green wax, half an inch thick, and six and one-half inches across—a cumbrous affair that requires a tin box to preserve it in. One side of the seal shows Victoria on the throne, with female attendants, the whole suggestive of the marble group in the corridor of the House of Lords at Westminster; the other side of it represents the figure of the same sovereign, with the words so familiar on the English coins as a border. The whole is preserved in a black leather box, that is lined with white plush, and built in compartments to accommodate the great seal.

CHINA'S MARINES.

THE Sublime Son of Heaven really wonders why it is that his Celestial children do so little fighting and so much running away. Poor fellow, he is not allowed to go out at all and look about him, or he would see some peculiar sights that would open his eyes. He has heard, of course, how his ancestors, the Tartars and the Manchus, fought till they had pulled each other's pigtails out by the roots and all that, and he has been taught that the greatest of all great impossibilities is for the Japanese or any other nation to disturb the unapproachable serenity of his realm.

I met with an amusing sample of China's marines when going up the coast upon a rather small American trading vessel. The Captain was a blue-eyed Yankee. We were leaning on the rail, smoking and chatting. There was just a working breeze. The vessel required little attention except from the lookout and man at the wheel. The water was smooth, the sun was hot. There was a sail over the starboard bow. It was a Chinese vessel. The two enormous ribbed sails, fashioned like the shoulder-fins of a fish, were set to the light breeze, and caught every breath of it. She was doing much better than we.

The Captain philosophized a little upon the superiority of some antediluvian ideas over modern notions, then, carelessly handing me the glass, he asked, "Can you make her out?"

It was easily done. She was evidently a mandarin junk, manned by Chinese marines, doubtless one of the coast patrols out there to hold pirates in check.

The Captain cast a quick glance about him, and replied: "She'll be a pirate herself if she can come near enough. There's no one looking on."

I had heard of such things happening, but as I looked at the size of the junk, and then at our little vessel, manned by twelve men, I was not in the least anxious to have it happen now.

"She changed her course a while ago to cross our bows," the Captain added, a little later. "Let's see if she means business."

He tacked as far as he could and held the wind. In a moment the junk was again set to meet us, and coming pretty close. There was no mistake about it; yet the glass showed only eight or ten men lying about on the deck. The only one who seemed awake was a half-naked fellow at the helm, and he was leaning over as though he was on the point of taking a nap.

"They'll catch us, sure," the Captain muttered; but he did not seem much disturbed.

"What can we do?" I asked.

"Not much of anything," He shrugged his shoulders. "We've got some powder for that little cannon forward for signalling, but I'm blest if there's a single shot in the locker, or I would make a hole in her. Got a revolver?"

I produced my best friend in that line—one which had several times served me well. To my astonishment, the Captain calmly looked at it, saw that it was loaded, tested the trigger, and deliberately put it in his pocket.

"It may come in handy," he said, as though there was no possibility that I might find it "handy" myself. "I've got a big navy down below, but nothing to put in it. No use for it at sea, you know. I used to be a crack shot with one of these things. I think I'll try it if I get a good mark."

He ordered the cannon loaded to the muzzle, the colors ready to run up, the four gates ready to open instantly, with the cannon at the forward gate, and all hands below ready to stand by when called for. Then, without a sailor on deck but the man at the wheel, and as calmly as if he were lying in port, he took a chew of tobacco, leaned lazily on the rail and watched the mandarin junk.

Down she came, nearer and nearer, still without a sign of activity. I began to think we were mistaken, after all, well as I ought to have known the Chinese. She was so near that we could hear the water lapping her prow under the grim dragon with two great eyes, and still the half-naked Celestial hung over the rudder arm and dozed.

She came within easy speaking distance. She came nearer. The fellow at the helm pushed a little. It was evident he was intending to strike us right amidships. It was not over two minutes off. There is something to make a landlubber's nerves cringe in a sight like that.

"Hard a-port," the Captain muttered, without moving his head.

I didn't believe the man could have heard at all, till "Hard a-port, sir," came, in the same low tones, from the man at the wheel, and in a moment the vessel came about.

There was a wild yell from the junk, and suddenly every foot of her deck, and even her ungainly rigging, were alive. They were all naked to the waist. There were a hundred or more of them. They sprang from everywhere, yelling and brandishing different kinds of weapons. A dozen caught the rudder beam to bring the craft about, but she was much slower at it than our vessel, with the result that, instead of coming in collision, we lay broadsides to, twenty feet apart.

The Captain did not move till the first yell sounded, but then, quick as thought, he turned: "Stand by, boys.

Open the water-gates. Run out the cannon, and let her go. Up with the colors there—be lively! To the port-rail, every man."

To the indistinct comprehension of a landsman this is about what came from his lips, and came as fast as the English language could conveniently be spoken. The result was something astonishing. Naturally I was watching the junk, wishing that I had my revolver, and paying little attention to what was going on on our own deck.

It was not over one minute, at the most, for we were only abreast of each other, and the Captain of the junk had barely gained a position in the rigging and begun yelling to his men, when there was a crash like thunder from our deck, a cloud of smoke rolling between the two vessels, a report from my revolver, and the Captain of the junk, with a furious contortion, fell headlong to the deck.

For a moment there was a tumult on the junk. I half expected it would result in our total annihilation. The next instant there was not a man in sight except the wounded Captain, wriggling about on the deck, and the fellow at the helm, who was wide awake, and tugging for life to head the junk away from us.

From somewhere or other, in hiding, came a plaintive wail: "No shootee. No shootee. Melikan man all lightee. Cheenaman no hurttee."

The Captain returned my revolver with the simple remark, "So much for your Chinese marines."

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TODDLES.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE path to the sea led first down the hill, then across some fields, and finally through a little stretch of woods. These were dark and spooky, and as Tommy tramped along under the trees between the Sheep and the ex-Pirate he imagined several times that he heard strange noises in the underbrush. These noises sounded like distant roars and growls—very faint, indistinct roars and growls, to be sure, but roars and growls, nevertheless—and the little boy could not help recalling what the Sheep had said about lions at the time of the Welsh Rabbit's visit to the Poor House. He tried not to display any timidity, but he asked:

"Are—are there any lions around here?"

"Oh yes," answered the Sheep, in the same careless tone he would have used if Tommy had said "trees" instead of "lions"; but when he noticed that the little boy looked frightened, he added, "They are not dangerous lions, though; they are only Dandelions."

Whereupon Tommy felt much relieved, and skipped along merrily until he saw a Turtle-dove spread its wings and fly up into the air and rest on the limb of a maple-tree. This was too much even for a little boy who had seen nothing but impossible things all the afternoon. He stopped right short in the middle of the road and gazed up at this new wonder.

"Now don't stand there and stare at that Turtle-dove," said the ex-Pirate, somewhat impatiently; "we have not time to stand around and study unnatural history. If we don't hurry we won't reach the Penguin's till dark."

This was a very strong argument with the little boy, so he gave one last glance at the Turtle-dove, and ran along until he caught up with his two companions. In a few moments they broke out at the edge of the wood, and found themselves only a short distance from the seashore. The breakers were making a great noise on the sand, and back of them the calm blue sea stretched away unspotted by any smoke or sail. Purely out of habit the ex-Pirate put his hand up over his eyes and looked around from north to south the entire length of the sky-line. Then he shook his head sadly and sighed:

"I'm no good at scanning the horizon any more. This business of scanning hexameters and pentameters and Alexandriens spoils a man utterly for a good, all-around, every-day, smooth horizon."

Tommy did not even try to understand what he was talking about, but trudged right along in silence beside the Sheep.

They had not gone very far before they caught sight of two figures in the distance.

"I'll bet that's Thingumbob," said the Sheep, calling the ex-Pirate's attention to them.

"That's just who it is, and I wonder what he is doing?"

He certainly was doing something, this figure whom they called Thingumbob. As they drew nearer to him Tommy thought he must be making a speech, for he could see that he was waving his arms and shaking his fists at his companion, who appeared to be very much affected by what was being said. The second figure Tommy soon made out to be a Seal. He was a rather large Seal, and was sitting on a rock, while Thingumbob stood on the sand in front of him. Tommy tried later to describe Thingumbob to his Uncle Dick, but he found himself unequal to the task. At times the queer creature resembled everybody Tommy had ever known, and yet again he looked like nobody in particular. He was a nondescript sort of being, entirely indescribable.

As they came nearer they could hear him using the most dreadful kind of language; he was scolding the Seal, and calling him names in a most outrageous manner. He was so engrossed in pouring out this vituperation that he did not hear the approach of Tommy Toddles and his companions. The Seal was apparently greatly distressed over what Thingumbob was saying, for he held his fins up to his eyes, and wept bitterly. Neither the ex-Pirate nor the Sheep seemed in the least affected by the scene.

"What is that awful person doing?" asked Tommy as they came quite close to him.

"Who? Thingumbob?" said the Sheep. "Oh, that's all right! But I suppose you don't understand. Look at him now." Thingumbob was holding a dipper in front of the Seal's face, and was catching the poor beast's tears while he scolded him in the most dreadful manner.

"Thingumbob always does that," the Sheep went on to say. "Whenever he meets a Seal he scolds him and blackguards him until the poor thing begins to cry. Then he catches the tears in his dipper, because Seals weep sealing-wax, you know." Tommy did not know it, but he nodded his head and looked to the Sheep for more information. "Thingumbob is a great collector of sealing-wax. He has lots of it at home. All colors, you know. Most of it is red, though. Young Seals weep red sealing-wax, and it is easier to make them cry. If you just pinch a young Seal, or say 'Booh!' at him, he'll cry. The middle-aged Seals weep yellow and blue and brown and black sealing-wax. The old fellows shed golden tears, and it's pretty hard to make them cry."

"This one is crying in blue," said Tommy, for they had now gotten close enough to Thingumbob and the Seal to be able to see the contents of the dipper. It was almost full of blue sealing-wax.

"Hello!" said Thingumbob, when he saw the three; and turning toward them he waved his dipper at them in a friendly sort of way.

"May I go now?" whimpered the Seal, seizing the opportunity to escape.

"Yes, you may go," shouted Thingumbob, fiercely; "and don't you let me catch you at it again!" The Seal hobbled off the rock toward the surf, shedding blue tears on the sand as he went (which Thingumbob carefully picked up as he followed along behind), and then jumped into the waves and disappeared.

"That's pretty good for ten minutes' talk, isn't it?" remarked Thingumbob, holding out his dipper for the others to inspect.

"How did you get it?" asked the ex-Pirate.

"Oh, I scared him half to death. I told him he had been putting the Sea-fox up to stealing my Chicken-losters, and that I'd have him arrested and put up in an Eagle's nest on top of a mountain."

The Sheep and the ex-Pirate seemed to think what Thingumbob said was very funny, for they laughed and asked him a lot of questions. Tommy, in the mean while, was more interested in Thingumbob's personal appearance than in what he said. He was certainly the queerest-looking creature the little boy had ever encountered. He never looked twice alike. When they had first come up Tommy thought Thingumbob had gray side whiskers, but as he looked now he had no whiskers at all. His pockets were stuffed, and fairly bulging with all sorts of odds and ends, among which Tommy could see bits of string, pieces of spangled cloth, an old clock, a broken saw, a tin horn, a match-box, shells, ribbons, picture cards, and all sorts of trash. The ex-Pirate was evidently as much amused as Tommy at the sight



"WHAT IS THAT AWFUL PERSON DOING?" ASKED TOMMY.

of this odd collection of useless material sticking out of Thingumbob's pockets.

"What are you carrying all that stuff around for?" he finally asked.

"Oh, I always do," replied Thingumbob.

"But it's nothing but a lot of trash, a lot of trumpery," said Tommy.

"I know it," continued Thingumbob, calmly; "but don't you know that you can always tell a man by the trumpery he keeps?"

And having this spoken, he sat down on a rock and began to brush his hair, using the bottom of his tin dipper for a mirror. It was a very old brush that he used, and it was very full of hairs, and as Thingumbob proceeded with his toilet he frequently paused to look at it. Finally he said to the Sheep, "I don't know how it is about wool, but a hair on the head is worth two in the brush."

"So they say," replied the Sheep; "but we have not time to stay here and discuss that. We want to find out about the fight."

"It's all over," said Thingumbob.

"Who won?"

"I forget," he added. "Either the Swordfish or the Penguin won. I don't remember which. But here come some Clams; perhaps they know."

Just then, as Thingumbob had said, half a dozen Clams stepped out of the

mew's brother, became belligerent; because, before Bill's bad brothers broke Bernice's beautiful bamboo bonbon basket, both began behaving badly by besmearing Bartholomew's Bible binding.

Both Browns being big babies boggled before Bartholomew. Bartholomew beat both Browns badly. Both Browns being big babies began boo-hooing.

Bernice bellowed, "Bravo, Barty! Beat both braggadocios!" Barty beat both bravely.

breakers, and strolled over to where Tommy and his friends were conversing.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

TEACHER. "Thomas, how is it that James can say his alphabet so much better than you can; he never misses a letter?"

THOMAS. "He oughtn't to, 'cause his father's a post-man."

WAG (to friend who is trying to polish up a pair of old patent-leather shoes). "I say, old man, don't you think the patent has expired on those?"

MURDOCH. "Oh, mamma, see the carriage-wheels making successful rebellions!"

MAMMA. "What do you mean, dear?"

MURDOCH. "Why, mamma, teacher said that revolutions are successful rebellions."

BRAGGADOCIOS, BEWARE!

BILL BROWN'S babyish brothers (both being bad boys) bamboozled bandy-legged Bartholomew Braham by breaking Bernice Braham's beautiful bamboo bonbon basket.

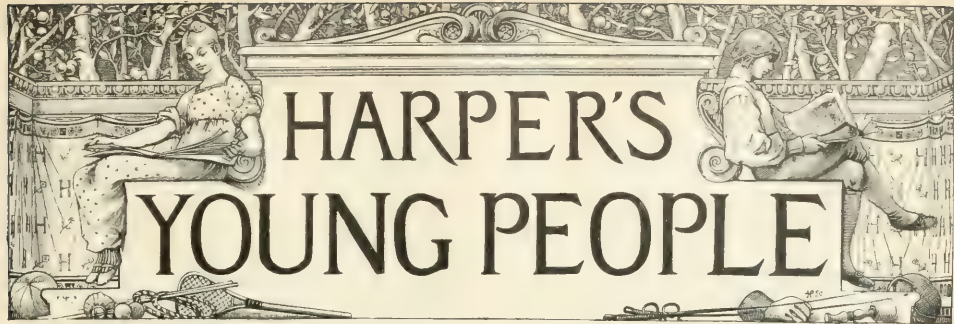
Bernice being Bartholomew's brother, became belligerent; because, before Bill's bad brothers broke Bernice's beautiful bamboo bonbon basket, both began behaving badly by besmearing Bartholomew's Bible binding.

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A COMIC VALENTINE—CAUGHT IN THE ACT.



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY CAROLINE A. CREEVY AND MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

CHARACTERS:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. MASSACHUSETTS.....MAUD. | 7. PENNSYLVANIA.....EMMA. |
| 2. CONNECTICUT.....GLADYS. | 8. DELAWARE.....ISABEL. |
| 3. NEW HAMPSHIRE.....ELINOR. | 9. MARYLAND.....CATHARINE. |
| 4. RHODE ISLAND.....MARGUERITE. | 10. VIRGINIA.....JOSEPHINE. |
| 5. NEW YORK.....FLORENCE. | 11. NORTH CAROLINA.....BESSIE. |
| 6. NEW JERSEY.....IDA. | 12. SOUTH CAROLINA.....MAY. |
| 13. GEORGIA.....HELEN. | |

THE SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCE.....GENEVIEVE HOWARD.

MRS. HOWARD.....GENEVIEVE'S mother.
A PAGE.....GENEVIEVE'S small brother HARRY.
GENERAL WASHINGTON.....JOSEPHINE'S brother.
THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.....JOSEPHINE'S friend.
AN INDIAN GIRL.....MRS. HOWARD'S niece, introduced by MRS. HOWARD,
a surprise to GENEVIEVE.
A PROPHETESS.....A young lady friend, also introduced by MRS. HOWARD,
a surprise to GENEVIEVE.

(Costumes should be of red, white, and blue cheese-cloth. Each State must wear upon her breast a shield bearing the name of the Colony she represents. The occasion is a birthday party to Genevieve, who was born on Washington's birthday—February 22d.

SCENE.—A parlor in Mrs. Howard's house.

Thirteen chairs are arranged for the expected guests, in three groups, representing the New England, Central, and Southern sections.

The curtain rises on Genevieve, Mrs. Howard, and the Page. Genevieve is dressed in white with a red, white, and blue girdle, a crown of gilt paper on her head, in her hand a wand made of narrow ribbon—red, white and blue—around about a stick tipped with a star. The Page should be dressed in Colonial costume, which can be hired, including a powdered wig. The girls, representing the thirteen colonies should have their hair powdered. Mrs. Howard, in her own character and plainly dressed, is arranging the chairs. Genevieve is seated on her throne, an arm-chair draped with rags, the Page bowing on the platform at her feet.



INDEPENDENCE AND HER PAGE.

Mrs. Howard. There, my daughter, I believe everything is ready. You will remember how to seat your friends. This is the New England division; this, the Central; this, the Southern.

Genevieve. Yes, thank you, dearest of mammas. How lovely you have been to get up this party! I only hope the girls will enjoy it as much as I do already.

[Genevieve runs to her mother, and throws her arms about her neck and kisses her.]

Mrs. Howard. I have enjoyed getting it up for you, dear. Now run back to your throne and let me arrange your dress. I will retire in order to put the finishing touches on the table.

[Exit Mrs. Howard.]
Genevieve. Mother's a darling, Hal; isn't she? Do you know, you make the sweetest little page? I shall be very severe with you. I shall say: "Boy, dost hear a knock? Run an thy life depended on't." And then you must be very obedient and run.

Harry. But, Gen, they will ring, won't they? How can they knock?

Genevieve. Foolish boy! What matters it? In olden times they had no bells, only knockers. You must introduce those that come not by

their real names, but by the name on the shield. Present them to me. Say, "Miss Massachusetts, let me present you to the Spirit of Independence." Say it over now.

Harry. Oh, don't fuss, Gen. I'll do my part all right. Mamma's structed me, you know.

Genevieve. Instructed, Hal. Well, just say it, please; that's a good boy. (*Ring at bell.*) Oh, run, Hal; and now don't forget.

[*Harry flies to the door and opens it. Genevieve smooths her dress and looks dignified.*

Enter Elinor and Marguerite.

Harry. Hulloo, girls! You're first. Sis, here's Elinor and Marguerite.

Genevieve (sternly). Boy, are these thy manners?

Harry. Oh, I forgot. Let's see who you are. Misses New Hampshire and Rhode Island, I present you (*with a flourish and bow*) to the Spirit of Independence. Say, Gen, was that right?

Genevieve. Splendid, Hal. (*Rises, but stands still.*) You must come to me, of course. I can't leave my throne. Welcome, ladies—I mean States. —Colonies. Take the third and fourth chairs in the New England Section. You are come to celebrate Washington's birthday. How nice you look, girls! I'm going to take you (*addressing Rhode Island*) Little Rhody after this; the character fits you so well.

Rhode Island. Yes, I think I am becoming. Who did your hair, Nellie?

New Hampshire. Mother. Who did yours?

Rhode Island. A regular hair-dresser. I don't see but yours looks just as well, and you didn't pay fifty cents, did you?

[*Ring.*

Genevieve. Hush, girls. Sit up.

Enter New Jersey and Delaware.

Harry (grandly). The two Colonies of New Jersey and Delaware. This is my sister, the Spirit of Independence. Go up to her and make your prettiest bow. She is the President of the Convention.

Genevieve. Welcome, ladies.

Harry. They ain't ladies, Gen.

Genevieve. Of course. But don't say *ain't*, Hal. Welcome, Colonies. Take the sixth and eighth chairs in the Central Section. You are to sit in geographical order.

[*The girls greet each other, and New Jersey and Delaware sit in the chairs indicated.*

New Jersey. Are we late, girls? It took so long to do up my hair, I thought I should never get here in time. I met Isabel just at the door.

Delaware. Marguerite, you never looked better in your life.

New Hampshire. She's Little Rhody—small but sweet.

[*Kisses her.*

Delaware. Diamonds are small but precious, my dear. She's just too cunning for anything. [*Ring.*

Enter five girls, the entire Southern Section.

Harry. Here's Miss Maryland, and Virginia, and North Carolina, and South Carolina, and Georgia. A whole lot of 'em, Gen. Go up and bow to Gen. She's the Spirit of Independence.

[*The five girls advance and greet Genevieve and the other Colonies.*

Maryland. We are "the solid South." We met at my house and dressed, and did up each other's hair, and came in one carriage.

Genevieve. Welcome, Southern sisters. You are in time for our Convention. Those are your seats in the Third Section. Sit in geographical order, please. So. You bore a very important part in the war, I believe.

All Five Southern Colonies. Indeed we did.

Virginia. Where are the rest? I thought we were late.

[*Ring.*

North Carolina. There's somebody now.

Enter Florence (New York), Maud (Massachusetts), and Gladys (Connecticut).

Harry. Ladies—oh, I mean girls—no, Colonies—let me present you to my sister, the Spirit of Independence.

Connecticut. Oh, my, Hal, what a sweet page you make! Aren't you going to kiss me, dear?

[*Catches Harry in her arms. Harry struggles violently to be free. Genevieve raps her wand and calls.*

Genevieve. Order! order! The page is not to be kissed by the Colonies. Advance, sister Colonies, to our throne, and join the Convention.

Connecticut (who has set Harry down, and is laughing heartily). I beg your pardon, dear. I was overcome by his beauty, and lost my heart on the spot.

Genevieve. I shall send you a copy of your own Blue Laws to read. Kissing wasn't allowed in your Colony.

Connecticut. Not even of pretty pages? But those Blue Laws are a fiction, a pure myth, I do assure you. How do you, girls?

[*The new-comers greet those already there, and sit in their respective chairs.*

Massachusetts. Who is missing? There's one empty chair.

Genevieve. Pennsylvania hath not yet honored our invitation. She taries.

Connecticut. Oh, Gen, you're immense! *Our!* Isn't she royal? Let me see. Pennsylvania is the Colony in which Philadelphia is situated. You can't expect her to be up to the times. Always a trifle behind, is it not?

[*All laugh and say "Oh, Gladys!" Ring.*

Genevieve. There she is now.

Enter Pennsylvania, dressed in Quaker costume—gray dress, white hands, white folded across her breast, and bonnet. Harry starts.

Harry. I say, Gen, this one don't belong to the party. She ain't dressed right. (*To Emma.*) Say, are you invited here?

Pennsylvania (drawing herself up). Well, I guess I don't go to parties unless I am invited. I'm a Quaker, because my colony was settled by William Penn, a Quaker, Mr. Hal. Mamma suggested it, and I thought it real nice. Do you care, Gen?

Genevieve. No indeed! That is, I do care, because it was such a happy idea of your mother's, Emma. It makes a change, and, as you say, it is so appropriate. Approach, Colony of Pennsylvania. Greet your sisters, and take the vacant chair.

[*Pennsylvania shakes hands demurely with the other girls, bows to Genevieve, and sits down.*

Pennsylvania. Am I last? I did not mean to be late.

New York. We were saying that we should expect Philadelphia's State to be a bit slow.

Pennsylvania. You sinner! Is it in order, Gen, to shake Florence for instituting comparisons? Anyhow, my police department isn't so corrupt as yours.

Genevieve. Girls, your time is a hundred years ago. And you are not cities, but colonies. I don't know that they had any police at all in those days. Now the Convention is about to begin. Hal, you need not stay. You won't be interested in the solid history that is coming now.

Harry (in a grieved tone). Well, I guess! A fellow likes solid things as well as girls do. I'm going to stay, and I won't disturb nothing.

Genevieve. Not nothing; anything, Hal. You may stay if you will sit here at my feet and keep quiet. (*Harry takes the position indicated. Genevieve takes a paper from her pocket and reads.*) This Convention of the thirteen original Colonies is called, first, to have a good time; second, for our mutual improvement. We have just finished our great struggle with the mother-country. It is fitting to pause and review briefly the parts you sustained in the war. Don't forget the part which I had. If the spirit of independence had not pervaded the breasts of your sons and daughters, you would have been contented to live and die slaves to a monstrous English tyranny! (*Applause.*) That tea party in Boston Harbor would never have been held.

Massachusetts. Don't steal my thunder, please.

Genevieve. Hush! Papa wrote this for me. Where would be the crowds that yearly ascend Bunker Hill Monument?

Connecticut. Was Bunker Hill Monument built in 1783?

Genevieve (disregarding the interruption). Where Valley Forge and the crossing of the Delaware? Yes, Colonies, you owe it all to me. (*Applause. Genevieve bows.*) Now, girls, I'm going to recite an address of welcome that mother wrote for me.

Welcome, sisters bright and young,

Wearing morning's air of strength;

Trips the measure from my tongue,

Love in all its breadth and length.

Welcome on this happy day

When our greatest chief was born.

I, a child upon the way,

Share his splendid birthday morn.

We will now hear from Massachusetts.

Rhode Island. Why don't you begin with Maine?

Massachusetts (rising). Because I include Maine. The charter granted to Massachusetts Bay Colony by William and Mary included Maine and Nova Scotia. Not until 1820 was Maine admitted as a separate State.

Rhode Island. Well, that's news to me.

Massachusetts. I confess that it was to me till within one week. Gen, you want us to make a short story, don't you?

Genevieve. Yes, very short, and not too dry. We are supposed to know about the details.

Massachusetts. Well, the Stamp Act roused my people. It was the match which lighted the fire of a great conflagration.

Gladys. Hear! hear!

Massachusetts. Then came the tea party, the battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill. I wish I had time to read you "Paul Revere's Ride." The rough troops which my farmers provided shut up the British soldiers in Boston. Washington came upon the scene, and forced the British to evacuate. They went away in their ships one night. After this I sent men and money to the war which went on in other Colonies. Samuel Adams and John Hancock were among my great men. I say, Gen, was that brief enough?

Genevieve. Almost too brief, Maud. But it's a good example to set the others. (*All the girls applaud.*) New Hampshire is next in order, and she will tell her part in the war.

New Hampshire. I can't find that I had much of any part. There were General Stark, and my 400 militia, and the Green Mountain boys who defeated a large army under Colonel Baum, sent by Burgoyne. They lost 800 men, we 54. It was my hero Stark who said before the battle, "There they are, boys; we must beat them to-day, or this night Molly Stark's a widow."

Genevieve. Nothing to be modest about in that. Do you remember when Vermont was separated from New York?

New Hampshire. In 1701.

Harry. She's good on dates.

[Harry is now discovered by a crackling sound to be eating peanuts.

Genevieve. Boy, that is not in order. Do you think Daniel Webster ate peanuts on the floor of the Continental Congress? Hal, if you're tired, don't stay, dear.

Harry. All right, I won't eat no more peanuts. But, Sis, Daniel Webster wasn't a member of the *Continental Congress*.

Genevieve. I meant Thomas Jefferson. (*Admiringly.*) What a lot of history you do know, Hal!

Harry. You bet!

Genevieve. I shall next ask Connecticut to speak.

Connecticut. Do you girls know why our nation is called Brother Jonathan? Well, I furnished that nickname. Jonathan Trumbull was my sturdy Governor at the opening of the war, and Washington loved him so much he called him Brother Jonathan. So his name was bequeathed to the country. I think that's glory enough for me. (*Sits, but rises again.*) Oh no, I forgot Nathan Hale, the spy, whose statue has lately been set up in New York. His home was in Connecticut. I will just say that in proportion to my population and means I furnished more for the war than any other Colony.

Genevieve. Do you remember what Nathan Hale said on his way to his execution?

Harry (*raising his hand*). Oh, let me tell that. He said, "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country."

Genevieve. Right. Now, Little Rhody, what have you to say?

Rhode Island. What I am going to say is in poetry. [*Recites.*

A pearl upon my bosom old Newport town I wear,
You have heard the merry music of the billows breaking there.

Once the red-coats danced and flirted with Tories sweet and fair,
And for three whole years the patriots shunned Newport in despair.

And just beyond my coast-line were great battles on the sea,
And the lightning and the thunder burst fought the foemen of the free.

And you know that in the honor roll of great men gone is seen,
Starred there by small Rhode Island, the name of General Greene.

[*All applaud.*

Genevieve. That's lovely, Marguerite. Now we will hear from the Middle Section, and first, of course, from New York.

New York. Well, I bore a very important part of the war, owing to my position and size. My forts were almost the key to the country. Both armies hovered over the Hudson River, first on one side, then on the other. When the news of the Declaration of Independence was received, my people pulled down the leaden statue of George III. in the Battery (New York city), and melted it into bullets. The Mohawk Valley was now for the first time cleared of Indians by General Sullivan and 3000 men. This was a good thing for New York and everybody else, for the Indians who had always lived there were the Six Nations, the bravest and most cruel of them all. In August, 1787, at Fort Stanwix (now Rome, New York), the first American flag was raised. It has been adopted by Congress. It was made of alternate stripes of a red flannel petticoat and a white shirt, the field being cut out of an old blue overcoat.

Harry. Jolly! I wish I could see it.

Genevieve. Girls, you are doing splendidly. You enter right into the spirit of it.

Pennsylvania. It's simply fun. We learn so much!

Genevieve. It's your turn now, New Jersey.

New Jersey. I suffered more than any other Colony. Washington's headquarters were over that of the time in Morristown, and he and his troops were all over that part of the Colony. You can enter scarcely a farm-house that does not proudly show its chair in which Washington sat, or its table from which he ate, or its well from which he drank. I think I may truly say the cause of the colonies could never have been won without me.

Harry. Modest!

Genevieve. That's all right. We want facts. We will now hear from our sister Delaware.

Delaware. Girls, I have not much of a Revolutionary history. I was one of the smaller Colonies, and was removed from the immediate seat of war. But I did my part in money and troops.

Genevieve. You are one of the loyal thirteen, Isabel, and your star on the flag is as big as New York's. Now, Sister Pennsylvania, what is your record?

Pennsylvania. A long and glorious one. But in the telling I will make it short. The Continental Congress met in my Colony.

I own the Liberty Bell which proclaimed to the country the Declaration of Independence. May I tell you about that in a little poem of my own?

A silent bell in an idle tower,

Slack and slender the tenuous rope,

And drooping beside it a graybeard pale,

With eyes that had lost the look of hope.

Down below, in the thronging streets,

Women and children and grave-faced men,

Surging like waves, the waiting crowds,

And every moment as long as ten.

For the silent bell in the idle tower

May break into peals so glad and free;

Their sound shall scatter the spells of greed,

And carry brave tidings across the sea.

Out from the throng a blue-eyed boy

Rushes, flushes, waving his hand.

"Ring! ring!" he cries. And the old man hears,

And the great bell peals o'er the grateful land.

(*Applause.*) Benjamin Franklin was my honored son. Valley Forge, Germantown, Brandywine, Wyoming Valley, could all tell an exciting tale, some of victory, all of honor, if I had time.

[*Applause.*

New York. Good for the Quaker State!

Genevieve. Maryland, my dear, let us hear from you.

Maryland. Baltimore, as you know, was the scene of a great ovation to Washington when he was on his march south to enter Cornwallis. The city held a banquet in his honor, and in every possible way showed her sympathy and desire to help the national cause. In 1790 I ceded sixty square miles of my territory for a national capital, the present District of Columbia. It was to the Colonial Congress in Annapolis, in 1783, that Washington resigned his commission as Commander-in-chief.

Genevieve. And now, Virginia.

Virginia. I had many splendid Generals, among them Richard Henry Lee and Daniel Morgan. The closing scenes of the war took place on my ground. Yorktown is where Cornwallis surrendered to Washington. Since Washington is my son, I thought you would rather see him in person to-day than hear about him. So I invited him to come and bring his friend, the Marquis de Lafayette.

Enter George Washington and Lafayette, attired in Continental costumes. They bow to the Spirit of Independence, who plainly shows her pleased surprise. She and all the Colonies rise and bow, then resume their seats.

Virginia. Behold the Father of his Country whose birthday we are celebrating! A modest but brave man. And this his friend is one of the most polished gentlemen and brave soldiers of his day.

Genevieve. You are most welcome, sirs. We are honored. Josephine, what a lovely idea!

Washington. I am pleased to attend this Convention. Nobody was more surprised than I when the nation called me to be its chief commander. Once having accepted the trust, I did everything in my power towards success. Our troops were often poorly clad and ill provisioned. I suffered from hunger and cold with my men. But I always looked straight ahead, sure of final victory. The people were behind me, and I never gave up hope. My friend here was of immense service. I shall never forget it of him.

[*Bows to Lafayette.*

Lafayette. How could I see this gallant struggle without coming to your aid? I have a soldier's love for a fight. Besides, England was our enemy, and we were glad to see her worsted.

Genevieve. Had we known, sirs, that we were to be favored with your company, we would have provided chairs for your worships. As it is, will you stand near our throne while we proceed with the important matters of the Convention?

Harry. You can sit down with me if you want to

[*The two Generals seat themselves on the platform.*

Genevieve. We have yet to hear from the remaining Southern Colonies.

Georgia. Oh! hearts were strong in the strife with wrong

In those simple days gone by,

When, our troth-plight given, we challenged Heaven

To see how the brave could die.

Where the spice winds blow o'er the waving snow of the cotton-field in bloom,

Where the mocking-bird is at daydawn heard, where the sudden thunders gloom,

Where the bright waves plash, and the torrents dash, and the solemn pine-trees stand

Like sentries tall in a sombre wall—there is our Southern land.

South Carolina. The campaigns of the South were hotly contested. Savannah and Augusta were first captured by the British, then Charleston, till Georgia and myself were under British control. But we were hard to hold. Sumter, Marion, and other



"ORDER! ORDER! THE PAGE IS NOT TO BE KISSED BY THE COLONIES."

Southern leaders made their headquarters in the swamps, and sal-lying forth when least expected, harassed and bothered the British troops like swarms of hornets. Marion was like a meteor in the swiftness and daring of his raids. Cornwallis feared him above all others. Bessie, you tell the story of Marion as a host that we were reading together.

North Carolina. A British officer having occasion to arrange some matters of business with Marion, was invited by him to dinner. He had been charmed by the grace and dignity of his host already, and he gladly accepted the invitation. The meal consisted only of baked sweet-potatoes served on bark. No apology was made, but the guest could not help exclaiming, "Surely, General, this is not your ordinary fare?" "Indeed it is," replied Marion; "but having to-day the honor of your company, we are so happy as to have more than our usual allowance." The officer returned to Charleston and resigned his commission, saying that America could never be conquered while served by such men.

South Carolina. Our women were brave. When British officers had taken possession of one woman's house, she brought with her own hands a bow and arrows to the American officer, and bade him send fire-brands by shooting the arrows on the wooden roof. She stood by watching her home burn till the British were forced to surrender themselves prisoners.

Genevieve. Well, girls, aren't you glad you had such a glorious record? For my part—

Enter Indian Girl. She is slowly and mournfully chanting to herself.

INDIAN GIRL'S COMPLAINT.

I lament, I lament, that my people no more
Rule forest and mountain from East unto West;
Like the chaff that is winnowed and swept from the floor,
Have faded and vanished our brave and our best.
No longer our hunting-grounds ring to the shout
Of the young men returning full armed and gay!
Our chiefs on the war-path no longer go out,
And cold is the fire in wigwams to-day.
I lament, I lament, that the star of my race
Has sunk in deep waters; no more shall it rise.
In shame and in sorrow I'm hiding my face,
Alas! and alas! for our decolate skin.

[Sits herself on the floor.

Rhodes Island (coming to her and taking her hand). Never mind, you poor thing. We are all dreadfully sorry that we had to take your lands. But we had to, you know. We will take care of you, and send you missionaries, and food, and blankets.

[Sits herself beside Indian Girl.
Genevieve. Girls, this is another genuine surprise. Positively, I knew nothing about it. But I think it is beautiful.

All. Beautiful.
Enter the Prophetess. She comes in leaning on a cane. Slowly advancing, she vents the palms of each girl's hands. While doing so she sometimes shakes her head, at other times nods and smiles. She also reads Genevieve's hands, and lastly those of the two Generals and Harry. Harry is half afraid of her, and shrinks away, but at length consents to have his hand examined. Then the Prophetess waves her cane, faces the audience, and says (her voice trembling and crackling as if with age):

To-day thirteen, 'tis true, and weak and small,
But forty-four, a stalwart troop to-morrow!
With kings and chieftains at your doors to call,
And fain your wealth and skill and hope to borrow.

I see how one by one the tongues of men
Are merged in that grand voice that yet will reach

To every coast, till all the world shall ken
The golden strength of our dear English speech.

I see the white church spire on every hill,
The school-house nestling in each low green valley.

And, growing up, serene in might and will,
A throng of men at freedom's word to rally.

I see a sudden wave of battle break
Frowning and dark across the peaceful land!
Then wrong goes down! Then righteous forces make
Stronger the nation, joining hand in hand.

Harry. Well, I never!

Enter Mrs. Howard.

Mrs. Howard. I think it is about time for this Convention to adjourn to the dining-room. Will the Spirit of Independence invite these distinguished gentlemen, and all the others, to partake of refreshments?

Genevieve. Oh, mamma, if we were to do this over again, we could almost make a little play of it. Couldn't we, girls?

Girls. Indeed we could.

Genevieve. We invite all present to partake of our simple fare.

Harry. Cannot I speak my piece, Genevieve?

Genevieve. Oh, yes, I forgot. The Page will close these exercises by saying an ode to the flag. And after each verse we will all sing the chorus, "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!" And then we will have a feast in the dining-room.

Harry. Hail, flag of our Union,
Dear flag of the free!
In every heart-throb we're
Devoted to thee.
Let foemen assail thee,
We'll rush to defend,
For the banner of freedom
Is every man's friend.
CHORUS.

Dear flag of our Union,
Thy stars are alight
With the glory and hope
Of the dawn after night.
A torch in the darkness,
Outstreaming and free;
All nations and peoples
Are turning to thee.
CHORUS.

CURTAIN FALLS.

(While it is falling, Virginia says.)

Girls, the whole thing has been simply delicious.
All. Simply delicious.

THE END.

A GIRL'S COOKING-SCHOOL WITHOUT A FIRE.

MANY a girl who goes once a week to her cooking-class and stands over a hot fire for two or three hours trying to make the bread, the chops, the croquettes, and all the other parts of the "lunch" just as the teacher

has bidden, would be very much surprised if she went into a certain cooking-school in London. There they cook lunches and dinners and breakfasts and suppers, and nowhere is there to be seen a sign of stove, range, coal, wood, or fire. In fact, the only things in the room beyond the ordinary number of chairs and tables are two queer-looking burglar-proof safes. If you happened in there

while cooking was going on you would see the teacher standing by the ordinary kitchen table, rolling some dough, perhaps, and ranged along the edge of that same table there might be, first, a copper or steel platform with dishes standing on it, then a little tiny grill, next a teakettle on a little copper stand. Beside this a saucepan, and then a frying-pan. While the teacher calmly rolls out the dough, the grill holds up a chop that is smoking away and simmering merrily. In the frying-pan potatoes are frying. In the saucepan something is stewing at a great rate. Steam is coming out of the kettle, and you, in amazement, walking up to the platform holding the plates, snatch your fingers away quickly after touching it to see what is doing all this, and in a moment there is a little white swelling on that finger which did the touching. And all this without fire, without anything but some carefully protected wires that are hitched to the legs of the grill, the handle of the frying-pan, and different parts of all the other things.

Of course it is simple enough. There are half a dozen electric lights in each room in the house, and this ingenious teacher has attached wires to the electric main which furnishes the electric lights. Each set of wires thus attached is fastened to one of the cooking utensils or to the little stand upon which it rests, and the pan or grill or stand is thus heated just as the tiny platinum wire loop inside the electric-light burner is. Only, as the grill is much larger than the platinum wire, and iron or copper is harder to heat than platinum, the grill does not get white-hot, or even red-hot, but just hot—hot enough to raise the blister just mentioned on your finger.

Up out of the floor come the wires from the electric main, and then each little cooking apparatus has its own particular set of wires, and there are six little knobs for connecting and breaking the circuit for each set, placed just under the top of the table. The cleanliness, the simplicity, and the convenience of the whole thing are remarkable, and if you really should happen to belong to some cooking-school here in America, and go to London and see this school, you would be thunder-struck, and made quite unfit to come back to the hot range and the draughts and the coal and wood and the lighting of fires.

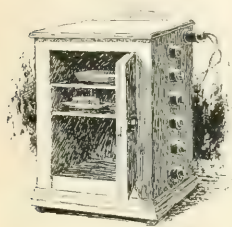
But this is only half of the strange things that happen in this most modern of cooking-schools.

The two burglar-proof safes that were the only things seen in the—it would hardly do to call it "kitchen"—cooking-room when you entered turn out to be nothing more than electric ovens. They are so constructed that the half-dozen shelves inside them which are attached to wires, just as the utensils on the table are, can be heated

to any degree of heat without altering the temperature of the safe or oven itself. Here you can set plates of bread or roasts, or anything that can be cooked or warmed in an oven. Then closing the door, you turn on a certain amount of electric current through the wires that are attached to shelf No. 1, and the plates are warmed. To shelf No. 2 the wires carry more heat, and something is roasted in no time, and so on down through the half-dozen shelves—all done by the turning of little knobs, instead of carrying coal, and putting paper and wood underneath it, and lighting matches, burning your fingers, and blowing half your lungs away.

Imagine what fun and how easy such a class-room would be! And it is not so impossible as it seems, for should the building in which your cooking-class meets be lighted by electricity, it is comparatively inexpensive, really cheaper in the end, to have your "fire" furnished in this way. There would be nothing of the disagreeable part of the cooking, and only the interesting part. Of course there would be chances for making mistakes, as there probably will be in everything we do, but the mistakes in this case would be that you might turn on the wrong knob and cook the plates, and only warm the raw beef. Then, too, there would have to be a good deal of care given to the wires, because if you happen to get the circuit through your body instead of through one of the pans, that would "cook your goose" for all time. The danger of this, however, is very slight, because the wires are carefully covered, and they are kept out of the way entirely, except just where they have to be attached to the pans and stands.

What a fine time the cooks will have when the day of these strange stoves comes! No getting up early to get the fire started; no coal to carry; nothing to do but turn a knob, and everything for breakfast begins to sizzle. And we might go on imagining all day, and think of our mother's afternoon tea-tables with a tiny little knob underneath, which only has to be turned half round to set the teakettle singing, and then another knob on the wall, and the room is heated; and still another attached to the inside wall of the carriage, and the carriage is lighted and warmed at once from a little storage-battery underneath, and— But we might go on forever, and grow wild in our imagination, and still perhaps not get so far beyond possibility either.



THE OVEN.



THE "KITCHEN RANGE."

"THE 'SCUTNEY MAIL."

THE STORY OF A YOUNG PEOPLE'S NEWSPAPER
VENTURE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

Part IV.

ACROSS the fields was the nearest way from the poor-house lane to Farmer Bigsby's old granary, and across the fields they trooped, Polly leaving her bicycle beside the stone wall, which she climbed as nimbly as the boys—more nimbly, indeed, than Jim, who was pale and trembling.

"He'll be burnt up, Sarah Lond, and all the others!" he gasped, as Polly tried to encourage him by hopeful prophecies.

"Is Sarah Lond a *he*?" asked Polly, feeling that the emergency justified a little indulgence of her curiosity.

"I named him after somebody that I used to know," said Jim, evasively—"somebody who liked animals, just as I do. Do you suppose Macurdy has let them out?" he added, his voice strained and sharp with anxiety. "Macurdy says he sleeps with one eye open. I've tried it, and I can't do it, but you know how very smart Macurdy is."

"It's a good thing that the granary is away off by itself," said Bing, as Jim and Polly overtook him. "Maybe it wasn't Derrick that did it. Anyhow, Polly, you needn't go to hollering like a girl until we see whether we can't put the fire out. The brook is right near there, and it's lucky it isn't frozen."

It had not needed Bing's warning to make Polly wish that they could extinguish the fire without an alarm. Perhaps one ought not to wish that Derrick should not be arrested, but if he were, Bing's share in the adventures of the night would be sure to come out, and it might be difficult to convince people that he was not concerned in the setting of the fire.

The smoke was thicker now, but there was less flame. The fields were miry, and Polly's boots were so heavy with mud that she could no longer run. Bing began to hang back a little, as if he were not altogether inclined to "grace battle's brunt," but Jim's long legs went steadily on, and when Polly was near enough to him she could hear that he was muttering anxiously about "Sarah Lond."

As Jim approached the granary, with Polly close behind, and Bing's small hesitating figure bringing up the rear, a tall figure stepped sturdily out from the smoke.

"You needn't be scared, nor make a fuss; I'm here," said Macurdy Green.

"They're all safe—Sarah Lond and all?" demanded Jim, breathlessly.

"Yes, all are safe. I was afraid they'd smother, but there's no danger now. He—that rascal of a Derrick Croome"—it almost seemed as if sparks flew out of Macurdy's gray eyes—"pried open the door after he had set the fire; perhaps he wanted to let 'em out; I don't know as *he* is bad enough to burn live things up; but I think he wanted to steal some of 'em; and Sarah Lond bit him. He hollered, and I heard him. I sleep in the woodshed chamber, and I've been sleeping with one eye open lately—kind of expecting there was mischief brewing."

"You treated us pretty mean, but I wouldn't set things afire," said Bing, digging in the ground with his heel. "Derrick Croome's a coward, anyway."

"You just leave him to Sarah Lond!" said Macurdy, with undisguised satisfaction. "He can bite."

Jim pushed open the granary door and entered. Queer chattering and scolding noises came from inside.

"I knew there were live things in there, squirrels and things; all the fellows do; but I wisht I knew who Sarah Lond is," said Bing.

"Ain't you ever going with Derrick Croome again—'slong's you live?" demanded Macurdy, solemnly.

"Honest and true, black and blue!" responded little Bing, with equal solemnity.

"Well, Sarah Lond is something that you don't very often see tamed. Jim can tame wild things. I suppose it's because he likes 'em so. Sarah Lond is in a big cage, and he likes it pretty well, anyhow, and he knows Jim and me, and wouldn't bite us. And he's a weasel. Some day if you come over, you and your sister—we don't often show him to girls, but—but—you and she can see him."

Polly was not very enthusiastic about the weasel, but she appreciated Macurdy's stammeringly conveyed compliment, and gravely accepted the invitation.

"I wish you would go home now, without making a bit of noise," said Macurdy, frankly. "The fire's all out, and I don't want *her* to get wind of it," with a significant nod towards the house. "She won't be likely to see any signs of it, because she's lame, and don't get 'round much, but if she should hear of it she'd be awful apt to put her foot down."

"Then you won't have Derrick Croome arrested?" asked Polly, eagerly.

"I'll just leave him to Sarah Lond!" said Macurdy, confidently.

Bing wondered what he would think was bad enough for *him*, if he knew of the confusion and desolation in the *Mail* office, and of the hand-cart with its load that was standing beside the stone wall in the poor-house lane. And he hurried back across the field as fast as Polly herself—Polly, who had been seized with a sudden fear lest Derrick Croome should come upon the hand-cart, and, with anger freshly aroused by Sarah Lond's bite, wreak his vengeance upon it.

The cart was there with its contents safe, and Bing pushed it homeward with might and main. Jim had offered to go with them to help, but he was evidently so tired, and so anxious about his pets in the granary, that Polly positively declined his aid, asking only that he should take care of her bicycle.

There had been a heavy strain both on Polly's nerves and muscles, but she had heard Bing's promise to Macurdy Green—and an excellent thing about Bing was that he kept his promises—and that lightened the load. They could not bring order out of the confusion in the composing-room of the *Mail*, but they restored the press and the type, and Polly drew a long breath of relief as Bing softly locked the door behind them. She had carefully avoided reproaching Bing—since his promise—but she turned upon him now with a sudden question,

"Where did you get that key, Bing?"

Bing hung his cherubic head.

"I heard Luella tell you that she was going to leave it under the mat so you could go in and look at the proofs of 'Ake the Magic Squash Seed,'" he said.

Polly lay awake thinking how hard it was to be a boy's sister, but Bing—Bing, with all his misdeeds upon his head, slept "as they sleep who do not wake to care." After all, *The 'Scutney Mail* made its appearance that week, but it was not until Saturday night—instead of Thursday, its regular date—and Macurdy and Bing Rawson—Bing who had faced the music manfully, and owned up to his share in the midnight raid, and was now a recognized ally and aid of the paper, explaining that "He wasn't 'xactly on the staff, but—"

Sarah Lond's punishment of Derrick Croome had been, as Macurdy had prophesied, quite severe enough. He was under the doctor's care, with his hand and arm badly swollen, and with symptoms of blood-poisoning. The

identity of Sarah Lond was no longer a mystery, and all the boys in 'Scutney were deeply interested in the tame weasel, but the "piece" about him, which Macurdy's journalistic heart yearned for just now, as timely and striking, was hanging fire; for the excitement and exposure of that adventurous night had been more than Jim could bear, and he was now ill at the poor-house.

Macurdy's hands were full, and Tom's mumps was prolonged, and that paper could not have come out if Farmer Bigsby had not, for once, put his foot down and declared that, in spite of the claims of churning and baking, Macurdy should have his Saturday holiday for his own devices. The truth was that Farmer Bigsby was growing proud of Macurdy, and spoke of the *Mail* as "our boy's paper." The paper sold in Hebron and at the Four Corners, and people were inclined to take it much more seriously than at first; nevertheless, the money did not come in very fast, and Tom was growing rather tired of the work, and very tired of hearing it called Macurdy's paper.

"It's about time there was a piece in that paper about me, that founded it," said Tom to himself, discontentedly.

In the spelling-class, one day, a week or two after the midnight raid, Tom handed a letter, behind his back, to Macurdy. They were "toeing the mark," in the primitive fashion that prevailed in 'Scutney, and the teacher's eye was only momentarily absent from them, but Tom had happened to think of that letter, and wanted Macurdy to see it before he forgot it again—a fellow had so many things on his mind, now that spring was coming, and there were more ball games, and Lon Bailey, of Hebron, had threatened to thrash him for trying to make out, in the account in the *Mail*, that the 'Scutneys hadn't a fair show in the last game.

Macurdy took the letter, and found a chance to take a peep at it. It was from Tom's Uncle Rufe, out in Texas, and it said that a family who lived near him had been much interested in the story of the Queen of Sheba, because a young son, who was dead, had made a pet of a white turkey in the same way, and had called her the Queen of Sheba. The family seemed to think it a remarkable coincidence, and wished to know more about the boy who had written the article—especially as it was signed "Jim," and their boy who had died had been called Jimmie. Macurdy didn't think the letter amounted to much; he didn't see why another boy might not have called a turkey the Queen of Sheba, since it was a Bible name, with which every one was acquainted. And if it was a queer coincidence, it didn't strike his practical mind as being of much consequence.

Tom forgot it, too; Uncle Rufe had expressed very complimentary opinions of the paper, and Tom meant to suggest in his answer that a little more capital could be used to advantage in the development of the paper. Perhaps Uncle Rufe would send him another twenty-five dollars. He covered all four sides of his note-paper with what he considered delicate hints to that effect, and neglected to say who Jim was and how he had come to 'Scutney.

Derrick Croome had been sent away to school by his father as soon as he had recovered from the effects of Sarah Lond's bite, and his vicious dog had been sent off to a farm to be trained into a respectable member of society—this latter departure being a blessing to the community, for which it gave due credit to the boys' paper.

So the boys' world wagged with mingled joys and troubles and plans for bettering things, like the older people's; but Macurdy's troubles were just now so heavy that he had no heart for his joys. Mr. Bigsby had put his foot down for once, and Macurdy had used his Saturday holiday from school, usually a very busy day for "chores" and the house-work that he hated, and had been able to bring out the *Mail* in spite of the disaster

that had threatened to overthrow it; but after this temporary overthrow of Mrs. Bigsby's authority, she had reasserted herself vigorously. She was very indignant that "a wild beast" should be kept on their own premises, which had brought her nephew, Derrick Croome, "to death's door," and nothing would appease her wrath except Farmer Bigsby's promise that just as soon as it was so warm that the tamed creatures would not suffer by being turned loose into the woods and fields, the boys should be made to take them out of the granary.

There would be no reprieve from that sentence, Macurdy knew, and to lose his pets—Sarah Lond, the remarkable weasel; his white mice, which Macurdy had helped him to buy, and which he had brought home from the Four Corners on that memorable day when *The 'Scutney Mail* was first projected; his gray squirrels, and chipmunks, and rabbits—would break Jim's heart.

He would not be allowed to keep them at the poor-house; in fact, the question of sending Jim to the State poor-farm was being agitated again. He was ill and needed constant care, and the poormistress, who was not unkind, but was overburdened with work and care, complained of having a charge that did not rightfully belong to the town.

Jim would die if he should lose his pets and be sent away from the only place he knew as home, and from him (Macurdy) to whom his heart clung as to his only friend. In some way Macurdy felt he must prevent these trials from coming upon Jim. He was strong and Jim was weak, so he must take care of him; but how?

Farmer Bigsby gave him his board and clothing for his work, and he had very little time or opportunity to earn anything more. He feared he should even be obliged to give up the paper now that the spring work of the farm was coming on. Farmer Bigsby had told him so only the other day.

"Ploughin' and plantin' ain't a-goin' to hitch horses with runnin' a newspaper, Macurdy," he had said, shaking his head seriously. "You've been smart about that paper. I've counted on seein' it jest about as much as I have the *Cultivator*, but it's nothin' but boys' play, after all, and this is a world of solemn realities."

The "solemn realities" sounded so depressing that even Macurdy's stout heart sank for a moment. To drudge through every hour of daylight, with no chance to go to school, no hope of bettering one's fortunes, was, for an ambitious boy like Macurdy, a "solemn reality" indeed, and now this necessity, or, what he felt to be a necessity, of caring for Jim had come upon him.

Macurdy was going homeward on the last day of school, with his books strapped upon his shoulder to allow him to ease his mind a little by whittling, and with these heavy thoughts oppressing him. He had for once got past the point where whistling was possible—he had tried it, and a lump in his throat had stopped him—when suddenly he remembered a saying of old Uncle Sol Ramsdell's, "There never was a scrape without a way out of it."

"That's true; there always is something that a fellow can do!" said Macurdy to himself. "Sometimes, maybe, it's only to grin and bear it; but that's better than to give up and make a girl of himself." And Macurdy resolutely swallowed the lump in his throat.

If only Jim were provided for! Suddenly Macurdy remembered the people away off in Texas who had wished to know who the boy was who had written about the Queen of Sheba.

"He might be so like their boy who died that they'd want to adopt him, or something," said Macurdy to himself, and straightway resolved that he would ask Tom, that very night, to write to his uncle Rufe, and tell him all about Jim.

The sketch of Sarah Lond was finished, and would ap-



"IF YOU ARE AS SMART AS I THINK YOU ARE, IT'S A CHANCE FOR YOU."

pear in this week's paper, and that might still further arouse the interest of those Texas people who had lost their son. Macurdy had helped Jim to write it, and it was, as Macurdy with candid pride declared, "a pretty fair article." Those girls, the literary editor, and her friend Polly Rawson, had "tinkered" it a little; they had a knack at straightening a sentence out, and turning it round a little so that a fellow really said what he wanted to better than he knew how to himself; and they did it without making a fellow feel small, either. Macurdy thought that Polly Rawson had exercised a good influence over that Luella, who had, as Tom said, been a little "topping" in the beginning; and he had a much higher opinion of "women in journalism" than when he had begun to edit *The 'Scutney Mail*.

At the thought of the paper Macurdy felt a fresh pang. He felt as if he could not give it up. He should be too tired to work nights, even if Mr. Bigsby would allow him to, but he meant to try to get some one—perhaps Polly Rawson, with little Bing to help set type—to do his share of the work until the summer work was done, and he might have a little leisure again.

He hoped that—with all his other troubles—a rumor that had reached him was not true; a rumor that at last a weekly paper was to be published in 'Scutney, a real grown-up paper which would cast the *Mail* entirely into the shade.

It happened—rather queerly, as things often do happen in this world—that just as he was thinking of this, a stranger in 'Scutney, a brisk and wide-awake-looking man, stopped as they met very near Farmer Bigsby's pasture bars, and with a somewhat quizzical and amused expression—which Macurdy didn't altogether like—asked him if he had the honor of addressing Macurdy Green.

Macurdy responded, in a dignified manner, that Macurdy Green was his name.

"Editor of *The 'Scutney Mail*?" continued the stranger, subduing his quizzical air to one of respect.

"I'm one of the editors," said Macurdy, with modest pride. He was suddenly conscious of his old patched jacket, which Mrs. Bigsby had made him wear to school, and of Mr. Bigsby's broad-cloth Sunday trousers—of ten years' standing—which had just fallen to his share; of his great clodhopper shoes, and hat with a dilapidated brim; and he held his head the higher because he had been ashamed of them.

"I'm going to start a paper here—at least I'm one of a company that's going to, and I'm to be the managing editor," continued the man. "I think there's a good chance for a live newspaper here—queer that there's never been one."

"There's the *Mail*, you know," said Macurdy, with dignity.

"Oh yes!" The stranger instantly suppressed the slightest of smiles, and spoke very respectfully. "You boys have done well with that little paper. It shows a good deal of cleverness. I've been staying over at Hebron, and I happened to see two or three copies of it. My paper is going to be started next month; we've hired Croome's block on the main street. Now I'm looking for a boy. He'll have to sweep and dust and do the drudgery, but—he'll have a chance to work up. And I want a boy who knows the locality and can pick up bits of local news, as you have in your paper."

You see, we shall all be strangers in 'Scutney. I've been inquiring about you, and I think you're just the fellow I want. You won't get much at first, but it will be enough to board and clothe you—decently" (with a glance at Macurdy's peculiar toilet). "And if you are as smart as I think you are, it's a chance for you."

A chance for him! Macurdy thrilled to his finger-tips: the blood rushed to his face and then away again, leaving it pale under the great yellow freckles. It was a way out of his hopeless drudgery; with enough to board and clothe him he could manage to take care of Jim.

Then came a tug at his heart, the thought of the little '*Scutney Mail*, the paper that he had meant should grow up with him; but it was Tom's paper; Tom reminded him of it, cuttingly, very often.

But the wood that he was whittling fell from his hands, and they dropped dejectedly by his side. Then he straightened himself up and set his dilapidated old hat squarely on his head.

"I'm regularly engaged on the *Mail*," he said. "It wouldn't be fair to Tom."

The man threw back his head and laughed. "You take that paper very seriously," he said. "You ought to realize that it's only boys' play."

"Tom won't give it up—Tom Pickering, who owns it. He has asked his uncle for money to put it on a firmer financial basis," said Macurdy, sturdily.

"Well, well, think it over! I dare say I can find a boy if you don't want the job," said the man, a little impatiently, as he started to go.

"I'd like the job—I'd like it well; but I've got to do the fair thing," said Macurdy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TRYING TO SAVE A LIFE.

WHEN the two cadets were confined to the steerage they looked at one another seriously.

"What do you suppose they'll do to us, Hal?"

"I'm sure I don't know," he replied. "If the charge was nothing more than overstaying our leave, I think we might get off easily."

"Well, that's all Mr. Crane mentioned."

"I know; but you may be sure that the Brazilian Captain will make a formal complaint against us for helping Robert Lockwood to escape."

"But didn't Commander Brownson know we were going to help Captain Lockwood get his son?"

"Of course; I told him our whole plan. But then, you see, he had only to shut his eyes to our errand as long as the insurgents didn't catch us. Now the thing will be brought to his notice officially, and he'll be forced to take some action."

"All the same," said George, "he can't be very hard on us in the circumstances."

"But Mr. Crane seemed to be very angry with us for being aboard the *Aquidaban*."

"Well, we can explain that."

"All the same, I wish this thing hadn't happened."

"Me, too," said George, ungrammatically.

It was not more than two hours afterward that Captain Lockwood arrived alongside the *Detroit*.

"I should like to see Cadets King and Briscoomb," he said to the officer of the deck.

"Sorry, Captain, but they're both under arrest."

"Arrest! What for?"

"Overstaying their leave, and visiting the *Aquidaban*."

"Why, they couldn't help visiting her; and as for overstaying their leave, if they did, it was the Brazilian's doing, for he wouldn't put them aboard in time."

Mr. Harniss looked grave, and called for the orderly.

"Tell Commander Brownson that Captain Lockwood wishes to see him."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the marine, departing on his errand.

"But I haven't said anything of the sort," said the Captain.

"You must tell the Commander your story," said Mr. Harniss, "so as to set the boys right with him. It rests with him to release them without ordering a court martial."

"I think I can make it all right," said the Captain.

The orderly returned and took the merchant skipper to the cabin.

"Good-afternoon, Captain Lockwood," said Commander Brownson. "What can I do for you?"

"You can't do anything for me, sir; but now that I'm here I want to thank you for the protection your ship gave my bark the other day."

"Oh, don't talk about that," said the Commander.

"You know that's what we're here for."

"Well, sir, I won't say anything more about it, if you don't want me to."

"I'm sure you didn't come to see me about that."

"No, sir; I came to see my young friends Cadets King and Briscoomb, and I find they're under arrest. I know their offense was unavoidable, sir."

"How's that? Let me hear all about it."



"I MAY BE WEAK AND SICK," SAID FRANK, "BUT I CAN SEE THAT LOOKS LIKE BOB!"

Captain Lockwood rapidly narrated the events of the preceding night, laying especial stress on Harold's coolness and courage. It speedily became apparent to Commander Brownson that the two young men had not intentionally violated the conditions of their leave, and the Commander readily understood that the Brazilian Captain had revenged himself by making them late. He sent for Harold, and questioned him closely about the matter. The boy's frank and unhesitating answers convinced the commanding officer of his innocence. He dismissed the young cadet, and sent for the Executive Officer.

"Mr. Crane," he said, "I am afraid we have made a slight mistake."

At the Commander's request Captain Lockwood repeated his story to Mr. Crane, and the Commander himself repeated the substance of his conversation with Harold.

"There is only one thing to do, sir," said Mr. Crane.

"What, sir?" asked the Commander.

"The young men must be released from arrest at once, and it must be made known that their conduct has been satisfactory."

"You will attend to it at once. And now, Captain Lockwood, you may see your young friends."

"Well, sir, what I was going to say to them would have had to come to you in the end, so as long as I'm here I'd like to tell it to you myself."

"Go ahead, Captain."

The merchant skipper proceeded to tell Commander Brownson the stories of his son and his nephew down to the preceding night.

"Now, sir," he said, "I wish first of all to save my son from being shot; I suppose that's natural enough, isn't it?"

"My dear sir," said the Commander, "you have my deepest sympathy."

"And secondly, I want to get my nephew aboard my own bark, where my daughter and I can nurse him."

"I am afraid that cannot be accomplished. You see, he's an officer. Besides, what would you do for a physician?"

"I am acquainted with the best doctor in Rio, and I could get him to come off every day."

Commander Brownson reflected for a few moments, and then said, "I know of only one way it may be done."

"How's that?"

"By purchasing his discharge. The insurgents are hard pressed for money, and if they think he is going to be laid up long they might let him off for a small price."

"I'll go and see Admiral da Gama at once," said the Captain, rising.

"I wouldn't go personally, if I were you. He will not feel very cordial toward the Captain of the *Alma*. Is there no one who is on good terms with him who would do your errand?"

"No, not one. But wait! Yes, there is; there's Lieutenant Bennis, of the *Aquidaban*, my nephew's good friend."

"Just the man," said the Commander.

"But about my son; can't I buy his discharge, too?"

"No, I fear not while he is under sentence of death. There is a big difference between a disabled officer and a condemned seaman."

"What's to be done, sir? My boy—my boy—he must be saved!"

"Captain Lockwood, I shall go at once and lay this case before Admiral Benham. His influence, I am sure, will be sufficient to get the sentence commuted. This rebellion cannot last much longer, and if we can save the boy's life, you'll be able to get him away to America when this silly war ends."

"God bless you, sir," said Captain Lockwood, in a voice shaken with emotion, as he shook the officer's hand warmly and left the cabin.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A REBELLION IN COLLAPSE.

COMMANDER BROWNSON did not altogether overestimate the value of Admiral Benham's influence, yet the commander of the American fleet could get from the insurgent chief no further assurance than that Robert Lockwood's life would be spared for the present. Admiral da Gama added that if he finally decided to execute the condemned boy he would give the American Admiral due warning. It may well be understood that this condition of affairs put Captain Lockwood and his daughter into a fever of agonizing anxiety. Yet the American skipper was a man of great courage and energy, and he did not relax his efforts to save both his son and his nephew. The result of his talk with Lieutenant Bennis was that the latter placed the matter before his own commanding officer, without whose sanction he could not have applied to Admiral da Gama. The Captain of the *Aquidaban* listened with patience, and, somewhat to the surprise of Bennis, offered no objection to his proposition.

"It may as well be done now as later," he said, reflectively; "and the Admiral will be very glad to get the money."

Accordingly Bennis visited the *Libertade* and laid the proposal of Captain Lockwood before the Admiral.

"It is a matter of no great importance now," said Da Gama.

"Then I am to understand that you will sell the discharge of Frank Lockwood?"

"Yes, you may tell Captain Lockwood that I will accept his money and release the boy."

Bennis lost no time in conveying the joyful news to the American skipper, who promptly paid the sum agreed upon, and received a written acknowledgment, together with a formal discharge of Frank. The next step was to secure the safe removal of the cadet from the *Aquidaban* to the *Alma*. This was by no means an easy task, for Frank was quite unable to leave his cot. It was necessary to wait a day or two until the weather was perfectly suitable. Then a cot was set up in the cabin of the *Alma*, and a stretcher which could be hoisted by a tackle was prepared. This stretcher was taken in the *Alma's* long-boat to the *Aquidaban*. Frank was placed in it and carried on deck, and thence he was lowered into the boat. Arriving alongside the *Alma* he was hoisted aboard, and after the tackle was cast off he was carried below and put in the cot. He was greatly fatigued by the transfer, and for some hours he was inclined to be feverish. But finally youth and hope conquered, and he began to mend again.

"Uncle Hiram," he said, "I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never repay."

"Don't think about that, Frank."

"I can't help it, Uncle Hiram. If I hadn't been foolish enough to enlist in this service—"

"I might never have found my boy, for it was you that put us on his track."

"But that did so little good."

"Nonsense, Frank. His life is spared for the present, and I haven't given up all hope of saving him by any means."

"Well, you've saved my life, sir."

"That's putting it pretty strong, Frank."

"The doctor on the *Aquidaban* said you would live," added Minnie.

"That may be so," said the boy; "but I'm sure I should have died if I'd had to stay in that service any longer."

The next day the two cadets on the *Detroit* obtained

permission to visit their friend. They sat by his cot for an hour, and told him all that was going on in the American fleet.

"Watkins, Gleason, Briggs, and Brown have received orders to report for their final examination," said Hal.

"Yes, and they're going to New York by the steamer that sails to-morrow," said George.

Boom!

The thundering echo of a great gun rolled up the bay.

"What's that?" asked the wounded boy.

"Oh, Frank!" exclaimed Minnie, running into the cabin, "the *Aquidaban* and the *Republica* are going out, and the forts are firing upon them. I'm so glad you are not aboard."

"But Bob!" exclaimed Captain Lockwood, springing to his feet. "What 'll become of him?"

"Let us go to Da Gama at once," cried Hal, hastening on deck, followed by the Captain and George.

"A boat's comin' from the *San Francisco*, sir," said Mr. Ball.

In a few minutes a cadet from the flagship boarded the *Alma*. He had been sent to tell Captain Lockwood that Admiral Benham, hearing that Da Gama and Mello had quarrelled, and that the *Aquidaban* and *Republica* were going south to engage in a vain attempt to carry on the rebellion on their own account, had sent a peremptory demand to Mello to know what was to be done with Robert Lockwood. The reply was that he had been surrendered to Admiral da Gama. That commander had flatly refused to give any information further than to say that the boy was aboard one of his ships.

"I'll go and see him," said Captain Lockwood.

The cadets returned to their ships, and the American merchant Captain visited the *Libertade*. But it was in vain, for he learned nothing. But Admiral da Gama repeated his promise to send word to Admiral Benham as to any future treatment of Robert. Two days later George and Harold tumbled aboard the *Alma* with flushed faces.

"Old man," said Harold, "we've news for you."

"Yes," exclaimed George, "it's all over!"

"What's all over?"

"The insurrection."

"Has Da Gama surrendered?"

"No; but he has done something worse."

"What?"

"He has fled," said George.

"Yes," said Harold; "he has taken refuge on the Portuguese war-ships."

"And the government fleet is about to come up the bay."

At that moment the sound of heavy firing broke upon the air.

"Hurrah!" cried George. "The fun's begun."

"Oh," exclaimed Frank; "I wish I could see it. May I, uncle? The doctor said I might sit up a little to-day."

"But I don't believe the excitement would be safe."

Minnie came and looked eagerly into her cousin's face. "I am sure it would do him good, father," she said.

"Well, let's try it."

Harold and George brought a steamer-chair to the side of the cot, filled it with pillows and blankets, lifted Frank into it, and carried him on deck, where they stood beside him. The scene that met their eyes was inspiring. The batteries which President Peixoto had been planting on the hills had opened fire on the insurgent forts. Bursts of flame, followed by clouds of white smoke, were springing from the mountains as if they had all suddenly been transformed into volcanoes in active eruption. Crest echoed to crest with the roar and rumble of artillery. From the insurgent forts arose clouds of dust as the shells fell and exploded within their walls. Out from behind Sugar Loaf in a stately procession of single

column steamed the government fleet. The frowning *Nichteroy*, with her huge dynamite gun pointing like a titanic finger over her bow, led the way. Following in her wake were the *America* and the other ships, while the agile torpedo-boats spread out like skirmishers on the wings. Every vessel flew her bravest holiday bunting. The shores were lined with excited thousands, whose glad cheers rang loudly across the waters. But the insurgent ships and forts were as silent as graves. And when, a little later, President Peixoto's forces boarded the vessels and entered the forts, they found them utterly deserted. The rebellion in Rio Harbor had utterly collapsed.

Utterly deserted is not strictly true. On the poop-deck of the old *Tamandare* stood a single man. As the *Nichteroy* swept grandly past, this man hoisted the Brazilian flag to the peak and fired a shot from a musket. As a result his ship was boarded first, and a few minutes later the cutter from the *Nichteroy* shoved off again and headed toward the *Alma*.

"They're coming right this way," said Hal.

"And there's a man standing up in the boat and waving his hands," said Minnie.

"I may be weak and sick," said Frank, in an excited tone, "but I can see. That looks like Bob!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

BY W. H. RAND, JUN.

FROM the moment a boy is enrolled in Phillips Exeter he is made to feel that it is to himself alone he has to look for advancement either in academic standing or popularity. He is surrounded there by none of the supposed safeguards of constant supervision and minute regulations, once considered essential to the orderly discipline of a great school. His time outside of the classroom is his own, to improve or to waste, as he sees fit. The authorities make only two requirements—that he shall accomplish thoroughly the tasks set for him, and shall conduct himself as a gentleman. If he fails to meet these, there is no punishment for him in the usual sense of the word, but the boy is made to feel that he is a square peg in a round hole, and that the sooner he looks about and finds a square hole to fit him, the better it will be for all parties, particularly for himself. It follows that Exeter is not the place for very young boys, nor does it in any way serve the purpose of a reformatory for boys who cannot be controlled at home.

For many years the only building used by the academy was an unpretentious wooden school-house, standing in a large yard, facing Front Street, a broad avenue lined with the noblest of noble New England elms. Twenty-four years ago this building was destroyed by fire, and in its place the alumni and friends of the school erected the present building, a capacious and modern brick structure of two stories, with one-story wings on either side. The first floor is given up to recitation rooms. Above, in the centre, there is a large chapel, where the walls are crowded with the busts and portraits of old Exonians who have gained credit and fame for the academy in the great world beyond the school-room doors. The place of honor is filled by Stuart's painting of the founder—a benevolent old gentleman who gazes benignly from his canvas at the boys who assemble before him every morning. He is in good company, too, for near him are Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Lewis Cass, Butler, Hildreth, Bancroft, Sibley, and many others prominent in public life, learning, and literature.

Behind the academy there is a large and well-appointed gymnasium, with dressing-rooms, lockers, baths, rubbing-rooms, sparring-rooms, bowling alleys, a running track, a



DINNER IN ABBOTT HALL.

baseball cage, and all the approved appliances for deepening chests and hardening muscles. Class exercises under the supervision of a competent director are a part of the regular course, so that physical culture is not confined to the chosen few who represent the academy in interscholastic contests. There are also well-equipped laboratories for chemical and physical experiments. The other buildings of the school are two dormitories, Abbott Hall and Soule Hall, where students of small means find room and board suited to their purses. Most of the students, however, live with private families, selected by the faculty, and eat at club tables set forth plainly but abundantly by Exeter landladies.

Amusements at Exeter are plenty and various. In the winter months there are dancing parties supported by the subscriptions of the students, and variously called assemblies, promenades, or gemmans. These are usually given in the gymnasium, and the guests include, besides the young ladies of Exeter and neighboring towns, sisters and cousins, who brave the terrors of Gorham Hall, the leading hotel of the town, for the pleasure of the dance. Invitations headed by elaborate monograms are sent forth, and the boy whose name appears as one of the committee, or as a leader, feels that whatever adverse fortunes may befall him, his social position at least is for all time secure.

The winter brings the hockey games on the ice of the Fresh River, and the weight-putting

and the lap-running of the candidates for honors at the athletic meetings. Then there are sleigh-rides over the bleak white hills under the winter stars, and the hot supper to crown the work. There are also debating societies, where many a vexed question of statecraft and social ethics and political economy is disposed of by hearty school-boy oratory and rhetoric. But these are only occasional diversions. The greater part of the winter, fortunately, perhaps, for the year's average of scholarship, is given to books. Then in the long evenings the boys follow with halting feet the tramp of Cæsar's legions in the campaigns in Gaul, and laboriously discover the adventures of the wandering Eneas. Then Agamemnon and Priam, Scipio and Hannibal attach new soldiers to their fortunes, and there are warm discussions by crowded firesides over the relative merits of the sages and statesmen and generals of Greece and Rome. Then are feet twisted on the rungs of chairs, and brows wrinkled, and fingers spread in tangled hair, as the exasperating problems of Professor Wentworth vex the brain of sleepy youth. Then are the meetings and initiations of the secret societies, whose members are bound by fearful oaths, and who proclaim their loyalty in jewelled pins on their waistcoats, and try their best to believe that the members of other societies, and particularly the unfortunates who belong to no society, are of an order apart from and inferior to themselves.

Twice a week throughout the year comes the *Exonian*, with school news and notes from other academies and from the colleges. Its editorial page exhorts the students to support the nine, and to subscribe for the dances, and admonishes the faculty when their resolutions do not meet the approval of the student body, and in its columns the budding Cives and Lector file their important complaints. Once a month is published the *Literary Magazine*, a pamphlet of more serious and less ephemeral interest. Here are the seeds of the novelette and the dialogue, the critique and the moralizing, that later fill the pages of the *Harvard Advocate* and the *Yale Courant*. There is a small but carefully selected library belonging to the school, and a large collection of books belonging to the town of Exeter, to both of which the students have free access. Indeed, he is a boy of odd tastes who cannot find means to enjoy them at Exeter. There is temptation to useful and agreeable occupations in plenty, mental and



THEN THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN AND THE GAME IS BEGUN.

physical; next to no inclination to vicious mischief, for which, fortunately, there is small room in the peaceful village. It only comes occasionally to the ears of the students in whispered stories of Seniors who have been entertained in Boston or New Haven by their college friends, and have sat in cafés and smoked and drank beer in real manly fashion.

On Sundays all the boys are required to attend church once. It used to be twice not very long ago, but Exeter has shared in the growing belief that the religion which is forced is a religion of doubtful value. A student is free to choose any one of the many churches of the town, but the choice must be made upon his entering the school, and he must abide by it. Sunday afternoons are all his own. That is the time for long rambles over the country roads, or through the woods to the eddy where the Fresh River has its rise. This for good weather; and for stormy winter days there are fire and books and calls and letters home.



THE GYMNASIUM.

Some Saturday morning three hundred pairs of eyes are turned suspiciously to the sky. No boy is too young or too small to be asked his opinion of the chances of good weather. The morning lessons receive a perfunctory attention, luncheon is bolted in haste, and the occasion is at hand.

Early in the afternoon long files of boys move along elm-shaded Front Street to the campus, and not boys alone, but all of the good people of Exeter who can possibly give the time; for this day is, by common consent, the school day, and the interest of the townspeople is only second to that of the boys themselves. Some of the older boys are in all the glory of tail coats and canes, and are escorting ladies. All the boys are decked with crimson ribbon, and their eyes dance with the keen pleasure and excitement of the moment. Gray-suited figures in red stockings move in twos and threes, conversing earnestly in low tones, and no boy is impertinent enough to disturb those conferences by an interruption. The wooden benches at the side of the field are quickly filled, and soon along the opposite side troops the enemy—the same boys, one would say, but for the blue ribbons they sport in coat lapels and on hats and canes. At the ends are massed the buggies and carryalls of the farmers, who have come in for the game, and sometimes there is a gay coach from Portsmouth, crowded with jolly school-girls and their escorts. But stop! A group of blue stockings run on the field, and pandemonium breaks loose. On the Andover side, P-h-i-l-l-i-p-s rah! rah! rah! the cheers roll



THE ACADEMY.

What Yale is to Harvard, what Cambridge is to Oxford, Andover is to Exeter. A few years before the foundation of the academy at Exeter Dr. John Phillips had assisted his uncle, Samuel Phillips, in establishing a school at Andover, in Massachusetts. This institution in its progress and history resembles strongly the Exeter school, and between the students of the two academies there is a strong though friendly rivalry. They meet at baseball, football, in track athletics, at tennis, and in debate. To represent the academy in his chosen specialty is the ambition that appeals most forcibly to the heart of the Exeter boy.

Of all the days in the year there are two especially marked with a red letter. These are the days of the annual football and baseball games with Andover. For weeks beforehand the great game is the one topic of discussion at the club tables, in the school corridors, and in the rooms. The strength, weight, appearance, and form of each player are canvassed again and again. Rumors of men of fabulous strength and size, induced to remain at Andover long enough to be added to her team, come up from the south, and are excitedly discussed and often credited. For the boys at school are very much like their elder brothers in the colleges in their readiness under pressure to believe bad things of each other.

At last the long period of anticipation comes to an end.



AN EXONIAN'S ROOM.

out, and Ex-e-t-er P-E-A rah! rah! rah! comes the reply.

The boys are splitting their throats for their favorites. "Look at that big fellow, will you," says a cautious young Exonian to his neighbor.

"Pshaw!" is the confident reply; "just wait till big Peters runs against him!"

Then amid the frantic cheers there is a moment's pause, the players take their positions, the signal is given, the cheers burst out again in renewed strength and volume, and the game is begun. The two crowded hours of glorious strife are come. Andover scores; a tempest of cheers breaks from her partisans, and her benches are a mass of waving blue and tossing hats and canes. For a brief time the delirious crowd is regarded in envious silence from across the field, but "Courage, Exeter, courage, all our hearts are with you!" is the message of the steady cheers from the school seats, and the Exeter players respond. A few minutes more struggle, and the score is tied. A burst of crimson flags and a mighty roar from a thousand throats greet this success.

"Ah," thinks the happy boy who scored this point, "if I could die now, with these plaudits ringing in my ears!"

Again the champions strive, and again the point is Exeter's. She is ahead. The most ignorant spectator knows that by the dancing figures and the howling mass that rise from the Exeter seats, while the blue flags are hidden, and a wretched silence oppresses the Andover hosts. To keep the lead, that is now the hope. Andover must not score again, and she does not. At last it is all over.

"Now, then," cries the Exeter captain, "three times three for Andover!" and the cheers respond generously. A similar compliment follows from the Andover team, and then there is a rush for the players; they are lifted high on the shoulders of their adorers, and the field is soon deserted. Only the broken sod and a red cap or a bit of canvas testify to the mighty struggle that has been.

Slowly the boys in blue climb into their barge, and slowly and sadly their followers escort them to the station. When the Portland express rushes in the passengers can see nothing but boys. The cars rock with the cheering. The Andover boys crowd into their cars, the bell rings, and the train rolls slowly out, past the Exeter lads who line the platform, cheering heartily for their vanquished foes. The academy bell, too, has been ringing this hour, telling to all the country-side that Andover is beaten.

There are happy dinners in Exeter that night. The victorious players are parcelled out among the various clubs as guests, too precious to dine all together.

Sometimes, for truth must be told, the day is lost. It is Andover that scores again. It is the Andover chiefs that rock the station, and then there are silent dinners at Exeter, and rooms are sought early, the neglected books are opened, and the importance of examinations is suddenly brought home to the disappointed-boys.

Another of the great occasions of school life is the visit of the trustees at the end of the term. These great men are conducted to the various class-rooms, where they look wisely about them, and pretend they have not forgotten their school-boy knowledge, and could step down from the platform and read Homer at sight, or solve one of Professor Wentworth's ingenious puzzles with the greatest ease, if dignity would but allow it. Recitations close at noon on that day, and the whole school assembles in the chapel to hear a short address from one of the visitors. The school rises as the trustees enter, and remains standing until the august guests have taken their seats on the platform. There are some short exercises, and then comes the moment so impatiently longed for. The senior teacher rises and gives the signal, whereupon there are three such outbursts of hand-clappings as only happy school-boys at the close of the term can give. This hand-

clapping is a time-honored custom of the school, only performed on the occasion described, and when there is a graduate in the chapel.

It is a proud day for the Exonian when he returns to town from college in all the pride and panoply of college Freshmanship. His company is eagerly sought for at the club tables, where he delights his hosts with stories of the freedom of Harvard life, and of the larger school to which he has graduated. He tells them what Exeter men are on the eleven, and who are going to be. He throws invitations broadcast to come down and see him at Thanksgiving. "Beck, 22, you know," or "Holyoke" "We'll make it jolly for you." But when he returns to the university, with all his independence, he misses in the conflict of selfish interests the old companionship and unity of interest of his school days, and, as he expresses it, "fain would be a boy again."

In the late spring the Exeter boy's bosom is torn by the conflict between duty and inclination. The latter leads him to the campus to watch the practice of the nine, or to the crowded tennis courts, or up the clear and tranquil little river to the cool shades of the eddy. But the final examinations oppress him with fear. Before the senior and the middle looms up the dread spectre of the college-entrance examinations, where he knows a strict account will be demanded of the use he has made of his opportunities. Yet these terrors, in turn, slip away into the past.

The four years are ended all too soon—a complaint, I fear, of which this description stands in no danger. The day comes when the school account is closed for good or evil. On Class day, when the speeches are all spoken, the songs all sung, the Class tree planted, the June ball over, before he turns to his new life in college or business, the Exeter boy looks back with tender affection to the four years of his school life, and wonders if the future holds for him pleasures as keen, tasks as hard, and associations and friendships as dear as those he has left behind. And this affection in Exeter boys is strong and constant in Exeter men, who cherish always their memories of the old academy days.

A SURE CURE.

WHEN the snow begins to fall
On the lawns and tree-tops tall,
And the blizzard is a blustering through the slow old village street,

Then I hie me from my bed,
And get out my old bob-sled,
And I polish up the runners till they shine like glistening sleet.

When they ring the breakfast-bell,
I announce I am not well,
And I sigh and say I'm tired, and am simply just worn out;
And my mother says she thinks,
As my weary eyelid blinks,
That I'd best not go to school to-day there isn't any doubt.

But by ten o'clock I feel
So recovered that an eel
Could not give me any points on moving constantly around,
And the pain deserts my head,
And I take the old bob-sled,
And am shortly whizzing with it o'er the snow-incrusted ground.

Whence I think 'tis very plain
That to cure a small boy's pain,
And to get him back to health without an ache within his head,

There is not a dose or pill
That so fully fills the bill
As a good old well-packed snow-fall, and a chance to use a sled.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TODDLES.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER X.

WITH the Clams was a strange creature that looked to be half horse and half vegetable. It had four hoofs, and all the rest were leaves.

"What in the world is that with the Clams?" asked the little boy.

"That's the Horse-radish," answered the Sheep.

"Horse-radish always goes with Clams, you know," said the ex-Pirate, condescendingly.

"Of course; I ought to have thought of that," said Tommy.

"And with Oysters too."

"But the Oysters are away now," said one of the Clams. "They've gone away for the summer. They never stay about in May, June, July, and August."

"Awfully high-toned mollusks, those Oysters," sniffed a Little Neck Clam.

"Yes; just think of having four months' vacation every year," said another.

"I was talking with a little Oyster in his bed the other day," continued the first Clam, "and he said four months wasn't half enough."

"He must have been a very young one," ventured the Horse-radish.

"That's the way with those young ones," commented Thingumbob. "You give them an Inch-worm and they want an Elephant."

"I notice the old Oysters are glad enough to get a rest of four months," continued the Horse-radish.

"I suppose they think half a loaf is better than no vacation at all."

"How odd of them!" put in Tommy.

"Odd?" queried the ex-Pirate. "Don't you like the Oysters? Or do you prefer the society of the Clams?"

"Oh, I like Oysters, and I like Clams too."

"Clam stew!" shrieked the Little Neck Clam in great dismay.

"Too," said Tommy, who noticed that the Clams were becoming very much alarmed.

"Two?" repeated Thingumbob, with woful lack of tact; "why, I've seen clowders where there was only one Clam." But this line of conversation had become so distasteful to the Clams that they were rapidly sinking into the sand. Thingumbob noticed this, and branched off to another subject. "I know why the Oysters go away in the summer," he said; "it's because they don't like the Flies. The Flies go away in the winter, you know."

"So do we," said the Clam, now somewhat reassured.

"Where do the Flies go to?" asked Tommy. "I've always wondered where they went in the winter-time."

"That's what the Pink-eyed Gosling asked," said Thingumbob.

"What?"

"He asked where the Flies went."

"And it's a classic, too. Another one of my classics," put in the ex-Pirate. "Would you like to hear it?"

"Go ahead! Go ahead!" said Thingumbob, pounding on the rock with his dipper. "Go ahead, whether he wants to hear it or not. We'll hold him."

And so the ex-Pirate bowed to all, and began to recite, in his usual melodramatic manner:

"Where do the Flies go in winter-time?"

The Pink-eyed Gosling asked.

"They go to a balmy, distant clime;

Where the sun is never masked;

To a land where clouds are still unknown,

Where the cold north wind has never blown,

And the seeds of sin are yet unsown,

Where all is true and good."

"And do the little Flies remain

All winter in this land,

Or do they find the constant strain

Too great for them to stand?

For, even with the little Flies,

It seems occasion must arise

To weary of the cloudless skies,

Where all is true and good."

The Gander knit his furrowed brow,
And frowned upon his child,
And said, "This plain to see that thou
Art yet both young and wild;
But hearken to the old who preach,
And listen to the wise who teach,
Or else that land thou'll never reach
Where all is true and good."

No one had apparently noticed it, but while the ex-Pirate was reciting, the six Clams had sunk into the sand until they were wholly out of sight, and the Horse-radish had entirely withered away. Thingumbob sighed when it was all over, and began brushing his hair again. He also brushed his whiskers, for they had grown out anew. Presently he said, "Since you are speaking poetry, how do you like this:

Quoth the Codfish to the Pelican:

"Can you swim as well as I?

If you do not know how well I can,

I'll let you see me try."

"Is that all?" asked Tommy, after a pause.

"That's all."

"And what happened?"

"Nothing happened. Nothing ever happens," added Thingumbob, rather peevishly. "For instance:

The Zebra and the Crocodile,

The Quagga and the Gnu,

All started out one afternoon

To see what they could do.

They wandered quite a long ways off,

And had such loads of fun,

That when they came back home again

None knew what they had done,

And so, you see, practically, or as far as the outside world was concerned, nothing happened."

The ex-Pirate pulled Tommy off a little to one side and whispered in his ear: "He's that way. You see, he's been talking too much. Let us leave him alone and go on our way."

But Tommy suspected that the real reason why the ex-Pirate wanted to leave was because he was becoming jealous of Thingumbob. Nevertheless, as the Sheep was also inclined to proceed, they bade farewell to him and continued along the beach. Tommy noticed, as they walked on, that the beach gradually became harder and harder to the step, and that the sand no longer gave way beneath his feet as softly as well-regulated sand should. He would not have minded such a thing, probably, if he had not been somewhat fatigued by his long walk, but he was a tired little boy by this time, and did not much care to have his progress made any more difficult. He looked down at the sand to see what the trouble was, and discovered that there was no longer any sand there at all. He was now walking along on shingles. He looked about him, and it seemed as if he and his companions were travelling on the roofs of houses that had been built so closely together that there was no room for streets in between them. And the rocks, too, that had been scattered along the shore had in some unaccountable manner disappeared to give place to chimneys, out of some of which thin clouds of smoke coiled skyward.

"Where are we now?" asked the little boy, when he had completely taken in the transformation of his surroundings.

"Where are we?" echoed the Sheep, as if he did not quite understand the question.

"Yes; what are we walking on?"

"Oh, I see. Why, this is the shingle beach. There aren't many like this. Isn't it queer? But we will be off of it in a minute," and, sure enough, a few rods further on the shingles melted into sand again, and the rocks ceased to be chimneys, and the landscape became as perfectly natural as it had been before.

"There it is!" shouted the ex-Pirate, just after they had left the shingle beach behind them. "There's the Penguin's house," and he directed Tommy's attention to a queer-looking structure about two hundred yards ahead of them, sheltered by a low cliff and well set back from the sea.

"Is that where the Penguin lives?"

"That's the place. That's his office, too. Don't you see THE TIDAL WAVE written up over the door?"

Tommy Toddles had made up his mind not to be astonished any more at anything he might see that day, or he doubtless



"HORSE-RADISH ALWAYS GOES WITH CLAMS, YOU KNOW," SAID THE EX-PIRATE.

would have been much more impressed than he was with the Penguin's mansion, and later with the Penguin himself and with his queer establishment. The house was built of oyster and clam shells, and had four columns in front of it. These columns were profusely decorated with lobster claws and crabs and starfish, and supported a sort of triangular pediment, along the base of which was written in shiny pebbles the name of the Penguin's newspaper, and on the apex of which roosted a large stone Gargoyle. That is, he looked to be of stone, for he was gray of color and sat perfectly still; but as the three came nearer, Tommy could plainly see that the thing had red eyes, and that the red eyes were firmly fixed on him. The house was fairly large, and had a wide front door and several windows, through which, even from a distance, you could see into the interior of the rooms, where the Penguin appeared to be very busy at his work.

On the steps outside were a crowd of little crabs that were all talking at once, and pitching pennies and squabbling with one another, just like a pack of very badly behaved young crustaceans that they were.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOMMY'S EXPLANATION.

The difference between the chair with wheels,
And the rocking-chair I know;
The chair with wheels is for summer-time,
And the chair with runners for snow.

MOTHER. "Jack, you've been skating this afternoon instead of attending school."

JACK. "I know it; but you see, mamma, we had our arithmetic class this afternoon, and our professor, he's a dandy, decided to give us a lesson in fancy figures on the ice, so I had to go."

WILLIE'S WINTER THOUGHT.

OUT in the night, where the wild winds wufg,
And through the gray trees go wheezing,
It's funny the poor little birds don't sing,
Just to keep their pipes from freezing.

TODDLETUMS. "Mamma, what are angels?"

MOTHER. "They are the armies of the Lord, my child."

TODDLETUMS (after thinking deeply). "Then the stars must be their camp-fires at night."

BOBBY. "I wish my birthday was not the 22d of February."

JACK. "Why not?"

BOBBY. "Oh! every one thinks because George Washington never told a lie, I ought not to."

WHERE AND HOW.

WILLIE. "Tommy Jones went and hit me an awful crack with an apple."

PAPA. "On purpose?"

WILLIE. "No, on the nose."

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

BOBBY. "Have I a little drum in my ear, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Yes, Bobby."

BOBBY. "Then, I suppose, the jackass must have a bass-drum in his."

HE KNOWS IT THEN

I CANNOT spell
So very well,
But when I see
A C-A-T
Below a cat,
I know it's that.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

"I'm going to be a lawyer when I grow up," said Walter.

"I'm not," said Jimmie. "I'm going to keep a candy store, and be rich enough to eat it all up myself."

COULDN'T USE IT.

"You are never satisfied, Jimmie," said his mother. "Here you have a beautiful bob-sled, and yet you're moping all the time."

"Well, I can't help it. Papa had ought to get me a hill to slide down now. You won't let me use it on the stairs."

A GOOD REASON.

PAPA. "But why would you like to be an astronomer when you grow up, Tommy?"

TOMMY. "Because then I would only have to go to night-school when the stars are out to study."

TWO REASONS.

JOHNNY. "I should think Japan would be a great place for football, papa."

PAPA. "Why, Johnny?"

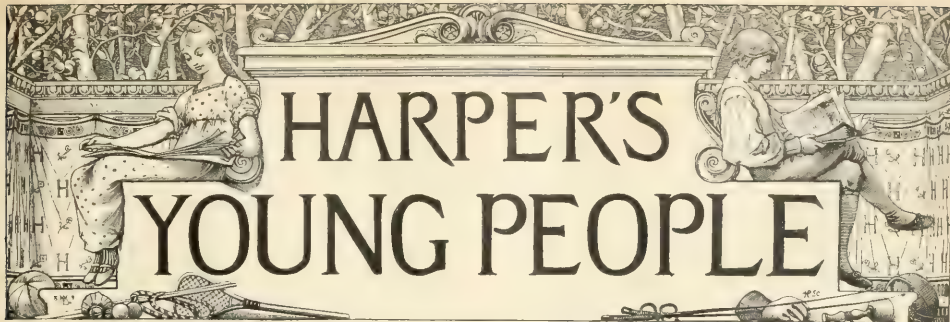
JOHNNY. "Why, because the Japs have such long hair, and besides they live in the land of the chrysanthemum."



FOR COMIC VALENTINE.

FOR SENTIMENTAL VALENTINE.

Suggestion to the Post-office Department for a series of special stamps for St. Valentine's day week.



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



LORELEI OF THE SHOW-BILLS.

THIS was how it happened that the Lorelei had the little black mare on the morning of the great freshet, which will be long remembered in Millbank. Polly Westlake, of Millbank, away at boarding-school, was puckering what the girls called her fine Greek brows over her German, when Dorothy Hackett, her roommate, who was toasting a plump marshmallow over the gas and reading a letter from home at the same time, remarked carelessly, "Polly, Sid says your brother Pillsbury didn't ride over to Clarion to see him, as he promised to, because there was a limp in the black mare's leg."

Polly made a great blot on her exercise, and sprang up as if she had been shot. "Oh, that Pill; he's been riding my Cetta!" she cried. "And he's so rough! I know what I'll do," she added, after a moment's reflection.

"I'll have Cetta sent down to the Lorelei, and let her and her uncle take care of her until I am at home again."

"Sent to whom?" asked Dorothy.

"The people from whom I bought her. Didn't I ever tell you? Queer people they are, for a little western Pennsylvania town. A show left them stranded there; the old man had rheumatic fever, and the girl wouldn't leave him. She was called the 'Lorelei' on the show-bills; she isn't sixteen yet, I think, and that was a year ago. She sat on a sort of pink candy rock, with a harp, and her hair down. Then the rock went up out of sight, to slow music, and she dashed down on a trapeze. The old man was a horse-trainer and a sword-swallower, and he's very proud of his feats. People won't associate with them because they were in a show; they're Italian, too, and

speak very queer English. The boys tease the old man, and Lory told me, with tears in her eyes, that a girl said 'they were not like other peoples.'

"Poor thing!" said Dorothy, sympathetically, as she toasted another marshmallow.

"They paid the last cent they had in the world for the little black mare. She was a trick pony, and they said she was abused. They wouldn't have sold her to papa if they hadn't been frightfully poor. I'll write to papa this very minute and ask him to send the mare to Lory. They have a little barn behind their little log and plaster house." And so she did forthwith.

"For me to keep till she comes home?" Lorelei seized the little black mare's bridle with an eagerness that made the color come and go in her olive cheek. The mare rubbed her nose against the olive cheek, and whinnied softly.

"My sister said in her letter that she didn't want me laming her. I don't know what she meant," said Pill Westlake, gruffly.

"She is not lame?" inquired the girl, anxiously examining the mare's slender legs.

"Of course not," answered Pill, contemptuously: "some girl's notion that she'd got into her head. I didn't want to ride her old horse, anyway. My black mare was lame; I've just got it fixed; it will beat that one all hollow!"

"Your mare? oh, I know what you mean"—the girl showed her large white teeth in a broad smile. "A boy will like his bicycle; it is natural," she added, with an air of friendly tolerance; "but to say it will beat Cetta—oh no, no!"

"I'll show you one of these days," said Pill, carelessly. Then with a few words about the care of Cetta and the payment to be made for it, he sauntered away.

He felt a friendly feeling enough for the girl; he had even noticed that she looked as if life went hard with her; but yet when, just as he was turning away, her old uncle came along, he called out to him:

"Hullo, old Polonaise! I know your sword-swallowing secret that you think nobody knows!" He had let the old man pass him, and turned around, walking backward slowly, as he called out to him.

The old man did not turn his head, but the girl's face grew white with anger—or with pain.

"It's only that you didn't swallow 'em!" shouted Pill.

The girl swooped upon him, and seized him by the arm with a fierce grip.

"Don't say that again—don't let him hear you! It would keel him! None of them, I think, have evva say that!"

"Pooh! of course everybody knows it was only make-believe," said Pill, contemptuously, and he said it so loud that the old man must have heard, though he did not turn his head.

The girl's face suddenly flamed with wrath, and she poured forth a torrent of angry words in a tongue which Pill did not understand. He knew by her gestures that she was making direful threats, and he retreated rapidly, still keeping his face to the enemy's fire. She seemed a regular little spitfire, he said to himself, and one didn't want to have a fuss with a girl.

In his heart Pill felt very much ashamed of himself. It was the fashion to make fun of that old man; he had done it thoughtlessly. He didn't suppose the girl's threats of vengeance meant much; certainly she would not harm Cetta; nevertheless, as he walked away, Pill was uneasy as well as ashamed.

It was March, and Polly Westlake had come home to Millbank for the spring vacation—late in March, but the winter had been long and cold, and the ice had not yet gone out of the river. It was the great event of the year when the ice went out.

Now there had come a thaw; Polly had been driven home from the station late at night in a pouring rain, and she had found Pill full of excitement about the probable freshet.

Had he remembered to bring Cetta home in view of her expected return? Of course he had not! Was it a time to think of horses when the river was likely to "get on the rampage," as the old boatmen said. Pill didn't even think to make fun of her for her ridiculous scare about the broken hind wheel of his bicycle. It was prophesied that when the ice went out the bridge that spanned the river between Millbank and Lowder City would go too. A fellow wanted to be on hand to see that sight! All along the river-banks people were watching their property that night. Pill would have watched, if he had been allowed to; he meant to keep awake, but, as has perhaps happened to other boys with such intentions, he fell asleep the moment his head touched the pillow.

It was Polly who lay awake for a long time, listening to the rain and to a hoarse murmur, that grew louder and louder, and finally mingled queerly with her dreams.

It was not yet daylight when she awoke. Some men running by the house were shouting to each other that the ice was going out. Polly dressed herself hurriedly, and slipped out of the house. She heard no one stirring in the house, and she decided not to arouse the children; that would cause delay, and she might miss the wonderful sight. For one reason or another she had always missed it; she had been away at school, or it had happened in the night, or she had been too late.

The flaring flame of the natural gas with which the town was lighted mingled strangely with the gray light of the early dawn; the hoarse murmur had grown to a roaring and crashing that was like the noise of artillery. As she neared the river a bicycle ahead of her, now visible, now lost in the throng, had attracted her attention; there was something familiar in the sturdy back and the closely cropped curly head of the rider. Suddenly a gleam of yellow flannel and some tossing lint-white curls caught her eye from the front of the bicycle.

"Pill Westlake, you have Bob!" she cried, aghast.

"The poor little chap hollered so, and I couldn't get Nannie (his nurse) to wake up. I dressed him—well, he's good and warm, anyhow," said Pill, shamefacedly, as Polly laughed, in spite of her dismay, at the yellow flannel pajamas which candidly revealed themselves under Bob's short dress skirts. "You needn't be afraid; he hangs on like a trooper," called Pill, as the bicycle disappeared from Polly's sight.

A few minutes after Pill was wishing that he had left Bob with Polly. Nick Haven, the mill superintendent's son, had "stumped" him to ride across the bridge on his bicycle. There were different opinions about the safety of the bridge, and of course there was much excitement. There had been a great amount of snow upon the hills to swell the flood, the ice was of unusual thickness, and there were huge blocks that were wallowing about like living monsters, and piling themselves up into tall glistening bergs, to be hurled like battering-rams against the bridge.

But Pill said, Pooh! people had always said that bridge would be carried away, and it never had been. Of course he would ride across it; he wouldn't "take a stump," anyway. So he left Bob to the care of little Dick Fraser and Tommy Upham—boys of eight and ten—and off he spun on the straining, groaning bridge.

There were many people gathered at the end, where escape would be easy at the first sign of the bridge's giving way, and they called after Pill, some in warning, some with mocking cheers. Every one knew of Pill Westlake's boast that his bicycle was the fastest one in town, and he was only to go over and back; perhaps he could do it.

Pill felt himself to be a very brave boy, as many an-

other had done, when he was only foolhardy. He was nearly midway of the bridge when the crash came. The bridge was cut in two, and Pill, dazed and stunned for a minute, found himself drifting down the river on half of it.

It was on the home side of the river; if it would only float a little farther towards the shore he would try to jump off on to one of the large ice-cakes that were drifting about there, and make his way to land.

Suddenly Pill caught sight of something on one of those floating ice-cakes that made his heart stand still—a bit of brilliant yellow! A little figure with floating lint-white locks was stretching pitiful, entreating hands towards the shore!

Pill will never forget the agony of self-reproach that he felt at that moment to have left little Bob to wander into such peril as this.

Polly was among those who had ventured far out upon the ice-cakes in the frantic hope of rescue. There were men with hooks and ropes; some one was trying to push off in a boat, which could not be managed in such a whirlpool. In the midst of the wild confusion Polly saw a flying figure—the Lorelei mounted upon the little black mare. Into the water the little mare plunged gallantly; it seemed to Polly that it could not be real; it was a part of the dreadful nightmare.

"Do not fear," cried Lory, with a flash of her white teeth. "Cetta she swim like fish."

It was a hushed throng that waited on the shore. Polly shut her eyes, but when she opened them the Lorelei had scrambled upon the ice-cake and held Bob aloft in her dripping arms.

A great cheer went up from the shore, but there was one person who remembered the brave little mare. She could swim like a fish once, but that was when she was constantly in training. This water was cold, and whirlpools threatened to engulf her, and ice-blocks to crush her. The old showman's voice rang out above the din; one would scarcely have believed that such a cracked old voice could be so full of martial command. And the little black mare could understand his lingo; she raised her head and her fine nostrils quivered; one more gallant struggle, and she had reached the shore.

Meanwhile the surging mass that had beaten down the bridge came down towards the ice-cake where the Lorelei stood with Bob in her arms; it might submerge the ice-cake, it might drive it towards the shore.

It did drive it towards the shore, and a murmur of thanksgiving went up from the throng. The gap of seething water between it and the firmly lodged mass upon shore was still wide. Some men were making plans to bridge it, when suddenly, with a flying leap—rather a bird's flight—the Lorelei with the child in her arms came across; the Lorelei's flying-trapeze acts had not been for nothing! And it was none too soon; the shock which had driven it towards the shore had cracked the cake of ice, and even as the girl sprang from it it went to pieces.

Oh, it was a wild cheer that went up from the crowd! Mothers—even those who had not allowed their children to go near "the show people"—kissed and caressed the Lorelei; even the astonished little wet black mare was hugged. The same impetus which had driven the ice-cake shoreward had carried Pill's great raft high and dry upon the bank. He was a thankful boy when he took himself and his bicycle off, but it occurred to him that he would feel a little more heroic if he had received a few scratches. It also occurred to him that nobody was making much fuss about his danger; but, in truth, there had been much anxiety, until it became evident that his bridge raft was strong enough to stand any roughness that it was likely to meet with, and was inevitably drifting inshore.

"That time the black mare was the better horse!" called Ike Haven, the superintendent's older son, as Pill went by the mill.

"It makes considerable difference who's ridin' the hoss," said one of the mill men, dryly.

Pill saw Polly standing in front of the little mud and plaster house. There was a throng of people about, and the Lorelei was looking with her wide friendly smile into the sympathetic faces.

"I shall have Cetta for mine own again, you say? for mine own?" she was saying, joyously, to Polly. "And the peoples—they will know what to make of me? We shall be like other peoples, though we were of the show? Oh, it is too good, too good!"

The old showman bowed solemnly all around, with his hand upon his heart. "But my secret, it will die wit me!" he said.

"You didn't swallow 'em, that's all the secret," thought Pill. But he didn't say it. He never has said it again.

STUDYING THE STARS.

BY WILLIAM M. DAVIS, OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

A GOOD many years ago, when I was a boy, my curiosity was greatly excited by the round dome of the Harvard Observatory. It crowned the top of a hill that was in sight from an artillery recruiting camp, where a good number of my Saturday half-holidays were spent, watching the flying batteries; and along with the excitement of the booming cannon I remember my wonder about the observatory dome, and the sights of the sky that the astronomers there must have through the great telescope. Astronomy was always a fascinating study to me, and many a summer evening did I spend with Burritt's chart of the heavens studying the constellations from a little balcony that looked to the south.

A curious thing came of those early studies. It happened that a year or two later, in the spring of 1866, while walking through the orchard to my uncle's house one evening, I glanced up to the sky, as was my wont, and there in the Northern Crown a new star stood alongside of the familiar semicircle! I hurried home and looked up the star charts. Surely enough the star was wanting; and, to make a long story short, it turned out to be the famous *Nova* of 1866, seen by a few observers in Europe on the night I had noticed it, and by one other person in this country, but by no one on an earlier date. This find stood me in good stead; for during the following summer I was fortunate enough to meet Professor Benjamin Peirce, a famous mathematician and astronomer, who expressed an interest in my observation, and when I went to Cambridge as a student the following autumn, Professor Peirce took me up to the observatory; thus were the wonders of the great dome laid open.

Many a cold winter night did I spend shivering in that dome, making records under the shaded light in the alcove, while the observer sat in the dark by the telescope, and occasionally gave me a sight of a double star, or an asteroid, or a comet. It was not exactly what a good many boys would have called "fun," but on the whole I am satisfied with the outcome of it. It gave me a very different idea of an astronomer's life from what I had had before. Reading about Herschel and how he found Uranus, about Leverrier and how he predicted the place of Neptune, I had almost grown to believe that astronomers were most of the time making great discoveries. As a matter of fact, there is vastly more work done between discoveries than there is on the discoveries themselves; patient, laborious, routine work, by which the results of former discoveries are followed up, and the way to new ones slowly opened.



THE OBSERVATORY AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

The work differs greatly, according to the special subject of study that an observatory takes up; but there is one thing that every observatory must have, and that is correct time. Every clear night an observer must spend the better part of an hour in making time observations. The next day, or it may be at once after the observations, they must be reduced, so as to determine the error of the clock by which they were made. Star time, not sun time, is always used. This work is done with a special telescope, generally a small one, set on a level east-and-west axis, so that it turns in the meridian of the place. Slides in the walls and roof of the building open so as to disclose a slice of the sky from north to south; then the time of passage of certain stars across the meridian line can be determined. All sorts of delicate corrections have to be taken into account before the time is accurately known; but then it can be trusted almost to a tenth of a second. Besides using the time in the observatory, it is often sold to railroads and watchmakers. It is first converted into standard time—how in the world this is done you can hardly imagine, nor can I stop to explain—and then it is sent out by ticks on a telegraph wire. Certainly that is a curious kind of merchandise, and a curious way of distributing it; but it yields a valuable income to many observatories.

As I have said, the work of an astronomer varies greatly with the size of the observatory where he is engaged and with the kind of investigation that is going on. In large observatories the work is subdivided, so that each assistant has only a certain small part of it, and this may become extremely monotonous, the observers pursuing work of the same kind over and over again night after night; the computers measuring off records, setting down figures, adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing according to some set plan, uniform for days and weeks together. In a small observatory the work is generally more varied; but there also it may be of hardly more than a single pattern, if the observer takes up some special study and follows it as far as it leads. Some astronomers make it their life work to search for comets; they sweep the heavens, as it were, and gather up these little scraps. Sometimes an observer discovers a comet, only to learn that some one else had found it a day, or even an hour or two before. More often still, weeks and months pass by without discovering anything; but the work is still patiently kept up. One comet a year is a good harvest for a cultivator of this kind of celestial crop. Three in all were found in 1893. When first found a comet seldom has any tail, it is simply a hazy little star, looking like a nebula or minute luminous cloud. If the charts and catalogues do not show any nebula at the

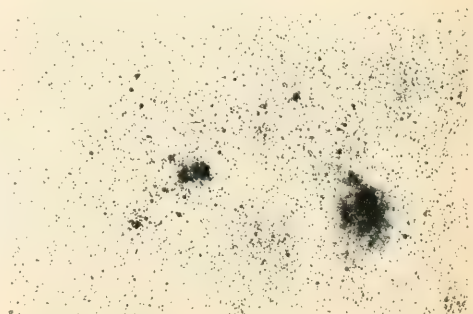
place in question, it is a good find. A little longer watching will show that it is moving among the stars, thus making sure that it is a comet relatively near by our sun, not a remote immovable nebula. Then the news of it is telegraphed over the world by international short-hand, and many observers follow its track among the stars, so as to determine its orbit before it disappears. Most of the comets that swing around the sun are faint, hardly visible without a telescope. It is only rarely that a comet of great size and brilliancy visits us; but as every little new-comer may turn out to be a grand affair, the interest and excitement of the search continue.

The study of the planets used to be a study of their movements, but that subject is now so well worked out that the modern astronomer, with his more powerful telescopes, directs his attention chiefly to their physical features. Mars and Jupiter are of particular interest in this respect, and many a sharp eye watches them faithfully during their oppositions—that is, while they are opposite to the sun, and hence nearest to the earth. It is now proposed by Mr. Percival Lowell, of Boston, to equip an observatory in the clear air of the high plateaus of Arizona, and make the features of Mars the chief object of study next year. Much is yet to be found out about Mars.

The fixed stars, bright and faint, that stand and shine steadily in one place generally give little trouble after they are once catalogued; but cataloguing all of them is a tremendous undertaking. In recent times the work of cataloguing a vast number of stars was distributed, under the leadership of the German Astronomical Society, to a number of observatories. Then, for month after month, the observers charged with this onerous duty set to work to take the time at which every star in the belt of sky assigned to them crossed the middle line of a meridian telescope, and this work is still in progress.

It is hardly true, however, to imply as I did above that these fixed stars take care of themselves when they are once catalogued. There are several special lines of study that may then be directed towards them. In the first place, the stars do not really stand absolutely still with respect to each other. It is probable that they all move slightly; most of them imperceptibly; a few of them fast enough to be noticed after some years of waiting, watching, and measuring.

Another special study of the fixed stars leads to the discovery of their apparent shift of position in consequence of the earth's annual movement around the sun—that is, the direction of some stars is slightly different when seen from two points on opposite sides of the earth's orbit, 180,000,000 miles apart. It is extraordinary that so great a change of position of the observer should not make a more perceptible apparent movement of the



PORTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MILKY WAY TAKEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

stars; their distance from us must be literally immense if they seem to stand still while we move so far. But the few of them that have been found to move a little are studied with the greatest care, for thereby their distance is measured, and the measurement of the distance to a fixed star is a wonderful achievement. It was long deemed impossible, and was not accomplished till this century. The work is extremely delicate; it cannot be attempted by any but the very finest instruments and the most skilful observers.

Some of the stars have a peculiar habit of varying in brightness; these being the so-called variable stars. The study of these "variables" is now the special work of a number of astronomers, and some very curious results have been found. Some of the stars "blink," as it were, for a few hours every day or two; hence it is thought that some dark body revolves around them, periodically cutting off part of their light; others gradually brighten, and then grow fainter, requiring, perhaps, several months for their change; others again are extremely irregular in their ups and downs. The most remarkable of all the variables are those that suddenly appear, shine brightly for a time, then gradually fade away, like the Nova, or new star of 1866, already mentioned, or the Nova in Auriga of 1892. It is seriously believed that the temporary light of such stars results from the collision of two bodies, "striking fire" on a grand scale. One is discovered every few years, and any school boy or girl familiar with the constellations may take a chance in such discoveries. One of the interesting features of this class of work is that it can be carried on by amateur astronomers with a very modest outfit. Patience, good eyesight, an opera-glass, and a star chart suffice to reach excellent results.

When the eye looks at a star it is tired after a few minutes' strain and then cannot see so well, but when a photographic plate is exposed in a telescopic focus it sees better and better the longer it looks. By means of the usual clock-work arrangement the telescope follows the stars, and thus a "sitting" of even an hour or more can be made. Stars that are far below perception by the eye through large telescopes are thus recorded on the glass negative either as little black spots in a direct vision telescope, or as spectral bands in a prism telescope. Moreover, while the eye can study only one thing at a time, the photographic plate takes in all the stars of the telescopic field and records them equally well. Another great advantage of the photographic record is its permanence. It can be stored away for future reference; it can be sent from place to place; it can be faithfully copied by making a photo-print. No wonder, then, that some observatories have become great photographic establishments, where night after night pictures of patches of the sky are taken in systematic order, until the whole sky is surveyed and

recorded. The Harvard Observatory now has a collection of many thousand stellar photographs on glass plates, all conveniently arranged like books in a library, so that reference can be immediately made to any desired part of the sky. These plates include not only the northern sky, but also a considerable part of the southern hemisphere, taken at the Harvard Branch Observatory established in Peru. The Bruce telescope, of extraordinary power, is soon to be sent down there.

Many persons fancy that an astronomer's work is done mostly at night, and that, like the printer of a morning paper, an astronomer must sleep all day. It is true that much late night-work has to be done, but the work in daytime is of greater amount. Most of the figuring and calculating is done in the day-time, to say nothing of the observation of the sun. Some astronomers make the sun their special subject of study; and what with the analysis of his light, his light and dark spots, his rotation, and his constitution, they have a grand field for their labors.

There is one peculiar duty that is added to the other work of astronomers; that is the reception of visitors who wish to see the big telescopes, and look through them at the stars. It does not seem to be generally understood that such interruptions seriously interfere with the work of an observatory.

It was once my duty to stand by the telescope during the visit of a distinguished Senator and his wife to whom courteous attention was due. A double star was shown; one of those binary solar systems in which each sun slowly moves around the other in the course of a few centuries; and on mentioning the fact of their motion, the reply was, "Oh yes, I see them turning." The visitor at the telescope had

mistaken the unsteadiness or "dancing" of the stars caused by the irregular passage of their light through our atmosphere for their exceedingly slow mutual revolution. Do you suppose it was the Senator or his wife who asked the question?

Then there are occasionally what may be called astronomical picnics, quite out of the usual order of things. An eclipse of the sun or a transit of Venus may be best seen in some remote quarter of the globe, and this excites the civilized nations of the world to a generous competition. Expeditions are sent out, not infrequently in naval vessels of the various countries, and if all goes well the astronomers do not have half a bad time of it. Sometimes they go on exploring expeditions, so as to determine the position of new-found lands; but this sort of work is now rather out of date, so well is the whole world known. Boundary surveys between adjoining nations still call for travelling astronomers, and an old companion and friend of mine is now absent on that sort of a task between Mexico and Guatemala.



COLD WORK ON WINTER NIGHTS.

"THE 'SCUTNEY MAIL."

THE STORY OF A YOUNG PEOPLE'S NEWSPAPER
VENTURE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

Part V.

TOM's whole heart was in the *Mail*—all the more since what he regarded as a rival had appeared in the field in the form of the new paper, which was to be called *The 'Scutney Telegraph*. Macurdy found this out as soon as he talked with him. To desert Tom and go over to the enemy, seemed, therefore, to Macurdy a base thing, so he finally decided after a long debate with himself.

Meanwhile Tom hung around Croome's block; he often went into the editorial office, and watched the carpenters at work there. One day the editor, the lively man of Macurdy's acquaintance, came in and spoke to him in a flatteringly friendly fashion, calling him "a brother craftsman," and introduced him to "Mr. McPherson," another member of the *Telegraph* company.

These men thought something of the *Mail*, and they knew, thought Tom, proudly. The little quizzical air of the editor, which had offended Macurdy, quite escaped Tom.

"You don't happen to know of a boy that we could get, do you?" asked the editor, after some conversation, in which he had drawn Tom out concerning the affairs of the *Mail*. "A 'Scutney boy with something in him, to grow up with the paper?"

And then he explained the drudgery to be done, and also the chances. And Tom's heart thrilled almost as Macurdy's had done.

"I wish you'd take me!" he said. "I'm awful tired of going to school. I've been wanting to go into business—into real business for a long time."

"Would your father be willing? Your father is Dr. Pickering, isn't he?" asked the editor.

"Yes, I'm sure he would let me; for this spring and summer, anyway."

"We'll try you if he's willing," said the editor; and Tom went off feeling as if he walked on air.

It was not until he came within sight of the publishing-house of the *Mail* that he felt a twinge of regret. Every one said that the *Mail* was a great success—for boys—but they were apt to give all the credit of the success to Macurdy, and to call it Macurdy's paper. And Luella said it was "mean" for him to tell everybody that it was his money, anyway. And he wanted to have something to do with a new enterprise that was creating such a sensation. But what would Macurdy say about giving up the *Mail*? He would be sorry to have Macurdy disappointed; he would like to do the fair thing by Macurdy.

All unconscious that he was losing not only his chance in life but the little paper upon which he had worked so hard as well, Macurdy went the next day with his ploughshare, not to find when he reached the Four Corners that Nate Brimblecom, the blacksmith, had a felon on his finger, and was not able to sharpen it. In view of such an emergency, Mr. Bigsby had told him to go on to Hebron; his (Mr. Bigsby's) brother was a blacksmith there, and if Macurdy could not get it done in time to bring it home to-night—it being already late in the afternoon—he was to remain at Mr. Bigsby's brother's all night, and return early in the morning. The plough must be ready for use just as soon as possible.

When Macurdy arrived, the blacksmith was said to be at the railroad station near his shop, and Macurdy went over there to look for him.

A stranger—a young man very stylishly dressed, but with a weak face and a look which even to Macurdy's inexperienced eyes suggested dissipation—standing near the

stage inquired of Macurdy if that were the conveyance to 'Scutney.

"Do you know anybody over there?" he continued immediately, upon receiving Macurdy's affirmative answer.

"I b'long over there," said Macurdy, readily.

"You don't happen to know a boy named Macurdy Green, do you?" asked the young man.

"Well, I'm some acquainted with him," said Macurdy, looking down and digging his heel into the ground in an embarrassed way. Then he looked up and grinned.

"Oh, you're Macurdy Green, are you?" said the stranger. And he looked Macurdy over with a somewhat puzzled air.

"You have something to do with a little paper that the boys publish over there, and you're great friends with a boy at the poor-house who has been writing little sketches for the paper."

Macurdy nodded assent, feeling a vague wonder that his affairs should be spread abroad in the land; for it was evident that the stranger had just arrived in Hebron by train.

"I want to see the boy—Jim. You see, there's a lady out in Texas, where I came from, who lost a boy who was called Jimmie, and he was fond of pets, and this boy reminds her of him. She wanted me to come here and see him. Of course it can't be her son, because we heard positively that he was dead. But her health is broken—her husband died suddenly soon after the son—and we have to humor her queer notions. I'm her nephew. Now, I want to see the boy Jim without his seeing me. Of course I don't want to show an interest in him, to arouse any false hopes in his mind. My aunt's friends don't think it would be well for her to adopt a boy in the present state of her health, even if he did remind her very much of her son who died. But I promised that I would see what he was like, and ease her mind."

The young man spoke in an easy, off-hand way, but he cast glances of keen curiosity at Macurdy, and ended with an embarrassed little laugh.

"Jim hasn't any friends that I know of," said Macurdy, sadly. "I wish I could find out where he came from. He's a little weak in his mind."

"Doesn't remember anything of his life before he came here?" The young man asked the question carelessly, but there was an eagerness in his tone which did not escape Macurdy. Farmer Bigsby had been heard to say that Macurdy hadn't big ears and a sharp nose for nothing.

"No; he doesn't remember even his name. They called him Jim in the circus, so that probably is the name he gave them," answered Macurdy. But he had begun to be careful about what he said.

"And—and Sarah Lond, the name he gave his weasel, was a name that happened to strike his fancy?"

"No, it was the name of some one he used to know; an old woman, he thinks, who was kind to him; he gets bewildered when he tries to remember," said Macurdy.

It was Macurdy's turn to look at his questioner now. The young man's face had flushed, and his brows wrinkled anxiously.

"I should like to have a little talk with you," he said at length. "Perhaps it may not be necessary for me to go to 'Scutney at all. I'm sure that it would not be wise for my aunt to adopt the boy, as he is weak-minded."

Macurdy's eyes had wandered towards the travelling-bag which the young man carried. A card hung from it with a name engraved upon it. The stranger tore it off when he saw Macurdy's gaze.

"That's a friend's card; we changed 'grips' by mistake," he said, with a careless air. "My name is Brownlow—George K. Brownlow. As I was going to say, you're a bright, smart fellow, and a friend to the boy. I'm willing to make it for your interest—very much for your interest—to help me keep my aunt from being

troubled any further about him. "I want to send him away from here—farther East, probably, and I should like to have you go with him to look after him. You and he would both be well provided for—boarded in some family, and you could both go to the best schools, and when you grow up, I'll see that you have a good start in life. I'll do more; I'll give you five thousand dollars when you are twenty-one. I'll put it into a bank for you now, so that you can be sure of it if—if you'll take good care of Jim, and—keep my aunt from finding him if this nervous condition of hers leads her to try."

The young man looked steadfastly at Macurdy, and the boy's soul, with its country simplicity and its rugged honesty, was in a tumult. He had thought his experiences as an editor of the *Mail* very exciting, and had felt very wise and sophisticated; but this was quite a new phase of worldly experience.

Then a sense of responsibility thrilled him. It was for Jim—for Jim that he must sharpen his wits and find out what this man really meant!

"I couldn't go for a week or more," he said, slowly. "I should have to give Mr. Bigsby time to get another boy to work for him."

"I shouldn't want you to go until—well, say ten days from now—a week from next Thursday. I've got to go farther East on business, and to find a place for you. And I shall expect you to make things right with the poor-house people. Of course they'll be glad enough to get rid of him, but they'll feel bound to ask questions. You're going to get your chance in the world—the best chance a boy ever had—by knowing how to answer questions without telling anything."

Macurdy's cheeks burned with the guilty but half-amused consciousness that he was just now taking his first lesson in that art!

"I shall expect you to meet me here with Jim just before the morning train leaves, a week from Thursday. Be ready to go, and don't come too early—these country people are full of curiosity. And, remember, if you talk about this to anybody, or let Jim talk, I shan't want you," and he walked back to the station alone.

The blacksmith could not sharpen that ploughshare until morning, and he had been bidden to stay all night. But the blacksmith and his family went to bed early, and it was only a little past nine o'clock when Macurdy softly led old Tim out of the barn and mounted his bare back. Old Tim was bony, and his gait was eccentric, but Macurdy hung on; he would have preferred to walk, but he felt that there was not time.

A tinkle of gravel against his window and a faint clear whistle brought Jim down from his room to the door of the poor-house.

"Jim, try to remember—think hard!" said Macurdy, eagerly, with one hand on Jim's shoulder and the other holding the halter of the astonished and reluctant old Tim. "Did you ever hear the name of Emmerton—J. Randall Emmerton?"

Jim drew a long hard breath.

"Emmerton—oh, that's it, 'Curdy'—that's my name! I've tried so long to remember it. I've hoped that I might dream it. Jimmie—James Emmerton, that's who I am. Randall Emmerton, that's who my father is."

"And you had a cousin—tall, with lightish hair but dark eyes, and a queer smile."

"Randy, Randy! He was wild, and they sent him away. 'Curdy, I think I have a mother like other boys. Do you think so, 'Curdy'?"

"I can't tell, Jim. I hope so. I've got to go; I'm in an awful hurry!" Macurdy disengaged Jim's clinging arm and jumped upon his ancient steed.

"I've got you, anyhow, 'Curdy,'" called Jim's soft, pathetic voice.

"You've got me, anyhow, Jim," came back Macurdy's

voice in a stage-whisper, but with emphasis. And Jim went to bed bewildered, but in happy trust, while Macurdy urged old Tim just as fast as he had the heart to do back over the road to Hebron. He roused the sleepy telegraph operator in the Hebron station before the clock struck ten. He wrote out with care the message that he wished to send:

"Mrs. Randall Emmerton, —, Texas. Your son James is in 'Scutney, Massachusetts. Come quick."

Nine words; but he had another quarter, and she might not come unless things were quite plain. Besides, it was worth the other quarter—the last proceeds of *The 'Scutney Mail*—to add "Your nephew, J. Randall Emmerton, has acted villainous." Macurdy wasn't sure about the spelling of that last word; the girl operator laughed.

"Sign it Editor 'Scutney Mail,'" said Macurdy, with dignity.

"Coming. Take care of my boy," was the telegram that Macurdy received, and at the end, "God bless you!"

It happened that the day when Jim's relatives came—his mother and her daughter's husband—was the very day and the very morning when the "villionous" nephew had arranged to meet Macurdy at the same station. And so Macurdy met him, with Jim and Jim's mother beside him. He turned pale, and slipped away out of sight as if the earth had swallowed him up.

"Randall never was a good boy," Jim's mother said, "but we never thought he could be so bad as he has shown himself. He was to have Jimmie's share of the property if Jimmie was never found. We never thought he would be, because we heard from the circus company that he ran away with that he was dead. I might never have found my boy if it had not been for you."

She hugged and kissed Macurdy right there in the railroad station, and Macurdy felt—well, "pretty cheap," as he afterwards confided to Tom; but nevertheless it was the proudest day of his life, prouder even than when the first issue of the *Mail* was cried about the 'Scutney streets.

They had lived in New York when Jimmie ran away with the circus—Jimmie, who had always been delicate and not quite like other boys, his mother further explained. After Jim's father's death Jim's mother had gone to live with her daughter in Texas, and there the little 'Scutney paper had reached her through her neighbor, Tom Pickering's Uncle Rafe.

"Well, we never thought the paper would do such a great thing as that, did we?" said Tom, after Macurdy had told him all about it. Macurdy had run over to the *Mail* office as soon as his "chores" were done that noon. The *Mail* had been all ready the day before, but he must help Tom and Bing to deliver it.

He had scarcely seen Tom for a week, and only in the brief spaces of time that he had been able to snatch for work on the *Mail*, when they were both too busy to talk.

He now gloomily barred the way to the *Mail* office when Macurdy would have entered. "You'd better not go in," he said, seating himself on the upper step, and beginning to whistle in a faint-hearted and embarrassed way. "I thought you'd find out. Haven't you been into the granary yet?"

"Why, no. I came over here the very first thing after I came from Hebron, and Jim is there at the hotel with his people. We left a lot of food for the animals in the granary last night. Has anything happened to them?" Macurdy's voice was husky with fear.

"Nothing has happened to them except that Sarah Lond has got away, I s'pose, and a weasel ought to get away. What sense is there in trying to tame a weasel?" Tom's voice had an aggrieved tone, and he whistled so vigorously that the chips flew in every direction. "N't they've ate up the *Mail*."

"Ate up the *Mail*?" echoed Macurdy, in bewildered dismay.

"Those girls, Luella and Polly Rawson, were coming home from an apron party at Sar' Abby Blodgett's about half past nine o'clock last night. When they got near the granary they heard an awful noise—something kind of whisking 'round, and the squirrels scolding as loud as they could. I should like to know where you were that you didn't hear all that racket."

"I slept with Jim at the poor-house; Mrs. Bigsby had so much company that she had to have my room," explained Macurdy. "Sarah Lond didn't hurt the mice, did he?" he inquired, anxiously.

"They were afraid he would—those girls were—but when Luella had got in at the window she was scared 'most to death. Sarah Lond had got loose, and she just grabbed the cage of white mice and hopped out of the window with it. She thinks Sarah Lond scooted out after her before she shut the window, but she isn't sure. Well, those girls just put the cage of mice in here, and it wouldn't have done any harm if the door of the cage hadn't come open. All those mice were scampering and gnawing 'round in here all night!" Tom arose and threw open the door in impressive silence.

Copies of the *Mail*, which had been arranged in a neat pile ready for delivery, were gnawed and torn and scattered about the floor; not one copy was left whole and clean. The piles of paper ready for printing were all gnawed at the edges, and a bottle of ink had been overturned upon them, and was still dripping and forming little pools upon the floor; and the type was scattered in all directions.

"Looks as if 'twas the end of *The Scutney Mail*, don't it?" said Macurdy, and although he grinned broadly, there was a quiver in his voice. "I've got something to tell you, Tom," Macurdy went on, with an effort. "I know

you'll feel bad, and I do, myself, though it seems as if I'd got a real chance at last. Jim's mother wants me to go home with them, and she'll send me to school with Jim; and she'll let me pay my way, so I sha'n't be beholden to anybody. I can, you know, Tom; just give me a chance!"

"I guess you can," responded Tom, heartily. "You're an awful smart fellow, 'Curdy, and a square one, too! I b'lieve you're the squarest fellow I ever knew. I hate to have you go, but—but I guess it's all come 'round right, I—I've got a chance myself, 'Curdy!" Tom straddled the high stool, and kicked its legs in an embarrassed way.

"More'n a week ago those *Telegraph* people offered me a chance in their office. I didn't know until they told me to-day that they'd offered it to you first. It was square of you to stick to the *Mail*, 'Curdy, awful square! I thought I would go on to the *Telegraph*, and I coaxed father till he said I might, and then I thought it wasn't square, and I got 'em to wait. I thought I'd talk with you about it, and then I knew you thought such a lot of the *Mail* I couldn't bear to. But to-day, when it was all ate up, and there isn't any money to buy any more paper, why, I said I would. You see, everybody thought it was boys' play, and it takes so long for a paper to grow up with you—"

"I'm glad you did it, Tom! You've got the makings of an editor!" said Macurdy, feeling that there could scarcely be higher praise. "And now I don't feel so bad about going away."

"Maybe we'll be editors together yet!"—Tom swallowed a big lump in his throat, and Macurdy openly drew his sleeve across his eyes—"on a bigger paper than *The Scutney Mail*."

THE END.



JIM AND HIS MOTHER UNITED.

IN THE ICE OF NEW YORK HARBOR.

"GUESS this 'll be our last trip," said the Pilot as he gazed out of the frosted panes of the wheel-house windows, and saw the snowflakes whirling madly around on the ice-floes in the river ahead of him.

"Looks like it," answered the Captain. "We've lost seven paddles since morning, and if the ice and snow come down the river any faster we stand a good chance of being stove in."

The *Paunpeck* was shoving out of her slip, slowly and carefully, and as the wild rush of the tide caught her broadside she keeled over until one of her paddle-wheels was lifted almost entirely out of the water. The Captain and the Pilot bent all their strength to the wheel, and put the boat's nose three-quarters up stream. Great beads of perspiration stood out on their brows.

"If this weather don't let up," murmured the Pilot, prophetically, "somethin's goin' to give."

Bump! bump! bump! came the huge blocks of ice against the side of the boat, and the wind went howling down the stream like a cyclone, and rattled fiercely at the wheel-house windows.

"Port a little," muttered the Captain, under his breath.

"Port it is, sir," answered the Pilot, and the two men tugged together at the wheel-spokes.

"Looks like a liner comin' up through the snow," continued the Captain. "Can't see her very well, but if these floes keep a-poundin' us we'd better steer well out of her way."

"Right ye are, sir," assented the Pilot.

The ferry-boat was making slow progress. The ice in the river was so thick that it impeded and clogged and broke the paddles, and disturbed the working of the rudder, and frequently a big floe came along with irresistible force, and swept the heavy *Paunpeck* entirely out of her course. It was the same with every other craft that attempted to navigate the river in this fearful storm. Half a mile down-stream, as the Captain had said, could be seen a huge ocean steamer, ice-coated, belching steam and smoke from her crusted funnels, fighting her way slowly up to her pier in the very teeth of the wind and tide. At first the Captain of the *Paunpeck* had intended to pass across her bow, for in ordinary and even in bad weather there would have been ample space for such a manoeuvre, but on this day of storm and blizzard he soon realized that his boat was making such poor headway that it would be dangerous even to attempt this. Both boats were drawing closer and closer together. The passengers on the ferry-boat, braving the biting cold and the howling wind, had gathered in the bow to see how near they must come to the approaching vessel.

"Guess we can't make it," said the Pilot.

"Guess we can't," repeated the Captain; "and here comes a big floe right down on us. We must dodge that. Hard a starboard, and pass astern!"

Both men bent to the big mahogany wheel with all their might. The steering-gear strained and creaked and turned slowly, and then, suddenly, there was a loud snap, like the report of a rifle, and both Captain and Pilot were



"IF THIS WEATHER DON'T LET UP, SOMETHIN'S GOIN' TO GIVE."

thrown to the floor as the wheel went spinning around like mad. The Pilot was the first to get to his feet again.

"Busted!" he shouted, and at the same time he pulled the signal bell, once to stop, and then twice to reverse.

"Busted" expressed very forcibly what had happened.

The steering-gear had given way under the fearful strain that it had been subjected to. The ferry-boat was therefore no longer under control, and was bearing down rapidly on the ocean liner, directly in the path of a monstrous island of ice which was rushing down-stream with the force and velocity of an avalanche. The Captain seized the whistle-cord and blew loud and long, in the hope that the sailors on the steamship would understand his predicament. But it was of no use. Part of the big ice-floe had already crashed into the ferry-boat that was now only a few rods distant from the liner, and was forcing it down-stream in spite of the heavy heaving and wheeling of the powerful engines below. Officers and sailors were running up and down the decks of the steamer waving their arms and shouting, and the fog-horn began tooting hoarsely. There was no apparent escape from collision. The ferry-boat was charging toward the big liner, and in less than two minutes must strike her amidships. Such a blow from so heavy a craft as the *Paunpeck* could not fail to crush a hole into the iron sides of the steamer, and then a terrible catastrophe must result. The pilot rushed out of the wheel-house and clambered down into the engine-room to tell the engineer what horror threatened. The Captain shouted orders to the deckhands, and the greatest excitement prevailed on both boats. They were now scarcely twenty-five yards apart.

But suddenly the big ice island that the Captain of the *Paunpeck* had tried to avoid plunged in between the two ships, banked itself up in front of the ferry-boat, lifting it almost out of the water, whirled it half-way round in a semicircle, groaned and crunched and scraped along the side of the steamer, swished the *Paunpeck* with giant strength several rods down-stream, and whirled it under the stern of the incoming vessel scarcely fifty feet away.

A shout went up from the decks of both boats simultaneously, and the Captain of the *Paunpeck* leaned on the dismantled steering-wheel and took a long breath.

"Pretty close, that," he muttered.

"Pretty close, sir," repeated the Pilot, and then the boat began to work backward with the other rudder.

And yet this was only one of the many terrible experiences that were undergone by the men who navigated New York Harbor during the great storm of 1895.

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG.*

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AT SEA ONCE MORE.

THE boat came speeding up to the starboard side of the *Alma*. There was no longer any doubt that the excited young man was Robert Lockwood, and in a few seconds he was aboard the bark and in his father's arms. It was a deeply happy meeting for all concerned, and none of them were ashamed to be seen wiping the tears from their eyes.

"You are free and safe, my boy," said Captain Lockwood. "How did it all happen?"

"It's simple enough, father," replied Robert. "When the *Tamandare's* people received Admiral da Gama's order to abandon ship and take refuge on the Portuguese man-of-war there was a scene of wild confusion. There never was good discipline among the insurgents, and then there was none at all. I felt sure that they wouldn't stop to muster the crew, so I just dropped down into the forepeak and kept quiet till they had all gone. After that I tried in a dozen ways to attract your attention, but of course you supposed that the ship's company was still aboard, and so you paid no attention. When I saw the *Nictheroy* coming up, I knew my chance was at hand. I succeeded in getting her to send a boat, and of course as more than half her officers are Americans, I had the good luck to fall in with this gentleman, Lieutenant Hunt, and he brought me here."

Captain Lockwood warmly thanked the American, who now returned to his ship. Robert turned and shook hands once more with his cousin.

"Frank, old man," he said, "I don't know how to tell you of my grief at your being wounded. If it hadn't been for me you'd never have come down here and enlisted."

"I can't say that, Bob, I can't say that. I was wild for active service, and I hadn't sense enough to see that in a foreign navy I ran the risk of being brought to quarters against the flag of my own country. It's been a terrible lesson to me. I'm afraid I should have come even if you hadn't been here, and now look at me. Out of the service, and stranded by the failure of this miserable rebellion."

"Cheer up, Frank," said Hal. "I know it's been hard, but I'm sure it was all for your good."

"Yes, I think that. I'm much changed, I believe."

"And so am I," said Robert. "Father, I ask your forgiveness for what I've done, and I promise you that from this time out I'll be guided by your wisdom."

"Then all this struggle hasn't been for nothing," said Captain Lockwood.

Two or three days later Harold and George again visited the *Alma*, bringing Peter with them.

"We have come to say good-by, Frank," said Hal.

"You are going home?"

"Yes; the *Detroit* has been ordered to Norfolk. The whole fleet will be scattered in a little while," said George.

"God bless you, fellows! I wish I were going with you."

"Well, it won't be long before you follow," said Captain Lockwood. "My anchor has rested in Rio mud long enough. I am going back to that precious wharf now and get my cargo."

"And then?" asked George.

"And then," replied Captain Lockwood, "I'm going to set sail for the land of civilization. The doctor says that Frank will improve at a twenty-knot gait now, and in less than a week I hope to be under way for New York."

"Hurrah for Central Park and the circus and Coney Island!" cried George. "Oh, Frank, I wish I were going with you."

"We may all meet sooner than we expect," said Frank. "You know we had no idea that we should come together down here."

The two cadets shook hands with their friends, and Captain Lockwood called Peter up out of the boat.

"Shake hands, my lad," he said; "an honest seaman's grip is what you will give and what you will get."

"Thank ye, sir," said Peter, "an' a werry fair wind an' a safe landfall to all of ye wherever you're bound in this 'ere world, wlich the same, as my father used to say, it are a werry good world, takin' it by an' large, allus pervidin' that you steers a fair course."

When the *Detroit* passed out of the harbor, the *Alma* and the other American merchant ships saluted her with every mark of respect. And now Captain Lockwood hastened his preparations for departure. Robert busied himself about the deck, and showed that he had already learned a good deal of the duty of a seaman. As for Frank, he picked up strength hand over hand, and by the time the bark moved out to an anchorage again he was as well as he had ever been in his life. He was in the best of spirits, too. He was gentle and full of fun with his fair young cousin, whose affection for him was deepening every day. He was full of manly regard for his uncle, and of honest gratitude toward him. His happiness manifested itself in many ways, but chiefly in buoyant activity. He sprang about the deck, lending a hand in the work of preparing the bark for sea, and his skill and readiness filled Captain Lockwood's heart with pride.

"A born sailor that boy!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," Mr. Ball responded; "both of 'em, and fit to command a ship."

"No, I'd hardly say that about Bob," said the Captain, "and I don't care to have him so, either. But Frank certainly is."

It happened that two days before the bark was to sail Captain Lockwood's second mate left him to take a suddenly offered berth aboard a steamer. The Captain was glad of it.

"What do you say, Frank?" he cried; "will you serve as my second mate on the voyage home?"

"Will I! Why, Uncle Hiram, I'll be only too glad."

"Then second mate of the *Alma* you are, my boy," said the old skipper, striking his horny palm into that of his nephew with a resounding slap.

The morning chosen for the *Alma's* departure was bright and beautiful, with a brisk southwesterly wind blowing. Captain Lockwood had instructed Frank as to the authority and responsibilities of a second mate of a merchantman, and the boy knew just what he had to do. Fold after fold of the *Alma's* creamy canvas fell to its length and was sheeted home, while Captain Lockwood ordered the helm a-starboard, and the anchor cleared the ground as the jib rose from its boom. The *Alma* leaned gently over to port, and began to glide away toward the narrow entrance of the harbor, beyond which the rich blue of the South Atlantic spread a living carpet for her tread.

"Get a pull on the fore and main braces!" called the Captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Frank's fresh young voice, as the boy led his men to their work. "Now, my bullies, bowse her down."

"Born sailor, that boy," said Captain Lockwood half aloud.

"And fit to command a ship," murmured Minnie, echoing the favorite sentiment of the first mate.

The bark was on a taut bowline, and turning the lucent blue into streaks of silver as she smoked out past Fort Santa Cruz.

"No one to fire on us going out," said the Captain.

"And I am as free as a flying-fish," laughed Bob.

"I should think so," said Minnie. "They must be glad to get rid of us all."

"Poor wretches!" exclaimed her father, thinking of the insurgents, sick and wounded, penned up on the Portuguese war-ships.

"And I might have been one of them," said Frank.

The young second mate had the first dog-watch, and both Captain Lockwood and Mr. Ball studiously avoided the deck, and allowed the boy full command. There was little or nothing for him to do, except to heave the log and keep the record. In that work, however, he could have given instruction to both the older seamen, for he was an expert navigator. Minnie was on hand to watch him at his duties, and she was of the opinion that he was the finest young officer she had ever seen.

"The lad 'll have the first watch," said Mr. Ball.

"Yes," said the Captain, "and I shouldn't be surprised if he had a chance to show what he knows. These south-westerly winds often freshen at night in these latitudes."

As for Frank, he had already detected signs of growing strength in the breeze, but the *Alma* was a great sail-carrier, and it did not take him long to find it out. Nearly through the first dog-watch he let her boil through it with her royals on, but at the last moment he decided that though she could carry them she would do as well without them. So he sung out:

"Aloft to furl royals! Man the royal clewlines, flying-furl downhaul! Haul taut! In royals, down flying-jib! Furl the royals! Stow the flying-jib!"

"Listen to him," said Captain Lockwood, in the cabin.

"He's doing it in man-o'-war style."

"Bless you, sir, he'll soon get over that. You see, he knows how to do it, anyhow."

The sailors by this time knew that their young second mate was a thorough seaman, and they obeyed him with a will. When Frank went on deck again for the first watch he found that the wind was gaining in power all the time, and that Mr. Ball had furlled the top-gallants. An hour later the boy decided that the courses ought to be taken in, so he sent word to the Captain, who at once came on deck and gave the necessary orders. It now became Frank's duty to go aloft and take the bunt of the mainsail. If he had shown any lack of strength or skill it would have been no great disgrace, for second mates are not always the best sailors. But the seamen who lay out on the main yard with Frank found that the Annapolis training was sound. The boy knew his business and had plenty of strength. The sail was taken in with neatness and despatch.

"Well done, Frank!" shouted the Captain, when the boy regained the deck.

"Oh, Uncle Hiram," he said, "I feel as if I could haul up the main-topsail reef tackle of an old-time line-of-battle ship all by myself."

"You do?"

"Yes, sir. I am no longer in the service of a foreign power. I've got an American keel under me, and I'm bound for an American port."

"I'm glad you're so happy, my boy."

"Happy! Bless you, Uncle Hiram, I'm overjoyed. I feel that I am going back to New York to begin life over again, to take it up where I made the false start, and to try to do better. I've learned my lesson, sir, and I'll not forget it. Go it, old bark! You're making a dozen knots

an hour and taking one fellow away from the scene of his greatest folly."

"Two, Frank," said Robert, taking his cousin's hand.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A HAPPY REUNION.

A YEAR had passed since the events reported in the opening chapter of this story. The brave American fleet which had assembled in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro to protect the interests of United States citizens had scattered far and wide. The *San Francisco* had gone to Nicaragua, where internal dissensions placed Americans in jeopardy, and she had in a short time been followed by the armored cruiser *New York*. The *Detroit* had gone back to the navy-yard at Norfolk, whence she had set forth with our two young friends on their first cruise in the active service of the flag, and the good little ship was undergoing needed repairs. The *Alma* had reached New York after a quick passage, discharged her cargo, and made a short voyage to Halifax and back. Mr. Ball had resigned his post for a comfortable berth ashore, and Frank had been promoted to the position of first mate. He had learned to like the merchant service, and seeing no other vocation open to him at the time, had gratefully accepted the appointment from his uncle. Robert, steadied by his own unhappy experience, had yielded to his father's wish that he should remain ashore, and was now a clerk in the Captain's office, with a fine prospect of succeeding to his father's business.

The bark was lying at a wharf on the East River front, preparing for a new voyage to South American ports, with Rio de Janeiro as her final destination. Frank was as busy as a bee superintending the preparations. Captain Lockwood was aboard the vessel, but he contented himself with sitting in the cabin or in a big chair under an awning spread over the quarter-deck, for an old enemy, rheumatism, the result of many years of exposure to wind and rain, had possession of him. Minnie had come down from the house, and it had been decided that they should all dine aboard the bark. Suddenly the clatter of rapidly approaching footsteps was heard, and a voice sang out from the wharf,

"Aboard the *Alma*!"

Frank turned his head, and to his great surprise and joy saw Harold King, George Briscoe, and Peter Morris standing opposite the vessel waving their hats. The cadets were in civilian clothing, but every movement betokened their familiarity with salt water.

"Hello, fellows!" shouted Frank. "Come aboard!"

The boys sprang up the gang-plank and threw their arms around Frank.

"Bless you, old man!" said Harold. "How well you look!"

"I should say so!" said George. "You don't look like the ghost we left in Rio Harbor."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," said Peter, "but you looks like you owned most o' the East River, an' could borrow the North without givin' no security."

"Where's the Captain?" asked Hal.

"And your pretty cousin?" added George.

"They're both in the cabin."

"Let's give them a surprise, Hal," said George.

The next minute the two boys tumbled into the cabin like two young bears.

"How are you, Captain?" cried George, seizing the mariner's big hand and shaking it enthusiastically.

"Avast there, boy; I've got the rheumatics!" cried the seaman, laughing in spite of the twinges.

"And how's the sailor girl?" demanded George.

"Oh, we're all well and happy," said Minnie, flushed with excitement and pleasure at the meeting.

"Did you see Frank?" asked the Captain.



"RUN IT UP," SAID FRANK, TAKING OFF HIS CAP AND FACING AFT.

"Yes, we certainly did," answered Hal.

"And did you notice what he was up to?"

"Seemed to me to be a sort of Rear-Admiral of the whole business," said George.

"He's my first mate," said the Captain, proudly.

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Hal, with a delighted face.

"Yes, and a better one I never had," declared the Captain, emphatically.

"That's fine news," said the cadet.

"And now I want you boys to stay and have dinner with us," said the Captain.

"Aboard the *Alma*?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, there's nothing in the world could give us greater pleasure at this minute!" exclaimed Hal.

"Minnie, girl, you go and tell Kibo that we're going to have a dinner-party, and we want the best he can set out, because it's the chief mate's birthday."

"Frank's birthday?" cried the young men.

"Yes; he's twenty-one to-day, and it's going to be a red-letter day."

"Let's go and congratulate him," said George.

The two boys bounded out on deck and shook Frank's hand till he was sore.

"We wish you many happy returns of the day, old man."

"Thank you, fellows. I'd like it to come pretty often if it would bring you with it."

Then the two young men ran back to the cabin and shook hands with the Captain, and congratulated him on having such a good fellow as Frank for a nephew.

"He is a good boy and a fine seaman, and that unhappy experience of his in the Brazilian insurgent navy has steadied and made a man of him."

An hour passed, and Kibo, the cook, had the dinner ready. Robert had been sent for and was heartily greeted by the cadets. In some mysterious way, which could be attributed only to Minnie, some pretty flowers appeared

on the table, and the cabin was filled with the perfume of summer and youth. Seated at the head of his generous board Captain Lockwood had a beneficent smile.

"Children," he said, "I'm free to say this is one of the brightest days I've known in a reasonably prosperous life. I'm about to propose the health of my dear nephew."

"Hear! hear!" shouted Peter, who had not been left out of the happy gathering.

"What I desire to do," continued the Captain, "is to have my two boys—for Frank's as good as a son to me—"

"And a brother to me," said Bob.

"Don't interrupt," said the Captain. "I want these two boys to carry on my business after I'm a sheer hulk. So, Bob, I'd like to know if you're willing to have me give Frank an interest in the business?"

"Yes, and a big one, too," said Bob, heartily.

"No, no; share and share alike. From this day you each have half."

"Oh, Uncle Hiram!" exclaimed Frank.

"Hear! hear!" shouted Peter, again.

"Avast there, my hearty!" said the Captain, laughing. "I'm getting along in years, and I've got rheumatism, and I guess I'd better stay ashore after this. So I want you all to stand up and give three cheers for the youngest merchant skipper in America, Captain Frank Lockwood, of the bark *Alma*."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the two boys.

For a few seconds Frank was pale and silent. Then he said, "Uncle Hiram, do you put me in command of this bark?"

"Yes; and you're the only member of her company that didn't know it till this minute."

"Let us go on deck," said Frank, gravely.

They passed out of the cabin, and the crew, knowing what had happened, gave Frank a cheer. He lifted his cap and said,

"Quartermaster, get the ensign and bend it on the halyards."

The order was obeyed.

"Run it up," said Frank, taking off his cap and facing aft, while the others imitated him.

When the flag reached the peak of the spanker-gaff he put on his cap, turned and wrung his uncle's hand.

"Uncle Hiram," he said, "I'll do my best to deserve the trust you have reposed in me. Every morning at eight bells that flag will go up and every evening at sunset it will come down, and as I shall never again be unfaithful to it, so I shall never be unfaithful to you." He turned to the two cadets and grasped their hands. "Fellows, you've been real friends. Hal, if I'd been as cool and steady as you I'd never have turned my back on the flag."

"But you've had your punishment, old man, and now the future is bright before you."

"Bob," said Frank, turning and clasping his cousin's hand, "you and I have got a good deal more than we deserve, but we'll try to make your father feel that he's done wisely, won't we?"

"That we will," replied Bob.

And then Minnie, with her eyes full of tears, ran up and kissed both of them.

"Jee-whiz!" exclaimed Peter; "as my mother used to say w'en she were eatin' huckleberry pie, 'This 'ere's good 'nuff fur me.'"



CHILDREN'S DANCING CLASSES.

BY MRS. A. T. ASHMORE.

NATURAL dancing, like natural grace, it is well proved in these days, does not exist, and the greatest care and pains are taken to train children to be graceful and to dance well, to walk well, and to carry themselves well. It would seem to those who have not looked thoroughly into the subject that every one must needs know how to enter a room or to walk across it, but never was there such a mistake. The man or woman who enters with apparently untrained steps and unconsciously graceful carriage is the one who has been most conscientiously trained for years, and who places his or her foot, holds his or her head and shoulders correctly according to the rules laid down.

There is a point in dispute as to whether it is best to send children of very tender years to dancing-school, or whether they do not learn more quickly when they are eight or ten years old, and have to some extent acquired the knowledge of how to learn. There are, of course, arguments, apparently convincing ones, advanced on either side. The children who learn when they are very young do not, perhaps, acquire the art so readily, but they do become accustomed to it, and have not to unlearn awkward faults, as do the older ones who have walked, run, or pranced about in total ignorance of how they should develop their muscles to the best advantage.

To go to dancing-school is as much part of the education of a New York child as to study "reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic," and at most of the children's parties which are now given dancing is as much a feature as were the old-fashioned games that all played a few years ago. Miniature men and women, indeed, do some of the youngsters appear at these parties, but they enter into the dancing with their whole heart and soul, and evidently find lots of fun in it.

Several of the dancing-teachers are women who have studied the teaching of dancing as a profession, and who in consequence are thoroughly drilled in all points.

There is one teacher who has been a *danseuse*, and she is exceedingly graceful, and teaches many fancy steps which are not included in the regular curriculum of dancing lessons. Several classes are taught by her, but they are of older children who have first been instructed in what might be called the A B C of dancing, and know how to dance the waltz, polka, and one or two of the simpler steps.

Sherry's ballroom, where so many of the "grown-up" dances are held, is a favorite place for the children's classes, and while the rooms present a very brilliant scene on the evenings when the entertainments are given, it is an open question as to whether they do not present an even more attractive appearance when sixty or seventy little folk are being taught.

The teacher, a young girl, stands near the door, and as each child enters the room he or she makes a low bow or courtesy, which is acknowledged by a deep courtesy from the teacher. Then the boys go to their seats at one side of the room, while the girls go to the other. They are always ahead of time, for dancing-school is voted good fun, and they are one and all anxious not to lose any of the two hours allotted to the lesson.

When it is half after ten, the hour for the lesson to begin, the teacher calls, "Third and fourth classes," and the beginners and those who find it hard to learn stand up. Such a pretty picture as these rows of children present! In the front row are the wee ones, some not older than four years. The boys in sailor or Eton suits, with hair parted in the middle and plastered down in the most dudelike way, their faces and ears shining—the latter generally quite crimson—their hands incased in white kid gloves, and an air of excitement that is amusing to see. The girls are very simply but tastefully dressed, and the tiny ones on the first line, with big puffed sleeves almost as large as themselves, look marvellously like young robins as they hop up and down, first on one foot



and then on the other, keeping or trying to keep time to the music. The usual uncertainty prevails as to which is the right and which the left foot, and at first there is apt to be some confusion as they bump into one another in their efforts to do just as the teacher does; but, birdlike, they do not mind, and hop along just as happy as ever. It is quite curious how they manage to keep time. The music, which consists of a piano, is played in very strongly accented time, to be sure, but still it is remarkable how they manage to take the steps just at the right moment. After they have stood in line for a short time learning the steps the boys are told to take partners for a march around the room. Being boys, they make a rush for the girls in quite a childlike way, but as soon as they get in front of the partner they wish to secure they straighten and make the most conventional of bows, which the little maids answer by deep sweeping courtesies. What the law is which induces the largest boys to choose the smallest girls is unknown. The fact remains that they always do, so there is some slight delay while the teacher arranges them more in accord with their size. The march is then played, and the procession around the room begins. Very stately and graceful, it is like the minuet steps, while each child must hold himself or herself as erect as possible.

After the march each little cavalier leads his partner back to her seat, makes a stately bow, and then in true boy fashion slides across the room back to his own place.

When the first and second classes are called the older and more proficient pupils stand up and are instructed in the mysteries of the more fancy dances. "Step, step, slide, and hop," they go over it again and again, until the teacher considers they have thoroughly understood the lesson, and they are then allowed to take partners and dance around the room. The court quadrille, a stately dance in which are all the fancy steps, is the last on the programme before the final march, which always ends the lesson, as it begins it. The boys again bow to their partners, and also to the teacher, and leave the room with much dignity, and in five seconds are pummeling one another in the dressing-room in quite a different fashion from the solemn and dignified manner in which they left the ballroom.

The girls seem to be more impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and even in the dressing-room are sedate and demure, and somewhat conscious of their clothes, but the unconsciousness of their childhood is not lost. One small girl asks another if she has not had a lovely time, and the other answers: "Oh yes, and I had such nice partners. The first dance a boy asked me to dance with him, and that was 'fine,' and the next dance nobody asked me, so I walked up to some little boys and asked them if they wouldn't like to dance with me. And they said indeed they would, and so we all enjoyed ourselves." And the little maid was as happy as possible, quite unconscious that when she grew older and went to gown-up dances she would have no such liberty, but would have to wait until she was asked.

The two hours devoted to the lesson go very quickly, and there is never any difficulty in making the children go to the class. Dancing is a natural expression in all sorts and conditions of life, and from the little ragged children dancing in the street to the music of the barrel organs, to the carefully nurtured sons and daughters of more wealthy parents, one and all love the exercise and excitement.

JACK'S TRICK.

"**J**ACK always was clever and quick-witted," said his grandmother, somewhat proudly, to the other elderly ladies who sat about the tea table, "but he did the cleverest thing of his life last Christmas at dinner. He did it so well that no one ever knew it until he told us about it himself later in the evening.

"There were about a dozen of us at the table, and we had enjoyed a regular old-fashioned Christmas dinner. The only stranger present was a Mexican gentleman, a business friend of Jack's father, who had merely been invited because he was alone in a strange country, and would otherwise have had to eat his Christmas dinner at a restaurant. He was a tall, thin, dark-skinned, dark-eyed, dark-haired man, and I did not like him the moment I laid eyes on him. But he was a very polite person, and kept bowing and smiling at all of us all during the dinner.

"Of course we had plum-pudding for dessert, and it being a great occasion, we ate the pudding with the beautiful gold spoons that my grandmother, almost a hundred years ago, brought over from Holland.

"The Mexican seemed to admire them very much, and asked many questions about them. Then we ate our pudding, and we forgot about the golden spoons while listening to queer stories of life in Mexico, told in broken English by our guest.

"I did not notice it at the time, but I remembered afterwards that Jack seemed to be nervous and fidgety all this time, and pretty soon he began juggling with his knife and fork, and tossing up oranges, and making nuts disappear in his air.

"Jack always was clever at sleight-of-hand tricks, and we thought he wanted to display his ability before the stranger, so we allowed him to do his tricks, and we applauded at each one. When he had secured the attention of every one at the table he began talking in the exaggerated manner of showmen, and asserted that he would now take anything on the table and make it travel through the air unseen. He said he thought one of the gold spoons would make the most rapid journey, and he picked up the one beside his plate, and pretended to wrap it up in his napkin.

"Now I want you all to be sure," he said, "that there is no one in collusion with me in the performance of this trick. I shall try to make a success of it without for a moment incurring your suspicion. I shall make the spoon travel through the air and lodge in a certain place, and then to prove that there is no deception on my part, and that I really have made the spoon travel through the air, I will let Bessie get it and show it to you."

"Bessie is Jack's little sister, you know, and she is only five years old. She sat next to him at the table on a high chair, and wore a little white sleeveless dress, so that it was impossible, of course, for her to hide the spoon up her sleeve. She was delighted at the idea of taking part in the trick. In the mean while Jack had in some way made the spoon disappear, and he shook the napkin out, and showed us that it was gone.

"*'Abracadabra,'* he muttered, with much show of mystery. 'The spoon has flown through the air, and Bessie will now go and seek it. She will find it in the breast pocket of the Señor from Mexico.'

"The Mexican looked startled, and said it was absurd to try to do that; that there could be no spoon in his pocket, and that he would not allow the little 'angel girl' to search. But Jack insisted that it was only a trick, and that he had chosen to have the spoon fly into the guest's pocket because no one would believe in his powers of magic if he had named the pocket of one of his own relatives. But the Mexican kept on protesting, and became very red in the face, and we all had to persuade him to allow little Bessie to look and see if the spoon had flown into his pocket. Finally, after a great fuss, he consented, and Bessie put her little arm into his breast pocket, and first pulled out a handkerchief and then a spoon.

"It is a trick, a disgusting trick!" exclaimed the Mexican, and he really appeared vexed at Jack's cleverness. Jack, however, appeared immensely pleased, and Bessie was delighted.

"When bedtime came, and the children were dragged away from their Christmas presents, I told Jack he was a very clever boy with his tricks.

"Clever nothing!" exclaimed Jack, in a tone of boyish disgust. 'I saw the Dago put the spoon in his pocket when he thought no one was looking; and I just made up my mind he was not going to carry off one of your grandma's Dutch spoons. The only way I could think of getting it without making a fuss was to pretend to do a trick. If the trick had not worked, though,' concluded Jack, 'I would not have let him get out of the house with that spoon anyway. I would have spilled something all over his coat, so he would have had to send it down to the kitchen to dry, or something like that.'

"That's the kind of a grandson to have," remarked the old lady; and you may be sure that after Jack's father had heard the story he never had any further dealings with his Mexican guest."

WHERE THE TROLLS ARE BUSY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WHERE the trolls are busy,
Underneath the snow,
There is stirring, there is whirring,
Of flowers that yet will blow.

The little trolls are spinning
The crocus garments gay,
Cups of honey, colors sunny,
To see the light one day.

Beneath the great oak's foot, dears,
And by the frozen stream,
On her pillow Pussywillow
Is waking from a dream.

For, oh! the trolls are busy,
When wintry breezes blow,
Weaving flowers for summer hours,
Deep down beneath the snow.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TODDLES.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE Sheep stepped up to the house and knocked on the door with his gold-headed cane, and when the Penguin came in person to see what was wanted, he introduced Tommy and the ex-Pirate.

"We have come," began the Sheep, "to—"

But the Penguin interrupted him, and said, in a nervous, jerky manner: "I hope you will excuse me, but I am very busy just at present. If you will come in and sit down I shall be through with my work in a short while, and will then be able to spare you a few moments of my very valuable time."

So saying, he nodded his head to each one of them and hurried back into his office, where he climbed on a high stool, leaned over his desk, and began to write assiduously. He wrote so fast that every few minutes his pens gave out from sheer friction; but the editor had a Porcupine tied to his stool, and every time a pen broke he leaned over and pulled a quill out of the captive at his feet. The only fun the Porcupine seemed to get out of life was to roll over and jab the office Catfish in the ribs every time he got a chance, a proceeding which was not only exceedingly distasteful to the office Catfish, but it likewise greatly annoyed and disturbed the Penguin. The only other living being in the editorial-room was the printer's Devil-fish, who seemed to be compositor, pressman, proof-reader, and everything else all rolled into one. He was the busiest creature Tommy had seen since he bade good-by to the Reformed Burglar. Occasionally, when the Crabs made so much of a racket outside that the Penguin could no longer hear the wheels turning in his head, the printer's Devil-fish would leave his work and spare a minute to jump up on the window-sill and shout:

"See here, you newsboys' out there! If you don't make less noise I'll have you all deviled."

"What does he mean by that?" asked Tommy.

"Haven't you ever heard of deviled Crabs?" said the ex-Pirate.

"Yes; but how can the printer's Devil-fish devil Crabs?"

"You ought to hear him sometimes," remarked the Sheep. Then, reflectively, "Those newsboys are a bad lot."

"Are the Crabs the newsboys?" queried the little boy.

"Surely. They have to be. They are the only ones who can run around as easily on land as under water. They distribute the extras along the shore, and they also skim along the bottom of the sea and up the rivers, and sell the papers to the fishes. I guess the Penguin is getting out an extra now. That's why he's so busy."

"We forgot to ask him who won," put in the ex-Pirate.

"Well, let's go out and ask the Gargoyle about it."

"Do you think we can get him to come off the roof?"

"I guess so. He must be in good humor to-day; the sun is out."

"Is not he good-humored unless the sun is out?" asked Tommy.

"No, indeed. The Gargoyle is greatly influenced and affected by the weather. On cloudy days he is glum and morose and disagreeable, and won't speak to any one; and on rainy days he becomes very sad and weeps."

Whereupon, without warning, the ex-Pirate began:

The Gargoyle roosts fantastically
Upon the curling eaves,
His head thrust out bombastically
At all things he perceives.

His stony eyes stare steadily
At everything below,
And when it rains they readily
Shed a quart of tears or so.

Thus every rainy evening,
While his lonely watch he keeps,
He blinks his sad and solemn eyes,
And mournfully he weeps.

"I had never noticed that about Gargoyles," remarked Tommy, "but I suppose it must be true."

"Of course it's true," exclaimed the ex-Pirate, who was inclined to take Tommy's half-implied doubt as a personal injury. "If you don't believe it ask the Gargoyle."

They all three stepped out in front of the house, and the Sheep, bowing politely to the Gargoyle up above him, asked him if he would not come off the roof.

"I will, with the greatest of pain," replied the Gargoyle, blinking his red eyes at the Sheep. Then he began to move along down the edge of the pediment slowly and awkwardly.

"He's got the rheumatism badly," said the ex-Pirate.

"What can you expect?" retorted the Sheep. "He stays out all night. No wonder he has the rheumatism."

"And he is all covered with moss," remarked Tommy.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the Sheep. "That's merely a sign of his green old age."

The Gargoyle slipped carefully down one of the pillars, and hobbled stiffly over to where Tommy and his friends were seated in the sand on the opposite side of the house from where the Crabs were making so much noise, and with a series of grunts and moans he sat down himself.

"It's all right," he began, "as soon as I get fixed; but it's no fun getting fixed."

Tommy got near enough to the Gargoyle to feel of him, and he found that he was as hard and as cold as a stone. The little boy, of course, had marvelled at hearing the animals converse, but words from a stone image filled his cup of amazement to the brim. This brief interval of wonderment and reflection drew his mind back to the point he had started from (viz., his stray animals), and he bethought him, with a twinge of conscience, that for some time past he had neglected to make the diligent inquiries he should have made along the route. So he hastened to speak to the Gargoyle before the ex-Pirate had time to put his question about the result of the duel.

"Have you seen any animals to-day?" Mr. Gargoyle.

"Crowds of animals; I never saw so many in all my existence, and I have been carved a long while."

"Did you see *my* animals?"

"What are they like?"

This was a poser for Tommy, because he felt that he really did not know what his toys were like, since they had taken it upon themselves to grow up and become animated and walk away. So he answered, non-committally:

"Oh, just like animals," which conveyed but little information to the Gargoyle. Then, in the brief pause that followed, the ex-Pirate jumped into the conversation with his questions:

"The animals were here to see the duel, I suppose."

"Exactly."

"And who won?"

"Who won?" exclaimed the Gargoyle, in amazement. "The Penguin, of course. He is getting out an extra, now, with an account of the fight in it. It is to be illustrated with pictures of himself and of the Sword-fish, and the Sword-fish's father and mother and his two little daughters, and the rocks near which he was born, and the school books he used when he was a little Sword-fish, and all sorts of things that have nothing to do with the matter at hand."

"Indeed," said the Sheep.

"Certainly," continued the Gargoyle, "and I suggested the head-line for the main story myself."

"What is it?"



EDITORIAL ROOM OF THE "TIDAL WAVE."

"It is brief and to the point. It sums up the whole situation in one sentence, thus,

"THE PENGUIN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD-FISH."

"That's pretty good," said the ex-Pirate; "but, you know, we have not heard anything at all about the duel yet. And you must have had a splendid view of it from the house-top. Won't you tell us something about it?"

"Certainly," answered the Gargoyle, good-naturedly. "But afterwards you must buy a *Tidal Wave* extra, and read about it for yourselves."

They agreed to do this, and the Gargoyle then began to relate the incidents of the fight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LITTLE PHILANTHROPIST.

"WHY, Robbie, where are your rubbers? Didn't you wear them to-day?"

"Yessum; but comin' home I met a poor man who said he hadn't had anything to eat for two days, and as I hadn't any money, I gave him my rubbers."

CERTITUDE.

"I KNOW that this corn-starch is frozen."

And as Tommy this speechlet delivers,
"Oh! how do you know?" asks his mother.

"Why, because, mamma, see how it shivers!"

A LITTLE GIRL'S REASON.

"I'm glad I don't own all the dolls in the world," said Mabel; "because, you know, if I did, I couldn't possibly have another."

WHAT HE WANTED.

"PAPA," said Jimmieboy, as he watched the new canary with much interest, "when that bird dies can I have his whistle?"

CONCERNING THE GOOSE.

"DOESN'T this goose seem to be as tough as rubber, papa?"

"Yes, Bertie, it does."

"But I don't suppose, papa, that his rubber is so much to make him tough, as it is to keep him dry when he goes swimming, is it?"

A LIKENESS.

I LIKE the little skeeters
That come buzzing 'bout my ears,
Though sometimes when they bite me
My eyes fill up with tears.

They're really so courageous,
So lively, so defiant,
They make me think that they are Jack,
And I'm a great big giant.



THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

"AH, A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF THE COBRA.

ONE WELL-AIMED BLOW AT THE HEAD AND—

TIGER, B'GOSH!"



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THE NATIVE PILOT DESERTS HIS POST.—SEE NEW SERIAL

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

A Sequel to "The Fur-Seal's Tooth."

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "RAFMATES," "CANOEEMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ALLOWED TO SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.

OF course, if every reader of this story had also read its forerunner there would be no need of introducing its characters, for they would already be old friends. We would merely meet them at the place where they have been patiently awaiting us all this time, give them an encouraging nod of recognition, and tell them to go ahead with their adventures as fast as they pleased. That would be well enough for us who are acquainted with them; but to those who may chance to read this sequel without having first read the story that gives it a reason for being, the references to people, things, and incidents of the past that must necessarily be made from time to time would be confusing. Therefore it seems fitting that those characters of the previous story who are to figure with any prominence in this one should be properly introduced; and in order to avoid the discriminating partiality of the author, who would be apt to say too much concerning those whom he fancied, or too little about those whom he disliked, each one shall be given the privilege of introducing himself. To begin with, here is our old friend Phil Ryder.

"Yes, that is my name right enough. As to myself, if any one cares to know who I am, and where I am, and how I got here, I am the son of Mr. John Ryder, of New London, Connecticut. He is a mining expert, and is at present engaged in investigating some properties near Sitka, Alaska, where I was to have joined him last May. It is now September, and I haven't got there yet, though I have been travelling steadily ever since April, and trying my very best to reach Sitka. I'm sure it isn't my fault that things have happened to take me most everywhere else, and finally to drop me away up here in northern Alaska, two thousand miles or so beyond Sitka. I'm on the right track now, though, for I am on a steam-boat belonging to Mr. Hamer, bound up the Yukon River. It will take me to the head of navigation. Then all I shall have to do will be to cross the Divide to Chilkat and take another steamer for Sitka, which place I expect to reach before the winter is over. Then my father's anxiety will be relieved, for, I suppose, he is anxious, though I can't see why he should be."

"I am Serge—Serge Belcofsky, born in Sitka long after Alaska became part of the United States. I went to school there, of course, but after graduating I still longed for a better education than Sitka afforded. So I shipped aboard a homeward-bound whaler for New London, Connecticut, where I went to school for a year. There I met Phil Ryder, who was not only the most popular fellow and the best athlete in the whole school, but who became the best friend I ever had. If he wasn't, I should never have given him the fur-seal's tooth which a Chilkat chief gave to my father. On his death my mother gave it to me, and soon after it passed into Phil's hands he lost it. Since then it has turned up so many times, in such mysterious ways, and has had so much to do with shaping our fortunes, that I can't help believing at least part of the old tales concerning it. Anyhow, the way it has managed to follow us right up to date is certainly wonderful. It isn't likely that we shall see it again, though, now that the old Eskimo has got hold of it, for he evidently realizes its value. But, as Mr. Coombs says—"

"Hold hard there, hearty! You may allow that I'm a thousand miles away; but I'm not. And when it comes to taking words out of my very mouth you'll find that I'm

right alongside. As my friend old Kite Roberson uster say, 'A man what can't speak up for himself hadn't orter be allowed to vote.' My name is Jalap Coombs, half Yankee and half British subject, late mate of the *Seamew*, now acting Cap'n of the schooner *Philomeel*, in which me and Mr. Ryder is searching for the slippery young chaps what has jest now introduced themselves. A while ago we thought we had 'em, but things happened, and now we're all at sea again without an idee of how the wind 'll blow next. But as old Kite uster often say, 'When you don't know what to do, the best thing is to do nothing.' That is what we are liable to do for some time, seeing as the *Philomeel* are hard and fast aground on a mud bank, with a nor' wind blowing all the water outer Norton Sound."

"Although I am the Fur-seal's Tooth, and now in the hands of a wretched Eskimo, I propose to leave him very shortly to continue my travels until I reach my proper resting-place, and to exert a very considerable influence upon the forth-coming story. If you doubt my word, just bear me in mind and watch for my appearance."

CHAPTER II.

A DANGEROUS BERTH OFF YUKON MOUTH.

EIGHTY miles south of Redoubt St. Michaels, the one lonely trading-station of that bleak northern coast, the mighty Yukon pours forth its turbid flood, discoloring the waters of Bering Sea for one hundred miles off shore. In point of size, as measured by length, the Yukon ranks seventeenth among the rivers of the world, and fifth among those of the United States, but its volume of water is computed to be equal to that of the Mississippi, while, like the Father of Waters, it is constantly eating away its own banks and tearing them down acres at a time along its entire length. Thus it has become a shoal stream of immense width, crowded with islands and sand-bars, on all of which are huge stacks of bleached drift-wood piled up by spring-time floods. In the neighborhood of its fanlike, many-mouthed delta the tawny giant has deposited its muddy sediment for so many ages that it has created hundreds of square miles of low swamp lands, on which only coarse grasses and stunted willows grow. In the early summer these vast swamps afford safe breeding-places for millions of swans; ducks, and geese. Here also are produced such incredible swarms of mosquitoes that neither human beings nor animals dare penetrate their watery solitudes. Nor are mosquitoes confined to the Yukon delta; but its entire valley is so infested with them that summer is a season to be dreaded by whites and natives alike. Even the wild animals of its forests retreat to the snow-clad mountains, so that there is little or no game to be procured between spring and autumn. The only compensation of the season is that it brings the finest salmon of the world into the river in such vast shoals that every dweller within one hundred miles of its banks may from them lay in his year's supply of food by the labor of a single month.

In the summer, too, the four or five trade-boats—all light-draught, stern-wheeled steamers like the *Chimo*—that ply on the river make their annual trips with provisions, goods, and an eight-months' accumulation of mail, carrying joy to lonely mission stations and trading-posts, native villages, and distant mining-camps. On their return in the fall they are freighted with gold-dust and the spoils of the most prolific fur-producing district now left to the world.

These things formed the principal topics of conversation in the pilot-house of the sturdy little *Chimo* as, aided by a strong north wind, she swept down the desolate coast of Norton Sound. The six-by-seven-foot enclosure was occupied by Gerald Hamer, the stalwart leader of the expedition, by Phil and Serge, and by an Eskimo pilot, who had been obtained at St. Michaels. The two boys were in there for warmth, for the season was late September, which in that latitude is very close to the beginning of winter, and the brisk north wind held so keen an edge that no one remained on deck unless forced to do so.

Gerald Hamer was there to watch his native pilot, in whom he had little confidence. He was also uneasy concerning his boat, which had been put together in the greatest haste on the beach, just beyond the Redoubt, in the face of all possible annoyance from its inmates; they being devoted to the cause of the already established company, were determined that no other trader should gain a foothold in the country if they could prevent it.

Being anxious to obtain the good-will of the natives from the outset, Gerald Hamer had allowed a number of them who dwelt in the Yukon delta, and were desirous of returning home, to take passage on the *Chimo*, which towed their walrus-skin bidarrahs or open boats behind her. These passengers—men, women, and children, fat, greasy, and happy—made themselves perfectly at home on the lower or cargo deck of the steamer, sprawling over her freight, peering inquisitively at her engine, and revelling in the combined odors of steam and oil pervading that part of the boat.

Before half the distance down the coast was covered, mysterious accidents began to happen to the machinery. First it came to a stop, and the engineer reported that something had so seriously gone wrong that it would be necessary to anchor while he made an examination. To the horror and dismay of all hands, a gunny sack was found to be stuffed so far into the exhaust that the pipe had to be taken apart before the obstruction could be reached and removed. Not long after this danger was averted one of the pumps refused to work. It was taken to pieces, and was found to contain a large nail, which must have been recently dropped into it. There was no doubt but that these things had been done intentionally; and as suspicion naturally fell on the native passengers, some of whom were known to be in the employ of the old company, Gerald Hamer finally ordered them to leave the steamer.

Not understanding the cause of this peremptory order, and being loath to exchange their present comfortable quarters for the open boats, the natives obeyed so slowly and sulkily that it almost seemed as though they were about to insist on remaining aboard. At length, however, all were gone except one woman, who held a child in her arms, and who refused to leave the warm corner of which she had taken possession.

Determined to get rid of her, and despairing of moving her by other means, Gerald Hamer suddenly snatched the child from her arms, ran to the open gangway, and dropped it gently into a bidarrah that still waited alongside. In an instant the mother had followed, and could be seen as the boat was shoved off hugging the infant to her bosom, at the same time darting furious glances after the departing steamer. A minute later, as though in compliance with her evident though unexpressed wish, the *Chimo* was run hard and fast aground on one of the innumerable bars that so jealously guard Yukon mouth. Her native steersman had been leaning from the pilot-house door watching the dismissal of his compatriots, and especially of his own wife and baby, as the last two put off afterwards proved to be, instead of attending to his duty.

Phil, who remained in the pilot-house, saw the bank

just before the boat struck, and snatched the wheel hard over, at the same time ringing bells to stop and back at full speed. But it was all too late, and ere she could be stopped the *Chimo* had slid half her length into the treacherous mud. In another minute the fleet of bidarrahs swept by, and from them came mocking laughter, mingled with derisive shouts. One of them ran alongside, and ere any one on the steamer knew what was taking place the native pilot had deserted his post, and was being borne away in triumph by his fellows.

"I only hope nothing worse will come of it," said Phil, anxiously, when Gerald Hamer finally rejoined him in the pilot-house.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the pilot said something about that baby having the measles, which I understand have been pretty bad on the river this summer, and if that is the case some of us may have caught them."

"Oh, I guess there's no danger," replied the Captain.

It was too late to do anything that evening, for the short northern day was already merged in dusk, and the next morning though anchors were carried out astern they came home through the soft mud as if it were so much water the moment a strain was put on them. Sheer-poles were rigged, and an attempt was made to pry the boat off by means of them; but again the mud offered so little resistance that the effort only resulted in failure. So, after working like beavers for hours, the *Chimo's* crew resigned themselves to waiting as patiently as might be for a change of wind and higher water.

In this enforced delay three precious days were spent, and nightfall of the third found the *Chimo* still outside Yukon mouth instead of one hundred miles or more inland as had been hoped. Still, with so energetic a leader as Gerald Hamer, those three days were by no means wasted. He overhauled and restowed the cargo hurriedly put on board at St. Michaels, and with the engineer made a thorough examination of the machinery. He reorganized his slender crew, appointing Phil and Serge first and second mates, and giving each charge of a watch.

Besides the Captain, the two mates, and the engineer, there were three other persons in the crew. Two of them were millwrights, who were going to Forty Mile to set up the saw-mill that formed part of the *Chimo's* cargo, but who now served as firemen. The third was a sullen-faced fellow named Strengel, who had been engaged from the steamer *Norsk*, which brought the expedition to St. Michaels, to act as assistant engineer. Phil took a dislike to this fellow from the first, and it was strengthened by the fact that he seemed to have contracted an intimacy with some of the inmates of the Redoubt, who were avowed enemies of the expedition.

Besides doing the things already mentioned, the Captain and his two young mates took a small boat and staked out about ten miles of the channel that the *Chimo* would follow as soon as she again floated.

On the evening of the third day the wind changed, and as the steamer would probably float during the night the Captain ordered steam to be got up and everything made ready for a start at daylight. He turned in early, complaining of great weariness and many pains, which he attributed to the cold and the frequent drenchings that had accompanied his sounding of the channel.

The following morning, when Phil went to report that the steamer was afloat, and also to make a grave charge against Assistant Engineer Strengel, he was horrified to find the Captain raving in the delirium of a high fever. Thus to his intense dismay the young mate suddenly found himself burdened with the entire responsibility of the expedition, with both a mutiny and a very sick man on his hands, in an unfriendly country, and about to be confronted with the terrors of an arctic winter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HOTEL FOR CATS AND DOGS.

BY WALTER C. NICHOLS.

MRS. WINTER was sitting sewing in her room upstairs when little Margie came running up with a tearful face.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "I can't find pussy anywhere. Cook says she never came in for her milk this morning or to-night, and I'm 'fraid she's lost, or eaten up, or something. Can't I, or papa, or somebody hunt for her, or something? I'm—I'm 'fraid she'll never come back."

"Your papa will not be here to-night," replied Mrs. Winter; and then trying to calm Margie, "but I think when Uncle Jack comes home he may be able to help you find kittie."

When Uncle Jack arrived home for dinner, an hour later, he was told of the trouble, and made Margie very happy by saying that, if she would stop worrying till morning, he thought that kittie could be found all right.

"That is," added Uncle Jack, "if a lion has not eaten her up, and lions, you know, don't walk around New York very much; they are afraid of policemen."

"But how are you going to find her?" put in Margie's older brother Tom.

"You're not going out with a dark-lantern to look for her, are you?"

"Oh no," replied Uncle Jack, with a mysterious nod, "but some one else is."

Margie was all curiosity to know who it was, whether Santa Claus, or Mr. Badgely, her Sunday-school Superintendent, or super. But Uncle Jack told her to wait till morning, and they would all start off together for the cat.

At breakfast-time the cook came in again and said there was no sign of the cat; and if it had not been for her sturdy belief in her Uncle Jack, Margie would have given up in despair and cried. As it was, she felt very serious when she and Uncle Jack and Brother Tom, who only felt sorry for the loss of pussy because it left one less creature to plague, started out of the house. They went down Twenty-third Street, and although both children were very curious to know where they were going, it was not until they were on a Second Avenue elevated train, spinning rapidly along past the house-tops towards Harlem, that their destination was explained.

"Kittie never could have walked up here," said Margie.

"No," replied Uncle Jack, "but somebody might have brought her. You see, Margie, there are people in New York whose sole business it is to hunt all the while for cats and kittens and dogs they think are lost or stoien, and bring them up to a nice house built specially for them, and keep them there and feed them till the owners come. If anybody loses a dog or cat, he goes direct to this place, which is under the care of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and is called the 'Shelter for Animals.' It was less than a year ago that they used to have dog-catchers in New York, who could catch stray dogs and cats, and after a day drown them. Last March the Legislature up at Albany gave this society

power to issue licenses to the owners of dogs, and to seize and care for all dogs and cats which are found without collars bearing the names of the owners around their necks."

"Oh, dear, dear!" exclaimed Margie; "poor kittie only had a blue ribbon for a collar."

"That's almost as good," Uncle Jack reassured her. "You see, the men who go around in the carts on this work know that when a cat has a pretty ribbon around her neck—even if the name isn't there—some little girl is very fond of her, and so they are very careful to keep the cat until an owner is found. But the tramp cats—the kind that kept your mamma awake by their concert the other night—those they kill if they are not claimed after forty-eight hours."

"How dreadful!" said Margie.

"I'd like to see 'em drowned!" put in Tommy.

"You're a ruffian, Tom," resumed Uncle Jack, "and you ought to get lost yourself and have a big policeman club you, and see how you like it yourself. But they don't drown them. That's the way the city used to do with its stray cats and dogs, and they used to suffer. Now they kill those they have to by giving them gas, just as the dentist did to you, Margie, when you had your tooth pulled. It simply puts the old tramp cats and dogs to sleep and they never wake up."

"But they don't treat the dogs the way they do the cats, do they?" asked Tom.

"Partly," answered her uncle. "They wait a week generally before they kill the dogs who are unclaimed. If there is a collar on the dog's neck, the owner is notified, and he comes up and reclaims the dog and pays three dollars to

the society for their trouble and the animal's board. At the end of a week the men at the 'Shelter' pick out the better dogs from the poorer, and try to find homes for them. In the end, however, the tramp dogs meet the same fate as their sisters, the tramp cats. But you can soon see for yourself, children, for we are almost there."

The three got off the station at Ninety-ninth Street, clambered down the stairs, and after walking up Second Avenue to One Hundred-and-second Street, and over three blocks to the east, they found themselves on the river-bank and just in front of a long one-story wooden structure, bolstered up from the ground by a series of piles. Across the side of the house was a large sign, "Shelter for Strayed Animals." When they went inside, they met two men clad in light brown uniforms, with caps shaped like those the firemen wear. Through the open door beyond came a confused noise of many barks, growls, and meows.

"Sounds like the circus," said Tom, "when Professor Mendusen comes on with his trained dogs and monkeys, and the clown begins whipping them."

"I don't know what it sounds like," put in Margie. "But I don't hear kittie's voice, and I want her."

"That's so," returned Uncle Jack, decisively; "and that's what we've come for." He turned to one of the attendants at the desk. "We've come in search of my niece's little kitten. A gray Maltese—"



THE CAT AND DOG HOTEL OMNIBUS.

"With a blue ribbon around her neck!" exclaimed Margie.

"Guess it's No. 46, Jim," said the man addressed, to the other attendant. "The fact is, sir, that it's the only one with a blue ribbon, sir. When we get that kind we know it's some favorite pet of a young lady. Jim, take these people out to see 46."

Then Uncle Jack and Margie and Tom went out into the cat and dog hotel. It was a room about eighty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. On one side was a series of six large wooden pens, each the size of a horse's box-stall. These were for the dogs; and as the children and their uncle passed by, the dogs—mongrel, terrier, setter, spaniel, and Newfoundland—yelped a pleading chorus for release. Some had collars and might hope for an early return home, and the others—poor, helpless, dirty curs—were unconsciously waiting a painless death. On the other side were a number of small kennels, with heavy slats for the more savage dogs who could not get along with their brothers in the larger and more neighborly pens. Above them were the small cages where the lost cats were kept. And there, just opposite to where they stood, was "46." Margie sprang forward eagerly. Yes, it was her own kittie, blue ribbon and all.

"Kittie! kittie! kittie!" Margie cried, excitedly and pleadingly.

The attendant opened the door. There was no doubt about it. The kitten recognized Margie, sprang to her shoulder, and lost all remembrance of the terrors of her surroundings, the near growls of more dogs than she had ever seen before, in one long contented purr. The other cats looked on, no doubt as green as their own eyes with envy that they were not the ones to be released. They soon forgot all about this, though, in the enjoyment of the milk and Indian meal porridge that were given them just a few minutes afterwards.

"This," Jim, the attendant, explained, "the cats get



SOME OF THE APARTMENTS IN THE HOTEL.

twice a day. The dogs receive a sort of porridge with liver in it twice a day, and nice bones once a day. They get "Hotel Waldorf fare," he said. He told Uncle Jack that during the last eight months the "shelter" had received 5111 dogs alone, and about 15,000 cats. "More of the dogs were returned to their owners than cats," said Jim.

"I s'pose that means," said Margie, as she walked out with Tom and Uncle Jack, hugging her kitten all the closer, "that those extra tramp cats went to sleep and never woke up."

The man mumbled a rather surprised "yes." Margie continued:

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Uncle Jack. When I grow up and get rich, I'm going to build a home for friendless cats, who can live by themselves in safety."

"For the old tabbies who gossip?" asked Uncle Jack, with a quizzical look.

"No," answered Margie; "just for the kittens."

EVERY MAN HIS DAY.

AN EPISODE OF THE AFGHAN WAR.

BY DAVID KER.

"BUT I tells yer I seed 'im agoin' to the rear with my own heyes!"

"Well, wot if yer did? The Colonel said hisself—and I heerd him say it—as 'ow he'd sent him to the rear with a horder."

"Oh, yes! the Colonel said it, and so in course it must be true—we all knows that! Why, Bill Barton, ain't yer got no more sense nor that? It's likely, ain't it, that the Colonel 'ud go and tell everybody as 'ow one of his horrors, and a friend o' his own into the bargain, had been and showed the white feather in haction! It's all werry fine to say he sent 'im to the rear with a horder, but I'll lay a rupee I could put that there horder in my eye, and see none the worse!"

"Wot—d'ye mean to go and tell me that a Englishman can be afraid?" cried vehemently the young fellow who had spoken before.

"Well, when you sees a Englishman turn tail and run away under fire, wot do *you* generally call him yourself?"

To this pointed question Bill Barton found no reply save an inarticulate grunt.



WHERE THE FOOD IS COOKED.

"What do *you* think of it all, corporal?" asked one of the men, turning to a hard-faced old fellow, who was listening with an air of quiet superiority to the talk of the young soldiers, among whom his age and long service, together with his rank as a non-commissioned officer, had made him a kind of oracle.

"Well, it's just this way," replied the old soldier; "they say every man has his day, and it's true enough. A man has his good days and his bad days, his clever days and his stupid days, his days when he's all right and his days when he's all nobow; and same way he has his fightin' days and not-fightin' days, and this was one o' hisn. One day a man 'll fight like fifty mad cats, and another day he'll be afeard of his own shadder!"

"I've seen many a strange thing in my time," thought the stout-hearted old Colonel that same night, with bitter grief, "but never did I expect to see my old friend's son turn his back upon the Queen's enemies!"

Far deeper and more poignant, however, was the distress of the ill-fated lad for whom he was grieving. Creeping into his tent, as if shunning the very light of day, the young subaltern threw himself upon his bed, and gave way to a paroxysm of despair so bitter and intense that even the death from which he fled would have been mercy to it.

Yes, he had fled. The brave old Colonel might generously strive to hide his fault from others, but he could not hide it from himself. On the day of his very first battle—that day to which he had always looked forward so eagerly for a chance of distinguishing himself—he had lost his nerve, betrayed his weakness, and blasted his career at once and forever!

It is in such moods that men are tempted to their destruction; and the temptation was close at hand. He had nothing to live for now, and death could have no terrors for one who was already dead to all that makes life worth having. He stretched out his hand, and caught hold of a pistol.

The next moment the slumbering camp (for it was now night) was startled by a *single shot*; and then, as if that report had been a signal, the crash of a rifle volley rang through the still air like a peal of thunder, while high above it rose the yell of the Afghan war-cry.

It was the old story—"lions commanded by asses." The General in command, with want of plain common-sense, had neglected to take the most ordinary precautions against such an enemy as the depised Afghans; and he was now about to learn to his cost that these Afghans were not to be despised, after all.

Taken by surprise, and suddenly aroused from sleep by an attack in the dark, the young English soldiers (many of whom had never been under fire before) began to lose their heads, got jammed up together, and in a few moments more would have been merely a helpless mass.

"Open out! open out! don't get clubbed!" shouted a clear voice, suddenly, amid the uproar, as a light figure came springing to the front. "Come, we won't let these Afghan curs say that they beat Englishmen. Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" echoed fifty voices at once, as the men began to rally round their new leader, while the Afghans, startled by the shout, and supposing that a re-enforcement had suddenly come up to the help of their adversaries, hesitated for an instant—and that instant made all the difference.

As a tall stately man in the rich dress of an Afghan chief stepped forth from the disorderly mass of Asiatics and waved his men on, the English leader flew at him like one reckless of life, and cut him down with a single blow. Then, flinging away his broken sabre, he snatched his fallen enemy's *tulwar* (short sword), and hewed down two more Afghans, shouting,

"Come on, boys! give 'em the bayonet like Englishmen!"

"Who the dickens *is* that chap?" muttered a soldier to

his comrade; "he fights as if he meant to lick the whole kit of 'em single-handed!"

"Blowed if I know!" answered the other; "but whoever he is, I'm game to follow him slap down a tiger's throat, if he goes at it like that!"

On came the English, and for a few minutes there was a wild hand-to-hand *mélée*, in which both sides fought like tigers; but discipline at length prevailed over blind fury, and the Afghans, already disheartened by the fall of their leader, began to give ground, while at the same time fresh troops were seen coming up to the assistance of the little band of heroes who had turned the battle.

But the day (or rather the night) was not won yet; for just then another huge mass of Afghan warriors burst in upon the disordered English from the opposite side, heralding their charge with a murderous fire. The British began to fall fast, and, staggered by the shock, as well as discouraged by the overwhelming numbers of their assailants (now fully revealed to them by the flames of some butts which the Afghans had set on fire), began to waver once more.

"What?" shouted their impromptu leader; "will you give up just when you've got the game in your hands? Follow the old flag!"

And snatching the colors from their falling bearer, he plunged headlong into the sea of white robes and dark faces before him.

That was enough. The English set up a shout that made the air ring, and on they came like a mighty wave. Before that tremendous rush neither strength nor valor was of any avail. The swarming enemies were swept away as if they had never been; and when the battle was over many of the Afghans were found dead without a wound, literally trampled flat by the fury of the charge.

The victory was won—but where was he who had helped to win it?

Where, indeed? Not till after a long and anxious search did the conquerors at length drag forth from a heap of dead the still breathing body of the hero of that terrible night, with his clothes almost torn from his back, and his life-blood pouring fast through half a dozen wounds, any one of which seemed more than enough to make an end of him; and he, to every one's stupefaction, proved to be the "coward" of the previous morning, who, when just about to take his own life in despair, had been called forth by the distant shot that told of the approaching enemy, to seek a soldier's death as the one thing left him to hope for.

"No good—he'll die!" said one of the soldiers.

"Die? he sha'n't die!" cried another man, fiercely. "God could never have the heart to let him arter fightin' like that!"

And a tear—the first he had ever been known to shed—dropped upon that white, still face from the stern eye of the iron Colonel, as he muttered, brokenly:

"My brave boy! if you could but live to know how we repent of having misjudged you!"

And the gallant lad did live, though the regimental surgeon had given him up (which a waggish subaltern pronounced to be the first step in his recovery), and you would find to-day in the tall, handsome, soldierly Major Hackemwell, with the Victoria Cross on his broad chest, no trace of his having once been so near to death, and still nearer to the living death of being branded as a coward.

"Well, wasn't I right?" cried Corporal Phillips, when all was over. "Every man has his fightin' days, and his not-fightin' days; and that was one o' the young chap's fightin' uns!"

"Well, then," said one of his hearers, "I 'ope my next not-fightin' day 'll fall due when there ain't nothin' goin' on; and I 'ope my fightin' day 'll be so kyind as 'appen the werry next time we has a scrimmage."

THE BUILDING OF MODERN WONDERS.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

ALTHOUGH I have ridden repeatedly on locomotives by day and by night, and have studied their workings in a half-wondering and semi-bewildered way, and although I have read more or less eagerly nearly everything I could find of general interest about them, I must confess that until recently I never knew that every locomotive consists of two distinct engines. Splendid spurts of speed, the responsibilities of engineers and firemen, for whom I acknowledge a great admiration amounting almost to hero worship, and the ever-increasing mastery over nature by men, as shown in the work of locomotives, had occupied my attention, and the mechanical details of these superb machines had escaped me to some extent. Of course, in a general way, every one knows something about a locomotive. Every one knows, for example, that there is a fire-box that heats the water in the boiler into steam, and that the steam rushing into the cylinders pushes a piston-rod back and forth, and this makes the wheels turn, and the locomotive go. The exhaust steam passes up out of the smoke-stack with the gases of the fire, and there you have a locomotive.

But how about the two engines? The fact is, there is an engine on each side of all locomotives. The wheels on one side are driven by one engine and those on the opposite side by another. A steam-cylinder, where the steam actually does its work by pushing a piston back and forth, or up and down, is what might be called the unit of any engine. In a certain sense it is the engine. It is the heart of the machine. Every locomotive has to have a heart on each side in order to make the wheels of that side go. Therefore, on every locomotive there are two steam-cylinders. They are small round tanks just back of the cow-catcher, in plain sight of everybody. Compound locomotives have two sets of cylinders on each side, and like many steamships nowadays use the steam twice before getting a fresh supply. These two engines of a locomotive have only one fire, and are supplied with steam from one boiler, and are controlled by one man just as though they were one engine, and that explains how I thought it was all one machine.

The discovery that there were two engines under the boiler of every locomotive made me curious to know more about locomotives, and therefore I went to Philadelphia a week or two ago, where, right in the heart of the city, and on their finest street, are the largest locomotive works in the world. They are the Baldwin Works, and they cover sixteen acres, employ about five thousand men, and in busy times work twenty-four hours a day. The men make a locomotive complete there, and when busiest they turn them out at the rate of three and one-

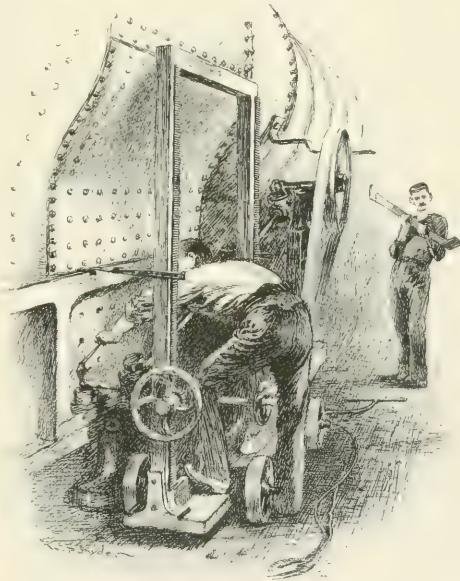
third a day. There are shops upon shops in this big plant, one devoted to this kind of work and one to that, until, as you go about the establishment, you get confused, and you marvel at the system that brings harmony out of the confusion. You see furnaces glowing and roaring, you hear an incessant din from pounding, you see the forges and the foundry work.

The place where you start and where you finish your inspection of this establishment is the most interesting. It is called the erecting-shop. It is a long rectangular building with nineteen tracks running across it, each track capable of holding four locomotives. Here is where the locomotives are put together. From one shop the cylinders are brought, from another come the boilers, from another the wheels, and so on, and here the whole

locomotive is assembled and made fit for work. There are certain standards for locomotives, but for every one there has to be several hundred drawings, and to get all the parts made and ready for the erecting-shop requires from two to three weeks, as a rule, although the Baldwin people once did build two locomotives for use in Japan in eleven days.

Here in the erecting-shop you see locomotives in every stage of construction. You see strong frames consisting of an upper and lower bar, one for each side of the locomotive, and both frames connected by strong cross-pieces. These frames consist of solid steel four inches broad and thick, and the average weight of the frame is about 6400 pounds. You never notice the frame when you look at a finished locomotive because it is hidden, but it holds up the boiler and fire-box and all the rest, and it is supported of course on the wheels.

While you are standing in the erecting-shop, you look up, and perhaps with alarm see an enormous boiler swaying back and forth in mid-air, and coming down towards you with the speed of a shadow across a field. Tremendous travelling-cranes run by electricity, and with big hooks hanging from them, the ends of which curve up like an elephant's trunk when he throws a peanut into his mouth, pick up these boilers, and lift them easier than a hotel porter lifts a trunk. Great ropes, consisting of numerous strands of manila rope, and loosely covered by what looks like bagging, are placed around the object to be lifted, and then a man away up near the roof gets a signal. He pulls this and pushes that lever, and the ropes tighten, and at last the weight is clear of the ground and quietly swinging in the air like a gymnast resting in his trapeze after a difficult turn. If the boilers or locomotives contained eggs by the thousand greater gentleness in picking them up could not be used than is exercised in lifting them at the start, but the swooping way they go across the building



THE HYDRAULIC RIVETER.

after they get started is quite terrifying at first to the spectator. There are two of these cranes in this shop, and they are always busy as piece after piece of the locomotives is transported here and there. These cranes can lift 100 tons with ease, and they use electrical force equal to forty horse-power.

In putting a locomotive together, the boilers generally are the next to arrive after the frames are set up. The boilers are adjusted to their places, and then come the cylinders, guides, wheels, cabs, and the tenders. A boiler, as nearly every one knows, consists of from 100 to 200 tubes of greater or less length, each about two inches in diameter, and all encased in an outer shell. The fire and gases run through these tubes, and in the spaces around the tubes the water is made into steam. The outside of the boiler is of iron, and nearly an inch thick. I was surprised to find workmen covering the boilers with white pine wooden jackets called "lagging." Some boilers were being covered with asbestos.

My guide explained that this served a purpose similar to that of a woollen garment next to the skin which people wear in winter. "It keeps the heat in," he explained, "and no locomotive leaves the shops without wearing what you might call an undershirt. After this is put on the thin and glossed sheet-iron covering is placed on the outside. The wooden under-covering gets charred away after a few years, of course, and has to be replaced, but that or asbestos is necessary to keep the heat in and to use it in making steam."

As you wander about in this erecting-shop you may see every part of a locomotive fitted into place. You can easily understand what all those contrivances inside the cab are for. You see that on each side of the cab are "injectors" or pumps for pumping water into the boiler from the tender; you see the cylinder and brake lubricators that keep those parts covered with oil constantly; you see the starting throttle and the reversing lever; you see the steam and air gauges and the valves, and you begin to understand that a locomotive cab is comparatively simple after all. As you peer beneath

the boiler you will doubtless notice a large drum. That is a reservoir for compressed air for use in applying the brakes, and it is supplied by pumps that may be seen on the outside of most locomotives just ahead of the cab on the boiler. They look like two-gallon cans, made to carry oil or some other harmless thing.

In passing in front of an unfinished locomotive you will notice that there is a great vacant chamber directly beneath the smokestack. On close examination you will see two large pipes there, through which the steam rushes from the boiler to the cylinders, and you will also see that into this compartment the fire and exhaust steam are discharged. Here is where a draught is practically stimulated, and where the last combustion occurs. By means of improved furnaces and other contrivances the smokestacks of locomotives have been growing smaller and smaller, and the boilers have been growing bigger, so that the locomotives of to-day no more resemble those of twenty years ago than the fashions of these times resemble those of two decades ago. The enormous smokestacks of those days are gone.

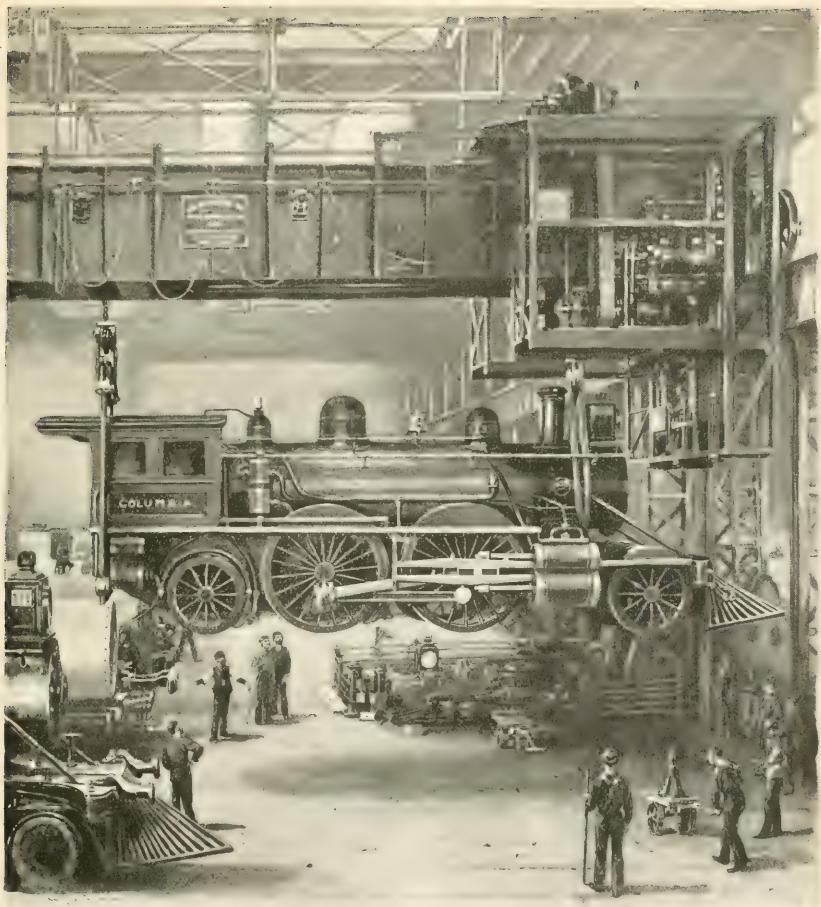
Next to the erecting-shops the most interesting place in a big locomotive works is the foundry. Here is where all the castings are made. Here they turn out wheels, cylinders, axles, and what not by the score, and the place resounds with miniature explosions and is brilliant with pretty bursts of sparks as ladle after ladle of the molten metal is poured into the moulds. In the centre of the building are two enormous cranes that look like railroad derricks. Scattered about in thick profusion are square boxes in which the moulds are made. Over on one side of the place are three or four big furnaces, adjacent to the "scrap" yard, where the iron is stored before being melted.

All is now ready for a casting. One of the big derricks swings a large can, that looks about four times as large as the iron ash-cans which are seen on sidewalks in cities, over to the mouth of one of the furnaces. This can will hold five tons of molten metal, and is called a ladle. The door of the furnace is open, and a bright

yellow liquid that runs as smoothly in the trough as molasses in the summertime would run pours out and drops into the ladle. Gases remain inside the mass in the ladle to some extent, and soon a workman goes up and pokes an iron rod into it. Instantly a swarm of little sparks fly out as thick as a school of mosquitoes travelling about a swamp. They are more like fire-flies than mosquitoes, however, for when they get about a dozen feet away from the ladle each glowing spark becomes a little bomb and bursts into a beautiful yellow star. The air is full of these pretty explosions at once, and the Fourth-of-July effect is a delightful surprise. Every one has seen those firework bombs which travel straight up into the air, and may be followed easily by the dim light on the end,



EMPTYING MOLTEN IRON FROM A "LADLE" INTO A MOULD.



AN ELECTRIC TRAVELLING-CRANE LIFTING A LOCOMOTIVE

and which finally burst into a beautiful group of colored balls. The explosions in this foundry are something like that, only there are a hundred bombs bursting at once. They have no variety in colors, and they become stars instead of balls, but your eye can follow the dimly lighted sparks as they shoot out of the molten metal, and when they all spring into sunbursts in the air you are prepared to assert that here is a regiment of four or five hundred men working in this place for whom real Fourth-of-July fireworks must have very little attraction.

The ladle is swung around to some mould, and then workmen seize long bars that project from its sides and tip the bucket and pour a small stream into the mould. As the mould is filled a workman pokes a rod into this mass also to allow the gases to escape, and the same bomb explosions occur as when the ladle received the metal from the furnace. Each mould consists of an upper and lower part, and there are frequent openings to allow the escape of gases which otherwise would still remain in the metal. These gases pour out between the upper and lower part

of the mould and burn in a pretty blue light. There are numerous explosions that sound like muffled pistol reports as the gases escape; and all this, with the red-shirted workmen, and the constant swinging of cranes, and the haze in the place, make a most attractive spectacle.

One of the things cast in this shop interested me very much—it was the steam-dome. On the top of every locomotive is one of these domes. They are the places into which the steam rises from the boilers and is dried before passing into the cylinders.

These domes are cast without the oval top that caps them when in position, and when they are inserted look like an enormous grandfather's hat with the top out. The rim of the hat fits down over the sides of the boilers, and as I looked at several of these castings, some glowing red still, and some gray and fuzzy, I was back with the last two Presidential campaigns at once. A dome like this looked as if some giant had come in to make a speech to the workmen, and had placed his hat crown down and rim up in the most convenient place. When you look

at a locomotive the next time just imagine the steam dome flattened on top, and then you will see the resemblance to a big hat. In the foundry I venture that you could think of nothing else at first. On the ground in the foundry these domes look twice as large as on the locomotives, and their resemblance to the hat seemed the more ludicrous.

Then there are a dozen other shops in the plant worth seeing. There are two floors packed with machinery, and called the machine shops; there are the big forge shops, where large hammers beat the heated ingots into shapes for working over in the various parts of the locomotives; there are the boiler shops, the wood-working shops, and so on. One of the most interesting machines to be seen in any of them is a hydraulic riveter. The edges of a boiler plate are placed together and swung in between the teeth of this riveter; a man turns on the water pressure, and the big rivet that helps to hold the lapping sides of the boiler is driven down with a furious and lasting force.

Another interesting place in the establishment is the steam-power plant that operates it. There are eight enormous boilers there, and they feed coal to themselves. One man looks after all of them. Down beneath the boilers is a big coal-room. An endless chain with little coal buckets attached runs through the place, and carries the coal to big hoppers in front of each furnace fire, where it is dumped, and the coal automatically glides inside of the furnace. It is a great labor-saving device. The stoker, that picturesque man in all engine-rooms, seems doomed, at least in stationary plants, and there are dozens of engineers planning to supplant him by machinery on steamships and locomotives. They have not succeeded yet, but they are not discouraged, and some day even the locomotive stoker may disappear.

Thus in wandering about this place we see there are two great departments. One is where a locomotive is put together, and the other is where it, or rather the parts are made. Each passenger locomotive weighs on the average about sixty tons, and the tender weighs about thirty tons. When the locomotive is running it carries about five tons of water inside the boiler, which is constantly being made into steam. The tender also carries about twelve tons of water when a start is made, a supply on the average for a smart run of fifty miles. The average cost of a locomotive in these times is from \$8000 to \$9000. This establishment in Philadelphia was started somewhere about 1830, and it has built about 14,000 locomotives. The largest output of a single year was in 1890, when 946 locomotives were built. From 1883 to 1892 this establishment exported no less than 1356 locomotives. These locomotives have gone to almost every country of the globe. You will see them pulling trains from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and you will see them puffing about sugar plantations in Hawaii. In Australia and New Zealand they may be found by the score. On those picturesque railroads that are beginning to abound in South America they are plentiful. Every one of these locomotives bears witness to the great mechanical development and ingenuity of the people of the United States.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

SOAP and candles, tallow and wicks,
Franklin was born in seventeen six.

In seventeen six, in Boston town,
Was born this hero of great renown

Who one day sent up his kite so high
It learned strange secrets from the sky.

If you want to know what the kite found out
It's all in your history, I've no doubt.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THE AMBUSCADE ON CLOVER HILL.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

ON a cold afternoon in the latter part of February five boys—ranging in age from fourteen to sixteen—were hard at work in the front yard of one of the score of houses that composed the little village of Ferndale. The task upon which they were engaged was the repairing of an old bob-sled. Tom Curtis and Ira Marsh were nailing a long plank fast to the two sections, while Dory Wistar and Jed Peters were fitting the steering-wheel into place. Mert Rexford, the owner of the sled, was telling his companions just how the work ought to be done.

The village street terminated at one end on the brow of Clover Hill. From here a good road ran straight down to the base of the long hill, and then, after curving to the right for several hundred yards, it became the main thoroughfare of the village of Rossmoyne. The distance between Ferndale and Rossmoyne was a little more than a mile, and just now the road was a sheet of icy snow. It was so slippery and dangerous, in fact, that no teams had ventured to go up or down the hill that day. But start a bob-sled from the top and it would whizz like a streak to the valley below, and on through Rossmoyne, and perhaps even across the covered bridge that spanned Roaring Creek.

It was this way. From dim antiquity ill feeling had existed between the boys of Rossmoyne and Ferndale, and no one knew the primary cause of the feud. Rossmoyne being the larger village, boasted a dozen fighting youngsters, who were under the acknowledged leadership of Skip Hutton. Skip was a quarrelsome, boastful lad, and his chief ambition was to "punch Mert Rexford's head" a second time—for he had already done so once.

The occasion referred to was during the last Christmas week, when both parties ventured to use Clover Hill for coasting one night. At first all went amicably, and mutual enjoyment of the sport promised to bury the ancient feud in its grave. But an unfortunate collision led to hot words and a fight, and Mert and his companions, outnumbered two to one, reluctantly left the enemy in possession of the field.

Since then the Ferndale boys had prudently betaken themselves to the smaller hill behind the village, while Skip Hutton and his unruly crowd used the lower portion of Clover Hill. At a point half-way down the grade was almost level for a hundred feet or so, and here they would start their coasting-trips. In spite of their superior numbers they did not venture to the summit of the hill. Perhaps they feared that Mert would recruit additional forces from the grown-up population of the village, and so gain a victory.

Just now Mert and his companions were not giving a thought to the feud as they tinkered away at the old bob-sled. It was after four o'clock when the last nail was driven, and as they stood looking at their handiwork a cheery voice hailed them from the sidewalk. They turned around to see Dory Wistar's uncle, Simon Garrison, leaning on the gate. He was a plump, jolly-faced old man, with cheeks as red as winter apples. He lived down in Rossmoyne, where he owned a flour-mill on the bank of the creek.

"Hello, Uncle Simon!" cried Dory. "You didn't drive up Clover Hill a day like this?"

The miller laughed, and shook his head. "I walked up on business, and I reckon I'll go down the same way. I've got something to tell you fellows," he went on, in a confidential tone. "There's great doings down in our town to-night. 'Ain't you heard about it? The Rossmoyne Lyceum is giving an entertainment in the school-house to raise money for books. It begins at seven o'clock, an' they're going to have tableaux, an'

wax-figgers, an' a guitar—no, a bazar, that's it—an' then they'll wind up with oyster stews and ice-cream. What do you think of that?"

He paused for breath, and his hearers looked eager and hungry. They also looked angry and resentful. It was not pleasant to be told about so tantalizing and impossible a feast. "Ferndale can have one of those things any time it wants to," Mert said, defiantly.

"I dare say," replied Uncle Simon; "but I reckon it ain't having one to-night. Now I'll tell you chaps what to do. After supper get on your bob-sled—the hull pack of you—and coast down to the school-house. I'll pay your way in, and buy each of you a dish of oysters and ice-cream. You see, I've got to help that Lyceum along somehow, and this is just a prime way to do it."

The five boys uttered five shouts of delight, and then they all looked very sober. "It ain't worth the ice-cream and oysters to get our heads punched," growled Mert.

"Or to have the bob-sled all busted," added Ira Marsh. "That's so," exclaimed Dory. "How about Skip Hutton's gang, Uncle Simon? They'll steal the sled, an' then lay for us when we start home. Wouldn't they just like the chance?"

"I'll fix 'em if they do," declared the miller, in fierce tones, as he shook his two fists. "They sha'n't one of them skate on my mill-dam next summer or swim in it this winter. They couldn't well do that, anyway," he added, as the boys began to laugh; "but you know what I mean, you young scallywags. Honest, now, I'll see that you ain't molested. You can put the sled in the hall of the school-house, an' when you start home I'll go part way up the hill with you. How's that?"

"It's a bargain," cried Dory. "We'll try to come." "We'll come for sure," added Mert, rashly vouching for his followers. "Look out for us."

"I'll be waiting at the school-house door," said Uncle Simon. "Be sure to start at seven o'clock, and then I'll know just when to expect you. I must be off now, for it's getting late. Don't go back on me, lads. Those oysters and ice-cream will be prime."

Just about that time a lanky youth of seventeen, with red hair and furtive, sneaking eyes, crept out of the cellar of the village grocery-store, which adjoined Mert's yard. Tony Peck belonged in Rossmoyne, but he had been in the grocer's employ for a year past.

"Won't I fix them stuck-up fellows!" he muttered to himself, as he handed a pail of molasses to an impatient customer. "They don't know I heard 'em talking, an' they don't know I'm going down to that festival myself. I'll start at five o'clock, an' that'll give me plenty of time to see Skip Hutton an' the crowd."

Tony was not popular with the boys of Ferndale, and it did not occur to Mert and his friends to invite him to ride down with them. They certainly did not know that he had preceded them to Rossmoyne by two hours, when they reached the top of Clover Hill at five minutes of seven; had they been aware of the fact they might have felt less jubilant.

The boys eagerly scrambled for their places, Mert taking the tiller, and Dory Wistar perching himself on the end seat. "Here goes!" he shouted, and with his feet he pushed the sled over the brow of the hill. There were a grinding jar, a swift rush, and the cruise was fairly begun. Faster and faster the merry party went whizzing through the frosty air. Fine particles of ice flew up and stung their cheeks, and the snow-banks to right and left shot by like blurred white streaks. Overhead the stars were shining in a steel-blue sky, and straight away in front the frozen slope glistened until it was lost to view around the curve that led to the twinkling lights of Rossmoyne. It seemed no time at all until the bob-sled was a third of the way down, and now it darted be-

tween the stunted pine-trees that lined this part of the road on both sides. Whiz! a hard snowball carried off Mert's cap, and another struck him on the arm. Whiz! one grazed Ira Marsh's nose, and one thumped Jed Peters on the back of the neck. Now the balls came thick and fast from both sides, accompanied by peals of mocking laughter. Here and there a head peeping from the shadow of the pines told of the enemy's cunningly planned ambushade.

"Stoop low!" yelled Mert, as he hugged the tiller tight; "we'll soon be past."

His companions ducked their heads, but still the balls pelted them mercilessly. Then came a brief lull as the sled shot on toward the short stretch of level grade, and when the boys looked up, hoping the worst was over, they made an unexpected discovery. About sixty yards ahead, at the farther end of the level, the road was completely blocked by a barricade of interwoven fence rails. It flashed upon Mert instantly that it was impossible to go through this without injury, and equally so to stop the sled at such short range. Before he could make up his mind what to do a lad jumped out of the pine thicket to the left, about fifty feet down the road, and posted himself on the edge of the low snow-bank. The bright starlight revealed the chunky figure of Skip Hutton himself, and showed that he had one arm full of snowballs. As the sled whizzed nearer he let one of the missiles drive. It struck Mert on the breast, but the act of throwing overbalanced Skip, and he tumbled down into the roadway, directly in the path of the flying sled. Mert and his companions uttered cries of horror and warning, but they did no good. There was not even time to swerve the sled to one side, and just as Skip gained his feet he was struck and pitched into the air. The collision tossed him backward, and he came down squarely between Jed Peters and Ira Marsh, who had the middle seats. Quick as a flash they grabbed him, and hauled him to an upright position on the plank. He struggled a little and howled with fright; from the way his legs squirmed he was evidently not hurt. Mert glanced over his shoulder and saw what had happened.

"Hurrah! we've got a prisoner," he shouted. "Hold him tight, boys. I'm going to show you something now; just watch."

How Mert intended to avert a catastrophe was quickly seen. To the right of the level grade—now almost reached—there were no pine-trees, and the fence had been torn away to construct the barricade. A low bank of snow was the only obstacle between the road and the open field. No sooner did the front runners touch the level than he swung the tiller a little to the right. The sled, going at a terrific speed, veered at an angle out of the centre of the roadway, and just when it seemed on the point of plunging into the barrier of fence rails, it struck the low bank and rode over it. Then on it went with a roar, fairly flying across the hard glassy snow-crust of the open field.

"Where are you going, Mert?" Dory shouted at him. "You know the hill ends in a big drop down below, and we'll either smash into a tree or a house."

"I know," Mert yelled back. "I'm going to clear the village, and strike for the open road along the creek. I'm pretty sure I can turn into it without running out on the ice. Stick tight, you fellows, and keep your feet up."

"We'll be drowned," cried Skip Hutton. "Let me off, let me off."

He began to struggle, but Jed only held him the tighter. "Hold still," he shouted. "If you tumble off here you'll break your neck."

"I won't," snarled Skip. But nevertheless he calmed down.

By this time the sled was nearly out of the track of



THE SLED GOING AT TERRIFIC SPEED VEERED OUT OF THE ROADWAY.

the steep and timbered base of the hill, beneath which lay Rossmoyne. Straight ahead the snow-crust sloped away to the road that bordered the frozen surface of Roaring Creek. The thrilling ride was almost over, and the boys began to cheer and laugh.

But when the edge of the road was only a dozen yards off, and just as Mert was making ready to twist the tiller, something unexpected happened. The sled glided into the unseen hollow of a frozen rivulet, and gathered fresh speed from the patches of slippery ice. Before the dazed boys could realize their peril they whizzed at right angles across the road and shot out upon the creek.

Dory and Tom, remembering that a neighboring spring made the ice at all times perilous hereabouts, threw themselves off in safety. The sled dashed on with the others, and was nearly to the opposite bank of the creek, when it capsized on a ridge of hard snow. A big air-hole yawned just below. Ira and Jed barely escaped slipping into it, but Mert and Skip were less fortunate, and both vanished under the black waters.

An instant later they came to the top several yards apart. Mert had his wits about him, and struck out for the upper edge of the ice. But Skip seemed to be helpless; he threw up his arms and called shrilly for aid. Hearing the cry, Mert turned around and swam back. He caught hold of his old enemy, and after a fierce struggle succeeded in getting him to the edge of the ice. There they both clung, too weak to climb out, and in momentary peril of losing their hold.

But just in time the other boys reached the spot, and the two lads were rescued with some difficulty from their dangerous plight. Attracted by the outcry, a number of villagers arrived on the scene, Uncle Simon among the number. He took charge of Mert and his companions, while Skip Hutton was hurried home by his friends.

After being well rubbed down in front of Uncle Simon's hot stove, and putting on a change of clothing that belonged to the miller's son, Mert insisted upon going to the entertainment. The end of it was that the boys went, and after they had enjoyed themselves thoroughly,

and eaten heaps of oysters and ice-cream, they came outside, to find Skip Hutton and his crowd waiting for them.

But it was not with hostile intentions—quite the contrary, in fact. Skip shook hands with Mert, and there were cheering and hand-shaking all round, and the Rossmoyne boys went half-way up the hill with their old enemies, where they parted, the best of friends.

So that was the end of the great feud, and it is not likely to ever arise from the grave which Mert's heroism dug for it.

THE ESCAPE OF THREE GIRLS.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"W^HO! Now what shall we do, my friends?"

Peggy Hildreth drew the reins over one arm, rested both elbows on her knees and her round chin in the hollow of her hands. It was hardly a driver's ordinary pose.

"Well?"

"Well?"

The latter queries came in chorus from the back seat. Then there was another silence, broken melodiously by the long sweet trill of a tiny bird tilting on a twig by the roadside. The sun had quite disappeared over the horizon, and the red glow in his wake was fast disappearing too. Peggy shivered a little, and sunk her neck deeper into her shoulders.

"Hush!" she said, lifting a finger to the trilling bird; "I want to talk now. You go home to your wife and the babies. You're not lost. Now, girls, what's to be done next? Here are three roads to choose from. Which?"

Margie Russell looked at Puss Perry, and Puss looked at her.

"Left," Puss said.

"Right," Margie murmured.

Peggy laughed and unposed her elbows. "Then here goes for the other one! Get up, Dollikins!"

With a jerk Dollikins woke up and launched out into

a gentle amble, obeying Peggy's twitch that turned her into the middle one of the three roads.

"We're in for it now, whatever it is," Margie sighed, settling back on the seat, and folding her little gloved hands resignedly.

"I don't see how we missed the way," said Peggy, over her shoulder. "I'm sure we turned all the left-hand corners till we got to the blacksmith's shop."

"A blacksmith's shop, you know," Puss remarked, mildly.

"No, the blacksmith's shop; for the bellows-man had on a red flannel shirt, and squinted, just as Helen said he would."

"Must have squinted hard, right through his back hair," Puss murmured.

"Well, anyhow, we're in for it!" Margie said. "Let's call it a real spree and be jolly."

"But it's miles and miles back home, and they'd never let us try it again after we'd made such a mess of it this time. And Helen wants us to come awfully."

"And we want to go awfully."

"Well, we *will* go. Who's afraid?"

"But where 'll we stay all night, Margie Russell?—that's what interests me. I'm going to be sleepy in just three-quarters of an hour."

"Oh, we'll stop at the first good-looking house. We'll tell 'em your father's a judge, and Peg's mother is the prettiest woman in the county."

"Don't; you make me homesick," groaned Peggy. "Get up, Dollikins!"

Twilight had shifted to night. Dollikins jogged patiently along, in grim obedience to Peggy's gentle twitches and admonitions. Not a house loomed up beside them. The girls joked and told stories, but the merriment grew uneasy and hysterical. Their little "surprise party" had turned out rather too surprising. But there was one good thing, Margie insisted: Helen wouldn't look for them without any warning, and the home folks wouldn't dream of worrying, for they would know they were safe at Helen's.

Peggy and Puss sniffed.

"For my humble part," Puss murmured, dismally, "I'd rather enjoy being worried over a little."

"Wait!" cried Margie. "I see a light!"

"Two lights!"

"Three lights!"

"Dollikins, we're saved!"

A big house set about with great trees sprang up suddenly beside them. Several feeble lights blinked in as many windows.

"Looks like a barracks," Peggy whispered, pulling on the reins.

"Or an insane asylum," Margie said, dubiously.

"Well, it's a *house*, anyway. Come on; we're in for it."

They felt their way up the stubby path, and knocked gently at the front door. The little knock gathered terrible energy, reverberating and echoing in their startled ears. But it produced no effect upon the inmates.

"Do it again, Peggy," Puss whispered, shivering nervously.

The third summons brought a heavy footstep along the hall. Then the door opened cautiously, and an old woman peered out, holding her lamp above her head.

"For the land's sake, who be ye?" she ejaculated.

Peggy responded to the pokes of the other girls, and stood bravely forward, explaining their predicament politely.

"Land, yes," the old woman said, smiling toothless encouragement, and opening the door wide. "You come right in. My man 'll see to the beast. I'll git ye a bite an' give ye a bed as well's not. The rest has had supper, but it won't put me out none to speak of. There's cold b'il'd pork an' greens aplenty, an' a hunk o' suet puddin' left. You relish suet puddin', miss?"

She stopped, and peered into Margie's face good-naturedly. The lamp flickered dimly, and threw pale distorted shadows on the wall.

"What in— Oh yes'm, thank you," stammered Margie. The little procession moved on.

"Why, Margie Russell, I don't believe you know what suet pudding is," whispered Peggy, hysterically.

"What did she say? I was too scared to hear," Margie whispered back, catching tight hold of Peggy's warm hand.

The long hall came to an end at last in a big bare room with a table and two or three chairs scattered around it. Another feeble lamp spluttered on the table and a feeblier fire in an open grate. Several shabby-looking men sat before the fire smoking pipes, and one old woman nodded over her knitting-work among them. When the hostess and her guests appeared, everybody got up, and, after a curious stare, shuffled out of the room. The girls heard their stumbling steps echoing up the stairs and along the loose floor overhead.



IN A MOMENT THEY WERE ALL OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

"I'm Mis' Wickett," the hostess said, sociably, putting down the lamp and waving her hand with a gesture of hospitality toward the vacant chairs. "Set down, do. I'll go tell John to mind your hoss. He's gone to bed, I reckon, but I can roust him up. John's a dreifful good-natured man about bein' roused, an' he won't never let any o' *them*," nodding upward, "go anigh the barn nights." At the door she turned back. "This is our place—hisn an' mine. *Them's* boarders, so to speak." She laughed with mysterious, toothless mirth.

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Well?"

That was the extent of the conversation between the girls till the old woman bustled back. They sat stiffly upright on the edges of their chairs. Puss giggled feebly and incessantly. The others looked into the smouldering coals and listened to the loud, querulous tick-tocking of the great clock on the mantel over them.

The greens and "b'iled pork" and the suet pudding were hardly touched, though the girls made sundry heroic attempts to eat a few unsavory mouthfuls.

"We had our dinners late," Peggy explained, politely.

"Very late, and we ate a good deal, ma'am," echoed Puss.

"Well, I shouldn't say t' you *was* real famishin'. That pork's our own killin', an' extry fat an' nourishin'."

Margie rose quietly. "Can we go to bed now, if you please? We're tired, and must get up early to go to our friends."

"For the land's sake, yes; you *do* look kinder peaked an' wore out. You'll have to sleep in one bed, but it's good an' wide. An' you musn't mind any noises nor nothin'. Some o' *them* snores an' threshes round a good deal, an' the partitions is thin."

They went up the creaking stairs, and were ushered into a small room with one bed and a chair in it. That was all, except dust and dreariness and the glimmer of a pale star in at the little window.

The door closed behind the old woman, and the three girls sank limply down on the bed in a row.

Peggy was looking hard at the smoky little lamp. "It won't last more than ten minutes longer," she whispered, anxiously.

Margie was looking at the smoky walls all around them. "Oh, girls," she groaned, softly, "they don't go 'way up at all! It's just like camp-meeting houses!"

Two-thirds of the way up to the ceiling, to be sure, the walls suddenly ended and gave dark glimpses into mysterious rooms beyond.

Puss giggled under her breath. "It's sort of funny, isn't it?" she murmured.

"Funny!" Peggy turned on her with a withering glare, but just then the lamp went out.

In silence the three girls took off their hats and jackets, and lay down in a huddling, disconsolate row on the uninviting bed. The lamp's unkempt wick sent up a little curl of vile smoke, filling the room with unbearable odor.

Margie sprang up and pried open the window. "What'll I put under it?" she whispered.

"The lamp," Peggy suggested, promptly.

"No, it's going to stay itself; but I'll set the lamp on the sill to air—that's a bright idea, Peggy." And Margie crept cautiously toward the centre of the vile smell. After a minute she was back beside Puss, and again there was silence in the room. In a marsh behind the house a company of frogs were holding high carnival, and their hoarse voices joined with the faint, mournful cry of a whippoorwill in a discordant irony of melody.

Beyond the partitions on either side of the room were occasionally heard the squeakings of beds and uneasy breathing of mysterious neighbors. But despite their

dismal surroundings three pairs of eyes closed after a while in healthy, girlish sleep, though their respective owners asserted next day, in all due honesty, that they only got a "wink of sleep" in the midst of hours of waking. Before the east was fairly touched with faint lines of light Peggy opened her eyes with a start. The window had suddenly shut with a thud, and there was a muffled crash of glass on the ground beneath it. Peggy lifted herself on an elbow, and tried to think where she was. Puss stirred and threw her soft warm fingers across Peggy's cheek.

"Oh, yes, of course, I'm *here*," she thought. Then she became aware of low voices communing uncouthly beyond the partition at her head. She listened uneasily.

"Git up, Bill, will yer? Ain't ye got no sense in ye nohow?"

"Lemme alone!"

"Git up, I tell ye! Me 'n' you's got a job o' killin' to do 'fore them young critters gits woke up enough to squeal."

The bed creaked and groaned with Bill's weight. He was evidently getting up.

"Consarn 'em!" he grunted sleepily. "How many be there, Pete?"

"Three," the first voice said. "An' they're as purty 'n' slick as I ever see."

Peggy dropped softly back on the pillow, and covered her ears. A horrible suspicion took possession of her. She knew now what dreadful sort of a place they were in—shut up in a trap and going to be killed in a few minutes. The little bare room was filling with a pale golden light; there wasn't a minute to lose. She was glad they had bolted the door when they went to bed, but she was suspicious of the strength of the wooden bolt, and got up stealthily to examine it. Puss opened her eyes and watched her coming back across the floor.

"Oh, dear!" she said; "I thought I was at home, and not in this old dungeon!"

Peggy put her hand over her mouth frantically. "Oh, hush, hush!" she whispered. "Get up quick. They're going to murder us right off. We must do something."

Puss sprang softly to her feet. Her pretty hair was in a whirl of tangles, and made a wild halo around her frightened face. "Peggy Hildreth, tell me this minute!" she whispered, shaking her violently.

The terrible news was soon told, and Margie awakened and warned of its import. Then the three girls sat on the bed and looked their fate firmly in the face.

"Let's holler awfully," Puss whispered, preparing to do it.

"Oh, no, *no*!" Peggy cried, in a terrified whisper that woke uncanny, hissing echoes in the rafters overhead. "We must keep perfectly still, and get away before they come back with their knives and guns and things." She ran to the window and peered out. The pieces of the broken lamp faintly glistened a short distance below. As the house was built on a sharp incline, there was really but one story in the rear, and the window out of which she looked was but a few feet above the ground. The barn and out-houses were on the other side of the house, and a big marshy field stretched out before her. There was no sign of life visible.

"Girls, come here!" she called, softly. "I'm going to jump, and you must follow quick. It's only a little way, and nobody's 'round. Then we'll run for dear life across that field till we find a road somewhere."

"But Dollikins and the carriage?" whispered Margie, her teeth chattering and her face white.

Peggy groaned under her breath, "Dear old Dollikins! But it's no use; we must do it," and with a light spring she landed on the grass. In a moment they were all outside of the house. A way they all flew across the field,

their feet making a queer "clush! clush!" in the soggy ground, and their hearts beating violently. Out of sight of the house, in a clump of maples, they stopped for breath.

"Now, what?" panted Peggy.

"Now for home, somehow and somewhere," Puss said, decidedly. "I'm going home to tell my father about that gang of murderers, and he'll have them arrested and sent to Sing Sing right away."

"Of course," assented Peggy, eagerly. "And he'll get my Dollkins for me. He's a judge, and will know just how to fix 'em—the wicked men!"

The road chanced fortunately to be near at hand, and a few inquiries set their faces in the direction of home. It was a long, tedious distance, and they were all faint and worn out when at last they caught the welcome glimpse of the red roof of Puss's barn and the curling line of pale smoke over the house. It was a glad sight indeed to three excited, flushed, hungry girls.

Margie began to cry. "I'm so happy I don't know what to do," she sobbed.

Puss giggled, in spite of herself. "You look radiant!" she cried, putting her arms around poor Margie and helping her on. "There's papa at the library window reading the morning *Telegram*. Now he'll start right off, and I guess those wretches will be in the lock-up before dinner!"

The Judge looked over his glasses in astonishment when, a minute later, the three runaways stood in a row before him, all of them talking at once, and telling some horrible, confused story whose facts stumbled and tripped over each other in a hopeless tangle. He held up his hands for silence.

"Wait!" he said, smiling rather anxiously. "Run out and let mother give you a cup of coffee and some nourishment. Then come back and we'll straighten things out a bit. Scamper!"

It was good advice. No steaming cups of coffee ever sent forth a more fragrant comforting perfume, and never did muffins and chops taste better. The tired girls ate in restful silence, and sat back when their plates were empty with three long sighs of relief and satisfaction.

"I think I'm going to sleep," Peggy said, lazily.

"It's a lovely feeling," murmured Margie, closing her eyes.

But Puss hustled them off into the library. Slowly and carefully the Judge drew out the surprising story and its terrible details. He looked to the girls' wonder, not half so excited and wrathful as they expected. To tell the truth, they were disappointed in his cool serious face. But he got up at once and began to take off his dressing-gown.

"Get my boots, Pussie," he said. "I'll drive over and take a look at these rascals of yours."

"But you'll take a policeman, won't you?" Margie cried, in terror. "They'll murder you, too!"

"Oh, yes, papa, please do!"

"Oh, do!" echoed Peggy.

The Judge smiled and went out. Puss's mother insisted that the girls should go up into Puss's room and rest quietly until he came back, and they were not at all loath to obey.

Peggy seized a bottle of cologne and buried her nose in it luxuriantly. "To take away the smell of that smoky lamp!" she exclaimed.

A great sense of gratitude crept into all their hearts. They sat in the cozy chairs and looked at each other with sober, contented eyes.

By-and-by, when the lunch-bell rang, they went down, to find the Judge sitting at the table. His eyes were twinkling.

"Well, girls, rested any?" he said. "I found your house. It's the county poorhouse, you know. And those three pigs they killed there this morning are as likely and fat a set of grunTERS as I ever saw."

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY TODDLES.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Gargoyle shifted about in the sand until he got his stone legs comfortably fixed, and blinked his red eyes at his auditors, especially at Tommy, who sat beside him with his legs crossed, like a tailor, and his face resting on his hands, his elbows on his knees. The little boy was all attention.

"It was the largest congregation of animals I ever witnessed," began the stone image. "There were more here to-day than I ever saw at a Jabbergather."

"What is a Jabbergather?" interrupted Tommy.

"Tell him what a Jabbergather is," said the Gargoyle, turning to the Sheep.

"A Jabbergather," explained the latter, somewhat ungrammatically, "is when the animals gather together and jabber about things that have happened."

"Oh, a sort of five-o'clock tea," said Tommy.

"No," replied the Gargoyle; "because a Jabbergather is always held at night, and they don't drink tea. They eat mushrooms."

"How indigestible," thought Tommy.

"And you must not interrupt any more," said the Sheep.

"Well," continued the Gargoyle, without heeding the Sheep's remonstrance to the little boy, "there were about twice as many animals as come to a Jabbergather, and the fishes all sat on the waves, many rows of them, reaching far out to sea."

"Like seats in a theatre," put in Tommy.

"Shut up!" growled the Sheep, and Tommy subsided again.

"Of course the Penguin and the Sword-fish were ready to fight, and the Horned Owl, who was to be referee, was on hand. But just before the duel began there was a great rumpos on the third wave from the front, which created such a commotion that we had to send a Monkey and a Porpoise out there to see what the trouble was."

"How did you happen to send a Monkey?" asked Tommy, much to the Sheep's evident displeasure.

"We sent him on Porpoise," answered the Gargoyle. "They came back and told us that the Sole and the Flounder were sitting on the same wave, and had gotten into a row."

"The same old dispute, I suppose," remarked the Sheep.

"The same one they had at the last Jabbergather," assented the Gargoyle.

"And what did they dispute about?" asked Tommy, who was very anxious to know all about what was going on.

"May I tell him?" urged the ex-Pirate. "I've made a classic out of it."

"Certainly, go ahead," said the Gargoyle, who did not appear to be at all annoyed by these continual interruptions.

"Said the Sole to the Flounder,

'You shameless old rouser,

I'd have you to understand clearly

That your constant assumption

Of my rightful function

Shall be punished—and punished severely.'

"But the Flounder, he laughed

And gurgled and chaffed,

And said, without any apology,

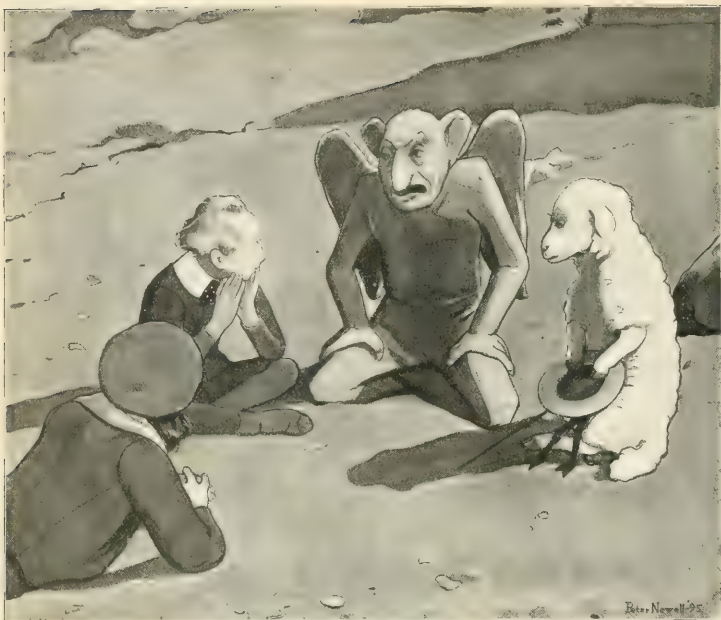
'If men are such moles

They take Flounders for Soles,

I'm sure I can't teach them ichthyology.'

"Uncle Dick told me once that you could not tell a Flounder from a Sole," ventured Tommy. But the Sheep frowned severely at this, and said: "Now nobody must interrupt any more;" and the Gargoyle then proceeded with his narrative.

"After the Sole and the Flounder had been separated, the Horned Owl called Time, who came in out of the past and sat down on his hour-glass at the side of the ring. The duel then began. The Sword-fish fought with his sword, and the Penguin fought with a long pen that looked like a spear. I tell you it was exciting! They jabbed and struck each other, and ran around on the sand, and fell down and got up again, and all the animals kept shrieking and shouting, and the Seals kept yelling, 'rah! rah! rah!' It was immense! Time must have gotten scared, for he flew. The duel kept on, nevertheless, and pretty soon the Sword-fish began to show signs of weariness. The Penguin kept jabbing him with his pen, and thrusting at him until he finally knocked him down, and the Sword-fish cried for mercy. The Horned Owl called Time again, but Time had



THE GARGOYLE TELLS THE STORY OF THE FIGHT.

frown so fast that he was away up in the clouds. So the Horned Owl looked at him and said Time was up, and then the fight was all over, and the Penguin had proved himself to be mightier than the Sword-fish."

The Gargoyle had scarcely finished his story when there was a great hubbub in the direction of the house, and hundreds of little Crabs came surging around the corner shouting at the tops of their voices:

"Extra! Extra! Extra! All about de big fight!"

They scampered off in all directions along the beach, and some of them rushed into the breakers and disappeared under the sea. They had all little bundles of papers under their arms, and were hastening away to dispose of their wares.

"The extra is out," said the Gargoyle. "You can get one now and read a detailed account of the great battle for yourself."

"How curious!" mused Tommy. "I never thought before to look to see if little crabs were carrying anything when I have seen them running along the beach."

When all the Crabs had disappeared the printer's Devil-fish came out and sat on the front stoop of the house, and presently the Penguin himself sauntered over to the group sitting in the sand and stood beside them.

"Now," he said to the Sheep, "I am at your disposal."

"I don't suppose it's of any use for me to ask you if you have seen my animals?" said Tommy, before the Sheep could answer.

"Not of the slightest use," replied the Penguin, haughtily. "Editors never see anything," and to emphasize this statement he took a pair of blue spectacles, which he had been holding in one hand, and put them on. "We look at everything through colored glasses."

"More's the pity," said the Sheep. "But if you have not actually seen the animals, can't you tell us what direction they took when they went away?"

"Certainly," said the Penguin. "They started that way."

"Yes, that way," repeated the Gargoyle; "off over the dunes and in toward the hills and the forest."

"Then we must go that way too," said Tommy, getting up from the sand, feeling very much rested; and his companions did likewise, and they all bade farewell to the stone image and to the Penguin. As they passed over the dunes they looked back and saw the Gargoyle laboriously climbing back to his perch on the house-top.

"He's that way," murmured the ex-Pirate.

The three walked for some time in silence over sand hills and through underbrush, and pretty soon they took a road that led through some broad and sunny fields.

Away off, as far as they could see, Tommy noticed a cloud of dust, and what looked to him like a moving crowd of some sort.

"Those must be my animals!" he exclaimed.

The ex-Pirate climbed on a fence, and put his hand up over his eyes, and stared as hard as he could at the things the little boy had pointed out to him.

"They are animals," he said, finally. "I can see them plainly. There are two of each kind, and they are walking in pairs."

"Those are mine, surely?" cried the little boy, now greatly excited. "Let us run and catch up with them."

"Yes, let's run," chimed both the Sheep and the ex-Pirate; and the three immediately started off at break-neck speed down the road in the direction of the dust cloud. Tommy felt as

though he had never run so fast in his life. The fence posts and bushes fairly whizzed past him. His companions kept pretty well abreast of him at first, but they gradually fell behind, and after a while, when Tommy looked back over his shoulder, they appeared only like specks far back on the yellow highway. The little boy tried to slow up in order to wait for them, but his legs had got to going so fast that he could not stop himself. He was travelling along the road at a terrific rate, and all the time he was rapidly approaching the procession of animals that now seemed to be fully life size. The lions and tigers and leopards looked very fierce, and yet Tommy felt as if he could not stop himself from running right into them, and he began to get very much frightened. Pretty soon he was almost on top of the Guinea Pigs, and in his terror he stumbled head over heels, and shouted:

"Oh! oh! oh!"

Then he opened his eyes and found himself lying on his back on his own window-seat in the play-room, and his mother was leaning over him in the twilight.

"Come, little man, wake up," she said, as she pushed his hair back from over his little warm face and eyes. "You have been sleeping here like a little pig all the afternoon."

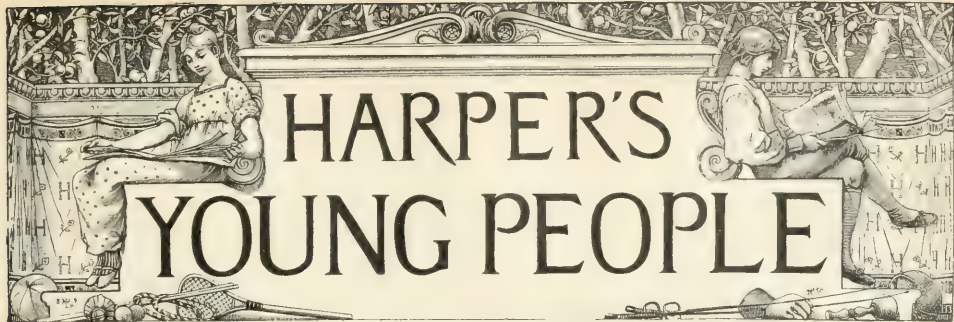
"Have I?" said Tommy, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. "And, oh, mamma, I've had such a funny dream," he added. Then he looked at his Noah's Ark on the floor, and saw his wooden animals standing two and two, just as he had placed them there hours ago. "I have been dreaming about them, mamma," he continued, pointing to his toys. "I thought they had run away and I went after them, and I had such a long journey, and saw all sorts of things—Burglars, Pirates, and a nice woolly Sheep, and a Penguin, a Loon, a Welsh Rabbit, a Gargoyle, and the queerest creature in the world, called Thing-umbob."

"I'm afraid that two pieces of plum pudding are too much for my little boy," said his mother, with a smile. "But come down to supper now, and there you may tell us all about your wonderful dream."

So he washed his face and hands and went down with his mother to the dining-room, and after supper he told them all about the strange adventures of Tommy Toddles.

THE END.

BOBBY (looking at sky just before an evening shower). "Mamma, where are all the stars? Do they have to go to bed early too?"



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



BUDD WILDER'S JUDGMENT.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

THREE thousand boxes of oranges, at \$2 50 a box, are worth \$7500. Budd Wilder has figured that up a hundred times within the last few weeks, but even yet he can hardly believe that the amount is correct. It seems too large a sum for a boy of sixteen to have made for his father in one day simply by the exercise of good judgment.

Budd is a Northern boy, but his home is in Florida, in the orange-growing region. His father, Major Wilder, saw something of the South in war-times; and when his health failed a few years ago, he determined to take his family to Florida and buy an orange grove. He had

not as much money as an old soldier and a good business man ought to have, but by giving a mortgage he was able to buy a grove of moderate size, in the midst of which stood a comfortable two-story house with a broad veranda in front, and a driveway leading down to the gate lined on both sides with tall oleanders and Spanish-bayonets and fig-trees and bananas.

"It is not only on my own account that I have come down here," the Major said to Budd; "it is largely for the sake of you and your brother Harry. In this thinly settled country you will have to learn to rely upon yourselves, and that is one of the most important things for a

boy to learn. You shall each have a pony, and you must learn to take care of them. When your saddle-girth breaks, you must mend it; there is no one to do it for you. Whenever anything happens, make up your mind what is the right thing to do, and do it. Do not hesitate to take responsibility when it is necessary. If you always depend upon me, you will never amount to anything."

Last December Budd Wilder was just past sixteen, and people said that he was one of the finest boys in the neighborhood. He was large for his age, and plump, with cheeks as brown as a berry from exposure to the Florida sun, and hands several degrees browner than his face. His brother Harry was a year and a half younger, and each of the boys had a score of orange-trees of his own, which he cultivated and cared for himself, and received all the profits from. The Major and all the family were feeling remarkably comfortable, for every tree on the place was fairly loaded down with oranges. Many of them had to be propped up to prevent the limbs from breaking. Never before had such a crop been known all over the State. The prospect was that the mortgage on the grove would be paid off, and all the little debts settled, and a snug sum left to put in bank.

"I estimate that there are over 3000 boxes on the trees, Budd," the Major said, "and Gravelly of Jacksonville has offered me a dollar a box for them as they stand. But I am not willing to sell for that. I think that if I let them stand till February, I can get \$1 50 a box, and the extra \$1500 is worth waiting for."

"The crop is so good," the Major went on, "and everything looks so bright, that your mother and I are thinking of giving ourselves a little treat. We are thinking of going North to spend the Christmas holidays, leaving you and Harry here to take care of the place. I shall leave everything in your charge, for I don't believe in divided responsibility."

It was in this way, it happened that on the 23d of December Budd found himself in complete charge of an orange grove with more than \$3000 worth of fruit on the trees. He and Harry were not alone on the place, for Betty, the old colored woman, was there to do the cooking, and there were two colored men.

On the morning of the 23d of December there was nothing either in the weather report or in the sky to give him any anxiety, and it was the same on the 24th. But on Christmas morning he rode home from the post-office with a troubled expression in his face.

"I don't half like the looks of things, Harry," he said. "The thermometer went down to thirty-six last night, and the paper says there's a cold wave coming from the Northwest. It would be a terrible thing if these 3000 boxes of oranges should freeze while father is away. You know what that would mean; we'd lose the entire crop, and then I don't know where we should be, with the mortgage to pay off and bills at the stores."

"Oh, pshaw!" Harry replied; "you're always fretting about the weather. It's all moonshine to talk about freezing when it's so hot here in the sun we can't wear our coats. If freezing weather comes, we can't stop it, and we'll just have to put up with it, that's all. Father can't blame us for what the weather does, and you know oranges will stand a temperature of 28° without harm, anyhow."

"Yes, it's hot enough in the sun," Budd retorted; "but there is no sun at night, and it's the cold nights that may hurt us. I should never forgive myself if anything should happen to the oranges while the folks are away."

On the next day, the 26th, there was no change in the weather. So far there had been no frost, but it was cold enough at night to keep a blazing fire in the fireplace. When the 27th came it was no colder, but the paper said

the cold wave was coming nearer; it had reached Kentucky and Tennessee, and was travelling southward. Budd was more worried than ever. A drop of ten degrees in the night temperature would ruin every orange in the grove, and almost ruin the Wilder family.

Then came the paper of the 28th, which was Friday. "Heavy frosts in the northern part of the State," it said. "The cold wave advancing southward. Colder weather all over Florida to-night."

On his way home from the post-office Budd hardly saw a foot of the road, for he was busy thinking. The cold wave was coming, and the family's fortunes were at stake. He felt a tremendous responsibility upon his shoulders, and he would have given the world for a word of advice from his father; but no father was there, and he had to depend upon himself. When he reached home he was still undecided whether anything could or should be done, and he went straight to his room and locked the door. When he came out his mind was made up.

"Harry," he said, "things look very serious. The thermometer went down to 33° last night, and the cold wave will strike us to-night. We may lose all our oranges. I think it would be possible to have them all picked this afternoon and to-night, and get them in out of danger. What do you think about it?"

"I think that having charge of this grove has turned your head," Harry replied. "You talk like a crazy man. How could we have 3000 boxes of oranges picked in one afternoon? Why, it would take fifty men to do it."

"Yes, just about fifty men," Budd said; "and I think I can get them. Instead of paying the usual price for picking, four cents a box, I can offer ten cents to make the men work faster. That will cost about \$300, but it will be better than losing our oranges. I want your opinion about it."

"My opinion is that you had better let the oranges alone," Harry answered, very decidedly. "I think father will have something lively to say to you when he comes home, if you make such a fool of yourself. Look at Thompson's, the next place; they're not picking; nobody is picking. Don't think you know more about the weather than all these old growers."

"Very well," Budd exclaimed. "I have obeyed orders and consulted with you. Now I shall obey them still further and act according to my own judgment. I am going to pick the oranges, if it is possible to get the men. I expect you to give me your help, even though your opinion is different. I want you to take down all the beds and make as much room in the house as you can. It will take every room to store them in, but we must keep the kitchen to live in. Will you help me?"

"Of course," Harry answered; "if you take the responsibility. But *won't* you catch it when father comes home!"

Ten minutes later the two colored hands were hurrying to the post office and the stores after pickers; and Budd was riding like mad to Eatonville, the colored settlement, where he hoped to find plenty of idle men. Ten cents a box! Why, a man could make over five dollars between noon and midnight, working part of the time by moonlight. Yes, indeed; every unemployed man was ready to work at such a price. Before eleven o'clock thirty men were picking oranges in the grove. By noon there were sixty men at work, and none of them stopped for dinner; they could not afford it, when they were making money so fast.

In two or three hours the house was a sight. Who ever saw a house before with oranges piled several feet deep in every room, and the piles growing deeper every minute? But down came the oranges; and the neighbors, seeing what was going on, began to talk.

"That's what comes of letting that boy have his own

way so much," said one. "His father seems to think he ought to know as much as a man. Who'd think a boy would do such a thing? and his father away, too! It's going to lose the Major a clean thousand dollars, that job is. If any boy of mine did such a thing, I'd give him a lesson he'd not forget in a hurry."

When the sun went down the men built little fires in the grove to warm their hands. The thermometer said 29, and 29 is extremely cold weather for Florida. Budd had a clear place left about the great stove in the sitting-room; and Harry's work was to pile in wood and keep a big fire to warm the whole house.

Budd felt the weight of a nation resting upon his shoulders. Perhaps he was losing hundreds of dollars for his father; "but I am using my best judgment," he said to himself. Twenty times an hour he looked at the thermometer. At seven o'clock it was down to 27°; at eight o'clock, 26°. Then he went out among the men.

"Rush them along, boys!" he called out. "They can't stand more than two hours of this weather. There's a dollar apiece extra for you if you have the trees clean by ten o'clock."

And the men did it, by the hardest kind of hard work. By ten o'clock not an orange could be seen on the trees under the bright moonlight, and the house was piled full of them. When Budd looked at the thermometer it said 22°. He knew what that meant. Every orange in every neighboring grove was ruined. The weight was lifted from his shoulders, but he began to worry then about his neighbors' losses.

After the pickers went home Budd and Harry sat by the big stove, and kept the fire roaring. The house must be kept warm or the oranges might still freeze. Both had to laugh at the wonderful appearance of the house, though neither felt like laughing. Budd was full of excitement, and Harry was shivering with cold. At midnight Harry went out to look at the thermometer, and when he returned he held out his hand to Budd.

"Shake, old man!" he said. "I'll own up that you were right and I was wrong. Do you know what the thermometer is now? It's 18°. You've saved the Wilder family, sure. I don't see what ever put it into your head that it was going to be so cold. Nobody else has picked any oranges, and of course everything that's left out is ruined."

Budd was hardly able to reply as he took Harry's hand. The excitement had kept him up; but now that it was over, and the oranges were safe, he felt weak.

"You don't know what I've been through, Harry," he said. "It seems like a nightmare, though it has all turned out so well for us. Everybody was against me, and I guess everybody laughed at me. I know the pickers were laughing in their sleeves while they were at work; they thought it was a foolish boy's notion, and they might as well make all they could out of it. But I cannot turn around and laugh at the others now, for the poor fellows have lost nearly everything they have in the world."

There was no going to bed that night, for the fire must be kept up. At three o'clock in the morning, when Budd went out again to look at the thermometer, it registered 16°. It was the night of the great freeze of 1894, the great freeze of December 28th and 29th, when the weather was colder in Florida than it had been before since 1835. Millions of dollars' worth of oranges were ruined that night, and thousands of trees were killed.

"There was just one thing kept me up," Budd said, after a while. "You know how often father has told me, 'make up your mind what is right, then do it. Rely upon yourself.' Well, I made up my mind that the oranges ought to come in. I had to rely upon myself, for here were all these old orange-growers around us paying no attention to the weather, and it was just the same

as if I had told them that they didn't understand their business. But I followed my own judgment, and the oranges are safe. I'm afraid we'd have lost our name, Harry, if we had lost this big crop."

"What are you going to do with them, now that you have them in the house?" Harry asked.

"Sell them, of course," Budd replied; "but I don't know yet just how. It's enough for one day to have them safe inside. They ought to be worth more than ever, now that so many others have been frozen."

On the day after the great freeze, the 30th of December, the weather remained so cold that the boys could do little but stay in the house and keep the fire burning. But the next day, the 31st, was full of excitement for them. First of all came the newspaper, with its glaring headlines, "The Orange Crop Ruined." "A Terrible Calamity has Befallen the State." "Not a Marketable Orange is Left in Florida." Then two or three hours later there arrived a fruit-buyer from Jacksonville. He was travelling about to see how much damage had been done, and to buy any good fruit that he could find. He had heard the story of Budd's picking the entire crop before the freeze, and was anxious to buy it.

"I will give you a dollar and a half a box for the entire lot, just as it lies," he said, after examining the oranges.

"Can't sell them for that," Budd replied. "Oranges are scarce now, and these are the only sound ones I know of."

"Two dollars," said the buyer.

"No, I can't take less than two and a half," Budd answered. This was a sudden inspiration; his brightest hope had been to get \$1 50 a box for them.

"I will take them at two and a half," the buyer said.

"Cash on delivery?" said Budd.

"Cash on delivery," echoed the buyer.

While the man was out in search of teams to draw the oranges to the nearest packing-house a colored boy brought in a telegram. It was from Major Wilder, and came from Jacksonville.

"Will be home this evening," the message said. "Meet us at the station."

"There's a mistake I made!" Budd exclaimed, snapping his fingers impatiently. "I should have telegraphed father that we were all right. The news of this freeze has gone North, and father must be worried to death about it."

He drove over to the station to meet the evening train, and what he saw made his heart sick. The weather had grown warmer, and every frozen leaf had begun to turn brown. The trees, instead of a bright green, looked like Northern forest trees in winter; and beneath them the ground was yellow with frozen and useless oranges.

"Oh, Budd, Budd, my poor boy!" Mrs. Wilder exclaimed, throwing her arms around Budd's neck on the station platform. "I don't know what will become of us all." She had seen the frozen trees all along the railroad track.

"We are all right, mother," Budd answered. "I picked the entire crop before the freeze came."

"What is that!" Major Wilder exclaimed, excitedly seizing Budd by the shoulder. "You saved the crop!"

"Yes, sir; every orange," Budd replied. "I got sixty men, and had them all picked last Friday afternoon, and this morning I sold them all for \$2 50 a box, cash on delivery. I was a little doubtful about doing it; but you know you have often told me to 'Make up my mind what is right, then do it.' I made up my mind that the oranges ought to be picked, so I picked them."

"Then you have saved us from ruin, my boy," Major Wilder said; and his eyes were moist. "It is a grand principle, and he is a grand man who follows it—'Make up your mind what is right, then do it!'"

THE TURTLE'S WISH.

BY ALBERT LEE

EVERY one in the house had gone to bed, and the sitting-room was shrouded in almost perfect silence. The lights were out, but the embers in the fireplace glowed just warmly enough to throw a faint yellow light across the leopard-skin lying in front of the hearth, and the only sounds that disturbed the absolute stillness of the night were the ticking of the Swiss clock on the wall opposite and the occasional dropping of a dying coal from the grate into the ash heap. Presently there was a rattle of wheels, and a little door just below the face of the clock flew open, and a funny little carved bird thrust its head out and shouted:

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!"

The bird repeated this twelve times and then jumped back into the clock just as the door slammed to, again with a bang that seemed almost loud in the prevailing stillness. The Leopard-skin lifted its head up slightly and yawned.

"I wish that dreadful bird would shut up at night," he muttered. "There is no one about to hear it, and for my own part I'd like to get a chance to sleep in peace."

The little door flew open again, and the Cuckoo peeked out and looked over toward the fireplace.

"I heard you," exclaimed the bird. "I heard you. But you need not think I am as bad as you are. It's my business to cuckoo all night as well as all day, and I mean to attend to my duties whether there is anybody about to hear me or not. That's why I'm called a Cuckoo. If you don't like it, roll yourself up in camphor and put yourself away for the summer."

"Tut! tut!" said the Dresden China Shepherd on the mantel-piece. "Don't quarrel. Night is too short for that sort of thing. And, besides, we hear the people quarrelling all day; let us have a rest at night."

"That's what I said," growled the Leopard-skin. "Give us a rest."

"But it is not the Cuckoo's fault," put in the Gnome, who dangled at the end of the chain which hung down from the Swiss clock.

"Don't you speak until you're spoken to," snapped the Leopard-skin. "Can't you wait?"

"I am a weight," retorted the Gnome.

"Come, come, now," the Dresden China Shepherd expostulated again. "Stop this quarrelling."

"Yes, stop this quarrelling," echoed the Dresden China Shepherdess, at the other end of the mantel-piece. "We don't quarrel," and she blushed sweetly, and made eyes at the Shepherd, who looked very much pleased, and nodded his head quite approvingly.

After a short pause the Gnome spoke again.

"I'm only about two inches from the floor," he said.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Cuckoo, peering over the door-sill and gazing down toward the carpet.

"They forgot to pull me up to-night," continued the Gnome. "In less than half an hour I shall be on the floor."

"Then the clock will stop," exclaimed the Shepherd, with great concern.

"Yes, and then that bird will be out of a job," growled the Leopard-skin.

No one paid any attention to this remark. The Swiss clock went on ticking regularly as the wooden pendulum swung to and fro, and the coals kept on dropping at intervals from the grate. After a while the pendulum began moving slower and slower, and the ticking grew fainter and fainter, until at last it stopped altogether. Then there was a sort of shuffling noise as if something was moving about on the carpet, and pretty soon the Gnome's voice was heard to say, timidly,

"I'm on my feet."

"Whose feet would you expect to be on?" snarled the Leopard-skin. "You'd better not get on mine."

"You have not got any," replied the Gnome, sharply. "You have not got any inside, anyway. You are all outside, trimmed with red flannel!"

"Well, I have not lost my head yet," muttered the Skin; and then he added, "Is the Cuckoo going to sing any more?"

"I can't," replied the bird; "the Clock has stopped."

"Good for the Clock."

"To tell the truth," continued the Cuckoo, apologetically, "I'm glad to get a rest myself. If you were not so horrid I'd like to come over by the fire and get warm."

"Oh, come on!" said the Leopard-skin, quite affably (and the Dresden China Shepherdess murmured, "Isn't he nice!"), "I didn't mean you any harm; only I do get so tired of your continual shrieking at every hour."

"It is not the Cuckoo's fault," said the Gnome, for the second time.

"Why isn't it?" asked the Shepherd, who felt he ought to contribute his share toward the general reconciliation.

"Why isn't it?" repeated the Gnome, in surprise.

"Why, because she's a Cuckoo, of course. Didn't you know that all Cuckoos are suffering under the Turtle's curse?"

"Never heard of that," said the Shepherd.

"Nor I," added the Leopard-skin.

"Oh, do tell us about it!" pleaded the little Shepherdess.

So the Gnome let go of the long clock-chain, and went over to the fireplace. The Cuckoo flapped its wooden wings and flew down to the hearth, and both the Statuettes clambered down the lambrequin, and stood together near the Gnome in order to hear his explanation of how it was that the Cuckoos were cursed by the Turtle.

"Well, it was a long time ago, of course," began the Gnome, having seated himself comfortably on the fender—"almost long enough ago for me to begin by saying, 'Once upon a time.'"

"The old Turtle lived down by the swamp, and had a very easy time of it, and withal was a very good old Turtle. One day he got a message from his brother, who lived near the pond over the hill, saying that two little new Turtles had just arrived, and asking him to come over to the christening the next day. So the Turtle got up bright and early that morning, and polished his shell until it shone in the sunlight like burnished gold, and then he started off along the road toward the pond. He had not gone very far when he came to a beautiful wild-rose bush in full bloom, and underneath it sat Agathe, the pretty little forest fairy.

"Good-morning, Mr. Turtle," said Agathe.

"Good-morning, pretty one," answered the Turtle, very politely. "You look as sweet as the dawn of a May morning."

"And where are you going so early in the day?" asked the Fairy, blushing with pleasure at the Turtle's compliment.

"I'm going over the hill and down to the pond, where my brother has two little Turtles that are to be christened to-day."

"Two little Turtles!" exclaimed Agathe. "And will you take them a present from me?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the Turtle, for he knew that a present from the forest fairy could not but be welcome to his nephews.

Agathe picked up a little box from the moss under the rose bush, and handed it to the Turtle.

"In this box," she said, "is a wish. You may have it. Think of what you would most like to happen, and say the words out loud when you open the box. Then your wish will come true. Be very careful about keeping the box closed until you get to the christening, for if

you should wish for something on the way and open the box, then that wish would be granted. You must wish in the presence of the ones the wish is to affect. So be careful, and wish in the presence of the Turtles.

"Saying this, Agatheia gave the box to the Turtle, and bade him good luck on his journey. He thanked her effusively, and continued on his way. He plodded along up the hill, which was a good deal longer and a good deal steeper than he had expected to find it, and after a while, as the sun kept getting higher and higher in the heavens, he began to fear he would be late at the christening. So he hurried on as fast as he could, and soon he found himself passing through a woods where there were any number of cuckoos. They all appeared to be very busy building nests for the little cuckoos, and they did not pay much attention to old Uncle Turtle, who was crawling along as hard as he could with his wish-box in one hand. Pretty soon he stopped and spoke to one of the cuckoos.

"'Good-morning, Mr. Cuckoo,' he said. 'Can you tell me what time it is?'"

"But the Cuckoo was so busy that he did not pay any attention to the Turtle's request, and presently flew away. The Turtle went on a little further and met another.

"'Please, Mr. Cuckoo,' he began, 'can you tell me what time it is? I am going to the christening of the little Turtles, and I am afraid I shall be late.'"

"'I guess you will,' answered the Cuckoo; and he went on building his nest, but he wouldn't tell the Turtle what time it was.

The latter was getting very angry by this time, because he had never been treated so impolitely before by the cuckoos or by any one else, but he went on a little further, and every time he met a cuckoo he asked what time it was. Some of them paid no attention to him, others said they did not know the hour, and others again told him they had no time to stop and fuss with turtles. So the Turtle kept getting angrier and angrier, and by the time he had reached the top of the hill he was the angriest old Turtle you ever saw. There he met two more cuckoos, and he spoke to these as a last effort.

"'Please, Mr. and Mrs. Cuckoo, what time of day is it? I am going to the christening of the little Turtles, and—'

"'Bother the Turtles,' said one of the Cuckoos, sharply.

"'We don't know what time it is,' added the other.

"These replies made the Turtle so angry that he did not know what to do. He looked down at his box, and on seeing it, he remembered that by opening it he could have any wish he wanted. So for the moment he forgot all about the Turtles, and he said to himself, 'I'll just wish something about these cuckoos that will make them sorry they did not tell me what time it was.'

"Then he crawled up on a stone, and prepared to open the box, saying out loud as he did so:

"'May all the cuckoos that ever live be compelled to tell the time of day. Every hour shall they call the time out loud, so that all within hearing may know.'

"And as he said this, the Turtle opened the box and let the Wish escape. All at once every cuckoo in the woods began to tell him what time it was, and from what they said he knew he was almost too late for the christening. But he hurried on, and when he came to the pond he told the Turtles all about what had happened to him, and although they were not much pleased at the use he had made of Agatheia's gift (for little turtles have no appreciation of time), yet they were so glad to see their uncle that they did not cry.

"And so," concluded the Gnome, "on account of the Turtle's wish, every cuckoo has to call out the time of day every hour in the twenty-four."

"What did Agatheia say when she found it out?" asked the Dresden China Shepherdess.

"I can't tell you about that now," said the Gnome.

"See, it is getting early."

And it was. The embers had died away into a cold grayness, and the first faint rays of dawn were creeping in through the drawn curtains. So the Statuettes climbed hastily back to their places on the mantel-piece, the Cuckoo flew up to the clock, the Gnome hastened back to his chain, and the Leopard-skin stretched himself out in front of the fireplace again. When the maid came in, a few hours later, to clean up, she saw that the Swiss clock had stopped at half past twelve, but she pulled the little Gnome up by his chain, and in a few moments the Cuckoo was hard at work again calling out the hours.



"MAY ALL THE CUCKOOS THAT EVER LIVE BE COMPELLED TO TELL THE TIME."

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DORYMAEN," "RAFTMAEN," "CAMPMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

MEASLES AND MUTINY.

AS Phil realized the full gravity of the situation he instinctively shrank from assuming the responsibility so unexpectedly thrust upon him. One of his Aunt Ruth's long-ago stories of a poor little bear who found himself alone in the great big world with all his troubles before him flashed into the boy's mind, and he said to himself, "This little bear's troubles have met him, sure enough, and in full force."

But why should he assume this responsibility? This was not his expedition, and he had no interest in it save that of a passenger. It did not seem at all likely that it could succeed now, and as they must apparently return to St. Michaels sooner or later, why not do so at once, and get out of this scrape the easiest way possible?

But hold on, Phil Ryder! Have you not also been paid, at the very highest rate too, by the man who now lies so helpless before you, and whose fortunes are in your hands? Did he not rescue you from certain death out there in those cold cruel waters, when your bidarkie was on the point of foundering? Did you not gladly accept his offer to accompany him on this trip when all appeared smooth sailing? Have you not been fed and clothed at his expense? Above all, has he not proved his confidence in you by appointing you to a position of trust? Are such things as gratitude and loyalty unknown to you? You were proud to be called first mate yesterday, and now you shrink from performing the first and most evident duty of the office.

These thoughts, which flashed through Phil's mind in a few seconds, stung him as though they had been so many clearly uttered words. The hot blood rushed to his cheeks, and with a very determined look on his face the lad walked forward. He found Serge in the pilot-house, and at once laid the situation before him. In conclusion, he said:

"We must make some move at once, for this westerly wind is kicking up such a sea that our anchors won't hold much longer. So, under the circumstances, as the present command of this craft seems to devolve on me, I propose to continue on our course, get rid of that fellow Strenzel at the first opportunity, and push on up the river until our further progress is barred by ice, or until we discover a good place in which to lay the boat up for the winter. We must surely find white men somewhere who will help us, too."

"Yes," replied Serge, "we are certain to if we can only get as far as the Anvik Mission. At any rate, Phil, what you propose to do is exactly the right thing, and you can count on me to back you up to the last gasp."

"I knew I could, old man," replied Phil, warmly. "Now let's go below and make ready to start."

Calling on the two millwrights to follow them, Phil and Serge made their way to the engine-room, where they found the engineer just rousing from a heavy sleep, which Phil suspected had been aided by liquor.

"Mr. Sims," said he, "what would be the effect if a cylinder-head should blow out under full steam?"

"The effect," replied the engineer, slowly, and evidently surprised at the question, "why, any one who happened to be in range would be killed, all in this part of the boat would be more or less scalded, and the chances are that this expedition would come to a very sudden termination."

"Of course yours is all right?"

"Certainly. I examined it only yesterday," replied

the engineer, testily. "Now, if you are through with your foolish questions, it seems to me you'd better notify the Captain that everything is ready for a start. I don't want to waste steam by blowing off, and there's more on now than we ought to carry."

"Would you mind stepping this way a moment?" asked Phil, taking the engine-room lantern and holding it back of the cylinder.

Moved by curiosity as to what the young seal-hunter could be up to, the engineer stepped forward, gave one look, and uttered a cry of horror. More than half the bolts holding the massive cylinder-head in place had been loosened.

"Upon my honor I knew nothing of this thing, Mr. Ryder," he gasped.

"Of course you didn't," answered Phil, grimly, "for it was done while you were sleeping off the effect of those brandied peaches. Where is Strenzel?"

"He is aft somewhere; but surely, Mr. Ryder, you don't suspect him of this dastardly act?"

"Go and tell him to come here," ordered Phil, turning to one of the millwrights. In a moment the man returned, and reported that Strenzel claimed to be too busy to come just then.

With an expressive glance at his friend, Phil left the engine-room, and Serge followed him. A minute later, in the resistless grasp of the two athletic young fellows, Mr. Strenzel was being rushed along the deck so rapidly as to suggest that he had very imperative business in the engine-room.

"Here, gentlemen, is the man who did that thing," cried Phil, as he gave the breathless and trembling wretch a shove that landed him in a corner.

"So help me, Mr. Ryder—" he began, abjectly.

"Shut up!" shouted Phil, "and don't you dare speak again until you are spoken to. There is no doubt of his guilt, gentlemen, for I saw him loosening those bolts as plainly as I see him now, when I came down here awhile ago to make ready for starting. He did not see me, for I was in darkness, while he worked by lantern-light. So I watched him for a full minute, while he prepared this death-trap for the rest of us. No wonder he has sought the most distant and safest part of the ship ever since."

"Moreover, it is this man who, on two previous occasions, has attempted to cripple our machinery. He is employed by the old company to injure and delay this expedition by every possible means. From the evidence before us it looks as though he would not hesitate to commit murder to accomplish his designs. Now, gentlemen, what in your opinion ought to be done with such a bit of scum?"

"Shoot him! Throw him overboard!" suggested two of the little group in a breath, while Serge said nothing, but tightened his clutch of the prisoner's collar ominously.

"Turn him over to the Captain," said the engineer. "He'll settle the case in a hurry."

"That is what I started to do, and what I am afraid of," replied Phil. "The Captain has sworn to shoot on sight the first man he catches tampering with the machinery of this boat, and I don't believe he'd hesitate a moment before doing it either. At the same time, gentlemen, we don't want to have any bloodshed on the *Chimo* if we can help it. It would not only give her a bad name and injure our prospects on the river, but would furnish us with a cause of regret for the rest of our lives. So I thought I would ask your opinion before reporting this affair to the Captain."

"My plan would be to get under way as quietly as possible, which the Captain ordered me to do any way if we were afloat at daylight, and run over to the Pastolik wood-yard. There we'll give the scoundrel a chance to slip ashore and hide himself. He'll be picked up fast

enough by the natives who own the yard. We won't make any stop there, but will run on up our staked channel, and be out of sight before anything is said to the Captain. Thus we shall get rid of our murderer without having his blood on our hands, and at the same time leave him where there won't be the slightest chance of his troubling us any more. In fact, I'm inclined to think that if he once gets safely out of this boat, he'll be wise enough never to come near her again. I shall be sorry for him if he does, that's all."

After some discussion, during which the wretched prisoner watched the faces of his judges with painful eagerness, this plan was accepted. Under strictest supervision of the engineer, Strengel was made to repair his own mischief. Then with Serge to keep careful watch of affairs on the lower deck, and with Phil at the wheel, the *Chimo* steamed away from the place of her long detention.

As the steamer rubbed against the bank near Pastolik, Strengel made a leap, his bag was flung after him, and without having come to a full stop the *Chimo* moved on, Phil ringing the jingle-bell for full speed the moment it was safe to do so.

As soon as the steamer again reached the staked channel, Phil resigned the wheel to Serge, and calling on the two millwrights to aid him, removed the stricken Captain to the lower deck. There a bed had been prepared for him in a warm corner, near the boiler, which was carefully curtained by tarpaulins against any draught of cold air. Although the young mate had but slight knowledge of sickness, and was still uncertain as to the nature of Gerald Hamer's illness, he knew that warmth would do his patient no harm, and that in a case of measles it was necessary to a successful treatment of the disease.

CHAPTER IV

PHIL ASSUMES COMMAND AND ASSERTS HIS AUTHORITY.

THERE was much alarm among the scanty crew of the *Chimo* when the pitiable state of their leader was discovered, and the engineer was especially loud in his protests against attempting to continue the voyage under such discouraging conditions. He declared that none but madmen would think of doing such a thing, and that unless they immediately returned to St. Michaels they would all perish in that wilderness of icy water and frozen mud. At first the millwrights, who had heretofore had no experience in rough travel, were inclined to agree with him; but Phil stated his view of the situation so clearly, and was so sturdily supported by Serge, that they were finally won over to his way of thinking. So the discontented engineer was forced to yield to the wishes of the majority.

Five miles from Pastolik they stopped at the Eskimo village of Coatlik for a supply of wood, and here Serge, with his ability to speak Russian, proved invaluable. Not only did he conduct the wood negotiations, but he succeeded in purchasing a number of freshly killed wild-geese, which were at that time flying southward in vast flocks. Above all, he secured a native pilot, who promised to go with them until they met running ice.

Nor did the services of the young Russo-American diminish one whit in value after Coatlik was left behind. He alone knew how to prepare the broths which formed the sole nourishment that the sick man was able to take. He only could converse with the native pilot, and learn from him the mysteries of the mighty river. He it was who was always cheerful, and could swing the lustiest axe, when, as often happened, they were obliged to renew their supply of fuel from chance drift piles; and it was he who must attend the sick man at night, because the faintest murmur served to wake him. So Serge was the very life of that dreary voyage, and but for him Phil

knew it must have been abandoned long before they reached the haven for which they were steering.

And it was a dreary voyage. Day after day witnessed the same monotony of turbid waters, so widespread that one bank was often invisible from the other, and a deadly level of drowned lands bounded only by the low, far-away horizon. Day after day brought the same gray skies, chill winds, rain squalls, and flurries of snow. Every night saw heavy frosts, and it grew hourly more apparent that the stern reign of winter was close at hand.

At long intervals lonely groups of sod-covered hills gave sign that human beings dwelt even in those unlovely wastes; but save for fuel, the young commander of the *Chimo* would not pause to make their acquaintance. From earliest dawn until dusk he forced the little craft at full speed against the swift current, often grounding on sand-bars in spite of the native pilot, whose only knowledge was of the best channel but not of its obstructions.

After two days they began to see low hills on the north, and on this side the river-bank became noticeably higher. Although this was encouraging, it produced but slight impression on the spirits of the depressed crew, whose situation was indeed becoming alarming. They were worn out with anxiety, overwork, and insufficient food, for they had neither the time nor inclination to do any cooking except for the sick. The Captain lay in a state of semi-stupor, and another cot within the same enclosure held one of the millwrights, who had been stricken with the dread disease twenty-four hours later.

By the end of the first week in October they were some two hundred miles from the mouth of the river, with nearly one hundred yet to go before they could reach Anvik, to gain which Phil was directing all his energies. He knew not what they would find there; but he had an intuition that help of some kind awaited them at that point. At any rate he was determined to reach it somehow.

On the 7th of October ice began to run in the river, and with its first appearance the native pilot insisted upon starting back toward his now distant home. That night, amid the howlings of a tempest that threatened to tear the *Chimo* from her anchorage, the stricken millwright died.

When Phil went to the engineer's room to report this distressing news he was filled with wrath to find that individual lying in his bunk and indulging to excess in the contents of a case of brandied peaches that he had stolen from the cargo. Without a word, Phil picked up the case and flung it into the river. "I'll see you again in the morning, sir, when you are sober," he said as he left the room, and locking the door put the key in his own pocket.

That night of storm, death, and despair was one that neither Phil nor Serge will ever forget. For long hours they sat by the bedside of the Captain, whom they believed to be sleeping, discussing in low tones their melancholy situation. Suddenly they were startled by a voice from the sick man, who said feebly,

"Get me to Anvik, boys, if you can, and you will save my life."

It was the first time he had spoken rationally for several days, and they had no idea that he was even conscious of their presence; but Phil answered, promptly, "All right, Captain, we'll get you there, never fear."

"Yes," added Serge, cheerily, "you may rest easy, for when Phil uses that tone he means just what he says, and I know that I've got to back him up."

Neither of the lads got more than an hour's sleep that night, and long before daylight they were again at work. Phil and the surviving millwright were getting up steam, while Serge was taking unusual pains in preparing breakfast, for they all realized that they must now lay in an extra supply of strength.

Not until breakfast was ready was Mr. Sims released from the confinement of his room. After eating his meal in sullen silence, he said to Phil, "Well, young man, what do you propose to do to-day?"

"I propose to push on up the river as usual."

"And who are you going to get to run your engine?"

"I expect you to do it, sir."

"Well, you are expecting a good deal more than you'll get," cried the man, rising from the table in his excitement. "I've been bullied by a parcel of boys just as long as I intend to be. So now I want you to understand that I'll not allow the engine of this boat to make another turn except to run her into winter quarters, and that's got to be done in a hurry, too."

"That's exactly what I mean to do with her," replied Phil, quietly.

"Where?"

"At Anvik, less than one hundred miles from here."

"Hundred nothing!" screamed the man. "You'll put her in winter quarters within ten miles of this very spot or not at all; for you can't run the engine, and you haven't got a man aboard, except me, who can, and you know it."

The furious man had stepped toward Phil, and was shaking a trembling fist in the lad's face as he shouted these last words. Serge stood close behind him.

Just then the young mate nodded his head, both lads sprang upon the man at once, and in spite of his fierce struggles bore him to the deck. In another moment he was securely and helplessly bound.

"How do we generally dispose of mutineers aboard this ship?" asked Phil, as he regained his feet.

"Set 'em ashore, sir, and leave 'em to shift for themselves," answered Serge, grimly.

"Very well; and as we haven't any time to lose, you may get the dingy overboard at once. Call Isaac to

help you, and tell him the reason for this extra work."

"You don't dare do it," muttered the prostrate man, as Serge started to obey this order.

"Don't I?" queried Phil. "If you think so you must be ignorant of what constitutes a mutiny, as well as of the powers vested in the Captain of a ship."

"But you aren't the Captain of this ship."

"Perhaps I'm not. At the same time I am acting as Captain by authority of the owner, and I am performing all of a Captain's duties; all of them, you understand."

By this time the small boat was alongside, and leaving the bewildered millwright in her, Serge regained the deck, where he awaited further instructions.

"Select such of your belongings as you wish to take with you, and they shall be put into the boat," said Phil.

"Oh, rats!" cried the man, angrily.

"Take hold of him!" ordered the mate.

Serge obeyed, and in another minute the mutinous engineer found himself in the small boat, which was actually being shoved off.

"Shall I hunt a native village to leave him at?" asked Serge.

"No. We haven't time for that. Land him wherever it happens."

"Look here, boys!" said the man, humbly, as he cast a shuddering glance over the icy waters and at the bleak desolation of the shore beyond. "I weaken. Take me back, and I'll go to work."

"Will you run the engine as far as Anvik?"

"I'll run her till you give the word to stop."

"And promise on your honor not to touch another drop of liquor before this steamer is laid up in winter quarters?"

"Yes."

Late that afternoon a new bewilderment confronted the anxious lads. They were involved in a labyrinth of channels, all of about the same width, and apparently pouring forth equal volumes of water. But while they all looked equally inviting, only one was that of the main river; the others were mouths of the great Shagelook slough, which would lead them into an unknown wilderness. One meant safety and the others disaster. But which was which?

In this dilemma Phil decided to anchor and wait for another daylight. While they thus waited—wearied, anxious, and wellnigh despairing—there came a shout out of the darkness that thrilled them with a new life, for the words were in their own tongue.

"Steamer ahoy! ahoy! Hello on board the steamer!" rang cheerily from off the dark waters.

"Hello! Hello! Come this way!" answered Phil from the pilot-house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"HERE IS THE MAN WHO DID THAT THING."



THE LONG AND SHORT OF THEM.



METHODS OF GOING DOWN AND UP HILL.



OFF FOR A LONG JAUNT.



WHAT SOMETIMES HAPPENS

WITH THE SKI-RUNNERS.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

WE should have to look backward a long distance to find the place in history when skis were first introduced as a means of locomotion, and when we reached that point I should not be surprised if we should find that skis were used long before history began to be made. It is a sport of Norselandic descent, however, that much we know, and has been for many centuries one of the most popular pastimes of Norway and Sweden, as well as being a very important means of locomotion.

During these snowy months the boys who live in the cold northwest are enjoying the sport of ski-running to the utmost. During the winter of 1894 and 1895 it has been more popular than ever before among the boys. One of the delightful things about the sport is that it may be enjoyed by boys, and girls, too, for that matter, as well as by grown-up men and women, and I sometimes think the younger ones get more real fun out of it than their elders. While there is much sport in the long jaunt over the hills and across the fields on the long slender skis, there is even more fun in the rapid descent of the high hills down which the boys go at a tremendous rate

of speed. The hill running has also the spice of danger which every boy enjoys, though it is, where due caution is taken, nothing but a spice.

Sometimes the boys imitate the regular sport of the older ones, and build midway in the hill an embankment from which they jump in their flight down the hill, but this, as a rule, approaches pretty close to a danger line which ought not to be drawn in any sport for boys. A low "precipe" as it is called may be made near the bottom of a long hill, where there is an abundance of soft snow in which to fall, but to build a precipe in the middle distance of a steep hill is to invite broken legs.

The skis are narrow, thin, long strips of wood about four or five inches in width, perhaps a half-inch in thickness, and say four to six feet long, according to the size of the boy. A single piece of leather just large enough to come over the foot at the instep is the only fastening. It would be disastrous, and even dangerous, to tie or strap the skis onto the foot, for no matter how skilful a boy may be, he is bound to get many a throw, and if the skis were fastened onto his feet, he would be very likely

to get seriously injured. Some of the skis the boys use are home-made affairs, and these can be made to do excellent service, but the better way, if it can be afforded, is to buy them of some sporting goods dealer, of whom they can be purchased at a very reasonable price.

Many a time along near twelve o'clock noon, in these sharp, snowy days I go to my window looking out upon a steep little hill and a long, snow-carpeted park, and watch the boys as they come speeding down the hill on their way home from school. It would make your blood tingle if you were among them, for there is something in this splendid winter air which stirs the heart to quicker action, and something in the sport of ski-running which is a continual fascination from the time it begins along in early November, until the last run is made along in the early days of April, or perhaps at the close of March. I can see them come down the hill at a rate that would take the breath away from a boy who had never tried it, dodging in and out among the oak-trees, some of them tumbling in an apparently inextricable mass in the deep snow, laughing and crying out with glee, their cheeks red as the blood in their bounding veins, a merry crowd, enjoying one of the most interesting sports of a part of the country splendidly stocked with out-door opportunities for fun. Sometimes they will congregate at the edge of the park after a spirited run down the hill, and away they will go across the park in a quite soldierly platoon; sometimes they will take long trips in a body of ten or twelve in the country round about; sometimes they will go back to the hill as the most interesting place, but wherever they go they are adding new strength to their limbs and fresher blood to their veins by this healthful and exhilarating sport.

SEA-GULL DICK, OF BRENTONS REEF.

"YOU need not tell me that sea-gulls have no sense," said an old Rhode Island salt to half a dozen boys who were out fishing with him near Newport one day last summer. "I know of one sea-gull, because I've seen him for years who has as much good sound common-sense as any dog or horse or other animal that you can name. That's Sea-gull Dick, the Brentons Reef Light-ship bird. He first appeared at the light-ship twenty-three years ago, and each winter since then he has made his home there. He comes regularly every October and leaves early in March. There's no romance about what I'm telling you here; it's all absolutely true.

"He came along one day apparently nearly starved, and flew about the ship until he attracted attention. The cook brought out a plate of food and set it on the rail. The gull alighted and ate ravenously, and every winter since he has enjoyed the hospitality of the ship. Before he became tame several attempts were made to catch him, but none succeeded, and now the sailors would not think of permitting any one to snare Dick. The gull remains most of the time aboard the ship, and the men have arranged every comfort for him, including perches on the masts and along the rails. He takes frequent short flights, never going out of sight of the ship, and swims around in the water for hours. But no matter where he may be, instinct always tells him when it is meal-time, and he regularly responds with the men to the cook's call, taking his full three meals a day.

"The cook, of course, is Dick's favorite, since he feeds him, and the bird will answer to a call from the cook just as a dog will come to his master. Three years ago the cook fell ill and had to go ashore for a week for medical treatment. The substitute cook did not pay much attention to Dick, and so the gull did not get his meals very regularly. At length the cook recovered and made his way off to the ship. Dick saw the small boat coming when it was still at a great distance from the light-ship, and evidently recognized his friend. He uttered a series of loud screeches that brought all hands on deck, and then he flew out to the approaching boat and accompanied it all the way, still continuing his screeches of delight. If you do not believe this tale of the intelligent gull, go out to the light-ship on Brentons Reef some time after November and you can see Dick for yourselves."

GRANDMA-LAND.

THERE'S a wonderful country far away,
And its name is Grandma-Land;
'Tis a beautiful, glorious, witching place
With grandmas on every hand.
Everywhere you may look or go,
Everywhere that the breezes blow,
Just grandmammas! Just grandmammas!

In this wonderful country far away
Where grandmammas abide,
In this beautiful, witching Grandma-Land
The Good Things wait on every side—
Jam and jelly-cake heaped in piles;
Tarts and candy 'round for miles;
Just Good Things here! Just Good Things there!

In this wonderful country far, afar,
Where blow the candy breezes,
In this beautiful, glorious pudding-land
Each child does just as he pleases.
All through the night, all through the day,
Every single child has his way,
Each his own way! Just as he pleases!

In this wonderful country far away—
In this gorgeous grandma-clime—
When tired children can eat no more,
There are stories of "Once on a Time."
Stories are told and songs are sung,
Of when the grandmammas were young,—
"Once on a Time!" "Well, Let me see!"

To this wonderful country far, afar,
Where only Good Things stay,
To this beautiful, glorious Grandma-Land
Good children only find the way.
But when they sleep and when they dream
Away they float on the gliding stream
To Grandma-Land! To Grandma-Land!

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

HOW TO GET ON IN LIFE.

THE GIRL WHO COMES TO THE CITY TO STUDY ART.

BY CLARA B. CAHILL.

A GIRL who has made up her mind to go to New York to study art is not to be deterred by the usual difficulties which confront a new experience, and yet it takes a girl of considerable determination and spirit to enter a city which is perhaps unknown to her, and to decide for herself as to the best way of living and studying while there. Sometimes a girl thinks if she could only talk to some other girl who had been through this much-desired experience, what a help it would be! She could then decide on some definite plans for herself. So if I think back on what I had to do, and what I did, and others did, some other girl may find it a simpler matter to carry out her plans.

The greater art schools of New York do not advertise much, except through the work of their pupils, so it is no easy matter to find out about them except by knowing their addresses and sending for circulars. The janitor of the new art building on West Fifty-seventh Street, where are gathered many of the best schools, will send you circulars of all of these. Then there is the Metropolitan School of Art, in Central Park, which is even nearer the art galleries. Be sure, when you have decided on your school, that you know the requirements for admission, and apply several months before the school opens, because the schools are quite apt to be overcrowded by applicants.

I had studied before, in Cincinnati, and so the Art Students' League, now at 215 West Fifty-seventh Street, was naturally the Mecca of my dreams, as it is that of all students of lesser schools. Just to read over the great names on the circulars used to send thrills all over me, and make my heart beat faster, and this feeling never lessens as you come in contact with the school. A kind of glorious despair settles down on you as you think what they have done and you have not. A circular seen years after brings that same sort of ache.

A school in New York is much better than a school in Paris, because the men in America respect the freedom of women so much more. When I was in Paris I made careful inquiries of the students, both men and women, and they contended that Paris was not as good as New York for young women to study in, except for the art galleries; the instruction was no better, and there was so much to contend with.

I arrived in New York on the anniversary of the day that Columbus discovered America, and as I stepped proudly down off the Pullman car I am sure I thought of him with most sympathetic emotion. It occurred to me to be mildly surprised that the cabmen did not throw up their arms, and shout wildly, "We are discovered!" as the early Americans did in the time-honored joke of the play. Instead, however, they seemed to take the initiative and discover me. As there was no one to meet me, and the town was all quite new to me, I allowed myself to be hurried into a hansom, and we drove away.

We began to go slowly in front of some houses near Madison Square, and I noticed the steps of one of them were being washed by an individual in evening dress. We stopped in front of this, and then I noticed that his countenance was pale and careworn, and his shirt front adorned rather by gravity than by diamonds. It was in this house, as much like the other houses in the block as one chocolate cream is like the other chocolates in a bag, that I had come to stay; for it seemed that I was expected: the man had my bag, and I was soon climbing stairs and stairs (after all, that is only two flights!), and soon stopped before the third-floor front.

And now let me warn all my friends against the ordinary, dismal, hall bedroom. Though I stepped as heavily on my heels as possible, in order to simulate a bold tread, though I held my head high and remembered the advantages I had come to enjoy, still that hall bedroom struck terror to my soul.

It was very small, and filled with very large furniture. The head-board of the bed and the carved frame of the tall mirror seemed to vie with each other in black-walnut hideousness. The wardrobe suggested itself as a suitable place for incarcerating frivolous gowns, with a view to their ultimate conversion into sackcloth and ashes.

The dado round the room seemed, from my slight knowledge of the subject, to be one kind of bacteria, the genus tuberculosis, gambling with another kind of bacteria, whose form I had seen in text-books, but whose name I could not remember. Altogether, I never grew fond of this room, though for its gloomy shelter and board downstairs I paid ten dollars weekly. Any art student who does that in New York is considered purseprond. Any more than that is considered positively vulgar. "The idea of paying that much for hash!" is the scornful thought, spoken or unexpressed, that flits through every rational student's mind on hearing of your extravagance.

As a matter of fact, one can get very good board and lodging, though not usually without a roommate, or perhaps two, for five dollars a week at what are almost exclusively students' boarding-places near the school. These can be found out about by writing to the curator of the school you decide to adopt for particulars. Any lodging or boarding house so recommended would be at least a suitable place to stay while looking about in the

city for permanent arrangements. The fact that the house is full of students will be an advantage in giving you companions and acquaintances from whom to choose friends. Those at the school are rather long in making of the right kind, for every one is so busy. It is an oligarchy governed by an aristocracy of talent. Rags do not count for anything, even the other evidences of poverty, if one has talent; and if you have not talent in some degree you have to be very agreeable indeed to have that forgiven you if you still persist in studying. There seem to be no petty jealousies in the larger schools; each is proud that one of their number has so much ability.

I well remember my first day in the Art Students' League. It was when the students were in their old quarters on Twenty-third Street, over a livery-stable, and quite as dirty and picturesque as the traditional garret, that I first climbed those stairs. I began to get comfortable as soon as I was consigned to Thomas. I do not know if he is there now, but he used to be; a something more than janitor, one might almost say proprietor of the League, and as much a part of the institution as the casts upon the walls or the brown sacking partitions. He had such a cheering, delightful way with him; he seemed to believe in you, and know why you had come.

I had sent in drawings that sent me into the Antique Class, and there Thomas gave me an easel and chair, and I arranged my paper on the back of my portfolio. I had bought what things I needed in the little shop connected with the school, and began to draw. As I was a new pupil, I noticed the other students stealthily observing my movements. As I had done very little cast drawing, and that by what is known as the Munich method of putting in all details, I was at a loss to know how to make drawings like those all about me. I finally concluded I would just draw the best I could—have an outline there, anyway. I was interested in the head of Cicero hanging on the wall, and began that. After I had gotten the outline, I felt obliged to put in some shading. I tried to make my drawing like the others, but failed. One or two people stopped and looked over my shoulder as who should say, "What is she trying to get at?" But I went on undaunted.

The next day I heard a perfectly clear decisive voice behind the next partition, where before had been only subdued murmurs. "Miss Jones," it was saying, "your nose is all wrong, too long, and not well put on; your mouth is too large; your ears are all out of drawing. In fact, I think that you had better try to have a new head for me by Friday morning." This was the way I knew that Mr. Beckwith had arrived. The instructors came Tuesdays and Fridays.

It seemed terribly personal what he was saying, and I shudderingly awaited his arrival. When he came to me I rose precipitately, knocking over all the boxes of charcoal that were within range, and stood behind my chair, while he sat down. After a while I gathered my voice together and told him of my disadvantage. Perhaps the pathos in my tones induced him to be kind and to give me a little lecture, the gist of which was to work as it was natural for you to work.

This theory having led me into much trouble, I advise every beginner to have nothing to do with it, unless she has a manner of working which is uniformly better than that academic style which she encounters in the school. One of the finest things about a really good school in New York is that it brings you in contact with people of positive talent and even genius, and you see their work, and it encourages you, and helps you, and you would not give up this privilege for any other.

After several months I went to live with three other girls in a small flat in an apartment-house on Twenty-third Street, between Third and Fourth avenues. It really was a most disreputable neighborhood, speaking of it

generally, and yet there was a quiet place here for this one block.

We were opposite a church, and the block was full of old houses with a subdued Sunday look on their faces, though all about us on the nearest avenues the heathen, we well knew, were raging. In the morning one of us used to get breakfast—we took our luncheons with us—another would get dinner, and the other two would wash and wipe the dishes. In this flat, which was only twenty dollars a month, we had a small kitchen and four other rooms, which we divided into two bedrooms, a dining-room, and a living-room, which was mostly studio. Here we could take our picturesque beggars to pose without fear of a justly incensed landlady; here we could pose for each other when we felt amiable, and in even the gayest hall bedroom there is, of course, a complete lack of perspective.

I will tell you how we furnished our flat. We painted all the floors dark red, and put rugs down. We were specialists in rugs. We could get beauties for a few dollars apiece—Japanese, goat-skins, and other kinds made of a solid colored carpeting, fringed at the ends.

Divans were also our forte. You might be surprised to see so many divans in a house, until you poked around and discovered that they all had sterner duties in life. Each bedroom had a corner divan like an irregular letter V. These were cot-beds, in disguise for the daytime with various Oriental covers, placed with their feet together and their heads wide apart to outline the wall. Other window seats and divans were found to be made of large wooden shoe boxes, which had hinges put on their covers, and army, or camel, blankets thrown over them. Here we kept our best clothes, so we used to try to get dressed before any company came and sat on them.

Each girl bought the chair she liked best, considering the state of her pocket-money, and the rest of the chairs were camp-stools, with backs and without. We were always picking up bargains in bookshelves, books, and little unframed etchings, which soon, with our sketches and plaster casts hanging against the wall, gave a most satisfying and homelike look to the room.

And yet we were living in one of the cheapest flats, in a neighborhood whose chief virtue was its nearness to the school, and were spending as little money as possible outside of the expenses of the school. There were beautiful flats to be gotten for various not very extravagant sums a month in various quarters of the town, and by keeping track of the advertisements in the Sunday papers we afterwards found one where we had a much better studio. But one can live anywhere when one has companions who are willing to make the best of things for the sake of the end.

We used to see what we saw of the theatre or the opera at matinees usually, sometimes in the topmost galleries. If we felt rich, in good seats. We never were deterred

from going by the expense. We simply took a seat further and further back.

At one time I remember we were somewhat in perplexity because one of the plays that we wished to see most was put on only in the evening. There are for those girls who have plenty of pocket-money, and no older friend to escort them, chaperons to rent. Their signs are posted up in the various schools, and they are all very highly recommended.

Two or three times a year whole colonies of artists will throw open their studios simultaneously for a reception, so that you can go about, and not only see the workshops of these great persons, but stand shyly by while they are talking to other great persons; and see their pictures and busts, and their wives and children, or, perhaps, their favorite model quite in their proper element. You get very tired doing this, climbing up stairs and more stairs, for there is seldom an elevator, and the studios are all under the skylights. But you would not give up this privilege either.

Up and down Fifth Avenue and Broadway there are generally to be seen at least one exhibition of good pictures, especially in the

spring, and your student's ticket usually admits you to these.

The question of employment, or of making money while you are studying in New York in any way, has been solved by a few of the students. Some of them make a little outside money by decorative work for the exchanges. Some, familiar with wood-carving, have work always on hand for the furniture-houses. There are places where the student in modelling may make money by modelling in staff the friezes and designs for great buildings. But if they should do this, they must give up their entire days to it, until they have finished what they have begun. Many stu-



A SKETCHING CLASS IN A NEW YORK ART SCHOOL.

dents do the very clever advertisements that are in such demand at present, and occasionally the prices paid for these are very high.

Sometimes a girl makes some money at holiday-time by illustrating with pen and ink or water-color sketches some wide-margined book; these sell readily for gifts at Christmas-time.

If you are so inclined, in New York, you could make your expenses outside of tuition come quite comfortably into thirty dollars a month, if you do not room alone.

Some of the largest art schools, as the Academy, "Cooper's," and the Metropolitan, are practically free, charging only a nominal sum for admission. If you should be in two classes at the Art Students' League, you can perceive, by comparing their circular with the others, that it would involve probably one hundred dollars more for tuition.

If you have the will to learn you can gain a great deal in almost any recognized art school in New York, and you will find the same instructors in many of the classes of the different schools.



JULE'S GARDEN.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

"OH, there he is! Look—across the river! He's going to take the barn! It's the minister with his camera. Oh! And with so many places, to take that, the ugliest spot on the whole point!" And she began to twist her curls, a sure sign of distress with little Jule.

"It's the gobbler he's taking," said Jack.

"But it brings in the barn and the hen-yard all the same."

"All the same, Sis, you feel the disgrace of handing that hen-yard down to posterity," said Mr. Jack, pulling in his line, with nothing on it. There never was anything on it.

"Oh, Jack," cried Jule, "you might make that place decent."

"I might go up in a balloon," said Jack, jerking his sinker. The sun shone, the wind was sweet with the smell of new furrows and leafy things; softly the sound of a hurdy-gurdy came from the distance; and Jack was too comfortable to bother himself about hens and hen-yards.

She had thought so often, when her father or Tom rowed her on the river, it was such a pity that spot should be given up to hens. She had an instinctive dislike of them; an old mother-hen had flown in her face once on some provocation, and had finished for Jule the whole hen family. How lovely that bank would be with terraces and rock-work and geraniums and beds of poppies! She had said so to Tom, but he had pooh-poohed; and her mother thought it would be too much trouble; and her father said the men were busy. One day indeed, a year ago, she had opened the gate in the

lath fence, and had flirled her handkerchief and shooed, her heart beating furiously, and had reached in with her trowel, digging a hole into which she had dropped a root of violets, pressed it down, poured some water over it, shooing all the time, and had shut the gate and run. The hens ran too; and in five minutes there wasn't a shred of that violet left.

However, there were more things in life than gardens. There were her lessons to be learned, and the socks to be knit, and the loaf of bread to be taken to Mrs. Nourse's, where Danny was bemoaning the hard fate that had taken off his left hand, and would oblige him to wear a hook, when so little money would buy him an artificial hand, he who must earn his own living by the work of his hands. "Father hasn't any money, or he would give it to Danny. And there isn't any way in which I can earn a nickel. It is dreadful to be useless," sighed Jule.

Poor Danny really needed his hand, for his head was of little use to him. Jule had happened to be at his grandmother's when the operation was taking place, and there being no one else to do it, had held his other hand while he took the ether; and she felt afterwards a great interest in his recovery, and was almost unhappy to think that, do what she would, she could not raise money for an artificial hand to help him to a livelihood.

"Well," thought Jule, as she left Jack on his rock, "if I can't get any one to see to that place, I can't." But she paused at the hen-yard, and looked wistfully through the fence—there was not a hen in the place! They had all gone up their slatted walk into the upper yard, where Tom was scattering corn. What an inspiration came to Jule that minute, what courage! Her heart beat in her throat, but she opened the little lath gate, stepped across, ran like the wind across the hen-yard and up the rocks,

and drew a loose board over the little door made for the hens. "Now you're there, you stay there," she said, for the large upper run was really quite enough for them. A young rooster crowed insultingly at that, and another took up the tale, and Jule scampered as if a whole flight of cockerels were after her.

But presently, summoning up courage, she took a survey of the premises—a dingle between two bluffs sloping from the river to the barn at a height above; at the base of the barn a stone pig-pen, whose wall was six feet high. The baryard heap was no longer thrown down there, but a bulkhead had once been built below to keep the compost from washing into the river. "Woodbine—and there's plenty in the woods—could grow over the back of that barn," thought Jule, "and the Boston ivy, if I could get some, would cover the pig-pen like a mat. Oh, wouldn't it be lovely!" And then she looked in despair at the earth the hens had scratched bare, the heaps of stones, the impossible confusion of boards and cans and bottles. "I'll try," she exclaimed, presently.

"Oh, Danny, would you mind coming out to the Falls woods?" she asked, a little later.

"Dade, thin, I wud," said Danny, "an' be glad in me sowl, so I wud." And they came home in an hour with baskets of wild woodbine roots and sweet-briers; and Danny's one hand and Jule's two disposed them at the barn corners, and by the big bowlders at the dingle-side.

"Now," said Jule, having watered them thoroughly, "the ladies in the brick house downtown may give us some slips of their Boston ivy, and they'll make a beautiful green wall of the pig-pen. In time, you know, Danny."

Then Jule went in and knut at her sock. "Mother dear," said she, "can't I have the bulbs the dahlias in the front yard made last year?"

"The bulbs?" said her mother, pinching her pastry. "What for?"

"Oh, I know!" said Jule.

"Mis' Nourse won't care about a garden. But you can have 'em, I guess."

And the next day the Boston ivy and the dahlias were in place, and Jule and Danny had fastened the board against the hens, and had nailed pickets at the top of the fence there, two of the Virginia-creepers being set to climb over the fence eventually and hide it altogether. "Oh," cried Jule, "I am going to make the wilderness blossom like a rose!" And then the two little people began to toil over the road from the ploughed fields with baskets of earth that they tumbled into the crannies and along the slope. And they laboriously brought up stones from the shore day after day, and slowly made a rude wall below the pig-pen, filling it with earth.

"They do be sayin'," remarked Danny, "that the min out there to Washington, or wherever, has the givin' o' flower-sades be the peck, good loock till 'em, an' ye can have them for the askin'. Sorra a bit me knows."

That night Jule found who was her member of Congress, and the reply to her modest request came, to the wonderment of the family, as a package addressed to Miss Julia Spencer, and containing, she fancied, the seeds of half the flowers that blow. "Oh, here are larkspurs!" she cried. "You know how tall and blue they are. And stocks, and phlox, and feverfew, and marigolds, and candytuft, oh, and nasturtiums! Sweet alyssum, too, and balsam, and salvia, and cosmos, and morning-glories, oh, and hollyhocks! How perfectly delightful!"

"That's what your country does for you," said Jack.

"It's a dear country!" cried Jule. And the frost being gone, it took only a day to sow the terrace-bed in plots. Then they picked up and raked and spaded in comfort on the incline towards the bulkhead. "The great beds of poppies there will be so splendid from the river!" cried Jule.

"The tides 'll be drowndin' thim out intirely, so they will, Miss Jule," said Danny.

"But it won't hurt them."

"They'll be after flowerin' in the islands of the dape say."

"I'll risk it," said Jule. "I'll drop the seeds."

"An' the next high tide 'll be doin' the rest," said Danny. And it did.

Then they sowed nasturtiums by the fence where she used to have the horrible vision of the hens. "You hold the string for their climbing, Danny, till I tie it. I'll put in the stick. Now another. I tell you, it tires your back! But when it's a gold and scarlet curtain here, won't it be glorious? Oh! can't you see it, splendid with dew, and the sun shining on it?"

After this there were morning-glories sowed on the other upper side, till the woodbine should be grown next year. And what joy it was to watch those woodbines for their first pout! Jule gave them water morning and night. "Oh, they're alive!" she shouted; and she sat down before the first buds and warbled little songs of joy.

Jule had some geraniums of her own in the kitchen. She had early cut off slips; and now she set them in the crannies of that ugly eastern corner. And the moment school was out, and she had done all her mother wished, she was down in her retreat, watering and pottering and learning the ways of nature out of nature's book.

The loss of the poppies was sad. There had to be another wall to hold a terrace beyond the tide. With the only silver piece she had, she hired old Jerry to dig a trench; and when he saw her lugging up the stones, he worked overtime every day to help her. And although it took them the rest of the summer, they laid and plastered that wall, but it was not till the fall ploughing that they could fill it with earth. And if Jule knut Jerry all the socks he wore that winter, it was not in the way of payment, but because she loved to do it.

But it had been fatiguing to fetch the water from the river in the evenings after the hot days. And nobody in the house took much interest. Her father had consented to the banishment of the hens; but her mother said it was a waste; and it seemed as if every one had something for her to do when her flowers needed her, for the leakage from barn and pig-pen made the soil so rich that the weeds grew faster than the flowers. Danny was picking potato-bugs in the field when Jule was taken with a cold; and when she was about again and went down, the garden was a wilderness of white-weed and wild carrot. "I must have some flowering bushes that the weeds can't hurt," said Jule, as she took up her geraniums, by-and-by, and gathered her seeds, still rejoicing in her zinnias and cosmos. She had quantities of seed; the family could not imagine what she was doing when they saw her putting them into papers, but supposed it was all in the way of her foolishness about the garden. They did not know that the store-keeper had got her some bulbs, which she had put in the ground in September to get early growth, and was going to take his pay in flower-seeds, or they might have objected to such independent proceedings on her part.

But when the next spring opened, the snow was not gone before the little gardener was down in her preserve, pulling off old stalks and preparing for the new campaign. Then Danny and she went off to a pasture where once a house had stood with damask-roses in its yard; and they came back with lilac-rods that went into the ground up behind the geraniums, and with no end of the roses. And no young princess ever took more enjoyment in the glint of her rubies than Jule did when those rose-stems strung themselves with tiny red leaf-buds.

Jule had now saved another dollar, and had gone down to a florist's. "I want so many things," she sighed.

"And I've only got a dollar. Do you suppose I could get a couple of trumpet-vines, and a honeysuckle, and a Seven Sister's rose, and a hydrangea, and a scarlet japonica, and a flowering almond, and a spice-plant—"

"For a dollar?" asked the florist, smiling. "Well, I don't know. I suppose you wouldn't mind if I throw in a Jacque-rose and a chrysanthemum?"

"Oh," cried Jule, with sparkling eyes, "do you really mean so?" And the treasures she bore off were almost more than she could carry.

There were disappointments about the little garden this year; the flies hurt this, and the slugs that, and the drought and the rain the others, and the watering was more than she could do without. Danny, and Danny used to wait that he couldn't be in two places "to onst, so he couldn't." Still, there were moments of satisfaction when the pleasure-boats went up the river, or when she saw the minister shooting by in his boat and looking at her roses.

But the third summer Jule's undertaking was a success. "Wife," said her father, "our Jule's got quite a garden down at the old hen-run. I'll rig a spout from the spring in the barn, so she won't have to be hauling water."

"Sis," said Tom, "I'm going to do a day's work in your garden. What shall it be?"

"Jule," called Jack, "I've got a syringa-bush from the Squire's for your garden." So true it is that nothing succeeds like success.

But these were scattered offerings. Usually Jule, and Danny, when he could, plodded on alone, and had their reward of pure joy in beauty.

It was a day in the depth of summer that Jule went shopping downtown with her mother. Mrs. Spencer was hard to please, and Jule amused herself with the advertisements posted on the shed; "Take Pill's Powders," half covered by a circus picture, on which again were pasted smaller notices of the "Sale of a Farm," the loss of a Black Cat, the Village Improvement Society's reward of fifty dollars, an Auctioneer's Sale. Jule was still spelling them out when her mother came across in some excitement at what the shop-keeper had been saying. "I want you to run right home, Jule," she said, "and go down to your garden—I'm glad you put on your white print—I suppose your hair's all a snarl," lifting the hat from the yellow curls. "Make haste—some one's coming there."

"But I'd rather wait for you," said Jule.

"Never mind me. I'll be there pretty soon." And Jule wonderingly did as she was told. "That old hen-run!" she heard her mother murmuring.

Jule reached the garden and was down on the bulkhead just in time to see a flock of sails swelling up the stream, and circling a little way above like swans, while a fleet of row-boats followed, trimmed out with flags. There were girls singing in the boats, and some one in the last boat was blowing a cornet. It seemed to Jule as lovely as a crowd of water-nymphs could be. Looking back to see if her mother was coming, she saw her father and Jack and Tom hurrying down the bank where Jack used to drop his line; and while she was looking back, a boat rowed up, the rowers grasping the bulkhead while some one stepped out—the minister!

The minister turned directly and addressed the people in the boats, who stopped their music at once. "My friends," Jule heard him saying, "you have all seen the photograph I chanced to take of this place as it was three years ago. You all see it now—the building a tower of verdure, the walls turned to banks of living green, the fences transformed to curtains of blossoming splendor. Where all was shapeless confusion, here are terraces that in spring blushed red with roses, and where now the lilies stand in ranks of white and gold. The spot that was a

waste haunted by the owl and the dragon—that is, by the gobbler and the hen—is turned to a blaze of glory. So in accordance with your decree, I now deliver the reward of fifty dollars for the greatest improvement within our borders to Miss Julia Spencer!" And then, before he stepped into his boat and the oars dipped, and the sails of the others ran up, and the whole shining flotilla moved away, the minister had handed to the astonished child, who stood winding her curls about her fingers, a purse through whose meshes sparkled five golden eagles. And then a shout went up from all the boats, and the cornet began to play and the girls to sing, "Come into the garden, Maud," till the music was nothing but an enchanting echo in the distance; and Jule, in her bewildered amazement, came near dropping the purse into the river.

"Well, that's what I call worth while," cried Jack, when Jule had left off crying her tears of surprise. "What you going to do with it, Sis?"

And then Jule drew herself up with pride and gladness. "I am going to get Danny his artificial hand."

"And it will be the best thing that ever grew in a garden!" cried her father.

A GIANT BOY.

THE largest boy in the world happens, oddly enough, to be the tallest man also. He is nearly seven feet in height, and shooting upward so rapidly that nobody cares to predict how tall he will be when he really gets his growth. He is only sixteen years old, and a thorough boy so far as his feelings and actions are concerned, although he is not quite so rapid in his movements as boys of sixteen usually are. This young giant is an Arab, and his name is Hassan Ali. A German professor who was travelling in Arabia met him with a caravan which had pitched its camel's-hair tents on the oasis of Siwah-Amans, and, after considerable bargaining, induced the boy to go to Germany, where he is attracting considerable attention.

Hassan is a Mohammedan in religion, and nothing can prevent him from kneeling with his face toward Mecca in the morning, at noon, and at sunset and saying his prayer, no matter what he has been doing just before, or what is going on around him. He dresses like an Arab in a long robe, which makes him look taller than he really is. A fez or skull-cap always covers his queerly shaped pointed head, for the boy's head is not so well developed as his body. His hands are a foot long, and his feet are large in proportion, but his head is rather small for his size, and tapers from his ears upward. He is intelligent, however, and learns quickly everything that his instructors try to teach him. In some matters he does not need instruction, and, although he has allowed himself to be exhibited by show-people, who are supposed to be shrewd in business matters, he has proved a match for them, and is getting his share of the gate receipts. So the largest boy in the world is a side-show, after all.

DO YOU KNOW HER?

I HAVE a little friend who doesn't like to mend,
To dust, or set the table, or even make a bed;

The very thought of sweeping nearly sets her off a-weeping,
And she always goes about it as though her feet were lead.

She "hates" to rock the baby, and says that some day, maybe

She'll go away and linger where they have no babies round
To keep folks busy rocking—but really this is shocking,
And she doesn't mean a word of what she says, I will be bound.

'Tis true she cannot bear to even walk a square

To buy a spool of cotton, or stamps for mamma's mail,
And it's much against her wishes that she's set to washing dishes,
While to speak of darning stockings is enough to make her pale.

In fact, she wants to shirk everything resembling work,

And the only thing she does enjoy, so far as I can say,
Is to take her doll and book, and within some quiet nook

To read of elves and fairies, and dream the hours away.

L. L. STANFORD.



A SALTY tear stole down his manly cheek,
His hands fell helpless at his side;
Those tight-sealed lips of his refused to speak,
For in his stalwart breast faint hope had died.

"My mamma will not let me have some pie,"
Cried he. "Oh, Charles," sobbed Sue, "if not too late,
When we are wed to bake a tart I'll try!"—
And he had said, "It is too long to wait."

THE TALKING DOG.

THERE was once a ventriloquist so poor that he was obliged to travel on foot from town to town to save expense, much after the manner of the gentleman of adventure in Grimm's tales. One day he was joined on the road by a dog as forsaken as himself, but who seemed desirous of becoming his companion.

They journeyed together to the next town, and entered the tavern tired, hungry, and penniless. Not being troubled with the inconvenient refinement which comes from a long line of gentle ancestors, the man had developed the quality known as cheek, so he and the dog sat down to eat a supper for which they could not pay.

The room was full of loungers, and the stranger took a conspicuous seat. "What will you have?" asked the only waiter the place employed; and the order embraced nearly everything on the bill of fare.

"But I want something for my dog, too," he added. "Ask him what he will have." The waiter muttered something about "Whichever giving us," so the stranger said, "What, don't you like to? Well, Bruno, will you have beef or fish?"

"Beef, every time," said Bruno, looking with mild brown eyes at the waiter.

"And what to drink?"

"Water, thank you," said Bruno.

By this time the landlord and every one in the place was eager with suppressed wonder, and gathered about to hear a dog talk.

The ventriloquist feigned indifference by eating with avidity, while the landlord was evidently considering something. His cogitation resulted in his offering the stranger three hundred dollars for his wonderful talking dog.

The ventriloquist appeared to hesitate a moment, then said, abruptly, "Yes, you may have him for three hundred dollars."

When the money was paid and the ventriloquist was about to leave, he turned to the dog, patted him affectionately, and said, "Good-by, old fellow, you've been a good friend to me."

"You are no friend of mine," returned the dog, "to sell me to another master. As you were mean enough to serve me such a trick, I'll have revenge. I'll never speak another word as long as I live."

The ventriloquist then made off with all possible haste.

H. C. C.

FORECAST.

'Tis said that the temperature's =,
But you cannot deduce as a s =
If to-day has been fair,
An event which is rare,
That all of the days of the w =

MOTHER. "Bobby, why have you stuffed cotton in your ear; does it ache?"

BOBBY. "No; papa said that everything he tells me goes in one ear and comes out the other. I want to prevent this."

THE ONE-SIDED PICTURE.

PAPA had a picture hanging on the wall,
To-day I knocked it over playing with my ball;
Down came the picture, splitting with a crack,
Shortly I discovered nothing on its back;
Now, I thought it funny, something new to me,
So I'll tell my papa, when he comes to see.

JIMMIE. "Mamma, are there any letters on my face?"

MAMMA. "No, child; why do you ask?"

JIMMIE. "Mr. Smithers said he could read it like a book."

BOBBY'S PESSIMISM.

I THINK it's going to snow to-night,
And drift the garden bed,
And hide the pathway out of sight,
Because I have no sled.



THE RAINY SEASON IN THE TROPICS—SAVED BY A NECK.



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

AN ADMIRAL FOR A NIGHT.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY A. J. ENSIGN.

THE midshipmen of H.M.S. *Sorcerer* were assembled for instruction in ordnance and gunnery under the gunnery Lieutenant, Mr. Kelton. Boys who are intended for officers in the English navy are taken at a very early age, sometimes at no more than thirteen years, and are sent to sea aboard men-of-war. From the very beginning they are taught to command as well as to obey, and are made practically acquainted with the working of everything aboard ship. So some of the boys who sat in a semi-circle before Mr. Kelton were little fellows who looked as if they might just as well have been at home with their mothers. But the English are a sea-going people, and so these youngsters were afloat for the purpose of learning how to maintain Great Britain's acknowledged supremacy on the sea.

Suddenly there was a sharp explosion, and a cloud of smoke filled the room. Mr. Kelton had asked for a demonstration of a certain percussion fuse, and for an answer some one had

thrown a large torpedo. Of course it fell immediately in front of the one boy who would never have done such a thing. The thrower had sent it thither on purpose.

"Merrill," called Mr. Kelton, sharply, "stand up!"

The boy, whose face had colored, and who looked painfully conscious, stood up.

"What do you mean, sir," said Mr. Kelton, "by such a piece of larking in this room?"

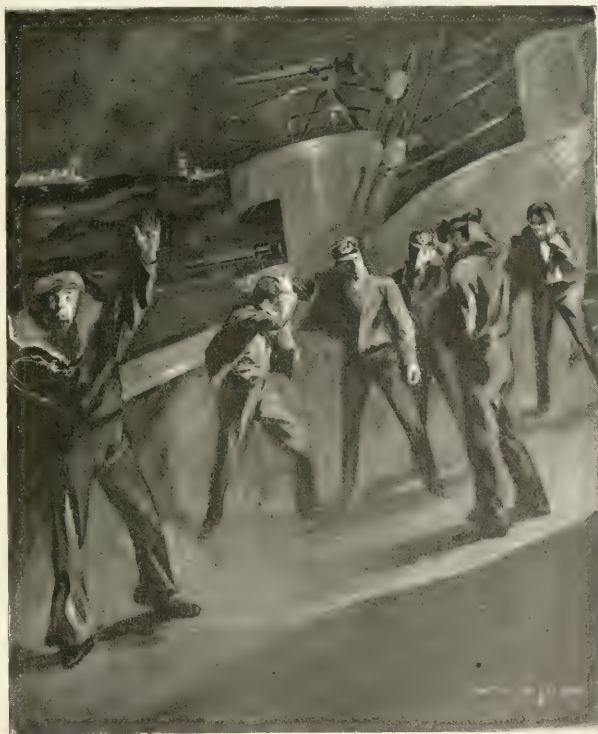
"If you please, sir," answered the boy, in a tremulous tone, "I didn't throw it."

"Didn't you? Well, who did?"

A deep silence followed this question, while Horace Merrill, the accused boy, looked around at his companions with an eager expression. If Mr. Kelton had been watching that look instead of gazing at the other boys, he would have seen that it rested for a moment with special

meaning on Harry Lotham, who fidgeted a little.

"Merrill," said Mr. Kelton, "we're here among officers and gentlemen. No one admits having thrown that thing.



"QUARTERMASTER, SIGNAL THE FLEET TO GET UNDER WAY AND GO TO SEA."

It was near you, and your face betrayed you. I believe that you did it."

"I did not, sir," said Horace, firmly but respectfully.

"That will do. I do not wish to hear any more denials. I shall recommend that you be given extra duty, and refused liberty to go ashore to-night to Lady Stanniwell's reception."

Horace looked as though he were going to cry, but he manfully restrained his tears. He had set his heart on that reception, because all the officers of the fleet were going, and his uncle and cousins were to be there. However, there was no help for him, unless he would tell who did throw the torpedo, and to do him justice it must be said that that never occurred to him.

"He'll tell," said Harry Lotham, when the class had been dismissed.

"No, he won't," replied Paul Merryweather; "he isn't half a bad sort, though he is slow."

"Slow!" sneered Harry. "Well, I should say he was."

"Well," answered Paul, "he is slow, but he keeps getting on. He's our senior, you know."

"Only because he's older. He's fifteen, you know."

However, Horace did not tell. He kept his knowledge to himself and brooded on the injustice of his punishment. He fell into a very bitter mood, and wished that he were a farmer's boy rather than a young officer in the Queen's navy. The other boys did not enjoy his discomfiture very long, for they learned that they too were going to be left on board. They had expected to go, but the Admiral had decided to permit all the lieutenants and sub-lieutenants to go ashore, as well as the higher officers, and so it was necessary that three or four midshipmen be left aboard in charge of the ship, especially as she was the flag-ship of the fleet. We should think it a piece of insanity to leave boys less than sixteen years of age in command of a powerful ship, much less a fleet; but in the English navy the middies are brought up to this kind of work. It was intended, however, that two of the sub-lieutenants and one lieutenant should return to the *Sorcerer* at the beginning of the first watch.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the Admiral left the ship in his barge, accompanied by his flag officers, and before half past four all who were to go had gone. Horace leaned over the rail and looked dismally at the shore, which was not quite two miles away. All around the *Sorcerer* lay the other seven ships of the fleet, riding calmly at their anchors. Horace was tired of seeing them, and heartily wished them all at the bottom of the sea.

"I'd like to know what I'm going to do with myself till midnight?" he muttered. "I think I'll turn in pretty early."

At five o'clock a breeze suddenly sprang up from seaward, and in a very few minutes it had brought above the horizon a large bank of heavy-looking gray clouds.

"We're going to have a summer blow," said Paul Merryweather, who was walking the deck.

"Yes, sir," said the quartermaster on watch; "and it's going to blow 'ard, sir, you'll see."

"Well, we're in a comfortable berth here," replied Paul.

"Well, sir, that's purwidin' 'ow 'ard it blows, sir. It's a werry good place 'ceptin' when the wind is out o' the south-west; an' I'm a-thinkin' that's where it's a-comin' from, sir, I do."

"Bother, Martin! You're always croaking," said Paul.

"Werry good, sir," said the quartermaster, walking away, and gazing out to sea through his spy-glass.

At 5.30 it was blowing something better than a fresh breeze, and the white-caps were beginning to roll in fast and thick. At six o'clock there was enough sea on to start the whole fleet bobbing up and down. There was a peculiarly long underswell, which meant that there was heavier weather outside and worse to come. The old quartermaster shook his head, and muttered to himself:

"I'd be werry glad, I would, if them officers was aboard wot's a-comin' at eight bells, fur it's my werry humble opinion they won't get here then."

The wind freshened every minute, and now began to blow in sweeping gusts that ripped the white combings off the seas and sent them swirling away to leeward in sheets of spoon-drift. The eight vessels of the fleet began to pitch in a lively manner. Some of them got out second anchors, and Paul, who was in charge of the deck, followed this excellent example.

"By the great horn spoon," he said to Harry Lotham, "we're in for a smoky sou'wester of the worst sort."

"Right you are, Paul," replied Harry; "and I don't half like the way we ride here. Some of the fleet will drag anchors before this night is over."

"Shouldn't wonder," remarked Paul.

"But say," exclaimed Harry, slapping his leg, as an idea suddenly occurred to him, "what a blue funk we'd be in if the Lieutenant didn't get back!"

"Didn't get back!" echoed Paul; "of course he'll be back, and the two subs with him."

"I'm not so sure of that. Look at the sea. I tell you that in an hour from now the best launch in her Majesty's navy won't be able to get off here."

Paul saw that Harry was right, and he looked anxious and uncomfortable.

"This is pretty rough. I don't want to have the responsibility of deciding what's to be done."

"You won't," exclaimed Harry. "Softy's our senior. He's in command of the ship. What a lark!"

"Lark? Not much," answered Paul. "He's in command of the whole fleet."

"Whew-w-w!" cried Harry. "That's so. Admiral Sir Horace Merrill, K.C.B. Oh, that's too good!"

But Paul shook his head. The aspect of affairs began to be serious. The gale was increasing, and the sea was making in an alarming manner. Some of the ships were pitching very heavily, and it was beginning to grow dark.

"Quartermaster!" called Paul.

"Yes, sir," answered the man, approaching and saluting.

"I'm afraid Mr. Kelton will not be able to get off."

"No, sir, 'e won't, sir; nor nobody else. That sea's too 'eavy, sir. They couldn't make 'eadway against it, sir."

"How are we holding on?"

"Werry well, sir, so far."

There was a doubtful tone in the quartermaster's voice which alarmed Paul.

"Harry," he said, "won't you go and find Merrill, and bring him on deck?"

"Indeed I will. What a lark!"

Harry went below and found Merrill asleep in his state-room.

"Here, Admiral!" he shouted, "turn out. There's the old scratch to pay. It's blowing a howling gale."

"Well, what of it?" said Horace, sitting up.

"What of it? You're a sweet Admiral. Don't you know you're in command?"

"Hasn't Mr. Kelton come back?" asked Horace, with sudden anxiety.

"Come back? Do you think he can fly? Come on deck and take a look."

But Horace was already aware from the motion of the ship that the weather was heavy. He hastened on deck and was dismayed at the scene.

"You're in command of the fleet," said Paul.

Horace turned pale, sat down on an arms chest, and buried his face in his hands.

It was a sudden and terrible responsibility for the boy. Eight splendid war-ships were trying the dangerous experiment of riding out a sudden gale, at anchor, with a lee shore less than two miles astern of them. If any ship

parted her chains she would in all probability be a wreck. And this midshipman, a boy of fifteen, found himself the senior officer on board the flag-ship.

"Hello! I say, you're not going to cry, are you, Admiral?" said Harry, mockingly.

"If you please, sir," said the quartermaster, "the *Bumblebee* is dragging her anchors."

Horace sprang to his feet and threw one hasty glance about him. It was inky dark, and he could see nothing except the swaying light of the other ships. The *Bumblebee* had signalled her trouble.

Harry Lotham said, "Now then, Admiral—"

"Silence!" said Horace, shortly. "Boatswain's mate! Call all hands, and up anchors. Quartermaster, signal the fleet to get under way and go to sea."

Harry nearly fell down with astonishment as the boatswain and quartermaster hastened to obey these surprising orders.

"I told you," said Paul, "he wasn't a bad sort."

"My eye, though!" exclaimed Harry. "I wouldn't like to be in his shoes when the fleet comes back."

"Nonsense! He's right, you'll see."

For a few seconds the ebony sky was illuminated with the flashing of signal lights. Smoke began to pour out of the funnels of the eight powerful cruisers. Anchors were hove up, and in half an hour the whole fleet went butting the great billows out into the open ocean, where there was no danger of going on a lee shore.

For thirty-six hours the vessels remained at sea, and then, the gale having broken, they steamed back into the harbor, and anchored in their former stations. Almost as soon as the *Sorcerer's* anchor went down the Admiral's barge was alongside, and the commanding officer came aboard.

"Who is the senior officer here?" he said.

"I am, sir," said Horace, saluting.

"Did you order this fleet to go to sea?"

"Yes, sir," said Horace, meekly.

There was a breathless silence for a moment, and then the Admiral extended his hand and grasped that of the astonished Horace.

"My boy, I did not think you had it in you. You'll be an honor to your profession. You saved the fleet."

"I told you he wasn't a bad sort," said Paul to Harry, after that young man had apologized to Horace and confessed to Mr. Kelton.

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "RAFIMATES," "CAMPMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

A PARSON AT THE WHEEL.

PHIL had been sitting alone in the pilot-house, where, in the chill darkness, the weight of his responsibility seemed almost too great to be borne. He had held out bravely until this moment, but now it seemed as though a great black wall of difficulty were reared against him, and that it was gradually enclosing him on all sides. The many channels revealed by the waning light of that day must all be explored ere the right one could be determined. Phil dared not consider how many days might thus be spent, for he knew he had no days nor even hours to spare.

At any moment now the river might close, and once caught in the relentless fetters of its ice the *Chimo* must remain motionless until crushed and swept away by the resistless fury of the spring floods. In the mean time what would become of her little company, stranded there in the open river, exposed to the full fury of arctic blasts, remote from human habitation, and equally so from any

visible supply of fuel? They had not even the fur clothing without which none may spend a winter in that region.

Why had he not laid the boat up in the first winter harbor that offered? He could remember that they had passed several very good ones, some of which were in the vicinity of Eskimo villages.

Why? Because he had made up his mind to reach Anvik, and declared his intention of doing so, and his Yankee grit was not of the kind to be daunted by obstacles nor turned back by them from an uncompleted duty. Why? Because he had promised Captain Hamer to carry him to Anvik. Phil Ryder did not often make promises, being opposed to them on general principles, but when he did make one he kept it. Why? Because while he was thus thinking, that cheery voice came ringing out of the darkness, bringing with it such a thrill of hope and relief that just to hear it was worth all the toil and anxiety expended in reaching that point.

Serge was down in the galley cooking supper, and whistling a melancholy little tune that tried its best to sound cheerful as he did so. Poor Isaac, the millwright, homesick, grief-stricken, and despairing, was working by lantern-light on a rude coffin for his dead comrade. Mr. Sims, morose and silent, was busy with his machinery, while Gerald Hamer tossed wearily but weakly beneath the piled-up coverings of his narrow bed.

All heard the first shout of that unknown voice, and each suspended operations to listen. When it came again, and they heard Phil's answering hail, all rushed to the gangway on that side, that is, all except the sick man, and there, holding a flashing lantern to guide him, they excitedly awaited the approach of the unknown.

While they peered vaguely into the gloom, listening for the slating of sails or the rattle of oars, he suddenly swept alongside, seated in an Eskimo kyak or skin boat, very similar to the one in which Phil and Serge had made their perilous voyage on Bering Sea a month before, only much smaller.

They could see that he was a white man wearing a thick close-cut brown beard, but otherwise he might easily have been mistaken for a native, so completely was he enveloped in a kamleika. The hood of this was drawn over his head, while its ample skirts were fastened to the coaming of the hatch in which he sat, so as to prevent the entrance of water.

"Well, if this isn't a bit of good fortune then I don't know what good fortune is!" he exclaimed, smiling up into the eager faces peering at him from the steamer's side. "May I come aboard?"

"May you come aboard?" cried Phil. "Well, sir, I rather think you may, for even if you didn't want to I am afraid we should capture you, and drag you on board by force. Why, we couldn't be more delighted to see you if you were the President of the United States himself."

"I doubt if you can be half as happy to see me as I am to meet with you thus fortunately and unexpectedly," laughed the stranger.

"In that case," replied Phil, "you must be the very happiest person in the world, for you have made me almost that."

During this interchange of courtesies the stranger had been unfastening his kamleika, and now stepping lightly from his fragile craft, he gained the deck, to which his kyak was also lifted.

"Ah, but this is cozy and comfortable!" he remarked, as he entered the well-lighted mess-room which opened from the galley, and was warmed by its glowing stove. Serge had just finished his preparations for supper, and the well-laden mess-table did indeed present a sight calculated to cheer the heart of a hungry man, especially one who had been for hours battling with the ice of an Alaskan river.

"You gentlemen seem to be travelling and living like princes," continued the stranger; "but I must confess to considerable surprise at finding you on the river so late in the season. You are bound down and out, I presume."

"No, sir," answered Phil. "We are bound up the river, and hope to reach Anvik before it closes."

"Anvik!" cried the stranger. "Why, that is the place to which I also am going."

"Alone, at night, and in a bidarkie?" asked Phil, incredulously.

"Yes," laughed the other; "though I was only trying to cross the river to-night for fear it might close before morning and leave me stranded on the further bank. It was a reckless thing to undertake, I acknowledge, and but for your timely presence I might have come to serious grief ere this. It had grown so dark before I sighted your lights that I could no longer avoid the floating ice, and was in great fear that my boat would be cut open. You may believe, then, that I was glad to see them. Now to find myself seated among those of my own race, and at a civilized table after a rather trying experience of Eskimo hospitality, caps the climax, and renders my content complete."

"Are you on a hunting or fishing trip, sir?" asked Phil, anxious to establish the status of this new acquaintance.

"Neither just now," was the laconic answer.

"Trading, perhaps?"

"Not exactly."

"Travelling for pleasure?"

"Yes, so far as it is a pleasure to do my work."

"Prospecting?"

"For some things, though not for gold."

"In government employ?"

"No."

"Working for the company, perhaps?"

"If you mean for the fur-trading company, I am not."

Phil was nonplussed, and knew not what to ask next. In fact, but for the stranger's affable manner and quizzical smile he would not have pushed his inquiries so far as he had. Finally he said: "I need not ask if you are a good boatman, for any one who can manage a bidarkie as well as you do must be that. I do want to make one more inquiry, though, and I hope you will excuse my inquisitiveness, but we are in distress and greatly need assistance. Are you a Yukon pilot?"

"For that part of the river lying between here and Anvik I am," replied the stranger. "In fact, I know it so well that I would not hesitate to run it in the dark. Furthermore, to satisfy your very proper curiosity concerning an utter stranger who has forced himself upon your hospitality, I will say that I am a trader, a prospector, a fisherman, a hunter, a boatman, a mechanic, a writer, a teacher, something each of a lawyer, a physician, and a surgeon; and, above all, I am a preacher of the Word of God, for I am a missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and stationed at Anvik."

"Oh, sir, are you, really?" cried Phil. "Then you are the very man I have wanted most to meet. Had I not heard that you were at Anvik and believed you would help us, I don't think I should have dared bring the boat even as far as I have. I was trying to make up my mind what to do next, and had almost decided not to attempt a further ascent of the river, but to go into the best winter quarters we could find to-morrow. You see we are all mixed up as to the channels, and greatly afraid of being caught by the ice."

"As well you may be," replied the missionary. "But pardon my curiosity. You speak of bringing the boat to this place, as though you were her captain. Is that the case?"

"No," replied Phil, with a flush. "I am only her first mate, while Serge here is second, and Mr. Sims is engineer. But I am acting as Captain during the illness of our real Captain, Mr. Gerald Hamer, who is down with the measles."

"Indeed!" said the missionary, gravely. "I am very sorry to hear that, for in this climate, especially, measles is a serious sickness, and has been a terrible scourge on the river. I have just been spending a few days at one of the Shagelook villages installing a native teacher in place of one who died of measles a few weeks ago. How long has your Captain been ill?"

"Since the day we entered the river."

"And do you mean to say that you have navigated the steamer all this distance without help?"

"Oh no, sir! I have had the help of Serge, who is a capital sailor and can talk Russian besides, and of Mr. Sims, who is a first-class engineer, and of Isaac, who is a millwright, but who makes one of the best firemen I ever saw, and we had another millwright, only he died last night, and a native pilot part of the way."

"Well, you have certainly shown an immense amount of pluck and perseverance," exclaimed the missionary, "and I don't think I know another boy of your age who would have done as well, for you don't look as though you were out of your teens yet—are you?"

"Almost," answered Phil again, flushing; "that is, I shall be in two years more."

"And Serge?"

"He is almost as old as I am."

"How about Isaac?"

"Oh, Isaac is 'most twenty."

"Well, Mr. Sims," said the missionary, turning to the engineer, "I congratulate you on your crew."

"Yes," assented the man, gruffly, "they're a pretty plucky lot of boys. We've been mighty short-handed, though, since the Cap'n took sick, and Martin died, and my assistant was set ashore for mutiny, and I for one am powerful glad to see another white man come on board, even if he is a parson."

Smiling at this equivocal compliment, the missionary asked if he might visit the Captain, and was conducted by Phil to the sick man's bedside. As they came away he said to the young mate: "Your Captain is dangerously ill, and the sooner you get him to Anvik, where there is a doctor, the better. Therefore I would advise you to up anchor and make the run to-night, especially as I fear the river may close before morning."

CHAPTER VI.

FLOATING ICE AND "CHY."

HAPPY to share his responsibility with the stranger who had been so providentially sent to their relief, Phil willingly agreed to his proposal, and ordered the *Chimo* to be again got under way. The night was clear, cold, and still; but there was no moon, and its darkness was only dissipated in a measure by brilliant starlight. This, however, was sufficient to disclose the outline of the western bank, which the new pilot kept always in sight. He seemed actually to be able to feel his way up the mighty river, avoiding false channels and sandbars as if by instinct, and never hesitating as to which side of an island he ought to pass.

Phil occupied the pilot-house with him, and after a long silence he exclaimed, admiringly, "You surely must have been a steamboat man, sir, before you became a missionary."

"No," laughed the other, "I never was on a river steamer until I came out here, though as a boy I did have some experience in running up and down Lake Champlain, near which I lived."

"In New York State?" asked Phil.

"No; in Vermont, not very far from Burlington. So, you see, I am a genuine Yankee."

"I might have known it," said Phil, "from your handiness at all sorts of things. I wonder why it is that, as a rule, the Yankee is such a Jack-at-all-trades?"

"I suppose it is because he is generally taught by necessity in the shape of poverty," replied the missionary. "And even if he were not so taught at home, he certainly would be out here, where a man must be able to do nearly everything for himself or leave it undone."

"Jalap Coombs was a Yankee," meditated Phil. "That is, when he didn't feel that he was a subject, and he could do more kinds of things than any one I ever knew. How I wish he were with us at this very minute! I don't believe we could get into any scrape or trouble that he wouldn't manage to get us out of somehow."

"Is he dead?" asked the missionary.

"No, indeed. That is, I hope not, though he might as well be so far as we are concerned, for I don't suppose we shall ever see him again. We left him on Onimik Island, Serge and I did, and now I suppose he is in Sitka or Victoria or San Francisco, or perhaps bound for the other side of the world."

Being thus started on the subject of Jalap Coombs, Phil proceeded to give his new friend an account of their recent adventures in Bering Sea, and of the prominent part taken in them by the Yankee mate of the sealer *Seamew*, in all of which the new-comer was deeply interested. While Phil was in the midst of an account of how Serge obtained fire from brimstone and feathers, the second mate himself appeared to report that their stock of fuel was nearly exhausted.

"Then we must stop at Makagamoot for a new supply," said the missionary pilot, promptly, "though I fear we may have trouble in getting the natives to turn out at this time of night. Still, with your permission, Captain Ryder, I think we would better try it."

"Certainly, sir," agreed Phil, and so the *Chimo*, being somewhere in the vicinity of the invisible Eskimo settlement at that very moment, was headed for the west bank of the river. Her whistle was sounded vigorously at short intervals to attract attention, and in a few minutes her crew had the satisfaction of seeing a glow of fire-light on the beach not more than a mile ahead. At the same time there came an ominous crunching of ice, and all hands instantly realized that inshore the river was already frozen over. The ice was not yet thick enough to stop them, though it materially impeded their progress. They finally succeeded in reaching the bank.

At first the few sleepy natives who came, out of curiosity, to witness the unusual sight of a steamboat at that time of night and thus late in the season, were disinclined



THE ARRIVAL OF THE UNKNOWN.

to do any work before morning; but the appearance among them of the missionary and a few words from him produced a magical change in their attitude. Five minutes later a long line containing every able-bodied man in the settlement was formed from the steamer to the wood-pile, and a steady stream of cordwood sticks passed from hand to hand was flowing aboard.

Within half an hour every inch of wood-room was filled, the natives were made glad by double the pay they had ever received for a similar amount of work, and the *Chimo* was backing out of the channel she had made for herself toward open water.

Only fifteen miles now lay between her and Anvik, and though the night had grown bitterly cold, her pilot held out hopes that they might still make the run without being nipped in the rapidly forming ice.

Under every pound of steam that her boiler would bear the sturdy little craft quivered to her very keel as she ploughed through the black waters, grinding the floating ice-cakes beneath her bow, tossing them to one side, or beating them to fragments with her powerful wheel. Leaving the missionary alone in the pilot-house, Phil worked with Serge and Isaac at heaving wood into the roaring furnace. In face of its fervent heat it was hard for them to realize that the night was cold, and much less that the mercury stood close to zero.

But the silent figure grasping the frigid spokes up in the pilot-house knew it, and his anxiety increased with each slow-dragging hour. Was it indeed too late to reach a safe winter haven? Had he been too officious and self-confident? He almost feared so, and said as much to Phil when the young mate came up to inquire how many more miles they had to go.

"Not a bit of it, sir," cried the lad, with all his old cheery confidence fully restored. "Why, if you hadn't come along we should certainly have staid there until

morning, in which case it is plain enough now that the *Chimo* would have gone no further this winter. Now you have at least brought us within reach of safety. But aren't we nearly there, sir? It seems as though we had come fifty miles instead of fifteen since we took on that wood."

"Yes; and if it were daylight, which it soon will be, we could see Anvik now. When we have made a couple more miles I shall head her into the ice. In the mean time I wish you would ask Serge to make me a pot of his hottest *chy*, for I am nearly perished with the cold."

"A pot of what?" asked Phil, thinking he must have misunderstood the word.

"Of *chy*. Tell him a *chy peet* is what I want."

"Ay, ay, sir! *Chy* it is, and you shall have it if there's a drop to be found aboard the boat."

Serge laughed at the order, and hastened to fill it; while Phil followed him, curious to see what he made.

"Why, that's tea you are putting into the pot!" he exclaimed, a few minutes later.

"Certainly," replied Serge; "*chy* is tea, and tea is *chy*, and the tea-pot is *chynik*, and *chy peet* is a lunch of tea and bread. So there's a lesson in Russian that I know you won't forget in a hurry. Now, if you will carry it up to him I will get back to the furnace door, for poor Isaac is just about used up."

So the young Captain acted as steward, and then, taking the wheel while his guest drank cup after cup of the scalding liquid, became quartermaster, and was finally restored to his original rank by having the missionary ask his permission to send the *Chimo* into the ice. "It may injure the hull somewhat," he said; "but we've either got to risk it or leave her to winter out here in the middle of the river; for we are abreast of Anvik now."

"Of course we must put her into the ice and rush her just as far as she will go," answered Phil. "We can afford to damage her hull to a very considerable extent better than we can afford to leave her out here to be crushed by the spring break-up of the ice."

So in the first flush of morning the brave little boat was headed toward the western bank, and began directly to crash through the thin ice fringing the channel. For some distance she cut her way as though it had been so much window-glass. Then her progress became slower and slower, until finally she came to a full stop, though the big wheel was still lashing the water into foam behind.

"Stop her! back her! stop her! go ahead full speed!" were the orders tapped out on the engine-room gong, and, rushing at the ice with gathered headway, the *Chimo* crashed her way through it for a hundred yards further. Again she was backed, and again charged the enemy with furious impetus. This time the shock was terrific. Again and again was the attack repeated, until finally she gained barely a length.

With the next shock the steamer climbed the ice, and ran nearly half her length out of water before the barrier broke with her weight and set her once more afloat.

"That's all," said Phil, quietly. "We don't dare try that again. If we did we'd probably open every seam in her, even if we didn't break her back. So that's all we can do, and here is where the *Chimo* will have to lie for the winter. It's too bad, though, for we aren't more than a quarter of a mile from shore."

"I don't know about lying here all winter," replied the missionary. "I don't like it myself, and if you would rather have the boat close to the bank I guess we can manage to put her there."

"How?" asked Phil.

"You wait here and get breakfast while I go ashore on the ice. You will be gone more than an hour, and when I come back I'll tell you," was the reply. "I shall bring the doctor with me, too."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WAKING UP OF CROSS CORNERS.

"WELL?"

"I bore it, that's all."

"Was it as dreadful as that, dear?"

"Every bit, Barbara Wallace. Couldn't have been worse unless it had been a funeral."

Barbara sighed, and stirred uneasily on her couch. The bright afghan slipped to the floor, and lay in a rainbow heap with the soft light of the shaded lamp upon it. Myra threw herself down beside it, and ran her fingers in and out of the meshes listlessly. She was tired. It had been rather a trying evening, and the walk home through the ill-lighted, ill-paved streets had added the finishing touch of dissatisfaction.

"I didn't want to go, you know," she said, looking up half apologetically into Barbara's pale face above her.

"No, I know. You only went to please your fussy old sister," Bab said, gently, touching the brown head with slender caressing fingers. Something like real distress crept into her face. Surely she knew very well what rebellious thoughts were tumbling over each other in Myra's mind—what longing for the old, congenial, pleasant home, and utter disgust for the narrow inartistic surroundings about her now. They had only been at Cross Corners, as the bit of a village was called, for a week or two, but there had been plenty of time for whiffs of its depressing atmosphere to steal in to invalid Barbara on her sofa—stifling whiffs they were, and she had done her best not to breathe them in. Both the girls had made a brave stand against them, and until to-night Myra's bright young face had kept its smiles in Bab's room. It was that dreadful "social" that had proved the last straw to her courage. No wonder Barbara heartily wished she had not coaxed her to go.

"I meant it well enough," she was thinking, gloomily. "I thought maybe she'd get acquainted with some young folks, and take a bit of comfort even in Cross Corners."

The fire snapped now and then, and the pretty clock on the mantel-piece ticked in its customary cheerful way, but for the rest it was still enough in the room. Downstairs they could hear the strident voice of Farmer Bowker reading aloud jerky scraps of news to his wife. They had been to the "social" too, and were sitting up unusually late over the *Weekly Bulletin*, and doubtless a brewing of black tea and a doughnut.

"There, now," Bab said, suddenly, "tell me all about it, that's a good child."

"Yes, ma'am, why not?" Myra answered, briskly, coming out of her brown-study. "Well, everybody was there, from the butcher's wife down to the minister's baby. Everybody folded their hands—so—and made lovely wall-flowers, in straight rows, like the bachelors'-buttons grandmother used to have, you know, beside the phlox and sweet-peas. Everybody smiled but the minister's baby, and he howled. Everybody said, 'What an early spring we're having,' and 'How dreadful muddy it is beyond Hiram Dolittle's barn!' Everybody—"

"That's enough!" Bab cried, laughing. "Now tell me what you did and what you said."

"I? Oh, I was a wall-flower too, of course, between Mrs. Dolittle and our friend downstairs." She tapped the floor gently with her heel. "I smiled too. I said, 'How dreadful muddy!'—"

"Myra Wallace, stop joking and be 'sober earnest' for a minute. I want to know the true inwardness of that 'social.' Now begin. Didn't you try to say something sensible once in awhile?"

"To be sure I did, Mistress Prim. I asked the milliner's clerk if she had read the last book—"

Barbara fell back on her pillow with a groan.

"Did you ride your hobby, Myra?"

Myra rose to her knees and laid her cheek on the pillow too. A loosened wisp of hair fell across her forehead, and Bab's thin hand lovingly put it back in place.

"Just a twenty twenty bit of a ride, Babsie," Myra said, whimsically. "I only trotted solemnly. I never cantered a bit."

Bab smiled. "Well?" she said.

"Well, that's the worst of it all, Bab. I don't know but it's the key to it all—the humdrumness and crabbedness and narrow contractedness of the whole of Cross Corners."

She got up and walked restlessly up and down the little room. At the table she stopped to adjust the lampshade and disarrange the papers. At the farther side of the room she halted before her beloved books and passed her hand tenderly along their shining backs. The low bookcase had come from their old home, and its burden of books was Myra's especial glory and comfort. And it was scarcely to be wondered at, for there was no lack of good things in printer's ink upon the long shelves. The best and oldest and the best and newest were there.

Barbara waited patiently for the return trip across the room. When it was made, she said, quietly, "How do you mean, dear?" But Myra did not seem to hear.

"Do you believe it, Bab Wallace?" she broke out, impatiently. "I don't have the least idea that one of those girls there to-night has ever read anything—*anything*! Not even *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *Robinson Crusoe*! I talked with some of them about reading—there wasn't anything else to talk about after we'd disposed of Hiram Dolittle's mud—and they were just as blank as a sheet of paper. There was one girl said she'd read *Vicar of Wakefield* three times, and lots and lots of *Ladies' Repositories*. She said there were 'awful nice' stories in the *Ladies' Repositories*. Her grandmother used to take them. It was the queerest feeling—I don't know whether it made me sorer or madder. There doesn't seem to be any sense in it, Bab."

The good Bowkers were passing the door on their way up to bed.

"*Ain't* that a dretful nice story, Hannah?" they heard Farmer Bowker saying. "It's gittin' excitin'er right along now."

"*Ain't* it, Ben? I can't skearcely wait till next *Bulletin* to see who done the murderin'." Mrs. Bowker's voice drifted back faintly through the long hall. The girls looked at each other and laughed.

"I don't care," Myra said, stoutly; "that's better than nothing at all."

"Oh, don't, Myra! Just think, 'murderings' and horrors in coarse clothing! *I say*, blessed be nothing at all, if *that's* the only literature to feed on."

Myra went back to her books, and took out one or two dainty volumes and turned the leaves with a little rustle of impatience. The familiar pages troubled her queerly.

"Poor girls!" she murmured. "They're starving, but they don't even know it, and that's about the hardest part of it. Bab," wheeling suddenly about, "let's go to bed."

"Let's," Bab said, wearily, lifting herself with a little tug that sent the faint color flying out of her cheeks.

Myra was at her side in a moment and had her strong arms round the frail figure.

"There, now, lean with all your might and main, Babsie. I'm suffering for exercise."

They went into the small bedroom adjoining. Mrs. Bowker, just blowing out her lamp, felt the slight rag of the dragging steps over the shaky old floor.

"They're goin' to bed, I calc'late, an' it's a mercy, for they set up too late most generly for sech young things, let alone one on 'em's bein' so slim. They're real nice gals, Ben," she added, aloud, as she stumbled across to bed in the dark.

"Hey?" Farmer Bowker said, sleepily. "Yes, yes, so

they be—but they don't seem no ways cut out in a Cross Corners pattern." And then he went to sleep, in the swift, comfortable fashion of all men with unencumbered consciences and unimpaired digestions, while his good wife lay for an hour thinking kind, motherly thoughts about the lonely girls down the hall.

When Bab was tucked into bed, Myra crept out into the sitting-room in her night-gown, and sat down by the fire. She planted her elbows on her knees, and her chin in the palms of her hands, and pondered long and hard. It was not altogether comfortable pondering, either, for she wrinkled her brows and tapped her bare toes uneasily. Once she got up and felt her way over to the bookcase. A faint glimmer from the fire touched the gilt lines on some of the bindings of the books and brought them into shining prominence. Myra laid her cheek against the little bright spots in the dark room.

"I'm a selfish old hypocrite," she whispered. "But I don't see how I can do it—no, I don't!"

She went back again to the stove, and began the hard thinking all over. The clock ticked tirelessly on, and the fire burned down to embers. Myra shivered.

"Heigho!" she said, aloud, straightening herself out and rubbing her aching knees. "I'll go to bed—and I'll do it."

Barbara stirred when she got into bed beside her.

"Never you mind, Babsie," Myra murmured, softly patting her. "We'll wake up Cross Corners yet."

It was dull and forbidding weather next day, and the mud was something to wonder at. But after breakfast, when Bab was ensconced on her sofa with a bit of fancy-work and a book, Myra was off "downtown" through the mud and drizzle. She came back with a plentiful supply of smooth brown paper and a bottle of mucilage.

"What in the world are you doing, Myra Wallace?" Bab said, a little while afterward.

Myra sat on the floor with a litter of books and paper all around her, and there was the snipping sound of an industrious pair of scissors. "Oh, covering my books," she said, carelessly enough.

"What for?" asked Mrs. Bowker, who happened to be standing by, watching with a great deal of interest.

"Why, they won't be so likely to fade, you know, or get soiled. It's a good idea, I think."

Barbara lifted her head a little, and looked at Myra curiously. But Myra was very busy. She began to hum over her work, and the snipping went on steadily.

"There's something to pay," Bab thought. "But I'll wait. She'll tell me by-and-by."

Bab was well acquainted with her younger sister, so now she settled back on the pillow and waited.

One by one the pretty books were neatly covered, and stood on the shelves in long brown-uniformed rows—like so many reform-school girls in brown linen pinafores, Myra thought, in dismay. But she kept resolutely on till they were all covered, except one shelf of chosen volumes, which were permitted to remain in their old bright dresses. It was nearly dark when the scraps were cleared away. Myra put everything to rights carefully, and then drew a low stool up beside the couch and sank down on it, with her hands clasped round her knees. She swayed lightly back and forth for a few minutes. Then she said, "It's an idea, Babsie."

"I thought so."

"It began at the wall-flower festival, and ended last night in the dark after you went to bed."

"I thought so."

"Well, don't you want to know what it's all about?"

"Awfully."

So the new "freak" unravelled itself, and lay, straight and plain, before Bab's surprised sight.

"Do you think we can make it go, Bab?" Myra asked.

"Of course we can. But we must do it right, dear,



MYRA BEGINS THE "WAKING UP."

It won't do to make it seem like a charity affair. That would hurt the girls' pride, and spoil everything. You must ask a little fee for joining, you know, and impose a bit of a fine for keeping the books too long."

Myra shrugged her shoulders. "Well," she said, "if I must, I must."

The supper-bell rang, and Myra had to go downstairs. The subject was resumed when Bab was taking her tea from the little table beside the sofa awhile after. Then the plan was canvassed in all its particulars, and there were not a few puzzling places to smooth out. It was decided to make out a little catalogue of the books that the girls could look over and select from, and Myra began it that very evening.

Presently all Cross Corners knew that the "Wallace girls" had set up a circulating library, and everybody could have a share in it. And almost everybody did have a share in it, too. Before Bab and Myra could fairly realize it, the shelves in their bookcase were full of wide, lonesome gaps, and the books tipped over sideways on the least provocation. Myra set them up straight again with unflinching patience. She even bore the occasional bruises and battered corners of her pet books without a grumble. It was part of her idea, and she had decided to bear it, while she sat with her elbows on her knees, in the dark, that night of the "social."

"It's working, Babsie," she said one evening, a few weeks later. "Mrs. Bowker joined to-day. Listen! The farmer's reading my *Kenilworth* aloud to her this minute."

If they could have known in how many homes the heaven of their little books was working for good that same evening, the knowledge would have sent them away to bed with still lighter hearts.

The time of waiting at Cross Corners was getting near an end. Myra was actually looking sober at the thought of going away from Cross Corners, and then there was something else on her mind besides—something she told Bab about one day while they were waiting for the tea-bell to ring.

"I've decided something, Bab."

"Well, another idea?"

"No; it's some more of the same idea," Myra said, soberly.

"Tell me," Barbara said.

"I'm going to leave my books here, you know, Babsie—that's what it is."

"Oh!"

"I can't bear to take them all away, and they need 'em more than I do. And so—and so, we'll just leave them behind as a nest-egg, Barbara, my dear."

"So we will, little sister."

"A nest-egg might hatch a whole big library in time; why not?"

"Why not, of course? Myra, you're a little brick!"

Barbara's eyes were shining. She drew Myra down beside her and kissed her all over her face. After a few minutes she suddenly exclaimed, "Now it's my turn! I've got an idea myself! We'll get the girls together tomorrow and propose a grand concert—entertainment—anything you please—to raise funds for more books still. We'll do it before we go home, Myra, so

we can have a hand in it. I can help plan, and you can help perform. See?"

"I guess I do see, Bab Wallace! and there's some fee-money already, and the fines, you know—"

"And the supper bell—run down to supper, dear," Barbara said.

Both new ideas grew and flourished. The girls entered delightedly into the entertainment plan, and worked like beavers, and the result quite satisfied them all.

A large audience attended the modest little affair, and before the evening ended more than one enthusiastic friend added a bit of a free-will offering of his own. The nest-egg was working wonders.

Cross Corners suddenly woke up and lent the little enterprise kindly advice and sympathy, where more substantial aid was out of the question. Mrs. Hiram Dottle offered the girls a little unoccupied room on her ground-floor to be used as a library, and good Mrs. Bowker donated a bright rag carpet and one or two chairs. Some of the boys put their heads and tools together and began the making of some shelves, and even the milliner's little clerk had her share in the pleasant giving. She went over to the "library" one day when the girls were just putting it in order for its opening day, and took from under her shawl a vase of bright artificial flowers.

"I thought maybe they'd sort of chirk things up some," she said, timidly. "An' they won't need no waterin' an' tendin'. I had thought of havin' them red roses on my summer bunnit, but I'd a sight ruther they'd be over here helpin' along."

The day they went there was quite a crowd of sorrowful friends at the little station to see them off and wave their handkerchiefs, moist with tears, as long as the thread of smoke behind the train was visible.

Myra pressed her face close to the window, and watched the last Cross Corners landmark speed by, with a real lump in her throat and a troublesome mist on the pane.

"It's a good, kind place, Babsie," she said, softly. "We'll go back again some day, won't we?" A. H. D.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF NEW YORK STREETS.*

BY E. W. TOWNSEND.

II.—DANNY CAHILL, NEWSBOY.

THE sun had not risen over Long Island when Danny Cahill woke from his slumbers on the bale of hides on the East River pier. He woke with a happy start, but then there was a sudden fear that the great events of yesterday were only a dream.

Was it true, he began thinking—and the doubt almost made him cry—was it true that he had been rescued from the policeman by a man who had then given him, the poor little street arab, a dollar to start business with?

He had, or else he dreamed that he had, put those four silver quarters in his trousers pocket, and then tied a hard knot in the pocket so that the money could not roll out in the night.

He hardly dared to feel in his pocket to find out, but he did feel, slowly, at last, and, sure enough, the precious money was there. Then he gave such a yell of delight that the night watchman, who had not yet gone home, stuck his head out of his little office and called out, asking Danny if he had the nightmare.

"It's something better dan a night mare or a day mare," Danny answered. "I've got a stake."

Then he told the whole story to the watchman, and when he came to the name of the man, Mr. Kean, who had loaned him the dollar, the watchman said quickly: "Oh, that explains it. It's no more than right Kean should do a fair thing for your father's son. Dan Cahill helped Kean many's the time."

"How?" asked Danny, excitedly.

"Oh, it's all politics, which you couldn't understand if I told you," the watchman answered, walking back to his office, muttering to himself, "Kean is a good friend to have, for all the bad things they say against him."

"Good luck to you, Danny boy," the watchman said, as Danny bade him good-by. He ran down the street toward the Fulton Fish Market.

Before he had become a business man, as he already began to think he was, Danny often went down there early in the morning, and sometimes, for some little help he gave them, the marketmen took him to a restaurant and bought him coffee and a roll. This morning he had no time to waste with the marketmen, but went at once into a coffee-house and proudly ordered a cup of coffee and a roll, the first meal he had ever bought in his life.

"Who's going to pay for it?" the waiter asked.

"Never you fear," answered Danny. "I've got de price in me pocket."

As he was going to pay for it himself Danny bravely put four lumps of sugar in his coffee, although he had never before dared to put more than one. Then he was so eager to get up to the newspaper press-rooms and begin work, he scalded his mouth with the coffee, untied his pocket, paid five cents, and ran up to Newspaper Row, as the street is called, where a great many of the big New York papers are printed.

At the first office he reached there was a hurrying lot of men dragging big blue-striped bags filled with papers in wrappers, which they threw like sacks of potatoes into United States mail wagons, and those wagons were driven off with a rush and rattle to ferries and railroad depots. Other men and boys were hurrying just as fast with big tied bundles of papers, which they threw into delivery carts and wagons, and these were being driven off to all points of the city to supply dealers and news-stands.

Danny ran around to the room where the newsboys were being served with their papers, and found a crowd there, pushing and struggling for their places in the line on its way to the clerk who was selling the papers, and in a minute more he was running down toward Fulton Ferry, on the East River, with ten each of three different newspapers under his arm, yelling like an Indian. He was yelling just to practise his newspaper call, for he met very few people on his way at that time of the morning, and most of these were from the newspaper press-rooms.

At last, so much out of breath he could hardly call his papers, he reached the ferry entrance just as a boat came in from Brooklyn. Danny darted among the hundreds



HE WAS YELLING JUST TO PRACTISE HIS NEWSPAPER CALL.

* The first story of this series, "A Street Waif's Luck," appeared in No. 792.

of people offering his goods, feeling very important, but the people all seemed in too much of a hurry to even notice him. When the wagons began leaving the boat one driver asked Danny to toss him up a paper, and when he had done so the driver threw him down a cent, and the boy clutched it with delight.

"If I only sell one paper for each boat I'll get rich pretty soon, I don't tink," Danny said to himself.

Just then a man hurrying toward the ferry touched him on the shoulder, picked out three of his papers—two two-cent and one one-cent paper—banded him five cents, and passed on without a word, or even looking at him. That nearly took Danny's breath away, and he stared after the man, saying to himself, "He must be what dey calls a millionaire."

There were other boys at the ferry selling papers, and Danny noticed that they did not run about as he had done, but stood in one spot as the people passed from and to the boat, so he determined to do the same.

It was then his day's trouble began in earnest. The first place he took a stand was soon claimed as his "ground" by a much larger boy. Danny was inclined to make a formal declaration of war right then and there, but he reflected that the chances were very much in favor of his getting whipped, and while that would not have held him back, usually, he knew that commerce and war did not go well together. After he had been driven away from two or three places he began to think that there might be such a thing as too much caution, so he made up his mind to try just once more, no matter what might happen. He did not have to wait long to find out. He had not stood still more than a minute, calling his papers, when a boy came up to him, and said, "Get off here, kid."

"Off where?" asked Danny.

"Off de eart'," responded the other.

"Say, kid, you just put me off de eart'," Danny said, angrily; and, as he expected, there was war. He had to drop his papers, of course, and even in the thick of the fight he saw an outside boy run in and grab his whole stock in trade and scamper off with it. That made Danny so mad that he made up his mind to have the only satisfaction there was left, and he was having it in getting the best of the fight, when the police officer on post separated the boys, cuffed their ears, and ordered them to "get out of that."

That was an order which, of course, had to be obeyed, and Danny hurried back to the newspaper offices for a fresh supply of papers, but when he felt for his money to pay for them, he nearly fainted with horror at the discovery that in his rough-and-tumble fight all his money had been lost, or perhaps stolen, from his pocket. For a time he was so overcome by despair he could not even think.

It was the greatest tragedy of his life, and there seemed nothing he could do except to go back to the hateful begging. He hopelessly wandered down the water-front, but was only laughed at by the boys when he made a tearful search for his money. He thought for a moment that he would go to Mr. Kean, tell him the whole story, and ask for another stake.

"But he'd tink I was lyin' to him, and if he believed me he'd tink I was a no good, and dat is just as bad as lyin'," Danny thought, as he gave up that idea.

He slowly wandered down the water-front, wondering if the best thing for him would not be to drown, and end all his trouble.

"Only," he said to himself, "I don't know how to drown; I only know how to swim. So I just got to go on livin', and bein' a no good."

He kept on down by the wharves until he reached the Battery, as the park at the very end of New York is called. It was a warm day for May, and there were a number of well-dressed people there, enjoying the fresh air

and view on the broad stone quay which runs along edge of the park next to the water of the bay. Danny noticed one little boy about his own age who was running ahead of his father and mother playing with a pug-dog. Danny was thinking what a fine thing it would be to have such clothes as that boy had, when the dog suddenly took up the dog, and exclaiming, "I'm go to give Carlo a bath," threw it into the water.

The boy's mother screamed, and all of them ran the edge of the quay, where they shouted in despair the tide was high, and there was no rock above water for the struggling dog to land on, and the face of the quay was made of smooth stones.

"Say, did ye want to drown de pup?" asked Danny. "No," exclaimed the lady, in tears. "We want save him! Oh, how can we save him?"

"Say, dat's dead easy," Danny remarked, and as he did so he jumped in the water. He soon had the now most drowned Carlo in one hand, swam to the edge of the quay where he could stand on the submerged rock and held the collapsed dog up so that the lady's husband by lying down on the quay, could reach it. The dog was passed to its owner, who wrapped its wet and shivering form in her cloak, and then the man reached down again and pulled Danny up.

"Dere don't seem to be nobody to wrap me up in dere coats," remarked Danny, and started to walk away, when the gentleman called him back.

"You are a brave little fellow," the gentleman said, "and you must not go away until we have done something for you."

"He'll die of cold," said the lady, "for poor Carlo is shivering with all the wraps around him."

They hurried Danny across the park to a carriage which was waiting for them, and after Carlo had been wrapped in one of the carriage robes, Danny was wrapped in another, and bundled into the carriage.

"Now we'll drive you home; where do you live?" the gentleman asked.

"I ain't got no home, and I lost me dollar," Danny said, beginning to cry, though why he couldn't tell.

As the carriage drove up Broadway the lady and gentleman made Danny tell them his story, and when he had finished the tale of his day's misfortune the gentleman said, after a whispered consultation with his wife, "I think the best thing for us to do is to drive to Mr. Kean's office," and he gave the coachman that order.

"But he'll tink I'm a no good," objected Danny.

"I guess not, after I've told him what you did for us," answered the gentleman, smilingly.

At Mr. Kean's office Danny and the gentleman went in, and the carriage drove off. The gentleman went into Mr. Kean's private office, and while they were still there the carriage returned, and the little boy came in with a bundle. He gave it to Danny, and said manfully, "I'm very sorry what I did made you get your clothes wet, and as it was my fault I've brought you a new suit."

Danny ran around behind a desk, and was dressed in his new suit when Mr. Kean and the gentleman came out of the private office. The gentleman shook hands with Danny, and went away with his son.

"Well, Danny," said Mr. Kean, "you made some good friends to-day."

"I should tink I has," replied Danny. "Look at de new harness de kid rigged me out in. Say, I look like a dude wid me whole shoes and stockin's, don't I?"

"Yes; and there is something more than that for you which the gentleman left with me," Mr. Kean said. "Here is part of it for another start," and he handed the astonished Danny a dollar.

"All dis for a pup what was so fat it couldn't swim!" Mr. Kean did not tell Danny that the gentleman had left five dollars for him, thinking it better to keep the

balance until Danny should have learned his business, and knew how to keep his money.

Again Danny started in business as soon as the afternoon papers were out. He did not go near the ferries or bridge again, for he knew he would have too many fights on his hand on account of his new clothes, and he had had fight enough for one day. He went further up town on Broadway, and worked until his unaccustomed shoes made his feet sore, but he was succeeding, and forgot all about the pain.

Tired and happy he went to the Newsboys' Lodging-house that evening, had a big hot supper there for six cents, and for six more hired one deck of a double-deck cot, sleeping for the first time in his life on a spring mattress and between sheets.

"Dis must be de way dose millionaires live," Danny dreamily thought as he fell asleep.

He soon learned the tricks of the newsboys' trade so well that by Saturday he paid Mr. Kean the borrowed dollar, and had enough capital left to continue business with. He saved his money with an object, for Mr. Kean had promised him that as soon as he had saved enough money to buy a uniform with he would find him a position as a messenger-boy.

"And den," thought Danny, "I'll go over de whole city and see all de sights. Perhaps I'll even see de animals up in Central Park."

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

BY KATHARINE DE FOREST.

HER Serene Majesty Wilhelmina Hélène Pauline Marie, Queen of the Netherlands, is now a charming young girl of fourteen, whose life so far has been as unclouded and happy as though no cares of state were hanging over her head for the future.

She has no public duties to fulfil, and she will have none until she comes of age and is crowned. She lives very much as do other young girls of her age, except that much more is expected of her, and she is brought up with a constant preoccupation of her future destinies.

Her life is very simple. She rises at seven, goes the first thing to say good-morning to her mother, and then at eight has her breakfast, after which for three hours she is busy with her lessons and masters. Her first governess until she was four years old was a French woman, Mademoiselle Liotard, who was then replaced by the Queen's English governess, Miss Winter, who has been with her ever since. Queen Wilhelmina is very bright and clever, and studies hard, so as to learn everything that the ruler of a kingdom should know.

First and foremost the world expects of a Queen a good knowledge of foreign languages, so as to be able to talk with diplomats of all nations in their own tongues, and the little Princess before she was ten years old spoke fluently French, Dutch, English, and German, and had a fair knowledge of Italian. She has masters in everything that goes to make up a girl's education, including music, drawing, riding, and dancing. And besides, she is taught all about her army and navy, her colonies and their products, and whatever interests or touches the lives of her people both at home and abroad.

After lessons are over she takes a walk with Miss Winter and her favorite dog, a large hound named Swell. Never was a dog more devoted to his mistress than is Swell to the little Queen. While she is busy with her masters he keeps guard at the door of her room, and no one can make him leave his place. As soon as she comes out after the lessons are over he gambols round her, and runs on before her to the garden with an air of showing her the way and protecting her.

The little Queen is very fond of pets, of which she has

a great number, and she never forgets to go every day and carry some dainty to her horses, ducks, pigeons, chickens, and the beautiful fawns in the château park.

Like most little girls who have no brothers and sisters to play with, she is extremely devoted to a large family of dolls. A charming little Swiss chalet has been built for her in the park at Apeldoorn, and her play-rooms are there. She treats her dolls exactly like children, and is very anxious that they should not grow up to be ignorant or stupid. All the lessons that she studies herself she tries to teach to them. Around the chalet there is a pretty garden full of fruit and vegetables, in which the Princess works, and when she was younger it was no unusual sight to see her there surrounded by the elder children of her family, whom she was trying to have learn the names of all the different products. One of her favorite occupations used to be making sand pies, which she offered with great gravity to her mother and the ladies of the court when they came out to visit her. She never leaves the chalet without gathering a bouquet of flowers for her mother's room.

A certain part of every day the Queen spends with her mother, who always reads to her a chapter out of a beautiful Bible, superbly printed, and filled with magnificent engravings. After lunch, which is served at half past twelve, the Queen goes out to drive behind four pretty ponies, and she handles the reins with great skill herself. When she was a very little girl her mother made her a present of a tiny riding-pony called "Baby." The little Princess grew taller and larger, while Baby remained the same size, so the young Queen now mounts a new pony, named "Gazelle," and Baby is left to reach a happy old age in the royal stables.

It must not be supposed that even outside of lessons all the Princess's time is spent in play. In the first place, as the Dutch people care a great deal for order and cleanliness, she is obliged to keep her chalet and all her belongings in perfect order herself. She has learned, too, to make her dolls' clothes, and is a beautiful seamstress; and her mother, who does exquisite embroidery and tapestry, has taught her little daughter the same accomplishment.

Every week Queen Wilhelmina receives an allowance of pocket-money. Part of this she gives to the poor, whom she visits herself. Out of the rest she must buy all the presents she gives, and each year some of the money is spent in getting ready a Christmas tree for twelve children belonging to the servants of the palace. The tree is raised in all its glittering splendor in the Swiss chalet; and what wonder that the happy children are devoted to a little Queen who has knitted the warm mittens and tippets they receive with her own fingers, and paid for their toys out of her own pocket-money!

One thing that the Queen Regent was determined upon was to give her little daughter the delight of playing with other children of the same age. The story goes that Queen Wilhelmina was once overheard saying to a refractory doll, "Now be good and quiet, because if you aren't I will turn you into a queen, and then you'll have nobody at all to play with." An only child is apt to be a little lonely. And the Queen misses all the fun of going to school with other girls, and having intimate friends among them, with whom she can share all her pleasures and "talk over things"; but, at the same time, it must not be supposed she is always alone.

Every now and then Queen Emma gives a party for her little daughter, made up of the children in the neighborhood of the château. They all have good times together, without the least stiffness or etiquette, and the tall old trees in the park resound with merry voices and gay laughter. In the winter Queen Wilhelmina may be seen skating on the lakes in the Hague with other children, and one of her greatest pleasures is to show her skill at snowballing.



THE QUEEN IN PEASANT COSTUME.

Like most little girls, Queen Wilhelmina is very fond of "dressing up." Was there ever a child yet, I wonder, who did not like to see herself in other clothes besides her own? and queens, it seems, are no exception to the rule. The Queen loves to put on a peasant's dress and parade about in it. On one of her last birthdays her mother made her a present of a magnificent costume, like one worn by her ancestress, Louise de Coligny. In this she has a really grand air, like a queen, and she says she thinks, dressed in that way, she inspires a great deal of respect from her dolls.

But it is on her birthday, the 31st of August, that the little Queen's happiness is at its height. Lessons, work, and tasks of all sorts are put away for the moment, and the entire day is given up to enjoying herself, and making other children happy. The château gates are thrown wide open, and the children of the country about are allowed to frolic at their will in the park, while a certain number of Queen Wilhelmina's friends are invited to spend the day with her. It is she herself who receives her little visitors and presides over the beautiful table spread for their refreshment, and it is she who is made to feel responsible for their entertainment.

All sorts of delightful things are done to amuse them. The birthday fête is generally celebrated at the Château de Loo, the favorite residence of the royal family; and there are drives behind the Queen's ponies, promenades in her boat *Emma*, visits to her pigeon-house and all her pets, not forgetting the dolls.

In spite of all that is done to give her a happy childhood, the small Queen is not to be envied. She is a simple, winsome little girl, but at the same time a Queen, and treated as such by all around her, while the responsibilities of her position are always looming up before her. Even driving out behind four ponies becomes anything but a pleasure when one must think of

nothing but bowing to her people as she passes. One day the Queen was found with all her dolls packed into a box that she was pretending was a carriage. "You have been so naughty to-day," she was overheard to say, "that I positively must punish you. I shall take you to drive through all the principal streets in the Hague, and you must bow to every person you meet. You won't like it—I don't—but you *must* do it, because it's a punishment." Even though shielded as much as possible by her devoted mother, the young Queen has a much more difficult place to fill than that of other girls.

She has a great deal of spirit, and a quickness of comprehension that will stand her in good stead some day, as you can see by this little story. She was the idol of her old father during his lifetime, and one day, going into his private room, she found the King walking the floor with his hands clasped behind his back, in a thoroughly bad humor. He paid no attention to her as she entered. "Are you angry, papa?" she asked, going up to him. Her father either did not hear, or pretended not to do so. The Princess stood for a second, and then crossing her own little hands behind her back, she began to walk resolutely up and down by the side of her father, without saying a word. The King made two or three turns more, and then, looking down at his small companion, he suddenly burst out laughing, and caught her up in his arms, with every trace of his ill-nature gone. This shows the woman of resource who understands managing men.

THE DETECTIVE IN FICTION AND REALITY.

BY INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES,
Superintendent of the New York Police Force.

I AM asked to write for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE about a detective's work, what it is like, and how it is done. Let me begin by saying that it is not at all like the notion I had formed of it when I was one of the young people myself. Then I liked to read about the mysterious detective who was everywhere just at the right time, and guessed without half trying what it would have taken common people years to find out by the closest kind of thinking. I suppose boys of to-day like him as well as I did. I judge so from the way he tiptoes about in the books yet, just as he did then. He is such an old friend that it seems almost like treachery to denounce him. But I am afraid there is no help for it. The detective of fiction is a fraud. He doesn't exist; in fact, he is impossible. There never was anybody like him anywhere.

The detective of real life does not walk about in disguise with a stage-whisper. Very far from it. He is a man of the most practical kind, commonplace he might seem to some of my disappointed young readers; but that would not be quite true, except in so far as devotion to business and to the interests of those who place their trust in him is commonplace, which, unfortunately, it is not yet. I speak of the successful detective, of course. The fact is that with him the detection of crime is a business, a matter of hard work, of close reasoning, and, above all, of a persistence that refuses to acknowledge defeat. He succeeds by the exercise of faculties which would make him succeed in any other line, as a doctor, for instance, a storekeeper, or a lawyer, and pretty much in the same way. He must have the ambition to find out all there is in his line, and the patience to master it all. It requires a lot of patience, for there is something to learn for him as long as he lives. His is the study that of all is most exacting, the study of human nature.

He must know the secret springs of men's actions, the motives that made them criminals, their habits of thought as well as their haunts, and the company they keep. Aptness for this sort of work is important—a man who has none of it cannot become a successful detective—but

study is even more so. It is, as I said, a matter of reasoning. Guessing one's way through a mystery is all very well in books, but not outside of them. Disguises are risky and impracticable. The real detective may venture upon an occasional pair of false whiskers in the night-time to conceal his identity, but he knows that those whom he pursues have sharp eyes and quick wits, and places very little reliance upon such subterfuges. His reason and experience tell him that they are worrying quite as much to escape him as he is to catch them, and that if he keeps a cool head he has the advantage of them. The old adage "the more hurry the less speed" is as true of thieves as of honest men. In his haste and anxiety to get away the thief or murderer will sooner or later drop some hint that betrays him. He cannot help it. Fear has warped his judgment. The detective knows it, and has only to keep his eyes and ears open and his mind bright and at work to make sure of catching up in the end.

It is this knowledge which makes him attach a value to facts that seem to the untrained eye unimportant, and which persuades the credulous sometimes that he is possessed of an extra sense denied to others. It is not so. It is only common-sense put to extra good use. It is his training that does it, just as the doctor's training enables him to diagnose an unsuspected disease from symptoms that meant nothing to the uninstructed. Straws show which way the wind blows. They sometimes show the detective which way his prisoner is planning to escape. I say "his prisoner" purposely. It is in that spirit a detective must go to his work. From the moment he is put upon the trail of a criminal he must be his prisoner as surely as though he already had the handcuffs on him. In his lexicon there must be no such word as fail, though it takes him years to run down his man. It is that kind of tenacity which made the Bank of England secure against thieves. They know that the Bank will hunt them to the uttermost ends of the earth, and spend a million to avenge the theft of a thousand. It is that sort of determination which broke up, after years of patient effort that often seemed hopeless, the band of burglars that robbed the Manhattan Savings-Bank in New York, and with it the whole system of organized thieving which long had made the city unsafe.

That great crime was an illustration of the kind of game of wits against wits the detective plays with the thieves, of the qualities that win it, and the service the men are to the community. The bank, with its well-filled vault, had tempted thieves for years. They had made more than one attempt upon it, but it had successfully resisted them. Band after band had been organized with the object of robbing it, and been as often dispersed, accidentally, its members being caught in other thieving.

One master mind dominated it all, and always reorganized his scattered forces with the old aim. He finally accomplished it. His men broke into the bank one Saturday night, bound the janitor, and robbed the vault of bonds worth nearly three millions of dollars. They were registered bonds, and proved worthless to the thieves. It was characteristic that for their long years of labor, with the jail always as the alternative of success, they got in the end only a paltry few thousand dollars, not more than any one of them could have spent in a week of rioting. There is no poorer paid trade anywhere than that of the thief, and the chances are all against him. However, in the long fight that followed with the police, and which ended in the conviction of the burglars, they showed that they had both brains and pluck. Their influence reached even to Washington, where Congress was debating a bill to issue duplicates of the stolen bonds, and so to make all their labor go for nothing. The burglars were finally caught, but it was years before the last one was run down and captured. All of that time my men were on his trail, and though they often lost it, they found it again. Their orders were to fight it out on that line to the end, and they did. The result was, as I said, to demonstrate that New York was no longer to be a rendezvous for thieves, and they took the hint. We have had no bank burglary here since.

The good detective is a man of resources. He must know how to adapt himself to emergencies that are liable to arise suddenly, demanding to be as promptly met. A detective who hesitates is lost, or his "case" is, which is the same thing. The blackmailer Welles, who wrote threatening letters to Jay Gould, eluded all the traps we set for him, and had fairly exhausted our patience and ordinary resources, when the novel experiment was tried of moving upon him *en masse*, as it were. Noticing that all his letters were stamped at one post-office station,



THE REAL AND THE UNREAL DETECTIVE.

and having tricked him by an advertisement in the "Personal" column of a newspaper into sending one the next day, we posted a letter-carrier at each letter-box in the district, and a detective between every two. The letter-carrier had a key to the box, and was to open it every time that a letter was dropped, and before the person who had dropped it was out of sight. If it was addressed to Jay Gould he was to raise his hat as a signal to the detective watching him. If not, he was to slip a rubber band over it so that the next might be more readily identified. It took some two hundred men to carry out this plan, but it succeeded, and black-mail ceased to be a safe or paying business in New York. In an hour we had our man. It is results that count in the detective business, and justly. No effort or sacrifice is too great to achieve such an end.

Though the detective of the story-books does not exist, there is no lack of romance in the life of his real brother. Fact is indeed often stranger than fiction to those who look on at the development of a detective "case." Only the actors in it have no time to look for dramatic situations. If they had, they would not be dramatic. Unger, the murderer of his partner in the butchering business, brought to police headquarters with blood-stained hands, stubbornly refusing to speak, knowing that only his own tongue could betray him to the gallows, was a wretched assassin with apparently no spark of humanity or conscience about him. But when he was put in a cell filled with all the accessories of his crime—the blood-stained lounge upon which he cut up his victim, the saw and the hatchet he did it with, where he could not sit down without touching some of it—and cried for mercy, his sudden soul stirred to its bottom by an aroused conscience, and tore at the bars, clamoring, begging to be let out lest he go mad, confessing all, he became at once an intensely dramatic figure full of human interest, arousing pity in the mind that had room for only disgust for him and his crime but a moment before.

So with McGloin, "tough" at twelve, and murderer at nineteen. Within a week after the murder we knew which one of the gang had shot the saloon-keeper who came upon them while they were sacking his place. But we watched them more than six months before getting the proof we needed to convict. Finally I had the gang arrested, and had McGloin brought to me. I sat with my back to the window. Where he sat he commanded a full view of the yard. While I talked, a door slammed down there, and there were steps on the pavement. I knew that one of his three comrades who saw him fire the shot was being brought handcuffed across the yard. I saw McGloin start, and asked him what was the matter. "Nothing," he said, and tried to look unconcerned. But he turned pale as death when, a little later, the second of his comrades was brought in between two policemen, and when the door slammed the third time, and the last of the witnesses was led across the yard, he fell at my knee, and begged me to save him from the gallows. He lived to recover his hardihood enough to invite, on the night before he was hanged, the detective who arrested him to "come up to the wake; they are going to have a high old time at the house." But that was bravado, not bravery. Murderers are rarely brave, though they may die "game."

When all is said, there is one more quality the detective needs, the one without which the best points in any man are, so to speak, loose-jointed. I mean discretion. He must know how to hold his tongue, an excellent thing for any man or boy to learn. He must acquire the habit of hearing without speaking. And he hears so much which it were better for all concerned to forget, that he comes by-and-by to resemble an iceberg in this, that the biggest, most important part of his work lies out of sight where no man ever sees or hears of it. But

the iceberg is a danger to navigation, particularly the hidden end of it. In that the good detective does not resemble the iceberg. What he hides, he hides for the good and for the credit of a world whose shortcomings he learns early to pity. So far from being an obstruction or a danger he is just the reverse. The world could ill get along without the faithful detective to-day. I think it could not get along at all.

If I have taken from my young readers a fancied idol, because it was false, I have given them something instead that is worth knowing and keeping. The bogus hero of the story-books has led more than one boy astray, and made altogether more mischief than all his vaunted smartness could repair were he real. My advice to the boys of to-day, if they will take it, is to let the lynx-eyed sleuth with the catlike step severely alone. To many boys who were full of promise once, he has served as the introduction to the acquaintance of the real detective on business which neither they nor he relished.

BUNKEY, MONKEY, AND JIMMIEBOY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

NEXT to his father and mother and his aunts and uncles and his meals there was nothing Jimmieboy liked much better than Bunkey, unless, perchance, it happened to be Monkey. The three were always together. Bunkey—who began life as a canton-flannel rabbit, and whose name of Bunnie had been changed by Jimmieboy to Bunkey for reasons best known to himself—was a very quiet creature. It was said by some of the other toys in the nursery that Bunkey was stuffed with cotton, and certain it was that his ears were made of kid; but he was very inoffensive in spite of it all, and never quarrelled with anybody except by request. Monkey was not quite so retiring in his disposition as Bunkey—possibly because he was made of plush, and had real kitten's fur for hair, and a large rubber elastic to swing on, all of which tended to make him proud. Nevertheless, he was a most agreeable companion, and always, even when engaged in one of the quarrels I have already mentioned, wore a smile on his face that was truly captivating. Jimmieboy's father once said that the smile was a misfit one, being at least four sizes too large for Monkey's face, but this made very little difference after you had known Monkey for a few days.

It was at night that Jimmieboy most strongly showed his attachment to Bunkey and Monkey. For some unexplained reason he could never go to sleep unless his two friends were at his side.

So it happened that on one beautiful moonlight night last summer, after a day of very hard play together, Jimmieboy and Bunkey and Monkey lay sleeping in the brass crib alongside of the big oak bedstead in which Jimmieboy's papa slept. One of them was snoring very loud, which one I could not at the moment say, though I suspected it was Jimmieboy, since I had never seen a canton-flannel rabbit or a plush monkey that could snore quite so successfully as the snore that night was being snored, and in a moment I knew that my suspicions were correct. The noise echoing through the room waked Bunkey up.

"Dear me," he said, "what a dreadful racket! It sounds as though somebody was trying to saw the house in two. Hi! Monkey."

Monkey opened his eyes, sleepily, and shoved the bedclothes away from his smile, which was still there, broader even.

"What?" he said.

"I can't sleep with all that noise going on, and I don't see how you can," said Bunkey.

"I couldn't if I had heard it," said Monkey; "and now that I do hear it, I can't. Who's doing it, anyhow?"

"I thought you were, at first," returned Bunkey; "but as you are awake, and as wide-awake people don't snore, I suppose it must be Jimmieboy. Shall I wake him up?"

"No," answered Monkey, by this time thoroughly wide awake. "Don't let's wake him. Let's take him off for a moonlight walk."

"First-rate scheme," returned Bunkey.

"Elegant," murmured Jimmieboy, in his sleep. "Just what I'd like. Where shall we walk to?"

"Well, I don't know," said Bunkey. "Perhaps

"We'll skip across the deep blue sea,
Or scale the mountain height;
We'll caper to the River Dee,
Or climb the moonbeams bright;
We'll run across to ancient Rome,
We'll seek the Scottish lakes—
At any rate, we'll get back home
In time for buckwheat cakes."

"Exactly," said Monkey. "We'll do that, unless

"We trot about old China's walls,
Or rush through Germany,
Or visit Montmorenci Falls,
And thence to Tuscany;
Or out to see the frosty time
Upon the Northern Coast—
But surely we'll be back in time
For hard-boiled eggs and toast."

As Monkey recited these lines Jimmieboy seemed to see himself walking down a wooded lane. On one side of him walked Monkey, and on the other hopped the long-eared Bunkey, and never before had either of them acted in so undignified a manner. Bunkey, for instance, would stand on the tip of his ears, and recite such ludicrous rhymes as this:

"I met an Ant one summer's day,
And, mercy, how he wept!
His tears quite flooded up the way,
As down his cheeks they crept."

"See here, oh, Ant," I said to him.
"Play tell me why you cry?
Is it for trouble or a whim
That tears suffuse your eyes?"

"'Tis disappointment, gentle sir,"
He answered, sobbingly.

"I am an Ant, when I'd prefer
An Uncle much to be."

And Monkey well, his behavior was absolutely unaccountable. He would stand on the extreme point of his tail and whirl and whirl about until Jimmieboy was afraid he would turn into a top, and then he'd fall flat on the ground, never once forgetting his smile, and, beating time with all four of his legs, he would sing songs like this:

"If I looked like a battle-axe,
A shovel, or a rake;
The fish that furnish seal-skin saques;
A cat or box of carpet-tacks;
A gaudy rattle-snake;

"A green-house or a coffee-pot;
An arm-chair or a gnu;
A hammock or a corner lot,
A tennis-court or piece of shot,
I don't know what I'd do—

"For I do think of all the things
There are on land or sea—
From cisterns up to noble Kings—
The finest with or without wings
Are things that look like me."

"It's a good thing you are satisfied," said Bunkey. "I admire that in you. To be satisfied under the circumstances would be too much of a strain on me.

"For candidly, oh, Monkey dear,
Although you're very witty,
I really must remark, I fear,
You're not what I call pretty."

"No," returned Monkey. "I don't think myself that I am pretty. I am beautiful. But where shall we go?"

"Let us take Jimmieboy down that rabbit-hole I told you about," replied Bunkey, "and show him the Undergroundies, and the Rootie-tootie birds, and the wonderful jewel-cave where the King of the Rabbits lives."

"No," returned Monkey. "It is too damp under the ground. He'll catch cold there. Let's take him up that Coconut-tree I was talking to you about night before last—the one that leads to the country of the Upinthearies."

"I cannot consent to that," said Bunkey. "If he should lose his grip while he was climbing and fall he might break his leg or arm.

"And better a cold in the head say I,
And better a stuffed-up nose
Than a broken pate,
And an injured gait
From a couple of fractured toes."

"But how are we going to settle our difference, then?"

"I don't know."

"We'll have to leave it to Jimmieboy, I suppose," said Monkey, with a sigh. "Though there isn't any doubt that I am right."

"That reminds me of a conundrum," said Bunkey. "When is right wrong?"

"I don't know," observed Monkey. "When?"

"When you ought to go to the left," returned Bunkey. "I guess we'll have to leave it to Jimmieboy."

So it was decided to let Jimmieboy settle the question for himself. Bunkey led him to a fallen tree at the side of the road, and sang to him as follows.

"If you would see a wonderful land,
A land all covered with gold,
The home most grand of a happy band,
A people of wealth untold—

"If you would see why the rose-bush grows,
The source of its sweet perfume,
You'll turn your toes whither I propose,
Where the Undergroundies bloom.

"We'll slip right down in this rabbit-hole,
We'll visit the oak-tree's root.
We'll meet the droll and musical mole,
That plays on a one-stringed lute,

"We'll see the mines of copper and tin,
Of silver and coal and lead;
We'll see the grin of the mannikin
Who sits at the Nation's head.

"So come, oh, come! Come along with me,
And come as quick as you can,
If you would see an Undergroundy
Who's never been seen by man."

"Indeed I will," cried Jimmieboy, with a broad smile. "I've often said I'd like to go underground some time and see what there was there. Go ahead. I'll follow."

"Wait," observed Monkey, laying his hand gently on Jimmieboy's arm to detain him—"wait till you hear what I want you to do.

"If you would witness a wondrous sight,
A sight that is fair to see,
Just take up your flight with me to-night,
And climb up this leafy tree.

"It leads to the land that knows no cares,
A land that is filled with joys,
That teems with pears and humorous bears,
And millions of funny toys.

"Its streets are all paved with precious stones,
Of sugar the houses are made,
And nobody groans with aching bones,
And none of its flowers fade.

"The boys all do whatever they please;
The brooks are teeming with fish;
There's miles of cheese and honey and peas,
And all of the jam you wish.

"So come, oh, come! Come along with me,
And come as quick as you can,
If you would see an L-A-N-D
That's never been seen by man."

"Perfectly lovely!" cried Jimmieboy, clapping his hands with glee, and rushing to the foot of the tree. "Give me a boost, Monkey."

"Hold on!" yelled Bunkey, grabbing Jimmieboy by his gown.

"Hold on. You were going down the rabbit-hole with me. Why, my dear boy, if you don't go down there with me now you can never go, and then you'll miss seeing the fountain-head of all the maple-syrup there is in the world; you'll miss seeing Diamond River, which is an underground stream not far down that flows along like water, only it's all diamonds, and the most beautiful ones that ever were made; you'll miss meeting the Elves of the forests, the fairies of the flower-roots—in fact, you'll miss everything."

"I'd forgotten all about that," said Jimmieboy, loosing his



BUNKEY, MONKEY, AND JIMMIEBOY TAKE A MOONLIGHT WALK.

hold on the tree, and running to the mouth of the rabbit-hole. "Of course I can't miss that. How do I do? Just jump right in?"

"Yes," returned Bunkey.

"NO!" roared Monkey. "If you go with him you won't see my place up the tree. Mind, I tell you. This is the only chance ever afforded any boy to go there, and if you say no this time it's no forever; and I can tell you I wouldn't miss seeing a country where taffy hangs from the trees, and doesn't cost a cent; where soda-water, flavored any way you want it, can be pumped right out of the ground, and where there is a free circus going on all the time, and no school to interfere with it—I wouldn't miss that for all the world."

"Nor I," said Jimmieboy, leaving the rabbit-hole, and standing very much perplexed in the middle of the road. "But I—I'd kind of like to see Bunkey's place."

"Then why don't you come?" said Bunkey.

"Because I want to see Monkey's place," sobbed Jimmieboy.

"Oh, come along," said Bunkey and Monkey together.

And each of the two small creatures took hold of one of Jimmieboy's hands and tried to get him to go his way, and so hard did they pull that Jimmieboy thought they would tear him in two. To save himself from that horrible fate Jimmieboy hurled them from him, and—well, Monkey hit a vase on the mantel-piece, and as for Bunkey, I am sorry to say that Bunkey landed squarely on Jimmieboy's papa's favorite eye, which made him cry out so loudly that Jimmieboy waked up and found that it was all a dream. That is, it was all a dream excepting as to the broken vase on the mantel-piece and papa's eye.

I know that these two things really happened, because the vase and eye were mine.

"MAMMA, is it true that they wear snow-shoes in Alaska?"

"Certainly, Teddie."

"Don't they melt when they go in the house?"

WILLIE'S INDEPENDENCE.

I've a wheel that can cleave the air,
And a sled that can fly like a shot;
So, to tell you the truth, I do not care
Whether it snows or not!

VIOLINIST. "Alice, you look very sweet this evening. What makes your hair so curly?"

LITTLE ALICE. "I guess because you have been playing."

VIOLINIST. "Dear child! But what can that have to do with it?"

LITTLE ALICE. "I heard mamma say that your playing was enough to make *anybody's* hair curl."

JIMMIE WATT.

LITTLE Jimmie Watt watched the cover of a pot
Dancing up and down like a dandy;
Then he went and learned a trade,
And the first steam-engine made,
And the whole world found it very handy.

SUPERINTENDENT (to citizen sweeping the streets in the hot sunlight). "You'd better put on your hat, Mike; this blazing sunshine will affect your brain."

MIKE. "Sure, do you think I'd be sweeping the streets if I had any brains, sir?"

A CITY BOY'S YEARNING.

I WISH we could move right away from this flat,
Where in five little rooms we are bound,
For I'd like to be out in the country once more,
To dig a big hole in the ground.

HE WAS THE THIRD.

"He's your first cousin, isn't he?" said Mrs. Dimling to six-year-old Freddy, alluding to a new baby of whom Freddy was very fond.

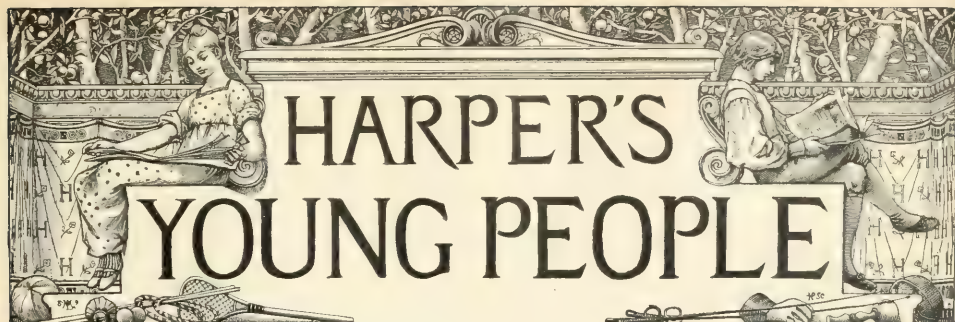
"Oh no," replied Freddy. "I had two cousins before he was born."

TOMMY'S PERPLEXITY.

I SEE the poor sheepie that stands in the rain,
And this is the thing I am thinking,
"Oh how can he get all his wool soaking wet
And still keep from shrinking and shrinking?"



AIN'T IT JEST BLESSED WE'VE GOT DIS UMBERRILLA?



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A GUEST OF TWO NATIONS.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

WHEN Harry Carpenter stood in the great telegraph office in New York talking with the manager, the clerks at the neighboring desks hardly took the trouble to look at him. He was only applying for a position as operator, and there were dozens of such applicants every day. But if they had known what was soon to happen they would have looked at him very carefully, and most likely they would have cheered him, and carried him about in triumph. For it is not every New York boy who by a turn of his hand can save scores of lives, and set a navy in motion, and put the whole world to talking, and have the commander of a fleet take him under his special protection. All those things Harry Carpenter was soon to do.

Harry had heard the familiar answer that there were a hundred applicants for every vacant position, and he

was about to retire, disappointed, when somehow it came out that he could speak Spanish. That put a new face upon the matter at once, for the manager had been requested to send a Spanish-speaking operator to Cuba, to assist in the office of a friendly line at Santiago de Cuba. Harry was willing to go, and as he readily satisfied the manager of his ability, the arrangement was soon made. There are some Americans alive to-day, and some Englishmen too, who owe their lives to that appointment.

Harry was at this time a little past sixteen years old, with the necessity for work before him, and no capital but his public-school education and his knowledge of telegraphy.

The Spanish ways of Cuba seemed strange to him at first; but there was plenty of work for him in the office, and he hardly had time even to enjoy the beautiful scen-

ery. It was not only the land wires of the island that he had to work upon, but the cable running over to Jamaica, and the other cable to Spain; and cable work was new to him. Nearly every day there was something exciting, for Cuba was in a very unsettled state, and a large part of the business was sending official messages, often in cipher. But the beginning of the real excitement came when Harry had been on the island about six weeks.

That was the day when a Spanish officer, with two soldiers, marched into the office and announced that all work must stop.

"The line is seized by the government, gentlemen," the officer said. "No despatches whatever are to be sent out until further orders."

As all business in the office was suspended Harry had nothing to do, and he walked out with another young operator and found the streets full of soldiers. Civilians were gathered in groups trying to discuss a situation that nobody understood.

"What is it? What does it all mean?" he asked a dozen times, but no one could answer. Never before had he seen such crowds of people in the streets of old Santiago, and everybody was asking the same questions, and no one was answering.

Late in the afternoon the boom of a big gun from the Castle showed that a war-ship had arrived in the harbor.

Harry followed the crowds down to the water front, and there he saw a sight that made him wonder more than ever.

For there, not far from the wharf, lay a big Spanish iron-clad, and close by the iron-clad a small merchant steamer flying the American flag. The smaller steamer was so riddled with shots and so torn in the rigging that it was only too plain she had been fired upon and captured.

Before long preparations were begun for bringing people ashore from the merchant vessel, which had swung around so that Harry could read the name upon her stern. She was called the *Virginus*. Troops marched down and cleared the streets and the wharves, and people from the ship were brought ashore in lighters. Harry had been hustled back by the soldiers, but he was still near enough to see that some of the men landed were Americans, and that a number of them looked astonishingly like New-Yorkers. They were all handcuffed, and slowly they were marched from the wharf up to the gloomy old city prison, where they disappeared behind the big gates. There must have been sixty or seventy of them, Harry thought.

When he returned to the office that evening Harry found two of the soldiers still in charge, and no work to be done. But the secret of the seizure was out.

"No work for a week, Harry!" his companion of the afternoon told him. "Not a single message to be handled for a week! That's a filibuster, that *Virginus* they captured, loaded with arms, and manned by Englishmen and Americans and Cubans who were coming here to raise a revolution. The Governor is going to shoot ten of them every morning at sunrise till they're all gone, and not a despatch is to be sent out till they're all finished. He's not going to have anybody come here and interfere with him."

"What!" Harry exclaimed, "going to shoot them! Without any trial, to shoot a lot of Englishmen and Americans! Why, he'll get himself into a terrible scrape. What will the English and American consuls have to say?"

"Oh, they've said all they could," his companion answered. "They've protested, and that's all they can do, because they can't get a message through this office for love or money. At sunrise to-morrow morning you'll see the first ten shot, if you're down by the slaughter-house wall. That's where they're going to kill them."

It made Harry feel sick at heart to hear that his countrymen were to be butchered in this way without even a trial. Somehow he seemed to have a personal responsibility in the matter, because he knew how to use the telegraph wires. But he was a solitary boy without friends, and what could he do against the great Spanish nation.

Next morning there was more excitement in the streets than ever. When Harry went out the people were all discussing it. They had been down at the slaughter-house, thousands of them, and had seen the first ten unfortunate men—Americans and Englishmen, and men of other nations—stood up against the wall and shot to death.

There was no work to be done that morning, but Harry remained in the office with the soldiers, for he disliked to go out and hear people talk about the shooting. The officer was gone, and only the two privates were on guard. Several other operators were about, but each had affairs of his own to interest him. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning when there came a commotion in the street, just outside the office windows. A regiment of soldiers were marching past. It was the regiment the two guards belonged to, and one of them went outside the door, while the other pressed up close to the window. The operators crowded to the windows, too, and for a moment the instruments were left unguarded.

It was just for a moment, but Harry Carpenter seized the opportunity. Standing with his back to the operating-table, and apparently giving all his attention to the crowd outside, he reached one hand behind him and felt for the key of the Jamaica cable.

"Kst., Kst.," flashed under the Caribbean Sea, that being the call for Kingston, Jamaica. But Harry's eyes were fixed upon the window. Apparently he was absorbed in watching the soldiers, and the noise of their marching drowned the little sound of his key.

The signal made a sensation in the Kingston office. For nearly twenty-four hours the operator had been trying to call up Santiago, but Santiago would not respond. He did not know that Spanish soldiers had prevented Santiago from answering. Instantly he took the key and flashed back the reply familiar to all operators, "Ay—ay, ay—ay."

Still, with all his attention fixed upon the soldiers, leaning carelessly back against the table, and yet watching the guard inside, for he knew that to be caught at this meant a bullet for him, Harry ticked off his little message to Jamaica:

"Terrible times here," the message said. "They're murdering Englishmen, Americans, and men of all nations."

That was all; and the sending it took only a moment or two. When it was done and the key clicked, Harry was still leaning against the table, still watching the soldiers as they marched past.

Before the last company of soldiers had passed the Santiago telegraph office, the operator in Kingston, Jamaica, was pondering over the sheet of paper lying before him, upon which he had just written the few words received:

"Terrible times here. They're murdering Englishmen, Americans, and men of all nations."

Beside him was the key of the private wire leading to the Governor's house, and almost in the same breath Harry Carpenter's despatch was on its way to the British Governor of Jamaica.

It is doubtful whether Harry would have enjoyed his late Cuban breakfast that morning if he had known that while he was eating it the Governor of Jamaica was preparing to send his message five thousand miles under the sea to the British Admiralty.

The last cup of coffee would certainly have choked

him if he had known while drinking it that at that moment the Lords of the Admiralty in London had their powerful heads together over his despatch, and had concluded that it was of importance, and were preparing this important cablegram to be flashed under the ocean to Jamaica:

"*Knowlton, Admiralty, etc., Port Royal:*

"You will immediately despatch the *Destruction* and *Dauntless* to Santiago de Cuba, under full steam, to give any protection that may be needed by the British and other foreign residents of that city.

"By order of the Admiralty,

"GOWER, Naval Secretary."

It was a hard and uncomfortable bed that Harry slept on that night. Toward morning he sprang out of bed at a bound. He had heard the voice of some powerful cannon speaking its deep yet sharp "Boom!"

It was not the sound of the saluting gun in the Castle, either; he had learned to know that sound. This was much deeper, much sharper. He hardly had his wits collected before the Castle gun answered with a much feebler "Boom!"

The only explanation of the two shots was that a warship had arrived.

It happened so quickly that Harry had no time to think about it. He caught up a handful of clothes, and was trying to dress himself in the dark, when both sounds were repeated—a deep, sharp report, and then the feeble answer from the Castle. This meant that two war-ships had arrived!

"Two British men-of-war coming in!" he heard some one say in Spanish before he reached the wharf.

"Now our Governor will catch it!" somebody else said. "I knew he could not shoot foreigners that way without getting into trouble. I wonder whether they'll shell the city?"

Meanwhile the two British war-ships were moving up the harbor.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, under his breath, "it is just sunrise! But surely they'll never dare to shoot another lot of prisoners this morning, with these British war-ships in the harbor!"

The answer came within a second. It was a rattle of musketry up at the slaughter-house, and a shout from the people. Ten more Americans and Englishmen had been shot.

Instantly there was a commotion among the officers of the *Destruction*.

"Oh-h-h!" It was not a shout from the people, it was more like a suppressed groan. For the Spanish soldiers had driven the British officers back with their bayonets, and refused to let them land. The people were growing violently excited. They realized the madness of this act, and knew that it might endanger the city, and even their lives. What would be left of them if those British ships should avenge the insult? However, the moan changed to a shout the next moment.

"Hurrah! hurrah! See! The Consuls, the Consuls!" The crowd cheered with all the power of their lungs.

Harry looked out upon the water, where everybody was looking, and saw a beautiful launch steaming rapidly toward the *Destruction*. His heart seemed to be in his throat when he saw the colors the launch carried; for there at the stern floated the flags of England and of the United States side by side. The Consuls of the two great nations were in that boat, going out to ask the vessels to protect their countrymen.

There was a long interval of quiet then, and Harry determined to walk up to the telegraph office. It was a pity that he started away just when he did, for if he had waited a few minutes longer he would have seen another

boat come ashore from the *Destruction*, and have seen the officer in her stern hand a large letter to the commander of the soldiers, and then return to the ship. This letter was addressed to the Governor, and it was well that the excited people did not know what it contained. This was what it said:

"*To the Governor, etc., Santiago de Cuba:*

"SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that at twelve o'clock noon this day I shall open fire upon the city of Santiago with her Britannic Majesty's ships *Destruction* and *Dauntless*, unless before that time I receive satisfactory assurance that no more British or other foreign subjects shall be shot without due process of law.

"I am, etc.,

HUNTER,

"Senior Officer Commanding British Squadron in Santiago Harbor."

Soon after the delivery of this letter there was plenty of work for Harry to do. Messages began to fly between Santiago and Havana—official messages between the Governor and his superior, the Governor-General in Havana. But they were all in cipher, and, of course, he knew nothing of what they contained. The work was a relief to his mind, however, and he was beginning to feel almost at ease, when at about eleven o'clock a young stranger in citizen's dress stepped into the office and looked sharply into the faces of all the operators. Going up to Harry, after a scrutinizing look, he said to him,

"Can I see you outside for a moment?"

"Certainly," Harry replied; and they walked out into the street together.

"Are you an Englishman?" the stranger asked, when they were well away from the office.

"No, sir; I am an American," Harry replied.

"Is there any other Englishman or American employed in the office?" was the next question.

"No," Harry replied; "I am the only one."

"Then," the stranger said—and he put his head close to Harry's and spoke in a low tone—"then you are the man who sent the news of the massacre over to Jamaica?"

Harry stopped and looked closely at his companion, doubtful whether it would be safe to make the admission. But the man was neither Spaniard nor Cuban, and as he spoke English, he must be a friend. "Yes," he replied; "I sent the message to Jamaica."

"I thought so," the other said; "it was a good day's work, too, though it was a big risk for you. I am from the *Destruction*, and the Captain sent me to bring you on board."

"Bring me on board!" Harry exclaimed. "Why, if I go there, they will know who sent the message, and they'll murder me when I come back."

"They will murder you if you stay here," the man replied. "I think that is the reason the Captain wants you on board."

It was soon settled that Harry should visit the *Destruction*; and after he had obtained leave of absence from the office and started for the wharf with his new friend, the startling news came to him of the threat to bombard the city. The news was public property now; it had leaked out in some way, and every one knew of it, and the people in the streets were more excited than ever.

When he was received by Captain Hunter on board the *Destruction*, that gentleman relieved his mind by telling him that all danger of his bombarding the city was past; that the Governor had backed completely down—had been suspended, in fact, by the Governor-General in Havana, who disavowed all the Governor's acts, and apologized for them, and promised to make such restitution as he could. The remaining prisoners, he said, would be properly tried, and all but the ringleaders would doubtless escape.

"I am sorry you are not an Englishman," the Captain added, "for if you were, you would get a Victoria Cross for what you have done. But you have rendered us a great service, and you must be the guest of my nation on board the *Destruction* till I can land you in Jamaica, for you are not safe here."

But Harry was not destined to remain long the guest of the British nation on board the *Destruction*, because a few hours later the United States war-ship *Monongahela* steamed into the harbor, hastily ordered over from Key West on receipt of the news from London. The *Monongahela's* Captain, when he heard the story, insisted upon taking him under the protection of the Stars and Stripes on his own vessel; and so the young operator became the guest of two great nations in one day. When the *Monongahela* was soon afterward ordered to the Brooklyn Navy-yard, Harry was her only passenger.

On the voyage home the Captain advised him not to go back to the great telegraph-office until he himself had seen the manager. And the Captain's talk with the manager must have been a convincing one, for when Harry entered the big office again he was received as a young hero should be, and among all the positions vacant he was given his choice.

The official thanks of the two nations, and the more substantial rewards—those things came afterwards.



"LIGHT HO!"

THE LIGHT-HOUSE AND THE MARINER.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

FOR three days and nights the heavens had been overcast. From horizon to horizon a pall of cold gray clouds hung over the angry ocean. In the midst of all this turmoil a big iron ship went staggering over the wild mountains and thundering down into the hollows, where she buried her lean and dripping prow in dazzling caldrons of seething foam. Her master and her mate stood by the starboard mizzen rigging, on which each had a firm grip.

"Silsbee," said the Captain, "I'd give a pocketful of money to be sure of our position."

"So would I, sir," responded the mate, "but it's too much to expect after three days of dead reckoning."

"One thing I'm sure of," said the Captain, "there's land near us, for the sea is much easier than it was last night. But what land? I'm almost tempted to heave to."

"Land ho!" came the hoarse cry from forward.

"Where away?" shouted the Captain.

"Broad off the weather bow, sir."

"I see it. Silsbee, get the bearing of that light, quick!"

On the starboard bow the Captain saw a bluff about one hundred and fifty feet high. At its summit was a red brick house with stone trimmings. The house had a large octagonal tower, and about one hundred feet away stood a smaller detached building.

"Block Island southeast light-house," exclaimed the Captain, with an air of relief. "How does it bear, Silsbee?"

"West-nor'west, sir."

"Bring her up two points, and hold that till we get it abeam," said the Captain. It was evidently his intention to fix the ship's position by the "bow and beam" bearing. The ship was now at her first position, heading nearly west-sou'west, and the light was just four points off her bow. The Captain knew that when it was exactly abeam, the distance of the light from the ship would be precisely equal to the distance run between the two bearings. In twenty minutes the light was abeam, and the log showed that the ship had made four and two-third miles. The light was, therefore, that far away, bearing nor'-nor'west, and hence the exact position of the

ship at the second bearing was four and two-third miles south-southeast of Block Island light.

"Keep her as she is," said the Captain, "till we get a good offing. Then lay the course west-sou'west a half west. That'll about fetch Sandy Hook lightship on the lee bow, allowing for what leeway we'll make. I'm going below and take a nap."

So the faithful light-house told the mariner where he was even in the daytime.

A graceful steel schooner-yacht was gliding swiftly over the undulating sea toward New York. Her captain had met with an accident, and was lying in his bunk. One of the owner's guests, a young man who had not thought of the subject of navigation since he left Annapolis five years previously, had been put in command. "When shall we sight Fire Island light?" asked the owner.

"According to my calculations," answered the navigator, "at nine o'clock."

At 8.30 a man was sent aloft to look for the light. The hour of nine arrived and no light was reported. The young navigator was alarmed. He did not know where the yacht was. Minutes passed by and seemed like hours. At 9.07 the lookout cried:

"Light ho!"

"Where away?" called the navigator, joyfully.

"Two points off the lee bow, sir," was the answer.

A few minutes later the navigator said to the owner, "At 9.07 the yacht was twenty-five and a half miles east-southeast of Fire Island light."

"How do you know the distance?"

"According to the light-house list Fire Island is visible nineteen and a quarter miles in clear weather to an observer whose eye is fifteen feet above the level of the sea. Your foretop is fifty feet above it, so I had to add the distance visible for the other thirty-five feet."

"How do you get at that?"

"From the table in Bowditch's *Navigation*, or by applying the rule that the distance of an object seen at sea

is equal to the square root of the height of the eye multiplied by 1.06."

"Well, I declare! What a lot of tricks there are in managing a ship! But how do you know you haven't sighted some other light than Fire Island?"

"Well, I know the light by its character. There are only three lights on the south shore of Long Island—Montauk Point, Shinnecock, and Fire Island. If they were all alike it would be easy enough for a ship a few miles out of her reckoning to mistake one for the other. But Montauk Point light is fixed white, varied by a white flash every two minutes; Shinnecock is fixed white; and Fire Island is a white flash light, flashing once every minute."

With these valuable facts in his head, the young navigator from Annapolis, having fixed the position of the yacht, steers boldly for Sandy Hook lightship.

At nine o'clock that same evening, just when the young navigator of the yacht was troubled because he did not see Fire Island light, a man-of-war was making her way into New York. All around the shores glittered lights of various kinds, but there were some which the experienced eye of her navigator knew were beacon lights. The first which he had seen as the vessel came rushing in from the ocean were two powerful white lights which he recognized as the Highland Lights. The man-of-war had come all the way from the Pacific, and her navigator, whose service had been wholly in that ocean and

on the China station, had never before taken a vessel into New York Bay. But as he stood on the bridge and studied the chart, he said to the Captain:

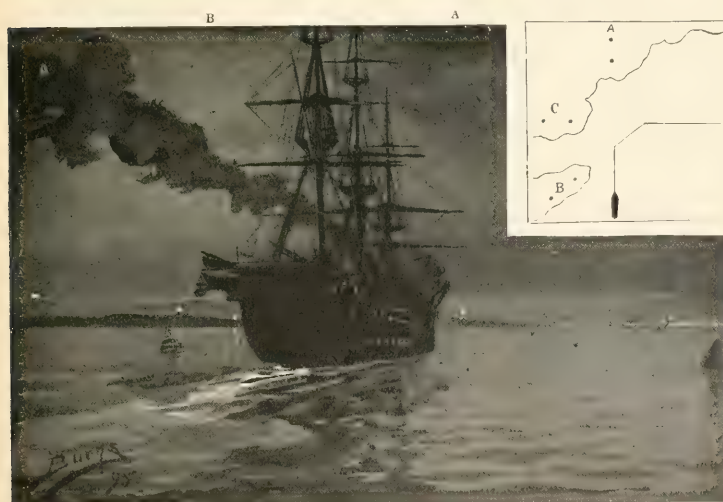
"It's pretty plain sailing, sir, to go into a harbor lighted like this one on a clear night. Yonder are the Highland Lights, and the fowtop has sighted two red lights dead ahead, and they're on the Sandy Hook lightship. We've got to get a little more northing to enter the Gedney Channel."

Some time later the ship was entering the Gedney Channel. Away over on the New Jersey mainland, directly ahead of her, at the place marked A, stood two lights, one close to the water and one some distance inland.

"Those are the main channel range lights," said the navigator. "The one in front is Point Comfort Beacon, and the one in the rear is Waackaack Beacon." By keeping them exactly in range over the bow of the ship we go through the main channel all right. Now we come to the place where Sandy Hook light and the South Beacon, at B, come in range, and so we change our course so as to keep them in range over the stern. We hold that course till we reach the point where the Conover and Chapel Hill Beacons, at C, come in range, and then we change our course so as to keep them in range



FIXING THE SHIP'S POSITION BY THE "BOW AND BEAM" BEARING.



ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOR AT NIGHT.

A. Pt. Comfort and Waackaack Lights; B. Sandy Hook and South Beacon Lights; Conover and Chapel Hill Lights unseen.

over the stern. Now, sir, we have rounded the point of the shoal known as the Southwest Spit, and are heading for the Narrows."

"Very good," said the Captain; "I see you know where you are."

But what have we learned from the experiences narrated? We have learned that a light-house is not always intended to mark a hidden danger and so warn the sailor against running upon it. Many light-houses are erected for that purpose; but all light-houses, no matter where they stand, have one general object, and that is to act as guides to the sailor.

AUNT SELINA'S MISTAKE.

BY FLORENCE HALLOWELL HOYT.

CHAPTER I.

THE bright May sunshine pouring in one morning at the open windows of a bedroom, on the second floor of a big white frame house on the outskirts of a village in eastern Tennessee, fell full upon the yellow head of a little girl who sat on the floor with an old-fashioned jewel-box in her lap. Her round healthy face wore an expression of great pleasure, for, like most little girls of her age, Lida Ann Darrow liked finery of any kind.

"This is mine—my very, very own," she said, as she slipped on the third finger of her left hand a ring set with an opal and seven small diamonds.

"Yes, that's yours," acquiesced her grandmother, glancing up from her knitting; "'n' if you behave yourself you'll have it when you're turned eighteen."

Lida Ann sighed as she dropped the ring back into the little space reserved for it in the tray of the jewel-box. She wished she were eighteen now. How she would enjoy showing the ring to all her girl friends in the village!

She liked to look over the contents of that jewel-box. She knew the history of every article in it, from the little gold thimble which had been her mother's when a child to the heavy open-faced watch which had belonged to her grandfather French.

"I believe Silas Sparrow's brought that child," said old Mrs. French, looking out of the window by which she was sitting. She laid her knitting on the table. "I'm gine' right down," she added.

A little frown puckered Lida Ann's brow. She closed the cover of the old box with a snap.

"I don't see why you wanted to send for her, grandma," she said, crossly.

"Oh, you mustn't be selfish. It 'll be good for you to have another little girl around," answered Mrs. French, as she left the room.

Lida Ann followed slowly, after carefully returning the jewel-box to its accustomed place in the top drawer of the bureau.

When she reached the head of the stairway she looked down into the hall below and saw her grandmother, Aunt Selina, and a stout man with a red beard standing around a little girl of about nine years of age. Dinah, a fat old colored woman, who was their only servant, was looking in at the back door, her hands on her hips.

The child was a wild-looking little creature, with a tangled mass of dark curls and very black eyes. She wore a faded blue gingham, her feet were bare, and in one hand she swung a calico sun-bonnet. Her mouth was shut tight, and she stared from one to the other of those about her with a defiant expression on her small pinched face.

"Oh dear! I didn't know she'd be like this," said Grandma French.

"It's just what I expected—exactly," said Aunt Selina.

"Well, ye ain't ableged ter take her, ye know," drawled Silas Sparrow. "Ther' ain't no law 'gainst

backin' out, as I knows on. I c'n tek her right along ter Dug Marsh's place."

"But there ain't any children at the poor-house, 'n' I know Mrs. Marsh won't like havin' her," said Mrs. French. "I don't know what to do!"

"You know I said you'd better think twice before offerin'," observed Miss Selina. "But that's just you all over, mother. You're too kind-hearted for your own good."

"She 'ain't hed no care since her mam died," said Silas, his eyes bent critically on the little waif. "She's jest laid around 'most anywhere. Tain't any wonder she's sorter peaked lookin'."

"Oh, grandma, *don't* keep her," whispered Lida Ann, who had slipped down the stairs and was standing just behind her grandmother. "We don't *want* her here."

"An' I don't aim ter stay hyah, neither," broke out the little girl, flashing a fierce look at Lida Ann through a glittering mist of tears. "'An' I ain't gine' ter no poor-house. I knows my way back ter our place. I ain't skeered o' no woods; thar ain't nothin' goin' ter tech me."

Those glittering tears in the large black eyes, and the thought that the child might indeed make her way back to the desolate mountain cabin, where her mother had died, proved too much for Mrs. French's tender heart.

"You poor little soul!" she said; "I'm goin' to keep you, no matter *who's* against it. I don't reckon you'll make me sorry for it. Lida, quit pullin' at my dress; you ain't to say another word."

"Who's to wash her, 'n' comb out that mop?" asked Miss Selina.

"I reckon I c'n do it," answered her mother. "The washin' 'll come easy, 'n' I uster be a master hand at curlin' my own hair when I was a girl. Don't you worry, Selina."

"Well, I'll be goin', then, I reckon," said Silas. "Lemme know ef you cyant get erlong with her. She looks mighty spirited for such a little thing."

Mrs. French took the little girl by the hand, and led her up stairs. The child made no resistance. She did not utter a word, but stared about her with curious eyes. All her life hitherto had been spent in that mountain cabin, the nearest neighbor half a mile away.

"I reckon you 'ain't never been in many houses like this one," said Grandma French, noticing how the child stared at everything.

"I 'ain't never sawn one like this afore," answered the little girl. "It's sho'ly fine. But I don't aim ter stay hyah. I aims ter go back. I ain't goin' ter stay whar I ain't wanted."

"Well, you *are* wanted," rejoined Mrs. French. "If I hadn't wanted you I wouldn't have kept you."

"That little gal down thar en thet tall ooman they don't want me. I heard all they was sayin'. I ain't no-ways deaf."

"They'll soon learn to like you if you behave yourself," observed the old lady, soothingly.

"I ain't goin' ter do all the behavin'. Ef they sasses me I'm boun' ter sass back."

"Oh, my! that ain't no way for a little girl to talk. What's your name?"

"Becky—same's my mammy."

"Well, Rebecca, now see how pretty you'll look when I get you dressed up. The folks down-stairs won't know you."

The child did not smile or seem pleased, but she submitted without opposition to the bath bestowed upon her, and didn't flinch when the tangles were combed out of her hair.

When she was dressed in some clothes which Lida Ann had outgrown, Mrs. French felt well satisfied with her work, and led the little creature into the spare chamber.

where, between the two windows, a long mirror reached almost from the floor to the ceiling.

"I wonder if you know that nice-lookin' little girl in there?" asked the old lady.

A faint smile brightened for an instant the small tragic face. "I wish mammy—" she began, then stopped suddenly, her lips quivering. The next moment she was lying on the floor, her face buried in her arms, her slender little figure convulsed with grief. "Oh, mammy! mammy!" she sobbed. "I wants yer, mammy! *Cyan't* ye come back? I don' wanter stay with these hyah folks, noway."

Mrs. French tried to comfort her, but in vain. She sobbed on unrestrainedly. In despair at last the old lady went down stairs to seek help. She found Lida Ann perched upon a window-seat in the kitchen shelling peas. Miss Selina was rolling out pie-crust, and old Dinah was ironing a ruffled white petticoat.

"Oh, grandma," cried Lida Ann, "Dinah says there's no dependin' on black-eyed folks; 'n' she knew of one once who threw a knife at Grandma Darrow. I do wish you wouldn't keep that girl."

"It's too late now to talk about not keepin' her," rejoined Mrs. French. "An' I wish Dinah 'd quit tellin' you foolish yarns. There ain't a mite of harm in that child upstairs, if she's managed the right way. I want you to go up 'n' see if you can't cheer her up a little, Lidy Ann. She's cryin' herself 'most sick. I c'n shell them peas."

"I don't know how to cheer her," said Lida Ann, pouting and hitching up her shoulders.

"Oh, you c'n fin' a way, if you want. Show her your doll babies 'n' thet little music-box your cousin Nathan sent you."

Lida Ann left the room slowly, dragging her feet, and closing the door behind her with more force than was necessary.

"Lidy Ann doan' want no chile a-tek'n' her place," said old Dinah. "Dar's gwinter be trouble in dis house now, sho's yo' bawn."

"Lidy Ann's had her own way too long," said Mrs. French, shelling the peas into a pan on the table. "She's got right down selfish. An' you hadn't any business tellin' 'bout Miss Win'fred throwin' that knife, Dinah. There wasn't any use in it."

"I didn't call no names," answered Dinah, as she shook out the petticoat and hung it on the clothes-horse by the stove. "I reckon I's got some fambly pride of I is on'y a brack—"

"Oh, hush up, Dinah!" interrupted Miss Selina. "I can't hear myself think."

When all the peas were shelled, Mrs. French went upstairs and cautiously opened the door of her bedroom. On the floor sat Lida Ann, with the old jewel-box in her lap, and at a little distance stood Becky, leaning against an ancient chest of drawers. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and she was looking steadily at the pattern of the carpet at her feet.

"I've tried *everything*," complained Lida Ann. "But she won't even look at my diamond ring. She says she wants to go away, grandma, 'n' I do wish you'd let her go. I don't like her, 'n' she don't like me."

"Yer just right thar," flashed out Becky. "I *hates* yer. I'd like ter claw them two long yaller braids o' yourn off'n yer head."

"Rebecca! Rebecca!" cried Mrs. French, much shocked. "I can't have you talk that way at all. And, Lida Ann, you've got to act different. Rebecca's goin' to be your little sister, 'n' you must love each other and act pleasant."

"I don't want a little sister who says she 'ain't never *seen* diamonds," cried Lida Ann, angrily. "An' she don't know her a babs yet, either. Aunt Selina said she was a heathen, 'n' she *is*, too."

"Oh, yer so proud 'cause ye've got thet di'mund ring," retorted Becky, with a furious look.

Grandma French sighed. "I reckon I'm goin' to have a time with you two," she said. "Lidy Ann, you put up that box, 'n' go down stairs 'n' finish hemmin' that dish towel I gave you this mornin'." Rebecca, you come here, child, I want to talk to you."

CHAPTER II.

MRS. FRENCH'S expectations of having a "time" with Lida Ann and the poor wild little creature from the mountain were fully realized. The two little girls quarrelled from morning to night; they even fought, and Lida Ann would probably have lost one of her long yellow braids under a clip from a pair of shears Becky seized one day, had not Miss Selina rushed upon the scene and dragged the combatants apart.

"Dem gals is sho'ly gwinter kill one nudder someday 'less yo'-alls looks out pow'ful sharp," remarked old Dinah. "Dey's got p'isen spite in deir hearts, sho's yo's bawn."

Grandma French was greatly distressed. "I don't see what's to be done," she said, with a sigh which seemed to come from the very bottom of her kind old heart. "I have talked to Lida Ann 'n' I've talked to Rebecca. But it 'ain't done a spec' o' good far's I c'n see."

"There's only one thing you *can* do," said Miss Selina. "Send that little heathen to Dug Marsh's. Dug 'n' Mis' Marsh 'll know how to break her in. They don't let any o' the paupers get ahead o' *them*."

Mrs. French shook her head. "No, no," she rejoined. "I couldn't send her there. Poor little soul! She's so pretty."

"Pretty!" Miss Selina threw up her chin and sniffed with indignation. "Mother, there's times when you rile me clear through."

"I wonder how it 'd do to part her 'n' Lidy Ann for a while!" said Mrs. French. "It 'd give us a chance to think things over, anyway. What do you say to sendin' Lidy Ann to her Grandma Darrow for a few days? They'd be mighty pleased to have her, 'n' she could take her grandpap's watch to her cousin Nathan. I promised him last time he was here that I'd turn it over to him when he was turned twenty-one, 'n' his birthday's next week."

"Well," said Miss Selina, "I reckon 't wouldn't do no harm to let her go. She 'ain't been over there in some time."

At this moment the kitchen door opened and Lida Ann appeared, flushed and angry. "I can't find my blue hair ribbon anywhere," she cried. "I b'lieve Becky's stole it. I've seen her lookin' at it time 'n' again like she wanted it, 'n' now it's gone."

"Hush, now, Lidy Ann, don't you say another word," said her aunt. "Your hair ribbon's in the dresser drawer. I picked it up out in the barn when I was huntin' eggs this mornin'."

Lida Ann looked crestfallen. "Well, she'd *like* to steal it," she muttered.

"Hush! hush! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Lida Ann?" Her grandmother's tone was severe. "That's an ugly way for a little girl to talk."

Lida Ann's face assumed at once its most sullen expression, but she speedily forgot her vexation when told that she was to go on a visit to her grandmother Darrow.

"You go up stairs 'n' get together what things you want to take," directed her aunt, "n' Tobias c'n hitch up 'n' carry you over the first thing after breakfast to-morrow mornin', and Friday we'll sen' for you."

And so the next mornin' Lida Ann departed, dressed in her best white frock, and carrying the old open-faced watch as a birthday gift for her cousin Nathan.

Becky felt singularly happy as she ran back to the house after closing the gate. She resolved to let Grandma



"AN' I DONT AIM TER STAY HYAH, NEITHER," BROKE OUT THE LITTLE GIRL.

French see what a good girl she could be now Lida Ann wasn't there to sneer at her and call her names. She was met at the kitchen door by Miss Selina, who had a pair of shears in one hand and an old sheet in the other. Her face wore its most determined and rigid expression.

"You come into the shed-room, Rebecca," she said. "I'm goin' to do something I've 'lowed to do ever since you come here."

"Cut off my hair?"

"Yes; there ain't no sense in your havin' no such mop. It's combin' 'n' curlin' from mornin' to night, 'n' then you ain't half-way tidy."

Becky put up both hands and clasped them over her cloud of curly hair.

"You sha'n't touch hit," she said. "You dassen't put them shears noways near me. I ain't goin' ter hev nobody cut my hair off. My mammy—" She stopped suddenly, and swallowed a big lump in her throat. The tears had sprung to her black eyes, as was always the case when she spoke of her dead mother.

"We'll soon see if I'll touch it or not," rejoined Miss Selina. "I ain't got so's to be bossed by no little girl I ever seen yet. Mother's too old to be pestered takin' care o' your hair; it wears her all out. You march into that shed-room now, and be quick about it. I ain't goin' to stand no foolishness."

Becky stared at her a moment, then dropped her hands suddenly, and walked slowly into the "shed-room." Miss Selina lifted her upon an old stool by the window, rather surprised at her quick obedience. She had fully expected a struggle, and was puzzled when Becky sat perfectly still under the shearing. One by one the dusky curls fell to the floor, and the little girl uttered no word of remonstrance or reproach.

"There! I'm done," said Miss Selina at last.

Becky shook her little shorn head, and darted out like a little swallow. When Miss Selina, after shaking out the sheet and folding it, left the shed, the child was no-

where to be seen. Somehow Miss Selina felt a little uncomfortable. She wondered if it wouldn't have been better if she had consulted her mother before cutting off Becky's curls. There was no telling what the child might do in her rage. Burn the house down, perhaps, or wring the necks of all the chickens.

"We'll have to watch her pretty close for a few days," she decided. "I'm glad I didn't cut her curls off 'fore Lidy Ann left. She might o' taken her spite out on Lidy Ann some way."

Just before noon old Mrs. French came into the kitchen looking pale and distressed.

"Selina, I'm worried 'most sick," she said. "I s'pose I've got to tell you. It's 'bout Lida Ann's di'mund ring. It's gone. I've looked high 'n' low, an' it's *gone*."

"Gone out your jewel-box?"

"Yes. It was there when I went to get out the watch. I remember seein' it."

"'Ain't you been sittin' in your room all the mornin'?"

"No; I was up in the attic 'most 'n hour sortin' over the things in the red chest."

"You was? Then I know what come o' Lidy Ann's di'mond ring. That Becky took it. She's took it because I cut off her hair. I made sure she would get even."

"You cut off her hair?"

"Yes, I did. It was all foolishness lettin' her wear such a mop, 'n' you havin' to fuss 'n' worry with it all the time. And that's why she's stole Lidy Ann's di'mond ring."

A sound, something between a gasp and a strangled cry, made both women turn toward the open doorway. There stood Becky, her little shorn head held high, her black eyes flashing, her face pallid with sudden rage.

"Hit's a lie!" she cried, shrilly, quivering from head to foot. "I never teched Lidy Ann's di'mund ring. Yo're meaner 'n dirt to say so. I 'ain't teched hit. I 'ain't never sawn hit sense the first day I come hyah."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

A Sequel to "The Fur-Seal's Tooth."

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "RAFTMATES," "CANOEIMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "CHIMO" GOES INTO WINTER QUARTERS.

WHILE Phil watched the departing missionary, who was making his way cautiously over the newly formed ice, the late-rising sun appeared above the southeastern horizon, gilding a cross surmounting the tower of a little log church pleasantly located on a high bluff. Back of it rose the dark green wall of a spruce forest, while about it were clustered a number of low but very substantial and comfortable-looking log houses. Near the beach at the foot of the bluff stood an Indian village of huts whose roofs bristled with poles. In each one was left a square hole for the egress of smoke from the open fire built on an earthen floor beneath.

Scattered about in picturesque but hopeless confusion were long ranges of pole frames for drying fish, many little log houses mounted on stilts and looking like dove-cotes, the use of which Phil could not imagine, fish-traps, boats, sledges, and everywhere dozens of yelping, prowling, fighting, or sleeping dogs. Besides these things Phil could see what appeared to be the black chimney-stack of some kind of a mill.

Suddenly a flag was run to the top of a tall pole on top of the bluff, and as the Stars and Stripes streamed out bravely in the cold wind a rattling volley of musketry rang forth its loud note of welcome from the Indian village. To this Phil responded by a vigorous salute from the *Chimo's* whistle. Then, so utterly weary from overwork, excitement, and loss of sleep that merely to move required a strong effort of will, he left the pilot-house and went below. He found Serge at the Captain's bedside administering a bowl of broth, and telling the sick man of the events of the night.

As Phil entered, Gerald Hamer's eyes rested on him with such an expression of gratitude as the former will never forget. "I thank you two boys," he said, weakly, "more than I can ever tell. To you I owe not only my life, but whatever it holds of value, and—" Here his voice failed him, and Serge bade him not to attempt another word.

"No, indeed," added Phil, "for you don't owe us one cent's worth

of thanks, Mr. Hamer. To the end of our lives we shall always be in your debt, and in bringing you up the river to this point we have used your boat to bring ourselves as well. So—well, that's all there is to it, anyway; and now if you will only hurry up and get well we shall appreciate that more than all the thanks in the world."

Then Serge left, and Phil, slipping into his vacated chair, almost instantly fell into a sleep so profound that it is doubtful if a boiler explosion or an earthquake could have aroused him.

An hour or so later he was in the midst of a very perplexing dream, in which he seemed to be recovering from an illness, and the old family physician at his bedside kept changing into a young woman. While in the form of an old man he said, "Yes, there are the two captains, both evidently sound asleep, and no wonder. This is Captain Hamer, who would have died long ago but for the devoted care of the two lads, and this is Captain Ryder, who brought the boat up the river in the face of all obstacles."

Then, presto! the old doctor changed into a young woman, who said, "Poor boy, I don't wonder that he has



ARRIVAL OF THE DOCTOR.

fallen asleep, and I only hope he isn't in for a spell of illness. He certainly appears feverish."

With this a soft hand was laid on Phil's forehead, and he opened his eyes to find his dream so far a reality that there actually was a young woman bending over him, and wearing an expression of anxiety on her pleasant face. Behind her stood the missionary. She stepped back as she saw that Phil was awake, and the poor boy, recalling vividly his dishevelled appearance, struggled to his feet, with a crimson face.

"I didn't know you were going to lead ladies to see us," he said in a reproachful tone to his companion of the night. "In fact, I didn't know there was a lady within a thousand miles of here. I'm sure you didn't mention the fact. You only said you were going to fetch the doctor."

"And so I have," laughed the missionary, "for this young lady is our doctor, and a most excellent one she is, too, I can assure you. She was just saying that you didn't look at all well, and wondering if you were going to have the measles."

"I had 'em long ago," answered the lad, "and I never felt better in my life. I was a bit sleepy."

"Which isn't surprising, after all you have recently undergone," remarked the doctor, with a winning smile that served to establish friendly relations between them at once. "You see, we have already heard of your brave struggle against our unruly river, and that you may be prepared for them I will tell you at once that there are two more ladies at the station who are quite anxious to meet the hero of so many adventures."

"Oh!" gasped poor Phil, who had never before been called a hero.

"Yes, but you needn't look so alarmed. They aren't half so formidable as I am, for they haven't the privilege of ordering people to do things that I obtained with my diploma."

"Are you going to order me to do things?" asked Phil.

"Indeed I am; for as a doctor I dare issue orders even to a steamboat captain," laughed the young woman. "I am going to order you to take sleep in big doses. It is a famous remedy in this country, for our nights are already seventeen hours long, and steadily lengthening. But, joking aside, I want to congratulate you, Mr. Ryder, on your skilful care of this patient, whose life has been undoubtedly saved by your success in keeping him warm. Although he is still a very sick man, I believe the crisis is past, and that with the nursing he can have on shore he will pull through all right."

"I'm awfully glad to hear it," said Phil, "but I'm puzzled to know how we are to get him ashore. I shouldn't think it would do to carry him over the ice in the face of the wind that is blowing."

"No, indeed," replied the doctor.

"So we have made arrangements to carry him in this very boat," said the missionary, "and if you care to step outside for a moment you can see how we propose to accomplish it."

Phil had been wondering at the sound of many voices and busy labor that came from without, but as he gained the deck he comprehended the missionary's plan at a glance. Some fifty native men and boys, directed by a white man, were hard at work with axes, ice-chisels, poles, and other implements opening a channel the full width of the *Chimo* from where she lay to the shore. As fast as a cake was loosened it was shoved under the solid ice on the down-stream side, and already a passage was opened for one-third of the distance.

"That is a capital idea!" exclaimed Phil, "and one that I don't believe I should have thought of. Even if I had I am afraid we couldn't have carried it out by ourselves, nor do I believe we could have induced those natives to work for us as they seem willing to for you."

"Perhaps not," replied the missionary; "but I think they are fond of me, for when I explained to them how much I owed to my timely meeting with you last evening they seemed only too glad of a chance to return the favor."

"I didn't realize that you owed anything to us," meditated Phil. "In fact, I thought we had been indebted to you for favors ever since our fortunate meeting. But it seems as though most every one was in debt to some one else for assistance in times of trouble."

"Ah, my boy," replied the missionary, "that is one of the fundamental principles of human life. From the moment we enter this world until we leave it we are dependent upon others for everything we possess, including life itself. Wherefore it becomes us to render unto our fellows such services as we may promptly and cheerfully. But here comes Serge, and I am sure he is going to say that breakfast is ready."

"Yes," laughed Serge, "I am, and I should have said it long ago, only Phil was so sound asleep that I couldn't wake him without disturbing the Captain. But now, if he is hungry—"

"If I am hungry!" cried Phil. "I honestly believe it was only my ravenous hunger that put me to sleep. Will you join us, sir?"

"I was only waiting for an invitation," replied the missionary, with a smile, "for I didn't stop ashore long enough to get anything to eat. Nor do I believe the doctor has had her breakfast; so if Serge doesn't mind having a lady at his table—"

"A lady?" stammered Serge, in dismay, and gazing wildly about him. "Is there one on board?"

"There certainly is," laughed the missionary. "And from what she has heard of your culinary skill she is most anxious to test it."

A minute later they were all gathered about the *Chimo's* mess-table, and the doctor was winning golden opinions by her judiciously bestowed compliments. Even gruff Mr. Sims was induced to smile by her praise of his polished engine, which she declared outshone any yet seen on the Yukon; while Isaac was told that the mission saw-mill was so frightfully out of order that the man of all men most needed there at that moment was a millwright.

The pleasant meal was hardly finished when a great shout from outside announced the completion of the canal. Then, with Phil at the wheel, while the missionary and the doctor occupied the pilot-house with him, and with flags at half-mast for the dead man in the cabin, the stanch little *Chimo* steamed slowly up the narrow channel to the berth she was to occupy for the next eight months. As she reached it the mission flag was dipped in salute, and then hoisted to half-mast in sympathy with her sorrow.

So the eventful voyage of four hundred miles from St. Michaels was ended; and, thanks to the lads whom Gerald Hamer had rescued from the cruel waters of Bering Sea, he and his property were now moored in a safe haven. And it was none too soon, for that very night the cold was so intense that the Yukon was frozen from bank to bank.

But Phil did not care, nor did Serge. They had reached the goal toward which they had set their faces with such sturdy determination, and for them neither cold nor storm held any present terrors.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE AT AN ARCTIC MISSION.

THE first thing to be undertaken after the *Chimo* was safely moored in her snug berth was the removal of Gerald Hamer to the little log hospital that was the pride of the doctor's heart. This was accomplished without any danger from exposure by means of a canvas-covered litter

especially constructed for the occasion. To be undressed for the first time in many days, given a warm bath, and placed in a bed that was actually spread with sheets was to be so "lapped in luxury" that, as the sick man whispered to Phil, any one who wouldn't get well under such conditions deserved to die.

The second duty was the burial of poor Martin, for whom a grave was already prepared in the quaint little cemetery of the settlement. The rude coffin was borne by his late shipmates, and the entire community of Anvik, natives as well as whites, followed the body to its place of final rest. Never had Phil been so impressed with the solemn beauty of the Episcopal service as when he listened to its grand utterances amid the surroundings of that wild northern land. The low hanging sun, the moan of the wintry wind through the sombre forest, the attentive groups of dark-skinned natives, the mighty river rolling its tawny flood at their feet, and the encircling solitudes, vast, silent, and mysterious, centring at that simple grave, combined to form a picture that none of its spectators will ever forget.

When all was over the living left the dead with the dead, and returned to their homes. Even Phil and Serge declined, on the plea of utter weariness, the proffered hospitality of the mission for that night, and went back to their own quarters aboard the *Chimo*, where for the next twenty-four hours they slept almost without intermission.

Then they were ready for anything, and when they again presented themselves at the mission, clad in new suits taken from the steamer's ample trade stock, the ladies found it difficult to realize that these handsome, wide-awake young fellows were the same who, heavy-eyed, unkempt, and ready to drop with exhaustion, had brought the *Chimo* to port two days before.

Nor did it seem to the boys that they could be in the same place, for while they slept the river had frozen completely over, a fall of snow had enfolded all nature in its spotless mantle, and now the whole world lay sparkling in the unclouded sunlight. If they were amazed at the change in the aspect of the mission they were also delighted with the missionary's house, which they now entered for the first time. Not since leaving far-away New London had either of them seen anything to compare with the prettiness and comfort displayed in this wilderness house on the verge of arctic Alaska.

There were books, magazines, and pictures, rugs and potted ferns, a small organ, luxurious divans and easy-chairs, a museum of native curios, and many other noticeable objects of use or ornament. In an immense fireplace a cheery blaze roared and crackled, and before it a fine big cat purled forth his content. In the eyes of the boys there was nothing lacking to the perfection of this interior. And yet it was all very simple and inexpensive. Most of the furniture was home-made, the divans were cushioned with feathers from native wild-fowl, and the rugs were trophies from neighboring forest or waters.

The missionary's family consisted of his wife, the doctor, a young lady teacher, and a white man who had charge of the saw-mill. Besides these three were a few bright native boys and girls, who were under special instruction.

While the lads chatted with the ladies and marvelled at their surroundings one of the native boys was seen approaching the house, whereupon its mistress saying, "Ah! there comes the mail," went to the door. "Nothing but the paper," she announced on her return, "but we shall at least learn the latest news."

"I had no idea that you had a mail service in the winter," remarked Phil, innocently, "nor that there was a paper published in this part of the world."

"Oh, dear, no! It isn't published here," laughed the missionary's wife. "It is a New York paper, and only a

weekly at that. Still it is better than none, and being of this week's date its news is quite recent—see?"

So saying she held out the paper for Phil's inspection, and to his amazement he saw that it was indeed a New York paper bearing the date of October 20th. Not until Serge, to whom this harmless deception was an old story, broke out with the laughter he could no longer restrain did it flash into Phil's mind that the paper was a year old, and then he could have thumped himself for his stupidity.

"You see," explained the missionary's wife, "we only receive mail once or twice a year, and then we get such a quantity of papers that we cannot possibly read them all at once. So we lay them aside, and have them delivered one at a time on their regular dates, by which means we receive two or three newspapers every week during the year."

"What a capital idea!" exclaimed Phil.

"Isn't it? And it is such good training for the boys, who are allowed to act as postmen. Then, too, we use the papers in school in place of reading-books, and so have fresh topics with which to interest the scholars every week. On this account our reading-class is so popular that it has nearly outgrown the capacity of our school-room; but, thanks to Captain Hamer, we are to have a new one in the spring."

"Indeed! Is he going to build you one?"

"He is already having it built, and it is to serve as your winter quarters so long as you remain with us, after which it is to be presented to the mission."

This was so interesting a bit of news that the boys must visit the hospital at once and learn what plans the leader of their expedition had made. They found him so far recovered as already to take an interest in his surroundings and able to talk freely with them. He told them that with a view to the future needs of the school the new building was to be forty feet long by twenty wide, though for the sake of present warmth and comfort it was to be divided into several small sleeping-rooms, a large living-room for the use of the *Chimo's* crew, and a store-room for such goods as it was deemed best to remove from the steamer for safer keeping.

"In it," explained the Captain, "we will make ourselves as comfortable as possible for the winter, and in the spring we will push on for the diggings. With the four hundred miles start we have got, thanks to you boys, we ought to reach them in time to do a rattling business before the company's boats get there."

"But how about going out by way of Chilkat for your next year's supply of goods?" queried Phil.

"Oh, that plan must be given up, of course, and I must make up my mind to sacrifice a year's business for the fun I've had with the measles! The trip from here in the dead of winter would be a tough one for the strongest of men, for it must be all of two thousand miles. It will easily take me the rest of the winter to regain strength enough to go on with the boat in the spring, so there's no use thinking of that trip now. I'll manage to send you boys out somehow next summer, which is the nearest I can come to keeping my contract with you. In the mean time, while I am sorry for your disappointment I am very glad of your company and services."

"You don't think then that it would be possible for us to go out this winter by way of Forty Mile and the coast and make our way to the sound or even to San Francisco, and order your goods for you?" suggested Phil, in whose mind this wild scheme had suddenly assumed shape.

"You two inexperienced boys!" exclaimed the Captain, amazed at the audacity of this proposition. "Certainly not. Why, I don't believe either of you knows how to use snow-shoes or drive a team of dogs or has the least idea of what fifty below zero means."

"I think I know," said Serge.

"Which?"

"All of those things," replied the young Russo-American.

"You know more than I do, then, or ever expect to, for I have never driven a dog-team. As for Phil here, I am certain that he knows nothing about any one of the three."

"I believe I could learn," said the boy from New London, "and I know I'd be glad of the chance."

"Well, you can study those things right here, and when you are learning what fifty below zero means you'll be glad enough to have a well-warmed house near by in which to study the results of your lesson. You'll find plenty to occupy your time in this immediate vicinity for the next few months. So don't think any more of the crazy scheme you have just proposed, for I can't possibly give my consent to it. If I should thus lose sight of you I should spend the rest of my days in mortal terror of meeting Mr. John Ryder, and having him demand to know what I had done with his boy. Now I shall have to ask you to leave me for a while, as I am too tired to talk any more."

As soon as the boys were outside Phil asked: "How do you drive dogs, Serge? Do you have lines to each one or only to the leader?"

"You don't drive them with lines at all," laughed the other. "Nor do you go near them. You sometimes run beside the sledge, but generally behind it, so as to push on the handle-bar over obstructions or to hang on and hold back in going down steep places. From there you talk to the dogs, and encourage them with a whip of walrus-hide or seal-skin, that has a handle about sixteen inches long and a lash of about eighteen feet. To produce the slightest effect on your team you must be able to crack that lash with a report like a pistol shot in either ear of any dog, or to flick any one of them on any designated part of the body. You must also learn the language that your dogs are accustomed to, for they will pay no attention to any other."

"And are snow-shoes a necessity?"

"Certainly they are, for without them you would often sink out of sight in drifts, while even in soft snow of moderate depth they are indispensable."

"Well," sighed Phil, "it seems as though one had to learn a great deal before he could travel far in this country; but I suppose if others have, I can. So let's go and borrow a pair of snow-shoes and have a lesson at once. I suppose I might as well begin the Eskimo whip-practice and dog-language, too; for with such a long journey ahead of us, we mustn't waste any more time than is absolutely necessary on preliminaries."

"What long journey?" asked Serge, bluntly.

"Our journey up the river to Forty Mile, and so on to Chilkat, of course. You didn't imagine we were going to loaf here all winter, did you?"

"But the Captain won't give his consent."

"Oh, we'll manage that. Besides, we've got to get to Sitka some time, you know, or our parents will be getting anxious about us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOTH RIGHT.

SMALL Tommy's father said that he
Considered that most boys
Were little fire-crackers, they
Are so filled up with noise.

But Tommy said his Pa was wrong;
That he had always found
Himself more like a pin-wheel that
Is always whizzing round.

EARLY DAYS OF SUCCESSFUL MEN.

THE ARTIST—E. S. CHURCH.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.



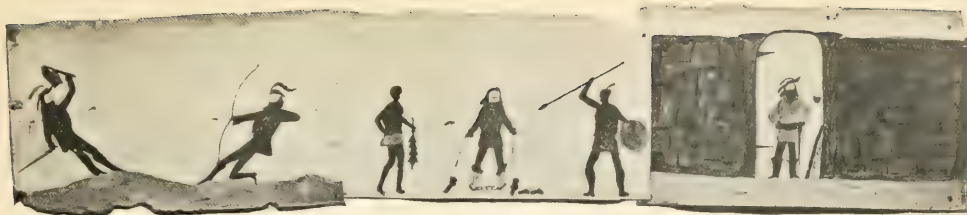
I LIKE to get notes from Mr. F. S. Church, the artist, because he generally draws pictures in them. Not that his notes are not interesting, for he writes so well that many an author would like to have his fresh and natural thoughts, but he throws in the pictures besides, and so I have both text and illustration. The other day he was moving his studio, and this is the way he explained the situation.

The old Greeks drew the picture of a noble white steed with wings of flame, and they called him Pegasus. They believed that only a poet could ride him. The story runs that once a rustic slipped a halter on Pegasus, hitched him to a plough, and made him turn furrows. Pegasus did a wearisome day's work. After a while he kicked over the traces, spurned the ground, and, spreading his wings, sailed away to the realms of fancy. That tale is typical to me of talent subjected to what might be rough, distasteful, but honest toil. If Pegasus did get rid of the galling collar, he was improved by the hard experience.

Many of you must know of Mr. F. S. Church's work. When you go to an art exhibition, you will be certain to find Mr. Church's pictures in the place of honor. Readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have seen many of his illustrations in its numbers. His wild beasts have growled



MR. CHURCH TO-DAY.



for you. You have followed his flying storks. You have laughed at his comic bears, and wanted at Christmas-time to sit down and toss pan-cakes or to eat plum-pudding with them.

There never was such a wild-beast-tamer as Mr. Church—that is, on canvas—for he delights in creating fairy forms, who, with a wave of their delicate hands or a smile from their sweet lips, can subdue the most ferocious lions or the cruellest tigers.

I cornered Mr. Church the other day, and I said to him, "Will you be good enough to tell me, sir, when your turn for art first showed itself?"

"I found it," answered Mr. Church, "in studying geography. I was uncommonly fond of geography and maps."

"Oh, I see; interested in the descriptions of the countries, the costumes of the people, the varied products—tar, pitch, turpentine; camels, diamonds, sugar; zebras—"

"It was not exactly that. I did not find much in the text, but in the maps. The maps were just splendid. The teacher was proud of the close attention I was paying to my geography. He said to my mother: 'Your little boy, ma'am' (I was seven or eight then), 'is exceedingly fond of his geography. He is studying his maps every chance he gets. Just poring over them. I should not be surprised if he could put his finger right on Timbuctoo at once.'"

"Fine power of application," I said, encouragingly.

"I do not think I had the most distant idea of where Timbuctoo was," was Mr. Church's reply. "What I really was doing was drawing pictures on the back of the maps. There was such a wealth of nice white paper there and a perfect drawing-pad, and I didn't want it wasted."

"Oh, dear me, and were you not punished for that?" I asked.

"I don't think I was. I was ordered to rub out my pictures. I was not a bad little boy. I did as I was told, only—"

"Only what?"

"When the page was clean I began drawing in the same places right over again. I could not help it. The temptation was too strong. I am afraid I was incorrigible."

"What were your pictures?" I inquired.

"My taste ran in one particular groove. I was devoted to reading, and I knew the *Pirates' Own Book* and the narratives of early African adventure. I wrote stories myself, and it was perfectly natural that I should illustrate them. I do not know whether I admired my

pictures, but my schoolmates did. They thought them real blood-curdling."

"And what were your pictures?" I asked.

"Mostly pirates, corsairs, buccaneers, freebooters. I did not want to be a Captain Kidd and run away from Grand Rapids, Michigan, where I was born, but I wanted to draw and paint him. Strangely enough I have preserved a panorama of mine, and here is some of it. Look how those pistols blaze, how those cutlasses slash! Those are not our own Indians; I knew they were red; but those chocolate figures are Africans. Observe those mortal combats and the knives dripping with gore, and the swashbuckler trooper standing in his doorway. That's Robin Hood, distinguishable by his bow, arrow, and his top boots. See the pistols going off, and the torturing of a prisoner tied to stakes beseeching his captors for mercy."

"Did you see no good pictures?"

"I remember, when I was a small boy, my father took me to look at some English mezzotints, illustrations probably of Walter Scott's novels. There were Friar Tuck and Richard the Lion-hearted, and a smuggler's cave, and that set me going worse than ever. The taste for drawing men fighting was ingrained then."

"You received no instruction?"

"There was a really good artist at Grand Rapids, a Hollander who painted landscapes. The use of oil paints was a revelation to me. But I did not have any money to buy oil paints with. In the town there were some good Jesuit fathers, and in their chapel there hung sacred pictures. I used to go and look at them, and they rather awed me."

"Then you dropped for a while your death's-head-and-bloody-bone business?" I remarked.

"No, not a bit of it. Boys' minds are curious. The bad men who inflicted the tortures interested me more than the suffering martyrs, and I went in stronger than ever for my pet horrors."

"You wanted, however, to be an artist?"

"Yes, that was my determination. All the money I could save was spent in pencils and paint-boxes. I had the vaguest conception of what an artist had to do, and no possible idea of the studies necessary."

"But you had the will power?" I said.

"I made up my mind to earn some money, so as to be an artist. When I was thirteen I went to Chicago, and had a place as clerk in an express office, and when not at work I drew and I drew."



"Not pirates?"

"No, they dropped out of sight. I always saw what was amusing in nature, and so the comic side of a frog, a turtle, a rabbit, or a bird always asserted itself. I ran into caricature. Then after a while I was not exactly dissatisfied, but there came a longing, an undefined feeling, that there was something better and higher for me to do. I began to see what were my deficiencies. I did not know how to draw. I could take a pencil and make lines, but that was not drawing. I could not copy nature to suit me."

"Did none of those beautiful figures you paint now come up before you then?" I asked.

"But vaguely. I may have caught glimpses of something, as through the rifts of a cloud. I suppose my imagination never was dormant. But dreaming about a picture and sitting down wide awake, with a canvas before you, and then coolly painting your reverie, are two different things."

"Then you pegged and pegged away?"

"Sure," was Mr. Church's answer. "I really do think now," he continued, "that I did a great deal of severe work. I could make money by mechanical drawing, and I did that, and, with what I could save, that paid for my courses of instruction in a drawing-class under an intelligent master."

"Did it come quickly—the study of the human form?"

"No, it did not. But I began to understand what were the aims of the true artist, and found how difficult it was to give tangible form to subjects passing through my fancy."

"You had, then, a glimpse of the shore you wanted to touch?"

"It was hazy—a dim, blurry outline. But it was not sailing. It was digging—I had to dig," said Mr. Church, reflectively.

"Some time ago I had a note from you, Mr. Church; and here it is. It was about a picture for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. You had made a rough sketch of an illustration. Does that not show in a measure what you mean when you say how difficult it is to give tangible form to subjects which pass through an artist's fancy?"

"Yes, that explains it in a certain measure. The first idea may come like a flash, but then before you make your picture there is a process of development, often of an unconscious kind. But though it may seem easy in its accomplishment, it is the resultant of many years of toil. Let me go back to my panorama. I exhibited it with another boy, and the theatre was his woodshed. We slid the panorama along a door. It was a pay show, and our total receipts were fourteen cents, and that was the first money I made in art."

THE VISION OF THE KING'S BAD EYE.

BY R. K. MCKITTRICK.

ONCE upon a time there was a queer old King who was very unhappy because of a defect in one of his eyes—a defect which he had endeavored in many ways to cure, but in vain. This defect, if it may be called such, was similar to the imperfection in a pane of glass which, when looked through, distorts objects upon the other side in a most grotesque and uncanny manner. But in the other eye everything appeared in its natural form. Consequently the King was very unhappy, because he could never rid himself of the impression made upon him by an ordinarily beautiful object which he had once observed with the defective eye. Over this organ he usually wore a sort of a bandage that everything might appear to him in its natural shape. When he fixed both eyes upon a person the effect would be a composite effect of beauty and ugliness, which was very annoying to him, because he was an optimistic person, and desired to view things in their most alluring light. Yet he was a man of more than ordinary curiosity, and frequently, when he had looked at a person only to discover that person to be very

beautiful, the temptation to look out of the other eye, to see if his first impression had been correct was too much for him, and he would slyly remove the bandage, to find the object of his vision a most hideous and grotesque personage.

Out of the abnormal eye a man would appear to be only half his actual height and twice his width, and animals and trees were distorted in the same manner. He would also come to grief in many ways, as his perspective was 'way at sea. He would step in the middle of a brook which seemed to be not more than a couple of feet wide, and in walking up and down stairs he would often fall, as the steps would ripple in every conceivable way, and appear to him to be where in reality they were not. An apple would seem to him to be the size of a pumpkin, and when he had eaten three or four of them he would consider his appetite too great for a healthy man, and consequently become greatly worried about himself. This was his chief reason for wearing a bandage over the eye which distorted all objects.

"Ah, what a terrible thing," he one day said to a courtier, "to look upon a mosquito and have to imagine it a chicken-hawk."

"It must be horrible," replied the courtier, sympathetically.

"Once," said the King, "when I was young I fled for dear life from a mule, only to discover, when I had fallen from exhaustion, that the mule was a rabbit. It was then I first took to wearing a bandage over my eye. I would give anything to be cured of this awful defect of vision. I wonder if there is any way out of it?"

"I am at a loss to give your majesty advice," replied the courtier, humbly; "but it seems to me you might be cured by having the eye removed."

The King was not particularly pleased by the suggestion of so dire an expedient, and frowned upon the courtier, who was sorely distressed by his master's displeasure. In fact, the King became impressed with the idea that his courtier was making light of his misfortune, about which he was so sensitive, and forthwith dismissed him from the service. It soon became a subject which no one dared allude to; and the King might mistake a chicken for an ostrich, or a tea-rose for a cabbage, without fear of correction.

The King was unmarried, because he had long ago vowed that no woman should ever become his wife who did not appear perfectly lovely in the eye that distorted all objects.

"For," said he, "if she should look lovely in my sound eye I might still be mistaken. She might be actually more uncanny than she would appear in my good optic, and still not as distressingly uncanny as the other one would make her. Therefore she must be fair in my defective eye whom I wed."

Many a fair candidate had been suggested, and it was the opinion of every one whose opinion was worth anything that the King would never marry.

At a considerable distance from the palace lived a wood-chopper who was so ugly in form and feature that every one was afraid to go near him, and if his wife had not been as ugly as himself she might have succeeded in securing another for a husband. Children ran past their humble weather-beaten abode as if the place were haunted, and no one would associate with them. Now these people had a daughter who was so grotesquely ugly that beside her her parents seemed beautiful. The people about the country shuddered upon beholding her, and called her "The Vision of the King's Bad Eye," and through looking upon her people began to feel a sympathetic appreciation of the poor King's malady. There was no one charitable enough to have a kind thought of her, and as she performed the functions of a drudge about the place she had little to cheer her life.

Yet she didn't know how ugly she was in appearance, because her parents had become so accustomed to her face that they looked upon it only as one of beauty and grace, which must be the characteristics of all who are seen only through the spectacles of love.

So when others told her brusquely that she was the vision of the King's bad eye, she really thought they envied her good looks, and paid no attention to their many taunts.

"The King would pull his bandage over both eyes if he were to see you," they would say.

Still she worked away with a complacency that provoked her tormentors beyond measure.

"Why don't you go and let the King look at you, and see if you can spoil his good eye?" they would say.

One day she replied, "It will be time enough when the King sends for me."

And in this way it came to the King's ears, and his curiosity

regarding the wood-chopper's daughter became so great that he did send for her.

She appeared at his request in due time, and when he cast his good eye upon her he thought her anything but lovely.

"Isn't she beautiful!" exclaimed the mother, proudly, with a smile that was pathetic.

Then the King looked at her with the bad eye, and she was so fascinatingly ugly that she actually looked beautiful in it.

"What!" exclaimed the King, "have my eyes changed places?" And then he continued, after he had looked at her again with each eye: "No, my eyes are the same. If she is homely in my good eye she is lovely in my defective one. She is the only lovely object my bad eye ever gazed upon; I shall henceforth wear the bandage over my perfect eye, and be satisfied as I go through life, asking to see nothing else that is beautiful but her."

And ever after the day of the wedding the King wore the bandage over his good eye and was perfectly happy.

HANDBALL—A GAME FOR EVERYBODY.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

HANDBALL is one of the oldest games known. Its history is very nearly as old as the history of mankind. Recent excavations at Gurob, a town sixty miles south of Cairo, in Egypt, brought to light a number of balls that had been used in the game. Some were of leather, and some of wood. They were all about as big as modern tennis-balls. Men wise in archaeology say that these balls were used in games played 4000 years ago. Think of a game whose record is more than twice as old as the Christian era! And indeed it is far older than that. I remember that Crowley, the late lamented Central Park chimpanzee, whose well-preserved body you may still see in the Museum of Natural History, used to have rare games of ball with Jake Cook, his keeper. It is not impossible that simians played some sort of ball game before man lived on this earth.

Through all the centuries of its existence handball has been very popular. It has no complicated rules to bother new players. One can have as much fun at his first game as he can find in the last. Any first-class player will tell you that he is constantly finding something new in it. The ancient Lacedæmonians had a ball game which, with very little variation, becomes tennis, which is closely allied to handball. Conquering Roman soldiers took handball into Gaul and Spain. "Longue Paume" became its name on the continent of Europe. Like every other good thing, it was reserved for the exclusive use of kings and nobles. Louis X. of France, according to historian Villaret, died from a congestive chill after playing longue paume in the forest of Vincennes. Perhaps that is why the common people were presently allowed to play the game. No monarch has ever been discovered who likes to monopolize deadly illness. Still, if the fate of Louis X. will keep my young readers from being careless and catching cold, the dear old gentleman may rest happy in his sculptured tomb. He will feel that even his death was useful as a warning.

What outfit must we have for a rousing game of handball? Answer: a tennis-ball, a comparatively smooth wall, and a comparatively smooth plot of ground. Could anything be cheaper? And as for the fun in it, I have tried every kind of athletic sport except tiger-shooting and football, and I place handball in the very front rank so far as fun is concerned. And as for exercise, listen. George was one of the best swimmers and wrestlers in the New York Athletic Club. For a few years he ceased exercising regularly. He began to grow, not tall, but very far around. Then he suddenly developed a horror of accumulating fat. He began to wrestle, to swim, to take long jogs on the gallery running track. All in vain. George's labors jarred the house, but he could not take off weight, although he wore a bale of duanels. One day he sat worrying over his immensity.

"Play a few games of handball," advised a friend of his. Up went George to the gymnasium. After a very little while the leaping and running of the game made his jolly face moist and pink. In time it became wet and purple. At the end of two hours' play he found he had lost five pounds. Next day and the next he persevered. At the end of a few weeks his old dress suit fitted him again. I remember reducing myself three pounds one winter afternoon when I was already trained down as firm

as I should be. I knew I ought to stop playing, but to stop was impossible. The game was too fascinating.

It seems to me every boy should make it a fixed rule that when he has played the game two hours he shall firmly and manfully put on his coat and walk away from the court—and stay away for the rest of the day. Too much exercise will do a fellow more harm than smoking or going without sleep. Don't get in the habit of saying, "I'll play just one more game." Learn to stop at the time you first intend to stop.

Any house wall or barn wall will do to play handball against, if it has no windows. It is useless to say, "I'll be careful and I won't knock the ball through a window." You can't help it. Moments are bound to come when you will pounce on the ball, yelling like an Indian, and you'll smash it with all the strength in your mind and body. Then it is too late to think of windows. Profit by the experience of one who has broken and paid.

Let us suppose you have found the gable end of a house or barn or stable, shop or any structure not pierced by a window. Draw straight lines, one fifteen feet, and one two feet above and parallel to the ground. Let their be fifteen feet long. Now draw vertical lines from each end of the top line to the ground. The space enclosed above the lower line is the space into which the ball must be driven. Draw straight lines on the ground from each end of the playing space for a distance of twenty-five feet. Close this with a straight line at the end, and your court is finished. If you choose you can mark the wall with white chalk, although white paint is better. If the wall is of smooth-faced brick you are indeed lucky. If it is dressed with cement, then—well, my hands ache to play in your court. It is well worth while to level the ground of the court with great thoroughness. Borrow or hire a long spirit-level and some shovels; these and a few hours' work will give you a smooth playing space.

Now the game begins. Let Dick and Harry play. Dick serves. He stands at the service-line (which is ten feet from the wall) and throws down the tennis-ball. As it rebounds he strikes it up against the wall with the palm of his right hand. Let him keep his fingers and thumb well closed, for if a loose finger hits the ball it will ache.

Now the ball rebounds from the wall. If it has hit the wall above the "dead-line" (the lower one), and if it has bounded out past the service-line and into the court, Harry must hit it back to the wall, and cause it to return in the same way. On this "return," as it is called, the ball need not come back past the service-line. It is enough if it returns past the "balk-line," which is drawn on the ground three feet out from the base of the wall and parallel to it.

One word as to scoring. If Dick, who, you remember, "served" the ball, manages to return the ball so that Harry can't play it back within the lines I have described, he scores a point. If Harry does the same trick first, Dick goes out. This does not count as one point, but it gives Harry the "service" and a chance to score. Any one who drives the ball out of bounds of course loses by it. If he is "hand in," he loses his service, if he is "hand out," the server scores a point against him. Twenty-one points constitute a game. Four boys can play in one court, two on a side.

A CERTAIN FAIRY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THERE'S a dear little fairy with very bright eyes
Who lives in the school-room and sleeps on the shelves,
Where they shut up the books which, to make children wise,
The children must look at and handle themselves.

And morning by morning, at nine of the clock,

The small fairy wakes and springs down to the floor,
For the lad and the lassie in jacket or frock

Will need her to aid them ere task-time is o'er.

Be the problem vexations, or stubborn the verb,

Depend on this friend to give help quite worth while;

The sternest of masters she'll never disturb,

Her presence has ever been met with a smile.

The Fairy "Attention!" Present you? Of course,

The dear little fairy with very bright eyes.

Who lives in the school-room for better, for worse,

And knows every secret that makes children wise.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

If my little dog should lose his tail,
I'd buy him a small sand bag
To take its place; 'twould be very sad
If he'd nothing at all to wag.

THE BABY'S NAME.

"WHAT are they going to call your new brother, Jack?"
"Oh, I don't know—Jack, I guess!"
"But that's your name."
"That doesn't make any difference. It was Papa's before I had it. Pa and ma have a way of makin' us boys use up their old things."

A GREAT SCHEME.

I wish I owned a parrot that
Had some intelligence,
To learn my lessons every day,
Would it not be immense?

To hide him in my pocket where
My teacher couldn't see,
And let him answer questions that
Proved much too hard for me!

THE Japanese relate a story to their children of a certain petty nobleman who, having eaten up his fortune, took rooms next door to a famous restaurant, in order that he might enjoy the odors of the cooking viands in the which he could no longer indulge himself.

The proprietor, hearing of this after some time, presented a bill, wherein he charged two yen fifty sen for the vapors of food inhaled by the poor nobleman during the month.

Whereupon the ex-gourmand, calling for his old cash-box, which now held but a few copper coins, shook it violently in the ear of the proprietor, and replied,

"As you charge me for the fumes of your food I pay you with the sound of my money."



SETTING A HEN.

DICK. "SAY, BROKIE, WHY IS SETTING A HEN LIKE GARDENING? GIVE IT UP? BECAUSE IT'S CULTIVATING AN EGG PLANT."



A QUICK CURE.

MOTHER. "DON'T YOU FEEL ABLE TO GET UP TO-DAY?"

BOY. "NO, MAMMA, I AM SO WEAK."

MAMMA. "WELL, LET ME SEE. I GUESS YOU WILL BE ABLE TO GO TO SCHOOL MONDAY. TO-DAY IS SATURDAY,

AND—"
BOY (jumping out of bed). "SATURDAY! I THOUGHT IT WAS FRIDAY."

MOTHER. "Jack, are you still the head of your class?"

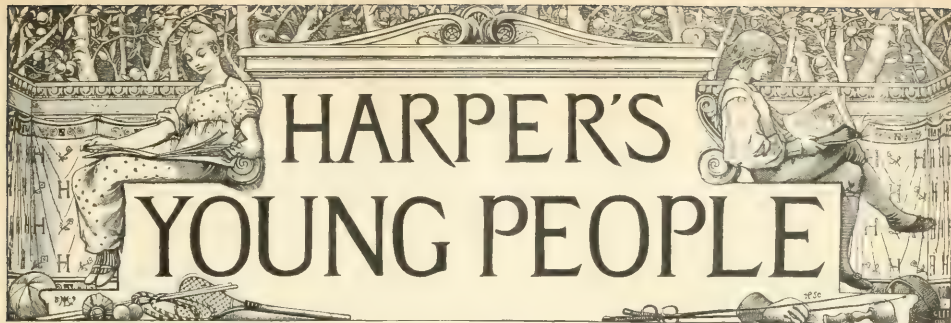
JACK. "No, ma; some one had a better head than I, and he is there now."

A LARGE BOOK.

IN one of the recent numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a short sketch appeared describing the smallest book probably in existence.

As an offset to this, it will doubtless interest the reader to know of a certain famous copy of the Koran, or bible of the Moslems. This book's enormous size has given it a great reputation. It is something like five feet long by three feet wide.

The letters or characters average three inches in height, and the book itself is about a foot in thickness. It is jealously guarded, and although a religious book, still it would be rather amusing to watch the efforts of a couple of full-grown men opening it, for all the world like one would open the flap doors of a cellar, the binding being, literally, in boards. The labor of preparing such a work covered a period of six years.



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.

BY ALBERT LEE.

IT had been thawing and raining alternately for three or four days. The boys had been obliged to stay indoors, and time had hung most heavily on their hands. But Saturday afternoon Dick Allston came in and said he was tired of hanging around his own house all the time, and wanted to know if Dave and Bob Clark could not think up something to do.

"I can't," said Dave, frankly, "but let's go out to the barn; perhaps we will get some inspiration there."

The barn was usually a fruitful place for inspiration, because it was an exceedingly large structure, and because

one end of the loft was piled with all sorts of old things that had been stowed away up there as worthless for at least three generations. Grandfather Clark had made the first contributions to this heaven of boyish delight, and as Grandfather Clark had spent most of his days in the East India trade, as skipper of the clipper ship *Moonshine*, his cast-off material furnished in itself a treasure-house for Dave and his brother. The old Captain, now long since dead, used to make a yearly trip to Bombay, and his old trunks and chests and belongings, when relegated to the barn, had formed almost a wagon-load in themselves.

But the boys had frequently overhauled them and pulled them to pieces, and almost all the "inspiration" had long since been knocked out of them.

But Dick and Bob and Dave climbed the rickety ladder once again, and invaded the dusty store-room of by-gone glories, and sat on the old boxes just as they had done hundreds of times before.

"I know what!" finally exclaimed Dick, as he jumped to his feet. "Let's send an April-fool present to Sam Dickson."

"Oh no," objected Dave. "Sam Dickson has had trouble enough lately. It's no reason because Sam's father is suing my father that we should be mean to him and bother him."

"Sam is a pig," stated Bob, emphatically.

"I know you think so," replied Dave. "You and Dick had a fight with him, and Sam got the best of you, and ever since you have hated him."

"Got the best of us? I guess not!" retorted Dick. "But if you don't want to join in a joke, you needn't. Bob and I will make a present for Sam, and send it to him."

"Well, I shall have nothing to do with it," said Dave, hotly; and he climbed down the ladder, and went back through the rain to the house.

Sam Dickson's father, as Dave had said, was, in fact, having a lawsuit with Mr. Clark. It was all on account of a business enterprise that the two men had entered into together, and which had turned out disastrously for Mr. Dickson. The latter charged Mr. Clark with the blame, and an action resulted. In the mean while the Dicksons had been left almost penniless, and had been forced to move away from Tanville-by-the-Sea, and to take very humble lodgings in Boston.

"We'll fix that Sam," said Dick, as Dave slammed the barn door.

"That we will," added Bob. "We'll send him a big box, and make him pay the expressage. That'll be an April fool for him for keeps."

"What shall we put in it?"

"Oh, anything. Let's look about for some truck up here. And then we'll pack it up in all the boxes we can find, and ship it the day before April 1st. That's day after to-morrow."

Then these two uncharitable boys started in to rummage about in all the old trunks and chests to find some worthless object to send to poor Sam Dickson in Boston. They turned everything inside out, but they could not find anything worthless enough for their purpose anywhere. Finally, however, Dick stumbled over a small card-board box in a corner of one of the oldest chests, and when he opened it, he found it to contain half a dozen dirty pebbles.

"Here are some old stones," he exclaimed. "Let's send him these."

"I guess they'll do as well as anything," answered Bob. "Then he can go out in his back yard and throw stones at himself instead of throwing them at us."

The boys wrapped the pebbles up in a piece of brown paper, and labelled it "April Fool." Then they put this package in a card-board box, and likewise labelled that "April Fool." Having done this, they placed their gift in a wooden box, and packed it in straw. This they also labelled, and then placed that in another box. A fourth larger box was found, and the entire combination was nailed up and duly addressed to Sam Dickson at his lodgings in Boston. They were careful to leave no marks on any of the boxes that would show who the senders were.

Bob and Dick said nothing more about their scheme to Dave, but on the afternoon of March 31st they carted the big box to the express-office, and despatched it, C.O.D., to Sam, after having given assumed names to the receiving clerk.

On the afternoon of April 1st Sam Dickson and his father and mother were sitting in their little dining-room together conversing with old Mr. Balsam, who had stopped in to say that he was going to New York that night, and who wanted to know if he could do anything for the Dicksons during his visit to the great city. Just as he was about to bid them farewell the bell rang, and an expressman with a large C. O. D. box addressed to Sam Dickson presented a bill for \$3 75.

"What is this, Sam?" asked his father.

"I don't know, father. I have not ordered anything from anybody. It's a surprise to me."

"Do you want this box?" shouted the expressman, roughly, as he shoved the bill into Mr. Dickson's hand. Mr. Dickson looked surprised for a moment; then he felt in his pocket, paid the man, and he and Sam carried the box up stairs.

"Perhaps it's a present," said Mrs. Dickson, as Sam went into the kitchen to get a hatchet.

"Heaven knows we need presents badly enough," replied Mr. Dickson, with a sad smile, and then everybody sat down and watched Sam open the box.

As soon as the lid came off the cruel words "April Fool" burst upon the little company, and almost brought tears to the eyes of Sam's mother. Mr. Balsam looked very fierce, and shifted around uneasily in his chair. Mr. Dickson said nothing, but walked slowly into the other room, and began to read a newspaper.

"I'll just see how much of a fool trick this is," said Sam, with his teeth clinched. And he went at those wooden boxes like an Indian at an enemy. The splinters flew to the right and to the left, the straw was scattered all over the floor, and still the words "April Fool" and nothing else kept coming into evidence. At last Sam reached the brown paper package and opened it, and threw the stones down on the table.

"Nothing but half a dozen pebbles," he said, with a sigh; but his eyes flashed in a way that would have made Bob Clark and Dick Allston uncomfortable if they had been in that room.

Old Mr. Balsam pulled out his spectacles and moved his chair up to the table. He picked up one of the pebbles and looked at it. Then he picked up another. Presently he grew very red, and coughed, and readjusted his glasses, and rubbed the stone on his sleeve.

"A bowl of water, please, Mrs. Dickson," he said, nervously.

Mrs. Dickson did not quite comprehend, but she drew some water in a salad bowl, and placed it on the table. Mr. Balsam dropped all the stones into the water, which soon took on a grayish color as the dirt from the pebbles melted away. The old gentleman took out the largest of the stones, and dried it carefully with his handkerchief. It was about as big as his thumb joint. He rubbed it and scrutinized it and squinted at it, and then he did the same thing with each of the others. At first he looked surprised, then he began to smile, and at last he said:

"Sam, my boy, if this is an April-fool joke the joke is not on you. These pebbles are precious stones. Four of them are Indian rubies and the other two are sapphires. They are uncut stones, but they must be worth thousands of dollars."

"What!" ejaculated Sam, aghast.

"Have you any idea who sent them to you?"

"Not the slightest," answered Sam, now very much excited.

"So much the better," said Mr. Balsam, chuckling to himself. "If you want me to, I will take these stones to New York with me to-night, and have them valued in Maiden Lane to-morrow. Perhaps I can sell them for you."

But Sam and his mother were too much excited to an-

swer this question off-hand. Sam rushed in for his father, and the four people sat down around the table and examined the pebbles again and again.

"There's no doubt about it," repeated Mr. Balsam. "Those are four rubies and two sapphires. I'll go my life on it. I have not had a brother in the jewelry business for fifteen years for nothing."

"Well, they're Sam's," was all Mrs. Dickson could say.

"Yes, they're Sam's," added his father, "and it's for him to do as he wishes with them."

"Shall I sell them for you?" asked Mr. Balsam again.

"Sell them?" exclaimed Sam—"sell them? I should say so. What are those stones worth to me as they are?

They're too small for building material and too big for bird seed. Why, I'd take fifty cents for them."

And so it was quickly agreed that Mr. Balsam should take the stones to New York with him, and sell them if he could. He wrapped them carefully in tissue-paper, put them in his inner pocket, and went away.

Two days later a telegram came to Sam from New York. It read:

"Have sold the stones for \$17,500. EDGAR BALSAM."

And when the story of the April-fool box got into the newspapers—as such stories always do—and was eventually printed in the *Gazette* of Tanville-by-the-Sea, Dick and Bob saw it, and they went to bed and were down sick for three whole days.

LIFE-BLOOD OF A GREAT CITY.

HOW NEW YORK SEES AT NIGHT.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.



YOU turn on a gas-jet or an electric light without thinking much of the operation. But if you ever happen to visit one of the gigantic workshops where light is manufactured for this city, you will certainly be impressed by the tremendous power that stands behind every dancing gas-jet and every glowing electric bulb. Thousands of laborers and hundreds of thoroughly trained scientists toil day and night for our benefit without ceasing. Their duties are divided into hundreds of bewildering specialties. After visiting a few light-factories one comes away with a confused impression of magicians and enchantments.

Down at the foot of East Twenty-first Street more than three city blocks are occupied by one of the plants of the Consolidated Gas Company, the chief manufacturer of illuminating gas in this country. The region round about looks like an enchanted country full of high round castles. But if you go closer, you will find that the tall towers are made of stout iron, and that they are the storage reservoirs from which gas is driven under pressure through miles of streets, so that it darts out in jets at every lamp-post, or in your drawing-room or kitchen, or pretty nearly wherever else you want it.

In this Twenty-first Street light-factory the first thing that impressed me was the entire absence of hurry or apparent effort. Gangs of laborers were dawdling along, handling shovels and all sorts of outlandish iron instruments, as if they had years before them, and didn't care whether they finished their work just now or next century. But all this is on the surface. They work hard, but each gang is as well trained as any college boat crew. They swing along easily, but manage to accomplish a great deal. The men in this factory were making illuminating gas by cooking hard coal and Croton water together. Of course the excellence of the product depends on the way it is treated after the elements are put together. Half a dozen gasogenes are standing side by side. Each one is a tall cylinder of black iron, capable of holding from three to five tons of hard coal. The anthracite is so piled up within that it can all catch fire at the same time. When I arrived, a couple of laborers on an elevated railway track had just dumped the last carload of coal into the yawning fire-box.

A big fellow in blue overalls set fire to the coal, and the air-blast was turned on, thereby creating a furious forced draught. There was a roaring, rushing sound within the

gasogene. A tall, feathery-looking plume of blue flame darted from out of what you or I would call the chimney of the gasogene, but what the gas-makers call the purge-valve. This blue flame was almost pure hydrogen, good enough for heating purposes, but not worth considering by itself as a means of lighting. These jets of burning hydrogen, by-the-way, can be seen for miles at night. Their pale and dancing shapes give that part of the East River an uncanny air.

But presently the flame at the purge-valve took on an orange hue. The foreman was watching it with the intensity of a fisherman awaiting the precise moment to land his prize. The orange flame deepened.

"She'll do," cried the foreman, closing the purge-valve, while his assistant shut off the forced draught. The whole mass of coal, now incandescent within the gasogene, would blind us with its dazzling, glaring whiteness could we find a vent in the thick black iron wall to peep through. Without losing a moment, the foreman turned a valve that sent a vast cloud of steam hissing into the superheated cupola. Up it flew, decomposing as it went.

Pure hydrogen was what flowed from the gasogene now. It was led off through tight iron pipes to large tanks or holders. Thence it was driven under pressure to the carbureters. The blue flame (hydrogen) that first appeared when the coal began to burn was unavoidably wasted, but every bit of the gas that came from the decomposed steam was conveyed to the carbureters. Here the hydrogen, which, by-the-way, is the lightest substance known—fifteen times lighter than air—is mixed with naphtha, which gives it luminosity. The naphtha is allowed to trickle down upon a series of trays, wherein steam jets turn it to vapor. The hydrogen, flowing up from the bottom of the carburetter, readily mingles with the vaporized naphtha.

If you should visit this plant, the superintendent will take great pride in showing you the U. G. I. process for cooking coal and water together, and thereby making gas. The mysterious letters stand for United Gas Improvement Company. By this plan the generator, carburetter, and superheater are grouped close together, and a great deal of the hydrogen that would escape in the older process is caught and used. Inside of the superheater is as fine a display of fireworks as any one would care to see. Here the hydrogen and naphtha vapor are "fixed," by being driven through a gigantic checker-work structure of fire-proof brick that has been heated to a fierce blood-red hue.



LIGHTING STREETS BY ELECTRICITY.

But let us go back to the condensers. These are in a lofty brick house on the south side of Twenty-first Street. They are enormous square black iron boxes, and no matter by what process the gas is made, it is cooled here, and much reduced in bulk.

One would think that after all these operations the gas must be ready for use; but much yet remains to be done. From the condensers it is led to the scrubbers. These are big black iron cylinders—air-tight, of course—and filled with trays. The gas slowly ascends from the very lowest part of the cylinder. Its color, as I should have said before, is quite black. Jets of water play constantly upon the topmost tray of the scrubber, and they are constantly splashing all the way down. As the gas ascends it becomes cleaner and cleaner, while the descending water grows blacker and blacker. This process rids the gas of all impurities, which would interfere with its successful use in our homes as light.

Now the gas is colorless, but it needs still more cleaning, for it is full of sulphur and carbonic acid. If it were delivered to the consumer in this state, its odor of sulphuretted hydrogen (the active principle of aged but not infirm eggs) would make it unbearable. So from the scrubbers the gas is driven through pipes to the purifiers. These are broad, rather shallow boxes of iron, each about three feet deep and of as great floor area as the average dining-room. These boxes are filled with fine oyster-shell lime. There is a fine iron grating between the upper and lower lime compartment. Here again the

gas is driven in at the bottom, and comes out at the top. The fluid is driven in this way through all of the four purifiers in a "set," and when it finally emerges it is clean and pure and fit for use at last. It is driven through either one of the big station meters, and from there to the "delivery holders" which stand on the other side of Avenue A.

The station meter is a beautiful machine. It is a cylinder of the finest wrought iron so deftly joined that not one whiff of gas escapes. There is absolutely no odor of gas in the meter-room. The meters—there are four of them—are 18 feet 6 inches in diameter, and 18 feet 6 inches long. To describe in detail how the gas is measured would take too much time. In one word it registers the number of cubic feet of the fluid that passes through it. Either one of the two newest station meters registers six millions of cubic feet a day.

From the meters the gas is driven into the delivery holders. These are the lofty domes with weighted tops that drive the fluid through the mains, and so to wherever it may be needed.

What you have been reading about is the newest style of gas-making. Another system is in use at the East Fourteenth Street plant—the manufacture of gas from soft, or bituminous coal. In this place soft coal is shovelled into retorts by brawny fellows whose muscles would do credit to many a professional athlete. The retorts are arranged in "benches," or groups of six, built of fire-clay, and shaped like long narrow bake-ovens. It is a cheerful sight to see the laborers hurling the soft coal into the retorts. Their shovel is no shovel at all, but rather a long shallow trough of iron big enough to fill the retort. The laborers throw coal into it with smaller shovels. Two giants grasp it at each side, and the biggest giant of all seizes the handle at the rear end. They swing it up, and, resting the front end of the trough on the edge of the glowing retort, push in the four hundred pounds of soft coal. Just as you think the shovel has been swallowed in the roaring flames the last giant gives the handle a twist, turns the shovel upside down, spreads the coal evenly in the retort, and drags the shovel out. It is all done so swiftly that the eye can hardly follow the motions.

The gas that arises from the retorts, around which, of course, fierce flames are darting, is led away through the hydraulic main and mixed with naphtha, condensed, scrubbed, and purified, in the same way that the hard coal or "water gas" is treated. When the gas has all



NEW YORK FROM THE RIVER AT NIGHT.



INSIDE A GAS FACTORY.

been cooked out of the soft coal, coke remains. This is used in heating the retorts, and much of it is sold to bakers. One of the most valuable by-products of illuminating gas is the ammonia which is gathered in the scrubbers.

Perhaps it will interest you to know that fifty millions of cubic feet of gas were used daily in this city last year, and that one company alone sold eight thousand millions of cubic feet of gas in 1893. An army of four thousand men is employed in furnishing gas-light to this city.

Electricity plays an important part in the lighting of New York. One of the remarkable things about its use is that it has largely increased the consumption of gas.

"I suppose people become so accustomed to brilliantly lighted streets," said Chief Engineer William H. Bradley to me, "that they burn three or four gas-jets at home now where one or two used to answer very well."

The difference between the gas plant and the place where electric light is made is as great as the difference between an old-fashioned sloop-of-war and an up-to-date cruiser like the *New York*. After spending an hour in the Edison Electric Illuminating Company's Duane Street plant—the largest station—you will probably go away wondering, as I did, why some one didn't invent the electric light generations ago. It all seems so easy, so simple. Everything seems at the first glance to be managed on the topsy-turvy plan. For example, you find all the coal stored on the floor next to the top. It is carried there from the receiving hoppers beneath the sidewalk on an endless chain to which steel buckets are attached. The operation is managed so delicately that not one particle of annoying coal dust escapes, and you know nothing about it until somebody tells you. The highest floor of all is divided into offices. From the floor below the coal in tiny lumps, called "buckwheat," descends through pipes or chutes to the fourth floor, where it is automatically weighed in 100-pound lots.

Here you find nine giant Babcock and Wilcox boilers, each of 325 horse-power, attached to furnaces fed night and day by rugged fellows, who handle their shovels as accurately and nimbly as Buffalo Bill swings his rifle.

The steam is piped down to the first floor, where it is fed to five mighty triple-expansion engines, the smallest of 600 and the largest of 2500 horse-power. Two dynamos are attached to each engine. The largest engine runs two dynamos, each of 800-kilo-Watt's-power, or 6000 amperes. In every-day language, each dynamo furnishes electric current enough for 12,000 lamps, each of which is equivalent to 16 candles. These are the largest dynamos in the electric-lighting business. Let us look at one of them. Here is an enormous wheel of brass, as tall as the highest locomotive driving-wheel you ever saw, and nearly twice as thick. As it whirls around at a very high velocity, a series of fine copper brushes excite it, and surrounding magnetic coils aid in the generating of the electric current in a manner that scores of writers have tried and failed to explain. From each dynamo the current is conducted to the switchboard—a complicated frame of brass rods and levers. Meters register its volume and intensity.

The territory lighted from this plant extends from the Battery to Eighth Street, and the same wires carry current for arc and incandescent lamps. By a system of return wires and indicators the operator at the switchboard can tell at a glance the amount and intensity of the current at any one of the "feeder pressure wire terminals." If your office, say, is in Eighth Street, the electrician in Duane Street can tell at any time just how much current, and what quality of current, you are getting. He knows, therefore, just how brightly your electric lights are shining.

The cellar of the Edison building is a vast network of cables—groups of wires covered with lead wrappings. From here the electricity is sent out in a hundred different directions.

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AFTER THE "DOGMATES," "RAIFMATES," "CAMMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

PHIL'S ESKIMO MILITIA.

PHIL and Serge dropped very easily into the life of the mission, and quickly became interested in its work. The missionary had always found more or less trouble with the older Indian boys, who were almost ready to take their place in the tribe as hunters, and so felt themselves rather above going to school with the children. When Phil learned of this difficulty he conceived a plan for overcoming it, which, with the missionary's consent, he at once proceeded to put into execution. It was nothing more nor less than to form the unruly boys into a military company. He had been an officer in his own school company at New London, and even Serge had become fairly well drilled during the year he spent there.

Phil and Serge had already formed the acquaintance of an intelligent young Indian named Chitsah, son of Kurilla, who had once been in the employ of an American exploring party, from whom he had gained a fair knowledge of English.

Through Chitsah, therefore, Phil issued an invitation to all the Indian lads between the ages of twelve and eighteen to meet him and Serge in the large school-room, which was cleared of its furniture for the purpose that very evening, as he wanted to teach them a new game. About one dozen boys accepted this invitation, and a disreputable, slouchy-appearing lot they were, all clad in cast-off or well-worn garments of civilization, and looking as though half ashamed of being there. As Phil afterwards said, he expected each moment to see them become panic-stricken and make a break for the door.

By the aid of Serge and Chitsah, who acted as interpreters, Phil explained that the new game was called "soldiers." He said that all who wanted to join his company and come to that place three nights of the week for drill, might do so, provided each would first make for himself a wooden gun like the one he had prepared that day, and which he now showed them. After awhile they would give an exhibition drill to which all their friends should be invited, but in the mean time everything that took place at their meetings was to be kept secret from outsiders. Then the young drill-master put Serge through the manual of arms and a few marching movements to illustrate his meaning.

The boys quickly comprehended the idea, and were charmed with it. Some of them began instinctively to stand straight and throw back their shoulders in imitation of Serge. When Phil ranged them in a line, toeing a chalk mark drawn across the floor, and then stepping back a few paces, called out "Tention!" every one of them assumed an attitude bearing some resemblance to that of a soldier, and stood motionless. Then Phil pinned a band of scarlet cloth about the left sleeve of the largest boy, who was known as Big Sidorka, and told him he might wear it for one week, after which it would be given to whichever one of the company the others should decide to be the best drilled.

The next evening twenty boys appeared, and every one brought with him a wooden gun, all neatly, and some beautifully made. At this meeting they were given their permanent positions in the ranks, taught to count "fours" at the word of command, to hold themselves erect, to "carry" and to "shoulder" arms. They were also given to understand that the company was now full, and, until after the exhibition drill, no more members

would be admitted. This at once gave membership a value that made it seem very desirable.

On this occasion, after the drill was over, Serge produced a number of illustrated books and papers containing pictures of soldiers, the meaning of which he explained with such success as to fully arouse the interest of his dusky audience. As a result of this experiment the young Russo-American, who had worked so bravely for his own education, found himself within a week teaching an enthusiastic reading class, in which every member of Phil's military company was a willing scholar.

The missionary was jubilant over these successes, and declared that with a dozen such helpers as Phil and Serge he could have every Indian on the Yukon in school within one year.

In the mean time our lads were not neglectful of their own affairs. With every able-bodied Indian procurable enlisted in the work, the new building was completed by the end of the first week, and for some days the *Chimo's* crew found ample occupation in furnishing and storing it. Then, too, under instructions from Serge, Chitsah, or Kurilla, Phil spent every spare moment of daylight in learning the art of snow-shoeing, mastering the terrible Eskimo whip, and acquiring a vocabulary of dog language.

He got many a tumble on his snow-shoes, and took ludicrous "headers" into many a deep drift, where he would flounder helplessly until rescued by some of the delighted spectators of his mishaps. The long whip, too, tried its best to strangle him by winding in snaky coils about his neck, or to tangle itself in bewildering coils around his legs. As for his vocabulary, it was enough to provoke laughter in the most sedate of sledge dogs, and created uproarious mirth among the human occupants of the Indian village. In spite of all difficulties, Phil persevered with unabated energy, until gradually his feet and the snow-shoes began to work together. He actually succeeded in cracking the snakelike whip so that the sound could be heard, and Kurilla's fine team of bushy-tailed dogs began to prick up their sharp ears understandingly when he addressed them. Many a spin did he have on the river behind this lively team, with Kurilla running beside the sled and cracking his mighty whip until its reports rattled like a fire of musketry. When at length Phil was allowed to run with the sledge instead of occupying it as passenger, and the entire control of the team was intrusted to him, he felt prouder, as Jalap Coombs used to say, than was becoming to a mere mortal man.

But his pride was quickly humbled, for ere they had gone a mile the dogs discovered that they had no reason to fear his whip, and that his unintelligible commands might be treated with contemptuous indifference. Suddenly Musky, the leader, who had a grudge of long standing against Amook, one of the big steer-dogs, turned like a flash and darted furiously at his enemy. In an instant the whole team was rolling in a confused mass of yelping, snarling, snapping, and biting fur, with traces tangled in a thousand knots, sledge going to smash, and pandemonium reigning generally.

Phil stood by in helpless consternation, and not until Kurilla, running up in breathless haste, flung himself bodily into the mêlée, did he have the faintest hope that any dog would emerge alive from that savage conflict.

Another time, as he thought he was meeting with complete success in driving this same team, and was thoroughly enjoying a ride in the sledge, the dogs suddenly stopped short and refused to go on. They sat on their haunches, with wagging tails, and looked at Phil with pleased expressions, as though rejoicing over the discovery that they needn't work unless they chose. And there they sat, in spite of all their driver's efforts to move them, until he was in despair, when with equal sudden-

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 801.

ness they sprang up and dashed away home with the empty sledge, leaving him to follow on foot as best he might.

His first real journey by dog sledge was to the Eskimo village of Makagamoot, fifteen miles down the river, and was taken in company with the missionary, who was accustomed to visit this place once a month. They went in two sledges, with Chitsah as runner, and Phil took with him a small lot of goods. For these Gerald Hamer wished him to procure several suits of fur clothing, in making which the Eskimos greatly excel their Indian neighbors.

Makagamoot was a much more thrifty village than its next neighbor, though at first sight its eight or ten large houses looked only like so many great inverted bowls or hillocks of snow.

Phil and the missionary received an uproarious welcome, emphasized by a great firing of guns at this quaint Eskimo village, and were conducted to the kasiga or principal building, which is at once town-hall, hotel, bath-house, and general assembly-room for the settlement, as well as the winter residence of all unmarried men.

So great was the heat in this place, so stifling its atmosphere, and so horrible its odors that poor Phil gasped for breath on entering it. In vain did he attempt to partake of some of the delicacies pressed upon their guests by the hospitable natives. Raw seal's liver, strips of reindeer fat, dried fish, salmon roe that had been kept for many weeks in a hole in the ground, and caribou bones split so that the marrow might be sucked from them, succeeded each other in rapid succession. Phil was hungry, but not hungry enough for any of these.

Nor could he force himself to remain in that terrible atmosphere long enough to witness the wedding of an Eskimo girl with a white man, a Russian ex-employé of the old fur company, which was the first duty the missionary was called upon to perform. The mortified lad was sorry to thus disappoint his kind-hearted and well-meaning entertainers; but there was no help for it. So with swimming head and uneasy stomach he made a break for the place of exit.

CHAPTER X.

A SAD ROMANCE OF THE WILDERNESS.

"How can human beings endure such vile disgusting smells?" Phil exclaimed, as the missionary rejoined him, a little later, outside.

"They are not vile and disgusting to them," laughed the other. "If noticed at all, they are extremely agreeable. You must remember that the atmosphere which you find so unendurable is that to which the Eskimo has always been accustomed. As soon as he is born his entire body is liberally smeared with rancid oil, and to the day of his death this coating of grease, frequently renewed, affords his best protection against cold and wet.

"A whiff of cologne will make him ill, and flowers that to us are sweet-scented are to him unendurable. Thus you see the sense of smell, like all other senses, can be educated to adapt itself to any conditions, and, happily for the Eskimo, he finds nothing objectionable in the nauseous odors surrounding him."

"That is so," reflected Phil, "for now I remember that the Aleuts of the Pribyloff Islands could not understand what I meant when I complained of the awful stench rising from the decomposing bodies of thousands of seals lying at their very doors."

With the aid of the missionary and Chitsah, Phil traded off the small stock of goods he had brought with him for half a dozen parkas, or outer garments, made from reindeer-skin, with the hair still attached, as many pairs of winter boots, and a number of other arti-

cles made from seal-skin. Each of the parkas had a hood at the back, which could be drawn up over the head. The edge of this hood was trimmed with wolf-skin taken from the back, where the hair is longest. When the hood is in use these long hairs surround the wearer's face with a bristling fringe that affords a surprising amount of protection from driving snow and icy winds.

The *turbossa*, or Eskimo boots, were made of the skin of reindeer legs on which the hair is short and stiff, and were provided with soles of seal-skin, turned up over toes and heels, where they are gathered in little puckers that the native women chew or shape with their teeth. The upper end of one of these boots is tied about the wearer's knee, while a second set of thongs at the ankle holds it in place at that point.

Besides these things, Phil purchased a number of Eskimo wolf-traps, the cruel ingenuity and extreme simplicity of which exceeded anything of the kind he had ever seen. They were merely bits of stiff whalebone about one foot long, with sharpened points, folded into the smallest possible compass, and confined in that position by a lashing of sinew. For use this harmless-looking affair is thrust into a piece of meat, which is frozen and thrown down on the snow. Mr. Wolf swallows meat, trap and all, with such relish that he at once searches for another bit just like it. In the mean time the trap has begun its deadly work in his stomach. Its sinew lashing softens, weakens, and finally breaks under the steady strain of the compressed whalebone. Thus released the bone springs into its original shape, thrusts its sharp points into the wolf's vitals, and often kills him instantly. If not at once, death ensues in a very short time, and when the thrifty Eskimo cuts up his wolf he generally recovers his trap and prepares it to be set again.

The sledge-party from Anvik had started from there before daylight of that morning with a view to returning the same night. So as soon as the missionary had visited every house in Makagamoot and Phil had concluded his trading, the dogs, which Chitsah had been obliged to guard all this time from an overwhelming onslaught by their Eskimo cousins, were headed homeward, and the return journey was begun. Chitsah drove the leading sledge, which was laden with the several hundred pounds of dried fish that the missionary had received as a wedding fee, the missionary drove the other, which bore Phil's purchases, and the Yankee lad trudged beside him.

"Are you often called on to marry two people of different races?" asked the latter, who was thinking over the events of their recent visit.

"No, not often; though it is not uncommon for white men, who have become permanent settlers in the country, to marry native women, and I once married a Chinese man to an Eskimo girl. My strangest experience in that line, though, was gained some years ago when I first came to this country. Wishing to familiarize myself with the entire valley, I took a trip on the Company's steamer to the head of navigation. We stopped to trade at every Indian camp, and at one of these, near Fort Yukon, a couple came on board to get married. The man was a tall good-looking fellow, but a full-blooded Cree Indian from the distant interior. His companion was also in Indian costume; but the moment I looked at her face I saw, to my amazement, that she was a white girl. She was quite young, but had the saddest face I think I ever saw. I remonstrated with her against the step she proposed to take, but in a perfectly calm voice, and speaking most excellent English, though with a Scotch accent, she assured me that she was well aware of what she was about to do, and that it was her firm resolve to marry the Indian who stood beside her. They both gave the name of McLeod, and under that name I married them.



"CAP'N PHIL'S FADDER GONE UP RIVER! YAAS, HE FADDER!"

"After the ceremony was over she told me her story. It seems that, in spite of her fair skin, she was a half-breed daughter of the Scotch factor of a Hudson Bay trading post and his Indian wife. When she was thirteen years old her father sent her to Scotland to be educated. She made her long trip by canoe and sledge from the distant post where she was born to York Factory on Hudson Bay in safety, and there took passage in the Company's annual ship for London. From there she was sent to Edinburgh, where for five years she lived with relatives and attended school. Then she received a note of recall from her father, and was obliged to retrace the wearisome journey over thousands of miles of sea and wilderness to her home in the far Northwest. It was terrible for her to leave the dear friends and pleasant associations of so many years, and hardest of all to separate from the young Scotchman who had won her heart, and her promise to marry him as soon as he should come to claim her in her own home. While she returned to Hudson Bay in a Company's ship, he was forced to travel by way of New York and through the States.

"When the girl reached her home she immediately told her parents of her engagement, and that her lover was even then on his way to marry her. To her dismay her father flew into a violent rage, informed her that he had already selected a husband for her in the person of one of the Company's employes stationed at Fort Liard, and declared that she must marry him at once. In vain did the girl plead with him and endeavor to change his cruel determination, and in vain did the mother take her part. The tyrannical father only grew the more obstinate, and when, after months of weary wanderings, the Scotch lover appeared at the fort, he was driven from it with

bitter words. He was not allowed to see, or even communicate with, the girl, but was ordered to leave the country at once.

"There was nothing to do but obey. The factor was also the only magistrate of a vast region, and ruled it with a rod of iron. None could dwell within his jurisdiction without his knowledge, none obtain employment without his consent. The forts held all the necessities of life, and none could be purchased elsewhere. A band of Indians was ordered to convey the unfortunate youth several hundreds of miles away and there leave him. This they did, but what afterwards became of him I do not know.

"By some means the girl learned of her lover's visit to the fort, of his harsh reception, and of his cruel banishment. The knowledge broke her heart. She became dejected and miserable, and spent her days in weeping. At this her father became so furious that he sent for the man to whom he had promised her to come and marry her at once. He furthermore upbraided his daughter in the presence of all the employes of the fort, and said such cruel things about the man she loved that, declaring she could bear it no longer, she ran out, mounted her pony, and fled to her mother's tribe. There she promised to marry a young Indian who had long admired her, and at once set out with his family for the Yukon, where they hoped to find a priest. As it happened, I was the first whom they encountered, and the result I have already told."

"What became of them after that?" asked Phil, who was deeply interested in this sad romance.

"I do not know. They dared not return to the territory governed by her father, and the last I heard of them they were living by themselves somewhere on the Upper Yukon, where the man was making a precarious livelihood by trapping. I tried to induce them to come and make their home at the mission; but poor Ellen McLeod answered that she should never again dwell among people of her father's race."

"Poor girl!" sighed Phil, who had a very tender heart for the troubles of others. "I wonder if we should have any chance of meeting them if we took our trip up the river? By-the-way, sir, don't you think Serge and I might be trusted to make that trip this winter?"

"I should not care to advise you to do it," replied the missionary, "knowing its dangers as I do. And certainly you could not go without Captain Hamer's consent, for you would require a more expensive outfit than any one save he could furnish."

"I suppose so," admitted Phil, ruefully; "but I can't help thinking that something will turn up to make it seem best to let us go."

They were by this time nearing Anvik, and though the sun had long since set, the river was flooded with moonlight. All at once a dark figure darted out from the shore, and came running toward them. As it drew near, Kurilla's well-known voice shouted, breathlessly:

"Cap'n Phil's fadder gone up river! Yaas, he fadder!"

"My father!" cried Phil. "It can't be. You must be crazy, for my father is thousands of miles from here."

"True, all same. You fadder, yaas."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AUNT SELINA'S MISTAKE.

BY FLORENCE HALLOWELL HOYT.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning following the discovery of the loss of the diamond ring, Miss Selina undertook to give the big hall closet on the second floor a thorough cleaning. She had intended doing it for some time, but had not "got 'round to it," as she expressed it. Now she was glad of something to do that would occupy her mind, for she wanted to forget—if she could—for a time, at least, the unpleasant episode of the previous day.

Becky had stuck steadily to her assertion that she hadn't seen the ring since the day of her arrival. In vain had Miss Selina insisted that she *must* have taken it; that there could be no doubt whatever about the matter. The child had only glared at her furiously, and stuck to her assertion of innocence.

Then Grandma French had taken her off alone into the dim and solemn parlor, and, kissing her tenderly, had begged her to be Grandma's own dear, good little girl, and tell where she'd hidden Lida Ann's diamond ring.

"If you'll tell pretty, now, an' not act so stubborn, you shall have that little wax peach on my mantel, 'n' there sha'n't a soul ever speak a word more to you 'bout the ring long's you live," said the dear old lady, putting her arm about the child's shoulders.

Becky's anger dissolved under the kind words and the tender caress. She burst into tears, and covered her convulsed little face with her apron.

"I never teched hit, Gran'maw. I 'ain't never laid eyes on it sence the first day I come hyah. I wisht I did hev hit. I'd give hit to yo' quicker'n scat."

"Well, who *could* have taken it, then, Becky?"

"I do' know; I wisht I did," answered Becky. "An' I wisht yo'd tell Tobias ter gear up 'n' tek me on back ter the mounting. Old Mis' Twiller she'd lem me stay along her 'n' the boys."

Grandma sighed.

"I don't want to send you back, Becky. The Twillers ain't the kind of folks you ought to live with. If I only knew what had 'come of that diamond ring!"

"I never teched hit. I ain't no liar, 'n' I ain't no thief. My mammy she raised me urp ter—" and then the tears followed so fast, and the sobs tore their way so gaspingly from the overcharged little breast, that the rest of the sentence was left unfinished.

Grandma French was nonplussed. "I'm beginning to think she *didn't* take it, after all, Selina," she said, after giving an account of the interview in the parlor.

"I *expected* you to come 'round to sayin' that," answered her daughter, in a voice of smothered indignation. "You're so soft-hearted, mother, it's a wonder you ain't melted clear away long ago. That child took that ring. There ain't nobody else *could* have took it. She was just mad 'cause I cut her hair off, 'n' she wanted to take her spite out on Lidy Ann. You let *me* 'tend to her. We've got to get that ring back, 'n' there's only one way to do it—shut her up till she's willin' to tell!"

Grandma, bewildered and wearied, sighed and submitted. And so Becky was locked up in the spare chamber, and put on a diet of bread and water.

Dinah, who was delegated to feed the little prisoner, came down from her first visit to the spare chamber with an account of her reception which made poor old Mrs. French turn pale.

"She done frowned de brade spong in my face," said the old black woman, "'n' outn de winder went de tin cup of water, kersplash! She's jes nachelly bad, dat chile is. De Lawd on'y knows whar she's gwinter fetch up 'fo' maw'nin'. She's trompin' roun' now like she was plumb crazy. Yo'-alls come outn de po'ch 'n' see dat busted winder."



THE HOUNDS SEEMED GLAD HELP HAD COME.

They all three went out and saw the broken window. Grandma French was too much grieved and shocked to say a word; but it was rage which tied the tongue of Miss Selina.

"Whynt yo'-alls sen' dat chile ter de po' farm? Dey'd tek de uppity ways outin her dar," said Dinah. "If yo'-alls spee dat -"

"Oh, for the land's sake, hush, Dinah!" interrupted Miss Selina. "You're enough to drive a person crazy. We ain't goin' ter send the child away till we get that diamond ring back."

"Yo'-alls woon nebah see Lidy Ann's di'mun' ring no moah!" rejoined Dinah. "Yo' res' yo' heart on dat."

Miss Selina wondered, as she dragged things out of the hall closet, whether Becky had done any damage in the spare chamber other than breaking the window-glass. Once she crept softly to the door and listened. She heard a low pitiful moaning at intervals, and, peeping through the keyhole, saw the child lying on the floor, her face hidden in her arms.

Miss Selina's heart softened a little. She felt her anger melt away. After all, the child had some good points. She seemed affectionate, was unselfish, and very obliging. She never pouted or made an excuse when asked to go on an errand.

That low moaning was certainly very piteous.

"But she needn't stay in there no longer 'n she has a mind to," muttered Miss Selina, as she went back to the closet. "I'd let her out in a minute if she'd tell what she's done with Lidy Ann's ring." She stood looking into the closet a moment, then went to the head of the back stairway. "Dinah," she called, "you come up here, 'n bring a kitchen-chair along with you. I want to get down all the boxes 'fore I begin to clean."

Dinah came groaning up with the chair. "I feels p'ly dis maw'nin'," she complained. "I eyan't skereely tote dis heah chair. 'Ts got de mis'ry in my side."

"Oh, you're always feeling poorly!" rejoined Miss Selina, as she put the chair in the closet and stepped upon it. "I've got so used to your grunting and groaning that I don't pay attention to it any more. Stand there, now, 'n take these boxes as I hand 'em down. I reckon we can burn the half of 'em."

The misery in Dinah's side was perhaps accountable for her slow obedience, and she missed receiving the first box handed down. *Crash!* it went to the floor, and the contents were scattered in every direction.

"For goodness sakes, Dinah, mind what you're about!" scolded Miss Selina. "In all my days I never saw— What's that lyin' over there by the banisters? My soul, if it ain't Lidy Ann's diamond ring!"

"Hit's de ring, sho's yo's bawn!" said Dinah. "Hit rolled outn dis heah box. I seen hit go glitterin' 'long when de cover done bust off."

"Well, it's just the mercy of Providence we found it! Now what's that onery child goin' to say, I'd like to know? Of course she thought this closet'd be the last place we'd ever think of lookin'." She hurried into her mother's room, with the ring in her hand, shaking with nervous excitement. "I could see all along you didn't quite believe Becky'd took it, mother," she said, after telling where the ring had been found. "I reckon you'll say now that I knew what I was talkin' about."

Poor old Mrs. French could doubt the child's guilt no longer. Together she and Selina went to the spare chamber and unlocked the door.

"Don't be too hard on her, Selina," whispered the old lady. "Remember, she warn't raised the way Lida Ann was."

Becky was still lying on the floor, and she didn't move when the door was opened. Neither did she answer when Miss Selina spoke to her. Miss Selina took her by one arm and pulled her up. The child's face was stained

with tears, her eyes swollen with weeping. She looked exhausted. Not a morsel of food had passed her lips since breakfast of the previous day. The bed was not disturbed—evidence sufficient that she had spent the night on the floor.

"Here's Lidy Ann's ring, Becky," said Miss Selina, triumph in her voice. "I suppose you won't have the face now to say you didn't take it."

Becky lifted her heavy eyes, and regarded Miss Selina dully. Her lips moved stiffly. "I never teched hit," she repeated. "I never sawn hit atter that fust day I come hyah."

"You mean to say you didn't put it in that box in the hall closet?"

"I never put hit thar. I 'ain't never teched hit," answered the child.

Miss Selina stared at her.

"Well," she exclaimed, "for stubbornness you beat all I ever see, old's I am! But I ain't goin' to argue with you. We know you stole the ring, and we know *why* you stole it. When you stopped so sudden your fightin' 'bout my cuttin' off your hair I 'lowed you was up to somethin'."

"I let yo' cut hit 'cause yo' said hit pestered *her*!"—with a motion of her head toward the old lady in the doorway—"to keep hit cwyrlid. She's been the on'yest one in this hyah house what's spoke civil ter me. Yo'-alls don' luv me, 'n' you don' want me hyah. But I ain't 'barin' spite ter noan o' yo'. I never teched Lida Ann's di'mund ring."

Miss Selina set her lips and said no more. After a moment of severe scrutiny of the little culprit she went out, pulling her mother after her.

"The next thing you'd be kissin' 'n' cryin' over her, mother, if I let you stay," she said, as she closed the door, locked it, and dropped the key into the pocket of her apron. "You never did have any backbone about children. I ain't blamin' you, but just stating the plain fact. Lida Ann would 'a' been spoiled to death but for me. As to this Becky, I'm goin' to send Tobias over to the poor-farm to tell Dug Marsh to come after her. There's no use talkin', she's *goin'*. I ain't goin' to have poor little Lidy Ann 'sociatin' with girls that go roun' stealin' di'mond rings."

Nothing more was done to the hall closet. Miss Selina said she didn't have the heart to go on with it, and she wouldn't know a minute's peace till that child was out of the house.

But Becky spared her the trouble of sending her away. When Dinah went upstairs at noon and opened the door of the spare chamber she found it unoccupied. The poor little wild bird of the mountain had flown.

"Got outter dat busted winder!" said Dinah. "She done took de sheets offn de bade; en dey's hangin' outter de winder now, all twisid' up like she done mek a rope. It's de bawn truf! Yo' gwine outn de po'ch 'n' see fo' yo'se'fs."

"She's gone back to the mountain to live with them Twillers, I reckon," said Miss Selina. "Lazy, no-account set, all of them. Well, they're welcome to her, dear knows. Mother, you needn't take on so. You know well's I do that this house has been all tore up ever since that child come into it. We're well rid of her."

"Poor little soul!" sobbed the old lady. "I'm afraid we didn't treat her just right somehow, Selina. She was a soft-hearted little creetur, for all she was so fiery."

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Tobias was sent the day after Becky's flight to bring Lida Ann home he was cautioned to say nothing to her of the events which had transpired during her absence. So Lida Ann's first question after greeting her grandmother and aunt was, "Where's Becky?"

Her grandmother's face grew solemn at once, and her hand sought her handkerchief. "Poor little Becky!" she said. "She's gone, Lidy Ann."

"To the poor-house?"

"We don't know where she's gone," cut in Miss Selina before her mother could answer. "But you won't see her here again, that's certain. She isn't the kind of girl we want you to 'sociate with, Lidy Ann. I cut her hair off the day you left, 'n' she tried to pay me off by takin' yo' di'mond ring outer mother's jewel-box. There, now, you needn't to turn so white! We found it—"

"In the hall closet—in a box," burst out Lida Ann. "Oh, Aunt Selina! I put it there *my* own self."

"You did?"

"Yes'm; I—I wanted it to be safe while I was gone," answered Lida Ann, beginning to cry. "I was afraid Becky might take it. Grandma never kept the dresser-drawer locked. I didn't reckon she'd miss it; 'n' I thought that box in the hall closet was a good place to hide it. Oh! oh!"

Miss Selina sank into the nearest chair. She looked stunned. "You'd oughter have a good whippin', miss," she said at last, when she had recovered sufficiently to speak. "We kept Becky locked up in the spare chamber for the best part o' two days, 'n' she didn't have nothin' to eat but dry bread."

"And she cried herself sick," said Grandma French, down whose wrinkled cheeks the tears were trickling. "Lidy Ann, you'd ought to go down on your bended knees an' ask that child's pardon."

"I come back meanin' to do better by her," sobbed Lida Ann. "Grandma Darrow she made me promise I would. An' I brought her a pair of doves. They're out in the wagon now."

"Doves!" cried Miss Selina, sniffing. "I reckon a pair o' doves ain't goin' to make up to Becky for all she went through about your diamond ring."

"We must get her back, Selina," said her mother. "I wonder if the good Lord's goin' to forgive us for all we made that poor little creetur suffer."

"Don't, mother," said Miss Selina. "I'm 'most sick over it as 'tis. Lidy Ann, you go out 'n' tell Tobias to put the horse right back in the shafts. 'N' he's got to drive; he knows where them Twillers lives."

"Can't I go along?" asked Lida Ann. "I want to tell her about the doves."

"Yes, you c'n go. Mother, *you* ain't goin'; that mount'n road's too rough."

"I don't care—I'm goin'," answered the old lady.

"We've got to start right with Rebecca this time, Selina. Poor little soul! She shan't say again that none of us love her."

Within fifteen minutes they were on their way to the mountain. There was a rough ascent of half a mile before the Twillers' cabin was reached. It was a rough forlorn-looking structure, with a door-yard littered with trash of every kind. It was surrounded by a rail-fence, over which half a dozen hounds sprang, barking and whining as the wagon stopped. A woman dressed in homespun, with a short-stemmed clay pipe in her mouth, came to the open door. She wore a black calico sun-bonnet, and her feet were bare. Over one arm hung a patch-work bedspread of the pattern known as "rising sun."

"Mornin', lady," called out Tobias.

"Mornin' yo'self, stranger," rejoined the lady. "Won't yo'-alls 'light 'n' come in? You, Tig, stop thet barkin'! They won't, noan o' 'em, tech yo', strangers."

"We've come to see if Becky's here," said Miss Selina.

"Becky? No, I ain't sawn her." The woman came out to the fence and leaned upon it, cuffing at the dogs. "I reckon yo'-alls the folks she went ter live with down ter Fairville?"

"Yes," answered Miss Selina, "and she ran away yesterday. We reckoned she'd be here."

"No; we-uns 'ain't sawn her. I reckon she's over ter her house ef she's on the mounting at tall."

"Where is her house?"

"Down nigh the cove. Yo' can't miss hit ef yo' keeps along this hyah road. I reckon she's thar. I 'ain't sawn them two houn's o' hern this mornin'. I reckon she towed of 'em back 'ithoutn we-uns knowin' of hit. I'd go 'long o' yo', but thar hain't no one hyah but me, 'n' I'm 'bilin' enyuns 'n' greens. Ef yo'-all's a mind ter light 'n' strip yo' hats I'll make yo' welcome till pap 'n' the boys come."

"Oh, thank you; but I reckon we can find the place," said Miss Selina, and Tobias drove on.

The cabin in which Becky had lived was smaller than that occupied by the Twillers. It stood close to the road at the foot of a little hill. There were two small rooms, divided by an open porch. It had a desolate look, with the tall pines about it, and there was no sign of life.

But the door of one of the rooms stood open, and Miss Selina stepped up on the porch and looked in. She stood there a moment without moving; then she turned her head and nodded to her mother. "She's here," she called. Then she disappeared within the room.

When old Mrs. French and Lida Ann followed they found her sitting on the floor, Becky's head in her lap. Two yellow and black hounds were lying close by. They wagged their tails and whined, looking affectionately at Miss Selina. They seemed glad help had come.

Becky was moving her head from one side to the other, muttering and whispering incoherently; her cheeks were scarlet with fever; her bright dark eyes gazed without recognition into the faces of those around her.

Lida Ann began to cry.

"Hush up, now," said her aunt. "There's no sense in cryin'. We've got to get her home quick's we can. I reckon I c'n carry her."

She lifted the child and walked slowly out to the wagon, the heavy little head lying on her shoulder, the whispering lips close to her ear, the hot cheek pressing her own faded one. The hounds followed, watching her every movement jealously.

"What yo' gwinter do 'bout dese heah houn's?" asked Tobias.

"Oh, they'll go on back to Twiller's, I reckon," answered Miss Selina. "I 'ain't got time now to think o' houn's."

"Oh, Aunt Selina, *can't* we take 'em along?" begged Lida Ann. "Becky'd be so glad to have 'em; 'n' we 'ain't got any dogs, you know."

"Well, I 'ain't any objection. Lift 'em in, Tobias."

And Tobias obeyed, well pleased. Miss Selina's antipathy to dogs heretofore had been a great cross to him. Long afterwards Miss Selina told her mother that it was during that long drive down the mountain, when her arms ached with their heavy burden and the scarlet lips never ceased that low whispering in her ear, that she began to love poor little Becky.

She was a kind and tender nurse during the long illness which reduced the poor child to a shadow of her former self, and she actually shed tears of joy and relief when Becky was pronounced out of danger.

As for Lida Ann, there was nothing she wasn't ready to do for Becky. She sat by the bedside during Becky's convalescence for hours at a time, read aloud every story-book she possessed, cut out paper dolls, made necklaces of melon seeds, and drew crude pictures on a slate. Her best doll was turned over to Becky, and she made no complaint when her precious music-box, the gift of Cousin Nathan, was broken by a fall from the bed.

"It c'n be mended real easy," she said, cheerfully. "Anyway, Becky, you weren't to blame for its fallin' off."

"I pushed hit 'thout seein' hit war thar," said Becky.

"Well, I ought to have looked out for it better."

"Yo's mighty good ter me now, Lidy Ann." And Becky smiled, her wasted little hand laid on Lida Ann's arm. "I reckon yo' won't keer now when Gran'maw says I'm yo' little sister."

Lida Ann answered with a hug and a tender kiss.

"Lida Ann ain't like the same girl," Miss Selina said frequently. "I've most forgot she ever *had* any mean ways."

"I reckon we 'buildd better'n we knew' when we took Becky," Grandma said. "An' if she ain't a dear, sweet child, then there never was one."

Becky was almost as strong and well as ever by September, and entered on her first term at the county school. She was so bright that she soon learned to correct all her most glaring errors of speech, and her vivacity, unselfishness, and beauty made her a general favorite. Her hair was never cut again; and by the time it had grown long enough to be troublesome she was competent to take care of it herself.

"Hit look lak dem gals is jes natchelly wropped up in one erudder," observed Dinah, one morning, as she stood at the kitchen door and watched Lida Ann and Becky walk off to school swinging their lunch-basket between them. "Mighty lucky thing dat di'mun' ring was dose losted dat time."

"Hush!" said Miss Selina. "Don't you never mention Lidy Ann's di'mund ring again long's you live. I can't endure even to think of it."

THE END

A SEA EPISODE.

(The chief points in the following short narrative are true.)

I WAS second officer on board the *Xanthe*, one of the swiftest ocean greyhounds of the day—a steamer of some eight thousand tons, and a popular boat.

We had had a calm and uneventful voyage from Queenstown, and were making for the port of New York on a starry but dark night when I paced the deck with my Captain and the third officer, looking forward to a short but pleasant spell on land.

As seven bells rang the Captain turned in for the night, and shortly after the third officer retired, leaving me alone to pace up and down the bridge.

Eight bells sounded and the watch changed, I remaining on the bridge, as agreed.

I rang two bells, and very soon heard the answering ring of the great fore-bell, followed by the "All's well," repeated twice by the watch. Hardly had the sound died out when there came a thud, and the huge boat staggered for a moment. The watch gave me the alarm, and I ordered some men forward to examine the bow. So slight, however, had been the shock that neither the Captain, the passengers, nor the off watches had awakened. Fearing we had run down some small craft, we put back—for our impetus had carried us nearly half a mile—to rescue any one who might need succor. We saw nothing, however, by which to guess the nature of the object with which we had collided, and for safety I called the joiner and ordered him to examine the holds. He soon returned, and reported "Number one, 3 inches; number two, 5 inches; number three, 2 inches."

"You are certain?" I said.

"Shure, sur."

"Very well," I answered. "Now go back again; measure again, and write it down on a chip of wood if you have no paper."

"Ay, sur," replied the joiner, a true Irishman.

While he was gone I leant over the rail and looked at the seething water, for we were speeding on at our usual rate. As I looked the water seemed nearer than usual;

this made me a little anxious, but I knew it might well be fancy. As I imagined this, I saw the joiner returning in the dark, and behind him two men bearing a leg.

"What's the meaning of this?" I asked, astonished.

"Shure, sur, it wur the smallest clip I cud git, sur."

"What do you make it?"

"Number one, 3 inches; number two, 5 inches; number three, 2 inches."

I felt relieved at this, and passed over the Irishman's joke, for which I might have reprimanded him under other circumstances.

As I again looked at the water I thought a second time that it was *nearer*. I called the joiner, and told him I would myself examine the holds, and that he must go with me, for I was beginning to feel uneasy. Taking the measure, we went to my own cabin, through the floor of which the second hold was reached through a plug.

I smoke a great deal even on board ship, and have a habit of throwing unused matches when thoroughly extinguished on the floor. Any one in lifting the carpet to get at the plug must have rolled the matches to one side, and left them lying almost in a straight line. What was my surprise to see them scattered about just as I had thrown them down.

The sweat broke out on my brow as I turned angrily on the joiner, and cried, "You scoundrel, you never measured them!"

Tearing up the carpet I started to unscrew the plug, but had only half succeeded when the head shot up, grazing my face, and a stream of water squirted up to the ceiling. *The hold was overflowing!*

It took only a few seconds to turn out all hands and order both port and starboard boats to be manned; a few more to wake the Captain and order the steamer turned to the shore full speed ahead.

The Captain hurried out pale and somewhat agitated, and exclaimed, testily, when I had explained all in a few words, "Why didn't you wake me before?"

At this point the engineer came up on to the deck, and turning to the Captain, said, coolly: "Shall I stop the engines, sir, or put on full speed ahead? In another ten minutes the ship will be full of water and will blow up. The iron pegs in the walls of the engine-room are being pressed out of the walls, and I've got two men hammering them in again as fast as they can."

Though the engineer was composed, I saw the Captain turn livid, and as he hurried to his cabin, having ordered full speed, the ship plunged heavily as though water-logged.

I quickly sent orders down to the passengers, and the stewardesses were sent to rouse and calm the women.

All this took but a few minutes, and presently the Captain reappeared, and there was a cold deadly look in his eyes. As he approached he suddenly raised his arm, and I found myself gazing down the barrel of a revolver shining in the moon's rays.

"Barton," he said, "you know what this means to us. The ship is doomed and lost; we had better both die; first you, then I."

I had fought in the civil war of 1862. I was present at the bombardment of Alexandria, and I had once been forced to challenge one of the finest fencers in the Italian army to fists or ship's cutlasses in a barn—a challenge he repudiated, preferring to run *me* through with a sickly rapier; but never in my life did I feel such sensations as I did that awful minute when I saw the wild, perhaps insane, eyes of the Captain looking into mine. With a great effort I composed myself, and then burst forth into such a persuasive oration that my superior officer replaced the revolver in his pocket, and turning, watched the bow as it lifted and fell heavily. Then came my chance, and my shortness of stature helped me. Sneaking up behind him, with a quick movement I drew the revolver

from his pocket, and jumped back, saying, "Now, Captain, I am not going to die just yet, nor you either."

Meantime the boats were ready, and taking an anxious look into the darkness towards the coast, I hurried down the companion way to see that all the passengers were on deck. One old lady, a Mrs. Vetter, about seventy years of age, was the only one below, and wrapping a cloak around her I left her in the passageway, telling her to wait till I returned, assuring her that I would do so. Soon I finished the round of my search, and hurried on deck, forgetful in the excitement of Mrs. Vetter.

The boats were manned, and I heard the Captain—now much calmer—ordering the officers to shoot the first man that got in. "Women and children first."

Then I saw a huge stoker spring into a boat, seize a woman, throw her out on to the deck, and take her place.

Then followed a scene which is deeply embedded in my memory—a scene ghastly and terrible. The woman, as she fell to the deck, screamed for help, and the young officer commanding the boat saw and heard. Turning on the man he ordered him out of the boat. The stoker, a powerful fellow, refused to go; the officer had no revolver, but by his side was a fire-axe; this he seized, and brandishing it over the fellow's head, ordered him a second and a third time to get out, but the stoker only grinned and said, sneeringly:

"Yer would, would yer? I knows that yer daunt."

Then an awful look came into the young officer's face, and the moonbeams danced on the steel axehead as it descended and crashed through the skull under it.

Then all was ready, when I gave an exclamation of horror; the ship was plunging heavily in her last agony, and I had forgotten old Mrs. Vetter. Some of the boats were already in the water when I dashed down the companion way in the darkness. She was gone. I searched, but in vain. Then coming on deck, I leant half paralyzed against an empty boat, one that had got jammed and was not being taken. Then I felt a stinging slap in the face, and heard a weak voice—"You go away; this big boat's mine." It was Mrs. Vetter; poor old lady, in her simplicity she had crawled on deck and got into the only boat that was *certain* to go down.

I gave a cry of joy as I seized her and placed her and myself safely in a boat.

In twenty or twenty-five minutes we were all on land, all except the stoker.

T. S. J.

JIMMIEBOY AND THE ANIMALS.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IT was night and the Zoo was closed. In the centre of the large tent in which the animals lived a single electric light burned dimly, casting weird shadows over the cages of the animals now resting after a hard day's work. How small Jimmieboy had managed to get there nobody knows—not even he himself, nor is he to-day exactly able to make up his mind as to how he ever managed to escape. At any rate he was there alone, and, strange to say, he felt very much at home. The animals, fierce as they were, frightened him not at all, and he patted the huge lion on his head, and poked his fingers into the leopard's spots just as though they were a couple of kittens, and they smiled benignly upon him.

"How do you like us, Jimmieboy?" asked the Lion, looking at him affectionately out of his great big eyes. "Don't you think we are altogether the finest collection of animals you ever saw?"

"Yes, indeed," said Jimmieboy.

"You are even finer than the pictures of you out on the fences, and I never expected you'd be that."

"Well it's pretty hard to live up to those pictures," said the Bear with a yawn that gave Jimmieboy an idea of how easy it would be for a bear to swallow a man at one gulp. "There's one picture of me particularly that I wish they would take in. You know it, I guess—the one where I'm shown up as squeezing three men, a boy, four guns, and a bowie-knife to death. I don't like that picture, and I never did. I don't remember ever to have squeezed more than two men and a boy at one time, and when people come in here expecting to see me hugging three men and a boy, and don't, they are disappointed with me. As the Hyena—who always laughs



"HOW DO YOU LIKE US, JIMMIEBOY?" ASKED THE LION

at his own jokes—would say 'they can't bear me.'"

"They don't give you enough men for it, anyhow, do they?" asked the Monkey.

"No," returned the Bear. "But the people don't know that."

"Why don't you tell them?" asked Jimmieboy. "Then they'd know."

"It's against the rules for the animals to talk to the audience," said the Bear with a sigh. "Otherwise I'd do it."

"Where was the Giraffe to-day?" asked the Leopard, sauntering up. "I didn't see him anywhere."

"He's got a sore throat," replied the Zebra, who is a great croucher of the Giraffe.

"Dear me—much of a one?" asked the Elephant.

"Yes—I guess he must have five yards of it," said the Zebra. "How it must hurt him to swallow," observed Jimmieboy.

"It does," said the Zebra. "He can't swallow anything, not even fairy stories or his youth, and he is so weak that he has to rest his neck on crutches all the time."

"Poor fellow," said Jimmieboy, "how he must suffer."

"Dreadfully—particularly from disappointment," said the

Zebra. "He was going to sing at the Zoo concert next week, but now he can't."

"Does the Giraffe sing?" queried Jimmieboy, amazed to hear what the Zebra had just said.

"Does he?" ejaculated the Zebra. "Well, rather. Beautifully. Why, the Kangaroo, who is a good deal of a poet in his way, once wrote a poem to the Giraffe on the subject of his voice. Haven't you heard it?"

"No," said Jimmieboy. "But I'd like to hear it."

"It was called, 'To a Musical Giraffe,' and it went this way," said the Zebra:

"When my old friend Giraffe begins
To exercise his throat,
It knocks me off my nether pins
And hear one single note.
To when he finishes his song,
No matter what the tune—
However short, however long—
His audibility swears."

"What kind of a voice is it?" queried Jimmieboy. "Bass or tenor?"

"Both," said the Zebra. "That's the wonderful thing about it. The length of his throat gives him a tremendously long voice. I guess he must have seventeen octaves in it. He can go four inches lower than the basest note on the hand-organ, and when he gets to high notes, you'd think to hear him was up in a balloon. I heard him sing a duet with himself once, and really I was so overcome I couldn't stand on one foot for two weeks. It was magnificent."

"By-the-way, Zebe," said the Lion, "you looked mighty well at the masquerade ball the other night."

"Yes," returned the Zebra, with a satisfied smile. "I think that was a great scheme of mine, don't you?"

"First-rate," said the Lion. "I knew what you meant to represent the minute I saw you."

"So did I," said the Bear. "Only I think you should have had a tennis-racket to carry out the effect."

"What had the tennis-racket to do with it?" asked the Zebra.

"That's what I want to hear," said the Lion.

"You meant to appear as tennis-player—you had the striped blazer on," explained the Bear.

"How stupid he is," said the Lion. "Tennis-player! He wasn't a tennis-player at all."

"Of course I wasn't," said the Zebra.

"Anybody could see you meant to be a piece of toast," said the Lion.

"A what?" shrieked the Zebra.

"A piece of toast; you looked it too, Zebe."

"I did nothing of the sort," retorted the Zebra, angrily. "I meant to be an American flag. Didn't you see the blue hat I had on with stars on it?"

Here the Hyena laughed, and the Zebra walked away in a huff.

"You have very deeply offended him," said the Leopard. "He hates to be told that he looks like a piece of toast or a blazer, because he heard the clown say once that toast was insipid, and only fit for the ground-work of a Welsh rarebit, and blazers, as you all know, are very unfashionable."

"I didn't mean to hurt his feelings," said the Lion, "but if he didn't look like a piece of toast, he looked less like an American flag—why, he didn't wave a bit, and his stripes weren't red and white, but brown and yellow."

"He wasn't fastened to a pole, either," said the Bear. "Was he, Lion?"

"No, he wasn't. But never mind. He'll be around again. Zebe is too fond of talking to sulk very long. How many peanuts did you get to-day, Jumbo?"

"Only one," said Jumbo, sadly. "One peanut, a lemon pie, and a pair of opera-glasses."

"How on earth did you happen to get the opera-glasses?" asked the Gnu, with a loud laugh.

"It was a mistake," returned the Elephant, wiggling his ear.

"A very bad mistake on the part of a little girl who was carrying her mother's opera-glasses in one hand and the most beautiful bun you ever saw in the other. The bun was for me, and the little girl was going to throw it into my mouth in the usual way, but she got so excited she didn't know what she was doing, and threw the glasses clear down into my throat. It was terrible the way those glasses went down."

"What made you swallow them?" asked the Gnu.

"I didn't know of her mistake until I looked down at her and

saw the glasses were gone, and the bun was still in her hand," returned the Elephant. "I had my eyes turned up to the ceiling in an ecstasy of anticipation."

"But couldn't you tell by the taste of them?"

"Well, I thought it was the worst bun for its looks I'd ever had," replied the Elephant. "But I took it for granted the child knew what she was about. I never even dreamed of getting the opera-glasses. I've had pretty nearly everything from a seal-skin to a paper of tacks presented to me in that fashion, but never in my wildest moments did I ever hope for opera-glasses."

"Were the tacks good?" asked Jimmieboy.

"First-rate," replied the Elephant. "They were rather sharp, but not more so than red-pepper, and I was really glad to get them at the time because it was spring-time, and I felt sort of run down and needed a little iron. They set me right up again."

"Tacks are first-rate to keep things from going to pieces," observed the Bear with a wink at Jimmieboy.

"They held me together," said the Elephant, and then they all laughed again, whereupon the Lion roared over to the Hippopotamus that they'd all like to hear his pathetic song about the Nile.

"Very well," replied the Hippopotamus, "I'll sing it with pleasure, but I warn you it makes me cry, and Jimmieboy will get his feet wet if I do."

"Oh no, he won't—not if he climbs up on the Giraffe's neck," said the Lion.

"But the Giraffe's away," said the Bear.

"Then let him get up on the trapeze," said the Lion.

"No," said the Hippopotamus, who was, by-the-way, one of the most agreeable and accommodating behemoths that ever lived. "I'll fix it. As I weave I'll open my mouth and catch the tears as they flow and swallow them."

"Thank you," said Jimmieboy. "You are very kind, indeed."

"Not at all," returned the Hippopotamus, politely. "It's really a pleasure. I am very fond of salt water."

And then he began his song:

"Oh, the River of the Nile
Is a truly wondrous stream,
It is longer than a mile,
And as green as pistache cream.
I was born there long ago,
On the river's mossy bank,
Long before I had the woe
For to dwell here in a tank.
Oh, the things I had to eat
In those days were hard to beat,
For the Pickanninies on the Nile were wonderfully sweet.

"Then the Hippopotami
Held the river in their grip—
In the days for which I sigh,
When its waters knew no ship.
With the festive Crocodile
And the roaring catarract,
That dear River of the Nile
Was an Eden for a fact.
Oh, the fun we used to see
In the happy apogee
Of our Kingdom on the River down in sunny Afrikee!"

Here the Hippopotamus began to show signs of emotion. Great tears measuring about a gallon apiece appeared at the outer corners of his eyes, and Jimmieboy grew somewhat fearful lest the huge creature should either forget his promise to catch them in falling, or else should be unable to do so, but the Hippopotamus did not forget, and showed himself a very ingenious creature in the way he managed his tears. He simply smiled until the corners of his mouth reached the corners of his eyes, and as they met the tears broke and coursed in a torrent down his throat. In a moment he had gathered in all there were—about eighty-seven gallons from each eye—when he began the last verse of his song:

"Oh! it makes me very sad
To be shut up in a Zoo
With a Hudson River Shad,
And an aged Kangaroo;
With a Grizzuelli Bear
And a whisker-growing Yak;
With the Tortoise and the Hare,
And the balance of the pack.
Since my voice in grief must drop
My sad song at once I'll stop,
With the statement that this life for that of old's a losing swap."

"Bravo!" cried the Lion, his voice trembling with sympathy. "Don't cry," said the Bear to the weeping Hippopotamus. "It makes you look like a Hypochondriac, and I don't like them."
 "What's a Hypochondriac?" asked Jimmieboy.
 "It's an animal that can't see any fun in life, and thinks whenever it hasn't got mumps it has asthma or something else."
 "What a disagreeable animal," said Jimmieboy. "Have you one here?"

"No," returned the Lion. "We are only quadrupeds here. The Hypochondriac is a biped, according to the histories, but I don't believe it's true, because they never seem to me to have any legs at all. By-the-way, what time is it?"

"Five o'clock," said the Bear.

"A.M. or P.M.?" queried the Lion.

"A.M.," said the Bear.

"Then it's time we began to roar for our breakfasts. Are you ready?"

"We are!" cried all the Beasts at once, and then the Lion counted "One—Two—Three!" whereupon they all began to roar with the full strength of their lungs. The noise was terrifying, and Jimmieboy, to keep from hearing it, covered his ears with his hands, and closed his eyes as tightly as he could.

In a minute he opened his eyes again, and the animals had disappeared, so had the circus tent and everything connected with it. The sun was just sending its first morning rays through the closed blinds of the nursery window, and the clock bell was sounding the last stroke of six.

So as usual Jimmieboy scampered out of the nursery into his father's room to tell him of the strange thing that happened in the night, and how indignant he was with his father after he had finished!

And well he might have been, for his father had the impudence to tell him he had imagined it all!

RUNNING THE CHINESE BLOCKADE.

A WAR without blockade-running would be as tame as a circus without bare-back riders. The ordinary fighting-men of the army and navy have their share of battles and hardships, but the blockade-runner is the dashing fellow who takes his life in his hands, knowing that he cannot fight if pursued, and that speed and artful dodging are the only things that can save him if he is forced to run the gauntlet.

Captain F. J. Hansford, of the British steamer *Metapedia*, had an adventure with Chinese gunboats, a few days ago, that he will not soon forget. He saved a cargo of cannon and ammunition worth \$4,000,000 for the Japanese government, and the little brown men are as proud of him as if he were one of their own Samurai. Captain Hansford is old and wise. He used to command ships that ran to and from the blockaded Southern ports during the civil war, when the Southerners were willing to pay fabulous prices to send out their cotton, and receive British arms and ammunition in return. Captain Hansford's experience in dodging Uncle Sam's war-ships gave him a fine training for the dangerous business of running past Chinese men-o'-war.

The British steamer *Metapedia* was loaded at Hamburg with five 50-ton cannon and seven 25-ton guns. Besides there was a large assortment of Krupp rapid-firing guns, and a whole shipload of dynamite, fulminates, and all sorts of materials for making torpedoes. All of this cargo had been put on board secretly as possible, but of course it was pretty well known about Hamburg that the ship was full of stuff for making war, and that it was to go to Japan.

There was great danger that the Chinese would learn all about the *Metapedia*'s cargo, and try to capture the ship. So every precaution was taken. Captain Hansford pretended not to know where he was bound. The steamship dropped down the river, and stood out in the North Sea. Then the Captain opened a sealed envelope that had been handed to him at the last moment before sailing. In it he found orders to take his cargo to the most convenient Japanese naval station; also to look out for Chinese gunboats off Formosa.

Nothing startling happened until Formosa was in the offing. Then Captain Hansford was surprised to see three gunboats making for him, all of them flying the Japanese flag. First he thought they might be an escort, but he soon reasoned that the Japs would rather not send gunboats to meet him, and thereby advertise his errand. So he made for the open sea with the *Metapedia*'s engines revolving like mad. The gunboats struck their Japanese colors, and promptly hoisted their Yellow Dra-

gons. The nearest one fired a shot, but it fell too far away to worry anybody. Presently that awful Asiatic storm, the typhoon, began to blow, and darkness hid the ships from one another. The Chinese gunboats quit the pursuit, and when the storm was over they boarded an inoffensive ship, the *Oberin*, which was the first they met. The *Metapedia* arrived safely at Yokuska, a Japanese naval station. Captain Hansford received a present of \$2500, and all his sailors got presents too.



ALL the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE know how to color Easter eggs, by tying them up in bits of colored calico and boiling them until they are as "hard as a stone"; and they also know of the egg-rolling parties, and how you always exchange eggs with each other at the end of the game. But these "Eggs for Easter" are not for rolling, as that sort of treatment would soon spoil them. All that is needed to make Li Hung Chang, the fish, clown, or any of the decorated eggs in the sketch is a pen and ink, a bottle of mucilage, some paper, and a pair of scissors, and also some cotton wool—black, if possible—for the monk and clown.

The hardest one to make is perhaps the clown, but he is the best, perhaps, and, like everything we do in this world, the harder it is to do the more it is worth having. For the three tufts, one on top and on either side of his head, cut the wool about an inch long and sharpen them to a point with scissors; ink two pieces of hemp twine an inch long for horns, ravel one end so that it will spread out enough to take mucilage sufficient to make them stand up; the little ball at the end is simply a knot tied before the string is cut. The long drooping mustache of Li Hung Chang is also inked string, but if treated to a bath of mucilage they will keep more graceful curves. The ears of the rabbit are simply little rolls of paper pasted together and cut before being stuck on. For the fins and tail of the fish draw them with ink before cutting out, fold them about an eighth of an inch, or just wide enough to take the mucilage.

Any of the eggs, if cleverly done and put in a box about the same size filled with wool, is very nice to send to a friend at Easter.

TWO LITTLE APRIL-FOOLS.

DAFFYDOWNDILLY looked up at the sun,
 And saw with delight that the spring had begun;
 Her gay yellow bonnet, of satin so sweet,
 And her downy green jacket so cozy and neat
 She drew on in haste, and glanced out on the street,
 And found herself blooming—the very first one!

Little Miss Bessie looked out, and she said,
 "Oh, it is lovely and bright overhead!"
 So she took her new parasol, blue as the sky,
 And her new Sunday hat, with its daisies wreathed high,
 And the pretty bronze slippers she brought home to try,
 And out on the street like a fairy she sped.

Dark grew the sky, and like sleet was the rain,
 Lashing the tree-tops and beating the pane.

Daffydowndilly tried vainly to hide,
 And little Miss Bess, in her beauty and pride,
 With hat, shoes, and parasol soaking, she cried:
 "The sun April-fooled us! He did—it is plain!"

MRS. McVEAN-ADAMS.



AN APRIL FOOL.

"WELL, I'M A BIGGER FOOL, MY FRIENDS, THAN I HAD EVER THOUGHT ON:
I'VE GONE AN' MARRIED ME A WIFE, AND FIND SHE'S STUFFED WITH COTTON!"

A REASONABLE IDEA.

"SEEMS to me," remarked Wilbur, as he thought about certain things, "that if they have an insect called a Bee and a bird called a Jay, there ought to be things named after the other letters in the alphabet. For instance, a Q would make a splendid animal, because it has a tail to start with."

A RUSTIC audience in a far Western town were enjoying intensely a magic-lantern show. In the course of the programme the lecturer announced, "A bird's-eye view of Paris." It was pretty and clear, but there was a slight defect in the paper of the photograph above the picture of the beautiful city, which was duly magnified, and assumed a conspicuous place on the canvas. Amidst the perfect quiet of the darkened room, broken here and there by soft sighs of ecstasy, a little voice piped up:

"Mamma, is that the bird's eye—above the city?"

PAT'S WAY OF CATCHING FISH.

AN Irishman was seen one day industriously pumping away on a small bellows with the nozzle stuck into a stream of water. Upon being asked why he was blowing air into the water he exclaimed:

"Faith, oi've noticed that fish can't live in the air, so oi thought oi'd give thim some air in the water, and whin they dies and comes to the top oi can ketch them. Yez see, it's much aisyer than fishin'."

CONSOLATION.

"MY birthday is April - fool's day," said Jack, "but I don't care. That don't make me a fool any more than being born on Fourth of July would make a fire-cracker of me."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"WHAT is your name, little boy?"

"Peter, ma'am," said Willis.

"Named after your father?"

"No, ma'am. After my Aunt Sarah."

"What? Are you crazy?"

"No, ma'am. I'm April-foolin'."

THE DIFFICULTY.

"WHAT is the matter with your dog, Harold? Whenever he runs he falls head over heels."

"I know it—poor little thing! His hind legs can run faster than his fore legs, and so he's always tripping himself up."

ONE OF NATURE'S PRANKS.

"I GUESS it's spring-time," said the Blade of Grass, popping its head up above the hard ground.

"April-fool!" cried the last Snow-storm of the year, dropping a few flakes upon the little grass blade's head.

A MISLEADING PICTURE.

JIMMIEBOY'S picture stands on his father's desk, and, sad to relate, has in some way managed to get a few ink spots on it.

"Humph!" said Jimmieboy, as he caught sight of one blot on his little white blouse in the picture. "That looks as if I'd been having a bully time; but it isn't so. Somebody else played with that ink."

MUST DO SOMETHING.

"MAMMA," said Jack, "may I go out and play?"

"No; you must sit still where you are."

Pause.

"Ma, can't I go down in the kitchen?"

"You may not. I want you to sit perfectly quiet."

Another pause.

"Mamma, mayn't I sit on the floor and play marbles?"

"Now, my dear boy, I have told you twice that I want you to sit just where you are and be quiet, and I mean exactly what I say."

Third pause.

"Ma—may I—grow?"

OVERHEARD IN THE TOOL-HOUSE.

"DO you ever have trouble with your teeth?" asked the Rake of the Bucksaw.

"Yes," replied the Saw, sadly; "they're always bothering me."

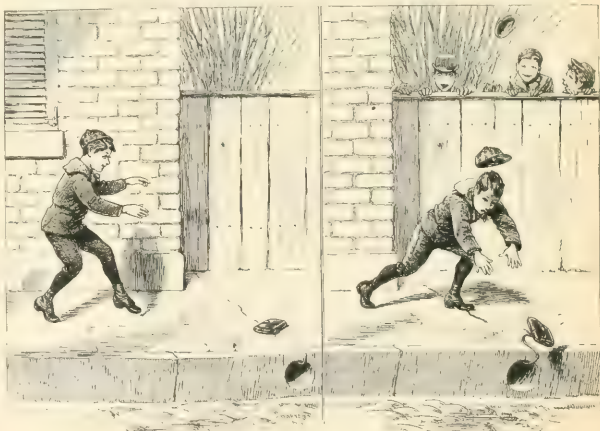
"I should think they might," said the Rake. "Fact is, I don't see how you could have anything else but saw-teeth with the work you do."

OVERHEARD IN THE MENAGERIE.

"IF this place should catch fire what would you do?" asked the Giraffe of the Elephant.

"I'd pick up my trunk and run for the entrance. What would you do?"

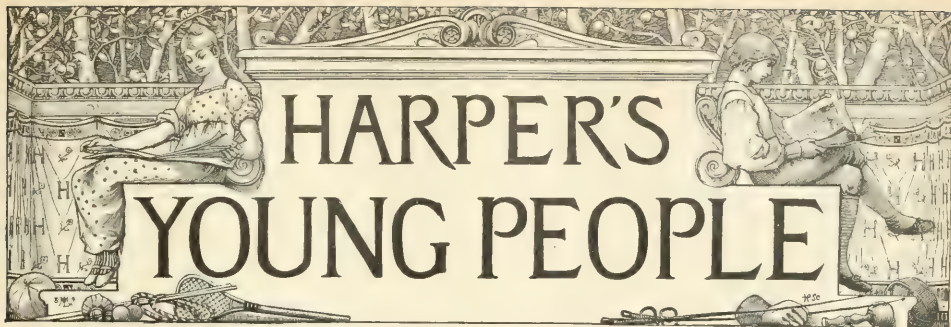
"I'd go to that window and slide down my neck to the sidewalk," said the Giraffe with a wink at the monkeys.



APRIL FOOL.

"THAT IS TOO PLAIN TO FOOL ANYBODY. I WILL JUST STEP ON THE STRING AND RUN OFF WITH THE BAIT."

BUT THE TRICK DIDN'T WORK THE WAY HE THOUGHT IT WOULD.



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VENELLI'S VIOLIN.

BY JAMES BARNES.

IN Fitzleroy Street there is a row of houses which are only three stories high, and it is about the occupants of the little house farthest to the left that this story is written.

To begin at the top. Under the roof lived the musician all alone; on the second floor lived the fisherman and his wife; on the first the tailor and his daughter, who, by-the-way, rented the rooms to the others; and in the basement had lived, some time ago, before the story opens, a poor widow and her little girl. But the basement

window now bore a sign showing that this apartment was for rent.

The musician was a very queer old man, and most of the Fitzleroy Street children had somehow formed the idea that he was very bad and cruel. It is very natural for children to start this kind of a story about old people who walk with their heads down, and who have very deep-set restless eyes. They had kept out of his way for years, or at least only thrown taunts at him as he passed by. To these taunts he had never replied.

From the third story often came the strains of a violin. A few years ago they were more frequent and, in fact, more pleasing, for as time had gone on the old man's fingers had become bent and cramped with rheumatism, and at last he could do no more than play very slow pieces that required but little execution. Now, for some time, he had not played at all. And yet there was a time long, long since in which hundreds of people had watched his figure as it swayed to his own music, and had listened to the wailing, singing, and laughing of this same violin that nestled in its little wooden coffin up in the room under the sloping eaves.

I have said that on the second story lived the fisherman, and a very wonderful fisherman he was too, for he fished from morning to evening, in fact as long as daylight lasted, and had never caught a fish that any one could eat in all his life. He had caught many other things, and more people had watched him with his rod in his hand than had watched any other angler in the world, and more people had laughed at the strange things he caught than you could count if you took a whole day for the reckoning, for the fisherman angled from the roof of a tall building on the corner of a busy avenue. Sitting under an umbrella if it rained, or the sun was very hot, he dropped his hook into an imaginary pond, from which he drew such strange things as old boots, odd-looking alligators, tin sauce-pans, and now and then a huge stuffed fish almost as large as himself, which he pretended to have great trouble in landing. In fact, the fisherman was a living advertisement (and had been so for years) for a brand of smoking tobacco.

The fisherman's wife was a neat little woman, who worked at lace-making all day long. When, on Sunday, the couple went to church, no one would have recognized them at all, for the little woman wore a very handsome Cashmere shawl about her shoulders, and the fisherman a very tall silk hat with a wide straight brim.

Every day of their lives for the past ten years they had seen the odd old man who played the violin, and they had wished him a cheerful good-morning now and then. To this kindly greeting the old musician responded merely with a nod.

On a bright day the children of Fitzleroy Street poured out of the great tenements and out of the crowded little brick houses into the street, and their shouts and laughter sounded as if it were school recess most of the time.

The poor widow and her little daughter, who had lived in the basement, had been so poor, that oftentimes she and the little girl had known what it was to be cold and hungry.

If a barrel-organ wandered into the street, which happened very often, the little girl did not dance about it, but stood to one side listening to the jingling music and thrilled through and through by the metallic tinkling runs.

It was while standing this way one morning, some time before our story opens, her lips and fingers blue from cold, that she had attracted the attention of the fisherman's wife.

The latter had stopped and asked the little girl her name. The child told her what it was, and it sounded as if it should go with silks and satins and not with broken shoes and threadbare dresses.

"Angelica Fredericka Grafton" had sounded very strangely for such a poor wan hungry little creature.

That evening the fisherman's wife had sat up quite late after her husband's return, and her sewing-machine had hummed far into the night. The next morning she had gone to the basement and found where Angelica Fredericka lived. She had found, also, that Angelica's mother was very ill.

It was evident, however, that it was not to be for long, and one day the poor woman with the aristocratic name, who sewed linings in overcoats all day long, gave up the

struggle, and Angelica had been taken upstairs, without any formality of law, to live with the fisherman and his wife, and to share their comparative comforts, which to her seemed quite like luxuries; and this is how she came to meet the strange old man who used to climb the uncarpeted stairway to the third story.

It had not taken very long for the fisherman and his wife to grow very fond of the golden-haired little girl, and they soon came to regard her as quite their own. With plenty to eat and warm clothing to wear, Angelica's cheeks had grown rosy and her thin little face had filled out wonderfully.

Every now and then the owner of the violin had a visitor. An old man quite as old but much straighter than himself came to see him, and when he did so the violin always woke up, and the people belowstairs used to stop in the hallway to listen to the music.

The musician and his visitor rarely talked, and when they did so it was in a foreign tongue, which no one in the house could have understood if they had listened, but which it will do to translate for the time being to help tell the story.

"Ah, Leon, dear friend," said the owner of the violin, "I could not part with it, and I can no longer play it. Pity! Pity!" He clasped his gnarled fingers, and the tears poured down his cheeks. He added, as he paused and glanced about him, "I cannot part with it."

His friend did not reply, but had drawn an answer from the violin.

One day as the old men sat with the violin talking between them they had heard a sound of something moving on the stairway landing outside the door. There stood Angelica. Many times she had stolen up the stairway and stood on the top step listening to the violin, and many times had the fisherman and his wife on the second floor, and even the tailor and his daughter on the first floor, left their doors open and also listened.

When Angelica saw the fierce-looking old man standing there she was much frightened, and was about to run down the stairs, but he stopped her.

"You like it," he said, "ze music? Come stand here where you can hear it better."

The other had stopped playing, but at a gesture from his friend had resumed again. Angelica stood quivering with nervous delight. Oftentimes had she heard the violin played in the street, but never had she heard it played like this before. The music appeared to come from all about her. It filled the dingy room until it seemed like a voice from fairyland. She closed her eyes; no longer was she in the noisy city, but in some great wide forest where the birds were singing and the breezes playing among the trees. Angelica drew her breath in sighs of delight. Then he dashed off into a rippling, laughing chase of sound that made her laugh out loud.

Suddenly he stopped, and Angelica, too much overcome to even breathe her thanks, stole down just in time to meet the fisherman as he returned from his day of toil; for toil it surely was.

When she had gone, the one who had played the violin replaced it in the long black box.

"She has an artiste's soul, Maurice," he said. "That child, you can play upon her feelings much as one plays on this."

"She could learn to play herself," replied the other old man. "Did you see her hands, my friend?" Once more he extended his own cramped fingers and sighed.

The next day was Easter. The fisherman, dressed in his best black coat, was looking out of the window. No one would have thought that this grave-looking old man was he who wrestled with the big stuffed fish numberless times a day on the top of the tall building.

Angelica sat in a little rocking-chair with a book in her lap; a book that carries all children far away from

their surroundings, and gives them the delights of travelling in countries and meeting people who are none the less delightful because they never existed. It was *Grimm's Fairy Tales*.

Mrs. Lambey, the fisherman's wife, had removed her Cashmere shawl after coming back from church, and preparing dinner in the little kitchen.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door.

It was exactly like a fairy story. There was a large bundle tied in tissue-paper. It was addressed to the number of the house, second floor, and was inscribed, "For the Little Lady with Golden Hair."

Where it had come from no one could imagine. When the bundle was opened it was found to contain some long slender lilies that filled the room, despite the cooking in the kitchen, with a sweet odor—again quite like fairyland.

Angelica, moved by a sudden impulse, had stolen up to the third story. The little front room was empty; but she had left two of the lilies there in a pitcher of water.

The next day Angelica had been met in the hallway by Mr. Venelli, for that was the musician's name.

"Good-morning, mees," he said. "Would you come to hear my violin to-day?"

She had accompanied the musician to the upper story. The slender white flowers were on the window-sill; she was afraid of the old man no longer. His face was almost kindly when he smiled.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the sun shone down into the dark street; the children were all playing at the farther corner, and it was quiet; the musician tuned the strings of the violin, and commenced to play; his fingers were a little better on this day. At last he stumbled in rendering a passage, and uttered an exclamation full of anguish.

"No, no," he said, "it will set me crazy trying to play. It is gone—gone; I only have it here," putting his hand to his forehead pathetically.

Then he turned to the little girl, who had remained standing by the door. He motioned her to him, and closed her fingers about the bow, and showed her how to draw it clearly across the strings.

Strange to say, it appeared to come natural to Angelica to take the right position. She bent her face lovingly over the instrument, and when he placed her fingers on a chord it sounded sweet and firm. Her face was flushed and her heart was beating fast, but she did not appear to be nervous in the least. The delight of having music in her own hands caused her to thrill from head to foot.

"It ees good," said the old man. "You can learn to play."

He made her exercise, and kept her holding it in one position so long that she felt almost cramped; but so interested was she that she did not notice how long it was, and stood there listening patiently to what he told her.

The next afternoon the lesson was repeated, and one evening, only a day or so afterwards, strange to tell, the old man had knocked at the Lambseys' door.

The fisherman had greeted him and asked him in. In a few words he explained his mission, and in his broken English he asked that Angelica might become a pupil of his.

After this, it being much more comfortable in the rooms on the second floor, Mr. Venelli became quite a constant visitor, and every afternoon after the lesson he would take the violin under his arm and climb the stairway to the room under the eaves.

The old man seemed to expand under the influence of having found friendly voices. In fact, he became quite companionable, and got into the habit of dropping in and talking with the fisherman in the evening after Angelica's lesson. And so the time went by on happy wings.

At rare intervals the other musician called at the little house, and on these occasions the violin was brought

forth and Angelica was made to play. The two old men watched her closely; the sweeping turn of the wrist came naturally to the little girl, and her whole soul was in the music that she played. It almost appeared as if she must practise in her dreams.

It was again an Easter Sunday. The great white cathedral was filled with people; the organ was throbbing, and the voices of the choir-boys seemed to Angelica to be like the music she imagined one might hear in heaven. It was the first time that she had ever been here.

Mr. Venelli was standing on one side of her, and on the other side was the fisherman. As they listened to the music, Angelica's hands sought the hands of her adopted father and of the other old man, whom she now had grown to love almost as much.

At last the service was over. The little boys, who swung the jingling censers that puffed out breaths of scented smoke, had headed the procession of richly gowned priests out into the chapel, and the crowd began to surge through the doorway.

Suddenly Mr. Venelli stepped forward. In front of them walked a tall man whose long iron-gray hair fell down over his coat collar. He had a sad, kind face, and had evidently enjoyed the music also, for he was smiling to himself.

Mr. Venelli plucked his arm and spoke some words in a foreign tongue. The man turned and started, then he grasped the old musician by both hands and began to talk so quickly that it was with difficulty, one would think, that any one could follow what he was saying. Mr. Venelli stooped and took Angelica by the hand.

"Ah! is this ze little lady?" said the tall man. "You must bring her to see me." He took out a card, and stepping to one side on to a grass-plot, wrote an address on it, and handed it to the old musician; then he shook hands with Angelica, raised his hat to the fisherman, and walked away.

Mr. Venelli was so excited that he forgot that his friends could not understand the foreign tongue, for he rattled on, until suddenly he recollected, and began to translate what he had said slowly.

"I have not seen him for twenty years," he said, "and he remembered me! And now he is ze greatest player in ze world. I met him years ago before he was famous; he took a lesson of me; think of it, just think of it! And now that he is come to visit America, we will be able to hear how ze violin can be played. He remembered my violin, too," he added. "Oh, he could not forget zat!"

The little party walked up to the wide entrance of the Park. They entered across the broad Plaza, and sat down on a bench under the shadow of the trees.

The musician was deep in thought, and drew the card that the great man had given him out of his pocket.

"It is for zis afternoon," he said. "Come, we must hurry back."

He grasped Mr. Lambey by the arm, and awaking the little girl from her reverie, they hastened to the avenue.

An hour or so later two men, a little girl, and the old violin-case were going up in the elevator at one of the large hotels. They walked down the hallway, and were ushered into a small parlor whose windows overlooked the roofs of the city. Here and there little clouds of steam floated up and waved about like feathery flags. Never had Angelica been up so high above the earth in all her life; she had shaken hands with the tall man who had greeted them, and had then made her way to the window.

Suddenly she heard a sound of some one tuning the violin. It was the tall man himself. He turned it over in his hands and looked at it almost lovingly.

"Let her play first," he said.

She was not a bit frightened, and could never remember how she began at all, but the first thing she knew she

was playing as she had never played before. She was playing something that Mr. Venelli had composed.

The tall man listened attentively, and now and then nodded his head, and when she had finished he stepped over to her and kissed her forehead.

"She should go to Europe," he said to Mr. Venelli. "She will be an artiste, my dear friend. Has she any friends who could send her there?"

"She has the violin," said the old musician, "for I will give it to her now. You would buy it? You know the price, my friend."

The tall man paused. Such an instrument as this he had hardly the equal of in his whole collection. The price that it would bring would keep a little girl for a long time in Paris.

"Stop, I have an idea," said the tall man. "She shall appear with me at one of my concerts."

Angelica will never forget how she practised during the next four months, nor will the moment when she was led out by the tall gray-haired man and saw those many faces looking up at her ever leave her mind. She carried the violin under her arm.

When she felt the bow in her hands she gained courage, and the music came as freely and easily as it did when she had played in the little room in Fitzleroy Street or in the parlor on Easter Sunday.

She had won them! and it was not necessary now to sell the violin.

Mr. Venelli wept tears of joy. He and the violin had triumphed as well as Angelica.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS OF AFRICAN NATIVES.

BY LIEUTENANT A. I. MOUNTENAY JEPHSON.

Part I.

ON my return from a journey of some months through Algiers, the Sahara desert, and Tunis, I found among the many letters awaiting me on my writing-table here in sunny Provence one from the editor of HARPER'S

YOUNG PEOPLE, asking me to write an article on "the sports and amusements of savages in Africa." I am further told it is to form one of a "series of articles on games and sports of different lands," and that it is to be written for school-boys.

The editor of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE has no idea of the difficulty of the task he has set for me, for the "savages of Africa" have but few of what we in civilization would call regular games.

There are, it is true, in Central Africa some few games, and these I will touch upon; but they are of no great importance among the natives, for in Africa children begin to learn things to fit them for after-life at an age when the youth of Europe or America would still be occupied with nothing but games and amusements. And so it comes about that in Africa the regular games are few and unimportant, while the practising of shooting and running, of swimming and the management of boats, etc., becomes the real amusement of the youth of Africa.

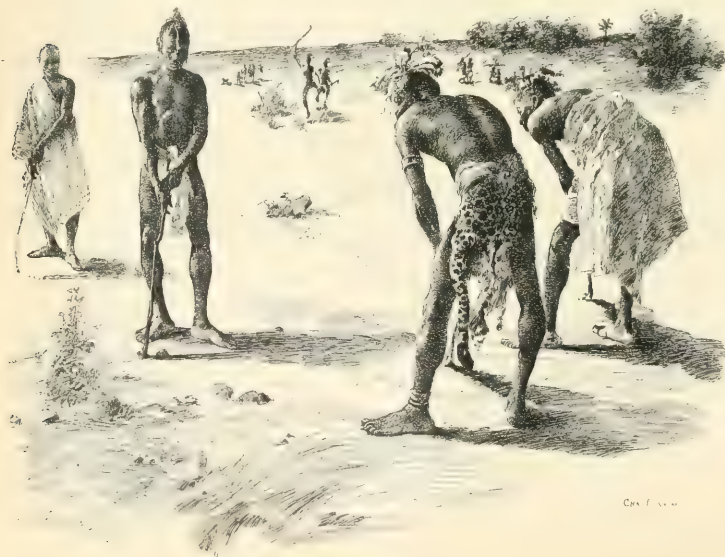
In a clever and exhaustive description of "life among the Congo savages" Mr. Ward makes the following remarks: "The young people of a native village are always in high spirits, amusing themselves by games, mimic warfare, and bird-trapping and hunting on a miniature scale; but it is not all play with them. Their parents or masters compel them to take part in work in which they themselves may be engaged. It is a mistake to consider that these people are incorrigibly indolent when we come to consider the enormous amount of time and patience they bestow upon all their industries."

From this it may be understood that the regular games must necessarily be few among the Africans, when the children begin to learn to hunt and shoot, etc., at an early age, and are obliged also to take part in the work and serious things of life in which their elders are engaged. It is difficult, therefore, to determine where the amusements cease and where the real work of life begins, the two being so mingled.

Such games, too, as there are, are not played exclusively by young people, but are entered into with equal interest and gayety by the grown-up people as well.

I remember seeing a game, which for want of a better name I will call football, played at a village in the breezy uplands of Central Africa, belonging to a chief called Majamboni. It was a feast day in our camp, and there had been a great slaughtering of cattle. With two of the bladders of the slaughtered cattle (one placed inside the other), some of the native boys improvised a large ball, and began to play football with it on a grassy green in front of our tents.

Rough goals were put up at each end of the green, and sides being chosen, the ball was kicked off from the middle of the ground. The game was played much in the same way that our Association game is played, but there was a good deal of "handling," and not much idea of



THE AFRICAN GAME OF HOCKEY.

the rules of "off-side." The natives understood "dribbling" wonderfully well, and I saw some remarkably good play, for they were clever at dodging and passing the ball back to their own side. Still there seemed to be no very close or regular rules, each man playing pretty much as he saw fit. The sides, moreover, were not limited to any particular number, and the ball being struck from hand to hand, was as often in the air as on the ground.

The game, which was started with about ten boys on each side, was soon joined in by the elders, until in a short time almost every grown-up man in the village was taking part in it. As soon as any of them got tired and fell out of the game, others took their places, sometimes as many as a hundred men playing at the same time.

The game soon became fast and furious, and the greatest excitement was shown; the women and children, too, all turned out to see it, and were quite as noisy in their demonstrations and showed quite as much interest in it as the spectators do at a football match between Harvard and Yale.

There was no limit as to time, and the game, which was started at about two o'clock in the afternoon, would, I believe, have gone on till midnight had not the ball burst with a loud report in the middle of a scrimmage, and so with much shouting and laughter it ended towards sundown.

This was the first and almost the only time I had seen anything like football played by the natives of the interior, and it is interesting to find that football, which is always considered to be a game of civilization, is not unknown among the so-called "savages" of Central Africa.

The game which is best known, and which one sees played in almost every part of Africa, is a kind of "hockey." From north to south, from east to west, hockey, or something very like it, is played everywhere by children and grown-up natives alike. I should be inclined to call it the most popular game of its kind in Africa.

In Dr. Juncker's *Travels in Africa*, he speaks of having seen it played in the middle of the Great Forest, at a village near the Welle River. He says: "I was surprised here (at Majegebae's village) to see a number of youths, with a few men, engaged in a game of hurly, played exactly as with us, the parties driving an India-rubber ball with sticks in opposite directions, with much yelling and shouting. The rubber is procured from the landolphia, a liana (creeper) which grows in all the forest districts along both sides of the Welle-Mallua River."

In our march across Africa from east to west we saw this game played by almost every tribe we encountered, whether in the Great Forest or in the open country. In the huts, too, of villages whose inhabitants had fled at



NATIVES PLAYING THEIR GAME OF CHESS.

our approach, we frequently found hockey-sticks of various sizes and shapes, many of them being nicely cut and well balanced. In some cases they were roughly carved and ornamented with wire, which points to a considerable importance and interest being attached to the game.

In the forest countries, where the India-rubber vine abounded, the balls, which were usually about the size of a baseball, were made of solid India-rubber, as Dr. Juncker describes them, but in most of the open countries they were roughly made of wood, and in a few cases of the knuckle-bone of some animal.

It is curious how popular this game is in Africa, and how universally it is played, from the smallest children to grown-up men. Three months ago, when I was at Biskra, I saw it played there, and in the other oases of the Sahara desert, every evening by the Arab children, their sticks being made from the thick mid-rib of date-palm leaves, the broad flanging ends of which render them capital hockey clubs.

There were doubtless many games played by the smaller children which we never saw, for in our march through the Great Forest the natives were, unfortunately, almost always hostile, and we were seldom able to see anything of their village life. Once only in the forest was I able to get a glimpse of the real village life of these hostile and warlike people. It was in our starvation days, when we had had little or nothing to eat for many weeks but fungus and wild fruits, and I was sent out with thirty of our Zanzibar negroes to find food. We had ranged through the trackless forest all day, finding nothing, until late in the afternoon we came upon a native track winding along by a small dark stream, and this we followed up.

Towards sunset we heard sounds which told us we were approaching a native village, and moving softly and silently along, we crept up to the edge of the clear-

ing and peered through the bushes. There close to us we saw quite a pretty scene. The long village street with huts on each side of it was full of life. There were fires in the open street with steaming cooking pots upon them, in which the women were preparing the evening meal of bananas and corn and goat's meat. Some of the men, fully armed, were chipping at the rough planks with which they build their huts in that part of the forest; others were polishing their spears, or shaping their bows and arrows; but the day's work was almost finished, and the greater number of them were sitting idly at the doors of their huts, smoking their big long pipes and watching the children at play. There were a great many of them, all naked, engaged in various games.

The group nearest us was playing a game which we as children used to call "Puss in the Corner"—a game where the players range themselves in different corners, while one stands in the middle trying to catch the others as they change places. Another group were playing hockey, while others, with much shouting and laughter, were playing a kind of battledoor and shuttlecock with sticks and little bits of wood with feathers stuck in them. Further off at the other end of the street we could see the bigger boys practising shooting at a rough target, with little bows and arrows which they themselves had made, whilst among them all the goats and chickens of the village wandered peaceably about, picking up a livelihood here and there.

Here was the true village life; here were the simple natural games of the children. It was such a pretty, quiet scene that I was loath to disturb it. But we had been hungry for weeks, and the steam from the cooking-pots was savory in our nostrils. Thirty half-starving men were crouching behind me, so giving them the word, we parted the bushes in front of us, and stepped out into the open.

At the sight of us all the natives—men, women, and children—fled into the forest with loud cries of fear, leaving everything behind them. And so without firing a shot we found ourselves in peaceable possession of their village, and supper cooked ready for us. It was the best meal we had eaten for many weeks. We found many sheaves of spears and numbers of pots of freshly made black liquid with which the natives poison their arrows. These we destroyed, and after sleeping the night in the village we departed at daybreak next morning, leaving the natives to return to it when they pleased.

This was almost the only opportunity I ever had in the forest of seeing the ordinary village life, but from the short glimpse I got of it I saw that though games among the bigger children are few, there are many simple games unknown to Europeans which are played by the smaller children in the region of the great African forest. Occasionally we saw some of them, but not often. Once I remember, months afterward, when we were on our way down to the coast, and were sitting one evening after supper round the camp-fires, we asked a little native boy of about twelve or thirteen years of age whom Captain Stairs had rescued from some Arab slave-raiders, to show us what games he and his companions used to play at their village in the forest.

Wadi-Kesi, for that was his name, readily complied, and bringing several sticks and a number of flat stones he arranged them alternately at equal distances on the ground in the shape of a large square. Taking his place in the middle of it, he commenced singing some native song. But it evidently brought back to his mind the happy days he had spent in his forest home; for after singing a few words he sat down upon the ground, weeping and bewailing his fate so bitterly that we never had the heart afterwards to ask him to finish the game.

There is one game, however, which is played universally in Africa by old and young alike; this is a kind of

native draughts or chess. It is played by the semi-civilized tribes on both coasts, by the "savages" of the far interior, and even by the Arabs. It is played with little smooth round pebbles generally, on an oblong board about two feet six inches long and one foot six inches broad, with small holes cut in it like those of a solitaire board. Some of these boards are really beautifully made, being often raised on four finely carved legs, six inches high, the whole board, legs and all, being formed of a single piece of wood.

In the countries of the Monbuttu, Makraka, and those tribes who inhabit the northwest of the forest, I have seen many of these draught-boards which were veritable works of art, being carved in exceedingly intricate and tasteful designs in dark brown highly polished wood.

In some of the villages, however, of the far interior, I have seen the game played merely on the ground, an oblong space of the proper size being marked off on a flat hard piece of earth, with little holes at regular intervals scooped out in it.

In nearly every village one enters, in whatever part of Africa it may be, one almost invariably sees this game played.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DELIGHTFUL CUSTOM.

THE Topsy-turvy Doctors have

A very curious way;

They do not cure folks of their ills,

But of their health, they say.

For instance, when a boy feels well,

The Doctor he comes by

And makes him stay at home from school,

And dose himself with pie.

And that is why, 'twixt you and me,

An Upsidowney I would be.

THE STORY OF AN EASTER EGG.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"HAVE you seen my Fidelia?" Miss Crayshaw's usually calm voice was agitated and anxious, and Dorothy Byles looked up quickly from her crocus bed. "She's lost! she's been gone two days!"

"Your peacock?" said Dorothy, her plump fourteen-year-old face grown long with sympathy; for every one in the neighborhood knew how fond Miss Crayshaw was of her pets.

"My peahen," corrected Miss Crayshaw. "I thought it might be better to keep the matter quiet, and offer a large reward for her return in the *Courier* next week. But I've grown so anxious that I can't wait. I suspect the Crasher boy." Miss Crayshaw leaned far over the garden fence, and uttered the last sentence in an impressive whisper.

Dorothy sighed heavily; there was worse trouble in the world than the failure of her crocuses to blossom for Easter. Of course Miss Crayshaw suspected the Crasher boy; every one did when there was any mischief done in which he could possibly have had a share. Dorothy was president of the Lend-a-hand Club, which was trying to make the mill boys and girls have a better time, but the club could not "get at" the Crasher boy and his sister. Dorothy especially wished to make them have a better time; perhaps it was because she had once seen the Crasher boy rescue a homeless kitten from some boys who were tormenting it, perhaps because when she had once tried to make a call at the little old house by the river where the Crasher boy and his sister had lived alone, since their mother died, she had discovered why the Crasher girl was sensitive. "Hard to get along with," the neighbors said. She wore her long, thin, sandy hair

hanging loosely upon her shoulders; when she turned her back Dorothy saw that this was an effort to conceal a pitiful hump.

"G'long away! Phil and me don't want folks spyin' on us," the Crasher girl had said with emphasis, and shut the door in Dorothy's face.

But Dorothy was tender-hearted; she had forgotten the ungracious reception, and remembered the pitiful hump. The neighbors said that Phil Crasher was almost fiercely devoted to his sister M'randy. Dorothy remembered that, too.

"The Crasher boy was hanging about here Wednesday night—the night that Fidelia disappeared," Miss Crayshaw was saying. "Wimbleton saw him." (Wimbleton was Miss Crayshaw's old gardener, who boasted of always keeping a weather eye out for boys.)

"I don't see how any one could have stolen her; she had so much of a voice," said Dorothy, trying to put it mildly, for many people had complained of the shrill screaming of her peacocks, and Miss Crayshaw was sensitive.

"Wimbleton thinks he must have choked her." Miss Crayshaw's voice trembled with emotion. "If his motive had been other than revenge, the thief would have stolen Francis, with his splendid tail feathers. I did love Fidelia better, and it was generally known." Miss Crayshaw's severe features worked pitifully, like a child's. She was not known to have a relative in the world; she had a proud nature, and family troubles had isolated her, and one must love something. "He probably wished to be revenged on me because I had him arrested last summer for stealing my plums. The judge let him go because there was no one but him to take care of his invalid sister; he said he wanted the plums for his sister too, and worked on the judge's sympathies. I think it was a mistake to let him go."

Dorothy looked a trifle shamed. The Lend-a-hands had had a little something to do with that affair; one of them had gone to Judge Boulby and told him how parched with fever was M'randy, and how cool and sweet were the plums, and that the Crasher boy had asked Wimbleton to give them to him—Wimbleton, whose heart was hardened, like Miss Crayshaw's, towards boys.

"He's very good to his deformed sister," faltered Dorothy. "Boys are apt to be a little trying."

Who knew that better than Dorothy, who "came between" six brothers, three who scorned her counsels because she was younger than they, and three who cherished a jealous fear that she wished to rule because she was older.

"I know what they are!" Miss Crayshaw's face had grown suddenly rigid and severe. "I had a brother; he was little Eustace to me; he brought disgrace upon us. He committed a crime—forgery. Then he married among his low associates. I have never loved anything since except a dumb creature, whose wickedness couldn't break my heart. Trying! Boys seem to me altogether evil."

"Oh, no, no!" expostulated Dorothy, hastily. "I didn't mean anything like that. Our boys are good—inside; they show it sometimes; each one has a particular goodness. They're quite lovely once in awhile."

Miss Crayshaw smiled sarcastically; she seemed somewhat ashamed of having been moved to this confidence concerning her family affairs. "I only wished to ask you, since you look after the mill people a little, whether you would find out, if you could, whether the Crasher boy suffocated—killed Fidelia."

"She's quite sure that the Crasher boy is at the bottom of it; I'm not," said Dorothy to herself, with a little indignation.

"He may have sold her," pursued Fidelia's bereaved mistress. "But I should know her anywhere. I regret very much that I never raised any peafowls from her

eggs. I tried it several times, but Fidelia was not of a domestic turn; she was not a good sitter. She had just laid a litter of eggs, and Wimbleton sent them to the city to sell. If I had saved even one or two, I might possibly have raised another like Fidelia."

Dorothy had a crocus half opened for Easter day, after all, and she carried a small potted lily from church—the Lend-a-hands had sent a supply for the poor and sick—to the little old house by the river, where the Crasher boy and his sister lived. She had promised Miss Crayshaw to discover the peacock thief, if possible; besides, it was Easter, and she wasn't sure that Easter found its way down Bridge Alley.

Barbara Donovan came hurrying after Dorothy and called to her. Barbara took care of the rooms of the Lend-a-hand Club, and felt also that she had a care over "the bit things" who composed the club.

"It's little thanks ye'll get, I'm thinkin', Miss Dorothy, from them two quare crathurs that thinks themselves too good to have anny recourse to their neighbors," said Barbara. "It's strange doin's they're afther havin' there yesterday, wid a blood cruddin' scraichin' and scramin'. Me mother said it was more like the banshee that she heard oncet in the ould country than annything else at all. If we heard the n'ise again we'd spake to the p'lice-man."

Dorothy's heart sank. The noise that was like a banshee wail could be nothing less than Fidelia's voice. She was tempted to turn back and tell Miss Crayshaw or a policeman, but it would be a pity, whatever they were, that they should not have so much of Easter as a lily.

The Crasher boy was standing in the doorway of the dilapidated little shed which looked as if it were going to fall over into the river. He scowled when he saw Dorothy, and the scowl deepened as she walked into the yard towards him. But his face softened suddenly—it was a square resolute face—when Dorothy said:

"I've brought your sister an Easter-lily. I knew she was ill, and I was afraid she wouldn't have any Easter at all."

He hesitated, studying Dorothy's face with a pair of keen gray eyes. "I've got something for her," he said. "You bet she'll be tickled! She's coming out to see it." Then appeared a dimple in the Crasher boy's freckled cheek, and anybody whose heart kept a corner for boys must have liked him.

"He's like our boys when they're good—if he is the Crasher boy," said Dorothy to herself, feeling a little bewildered. He led the way into the shed with an air of delighted mystery, and there, in a nest of straw, lay a single, large, delicately tinted egg.

Dorothy's heart sank again; it was a peahen's egg.

"It's M'randy's Easter egg," said the boy, with proud delight. "We used to have Easters once, and M'randy likes 'em. She—she cried because 'twas Easter, and we hadn't any. So I got her that, and I'm goin' to buy Peter Junkins's old white turkey for a dollar and a quarter as soon as I get the money, and let her sit on the egg and raise a peacock. Won't M'randy be tickled, though! I'd have borrowed the old white turkey, only Peter Junkins is so all-fired mean he won't lend her."

"Where did you get the egg?" Dorothy tried to speak severely, but faltered.

The Crasher boy looked down, and kicked the straw shamefacedly. "I borrowed old Miss Crayshaw's peahen. I heard old Wimbleton say she was layin'. When M'randy said she wished she had even an Easter egg, it came right into my head what I'd do. I guess she'll like that better'n one of those painted things with mottoes and ribbons! Didn't that old fowl squawk, though? I had to 'most smother her under my jacket, and didn't I have a time getting out of the carriage-house window up there! If



"AN EASTER EGG AND A LILY TOO!"

they'd caught me they'd have took me up for a thief, too; but I was bound M'randy should have her Easter. Wasn't it lucky the old thing laid? I didn't expect she would; she seemed so scared, and kept squawking so. I expected nothing but what I'd get caught when I carried her back last night!"

Dorothy felt that she ought to be severely reproving; instead of that her eyes filled with sympathetic tears. Lucky that Fidelia laid? It seemed to Dorothy a blessed Easter miracle—since Miss Crayshaw said she had laid her litter—when she saw M'randy's shining eyes.

M'randy had come out wrapped in a shawl and hood, although the April air was mild. The Crasher boy drew the shawl tenderly around her when it slipped off. Her little sharp eager face with its pain-knitted brows was transfigured with delight.

"An Easter egg and a lily too! I don't know as I ever had just what other folks have before!" she cried, joyfully. "And will the egg really hatch? Shall I have a peacock of my own?"

Dorothy could not answer for the success of the white turkey's ministrations, but she made a mental calculation with the aim of securing her services without delay.

"You may come in if you want to," said M'randy, graciously, as Dorothy paused at the door. "I don't want folks that think Phil is a bad boy," she continued, with a certain defiance—in spite of the lily.

Dorothy hesitated only a moment, then she walked in.

"He ought not to have borrowed the peahen. He's like our boys—mixed," she said.

It was a clean little place, although M'randy was ill, and there were signs that the household affairs were attended to after a boy's fashion. There were some signs of refinement, which surprised Dorothy, until she took a book from the table and read the name Eustace Crayshaw; there were other books with the same surname. Crayshaw—Crasher, Dorothy, who had never thought of the resemblance, felt bewildered.

"We've got called Crasher, living amongst poor folks," said the boy.

"'Twas our grandfather that owned all these mills once."

"Then you—you're a relation to Miss Crayshaw?" cried Dorothy.

The Crasher boy nodded indifferently. "She wouldn't want anything to do with us—unless 'twas to chuck me into jail!" he said.

"Your father was Eustace Crayshaw?" repeated Dorothy, still bewildered; and the boy nodded again.

"He was little Eustace to me," Miss Crayshaw had said.

Dorothy walked home on air; perhaps it was too good to come true—the delightful dream that filled her brain; but the world seemed full of spring and joy. Was any dream or hope too great for Easter-tide?

But the dream didn't seem likely to come true when Dorothy told Miss Crayshaw of her discovery. She wondered afterwards how she dared to do it; she said to herself that she never should have dared if she hadn't done it at white heat, and if it hadn't been Easter! For Miss Crayshaw was very proud, and the father of these children was her brother who had disgraced his family. She turned white and was rigidly silent, and afterwards for weeks she turned her head away when Dorothy went near the garden fence.

The white turkey performed her task as successfully as if she had been born to the proud mission of mothering peacocks, and was soon followed about by a queer, long-legged, straggling fowl, whose harsh voice she tried in vain to soften to a throaty gobble.

A sad fatality carried Fidelia off that summer—it was the mowing-machine—and Miss Crayshaw took to her bed. She had been ailing before; old Wimbledon expressed the suspicion that "her mind was troubling her."

People were inclined to laugh because Miss Crayshaw was so afflicted by her peahen's death. But there was one person who did not laugh—M'randy.

One day Miss Crayshaw was astonished to see M'randy with a gawky, straggling, squawking creature in her arms. Only its voice and a little sprouting blue and gold about its wings proclaimed it a peacock.

"It's for you!—for I know how it feels to be lonesome without much of anybody that belongs to you," said M'randy.

With firmness born of a mighty self-sacrifice Miss Crayshaw turned away from her, and walked heavily to and fro on the piazza. Suddenly she returned, took the little sharp chin in her hand, and smoothed the thin wispy hair over the crooked back. "You are the Crasher boy's sister?" she said, hoarsely. "Go and bring him here. I am going to take you both home!"

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

A Sequel to "The Fur-Seal's Tooth."

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORMMATES," "CAMPMATES," "RAFTMATES," "CANOEEMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BOYS CARRY THEIR POINT.

NEVER in his life had Phil Ryder been more perplexed than he was at the astonishing statement just made by Kurilla. It was incredible that his father should be in that country. Why should he be? There had been barely time for him to receive the letter sent out by Nikrik, and he could not possibly have reached the Yukon Valley since then.

"How do you know it is my father?" he demanded of the native. "Has he been here? Did you see him? Why didn't he wait until I came back?"

"Him no come. Him go up river. Me no see him. You fadder? Yaas."

"What can the man mean?" asked Phil, in despair of obtaining any intelligible explanation and turning to the missionary for aid.

From that time until they reached the station, which they found in a state of excitement over the news, the missionary questioned Kurilla in his own tongue, and by the time they were inside the house he had gleaned all the information the Indian possessed.

"He says," began the missionary, turning to his eager audience, "that he obtained his news from a Nulato Indian, who left St. Michaels only three days ago, and came by way of the Divide and the Anvik River. He is a friend of Kurilla, and spent a couple of hours with him this morning, after which he continued his journey. According to him, as understood by Kurilla, a schooner containing Phil's father and another white man reached the Redoubt soon after the *Chimo* left. The other white man was sick, so that none of the natives saw him; but Phil's father spent his whole time making inquiries of every one about the boys, and where they had gone, what sort of a man they had gone with, and what chance there was of overtaking them."

"I am afraid he did not receive a very flattering description of the man they had gone with," remarked Gerald Hamer, who was by this time out of the hospital and able to join the pleasant family circle.

"About that same time," continued the missionary, "the revenue-cutter *Bear* came down from the northward, bringing the crew of a wrecked whaler, so that for a while there were many white men and much confusion at St. Michaels. Then both the *Bear* and the schooner sailed away, taking most of the white men with them, but Phil's father staid behind. By-and-by news came from Nulato that the *Chimo* had passed that point without stopping, on her way up the river."

"Which is news indeed," muttered Gerald Hamer, "seeing that Nulato

lato is a good one hundred and fifty miles beyond here."

"Isn't it?" laughed the missionary. "And, to cap the climax, the same runner that brought that information announced that you would undoubtedly be frozen in before you had gone much further, whereupon Phil's father began making preparations to follow and overtake you by dog-sledges. He started the day before our informant left the Redoubt, and was accompanied by two other white men, though whether one of them was he who also came on the schooner, Kurilla did not find out. So there you have the whole story as straight as it can be obtained; but, considering the channels through which it has come, there is such an opportunity for errors that I should not be at all surprised if a number had crept into it."

"Nor I," admitted Phil, "though I can't doubt that my father has arrived in this part of the country, impossible as it may seem, for surely no one else could have any object in announcing himself as my father, or going to such trouble in hunting me up. Nor can I doubt that having conceived some absurd notion that I am likely to get into trouble, the dear old pop has set forth on a wild-goose chase after me. I fancy I can see him at this moment politely trying to breathe or to swallow raw seal in some native hut, or careering over the river behind a team of runaway dogs, or wrestling with the intricacies of an Eskimo whip, or having some of the other delightful experiences that he is certain to encounter. There is one thing that won't bother him, though, and that is snow-shoeing, for he learned that long ago in Canada."

"How fond he must be of you," said the missionary's wife.

"Yes, indeed, he is!" cried Phil. "And I of him, for we are everything in the world to each other."

"And how anxious he must be," murmured the teacher.

"I suppose so; though I don't see why he should be, for he taught me to take care of myself long ago. I am be-



THE EXHIBITION DRILL AT ANVIK.

ginning to get pretty anxious about him, though, and it seems to me that it is clearly my duty to organize a relief expedition at once and go in search of him. What do you say to that, Serge?"

"I say I should feel exactly as you do if he were my mother," answered the lad from Sitka, who was immediately afterwards covered with confusion by the outbursts of merriment that greeted his remark.

"I mean—" he stammered.

"Of course," interrupted Phil, teasingly, "we understand. You mean that if my father were your mother, in which case you and I would probably be brother and sister, you would feel in duty bound to go in search of him or her, as the case might be."

"Oh, you get out!" laughed Serge.

"The very thing I am proposing to do. And, really, Captain Hamer, now that my father has appeared on the scene, and gone up the river, I don't see how you can any longer have an excuse for refusing to let Serge and me follow after him. If we don't overtake him this side of Forty Mile, we shall certainly find him there. Then we can all go out together by way of Chilkat, and I know that out of gratitude for your great kindness to me, if for no other reason, my father will gladly undertake to place your order for goods in San Francisco."

"Your argument is certainly a strong one," admitted Gerald Hamer, hesitatingly, "and it really begins to look as though you had gained your point after all."

"And we ought to start as quickly as we can," urged Phil, eagerly, "in order to relieve my father's anxiety as soon as possible, and also to prevent him from getting lost, which, I am sure, any one is likely to do on the Yukon. When it comes to procuring dogs for the trip, I would advise you to buy Kurilla's team, if possible, for I give you my word they are far and away the very best lot of haulers I have ever driven. As for their feed, I was invited to a certain wedding to-day, though I regret that I was forced to decline the invitation, that resulted in a sledge-load of prime dogfish—no, I don't mean that either, for they were salmon—which, I believe, can be bought cheap."

Thus rattling on and unhesitatingly offering advice on all subjects connected with dog-sledging and snow-shoeing, even going so far as to express the opinion that for their work Norwegian skis would be far better than the ordinary snow-shoe of the country, Phil succeeded within a few minutes in establishing the fact that his long-cherished expedition was really to be undertaken.

As he remarked in a low but exultant tone to Serge after they had gone to bed that night: "Hurrah for snow-shoes and sledges, old man! We have got them at last, as I told you we would from the very beginning."

And Serge, who was almost asleep, roused himself sufficiently to reply: "What did you say? Oh yes, I know. Hurrah! Good-night."

Whereupon the Yankee lad disgustedly hurled a pillow at him with such force as to effectually banish sleep and provoke a retaliation that resulted in Phil's bed coming down with a crash. Upon this its occupant remarked that he always did despise civilized beds anyhow, and that hemlock boughs in front of a rousing camp-fire were good enough for him.

In the mean time some of the preliminaries of the tremendous journey, to which the boys looked forward with such delight and their elders with so many misgivings, had been arranged that very evening. The best obtainable map of the Yukon was studied, and marked with such private information as was possessed by the missionary.

"If you could only overtake them before reaching the Tanana River," he said, reflectively, "you might cut off the great arctic bend of the Yukon, and save several hundred miles by going up the former river, crossing a di-

vide to a branch of Forty Mile Creek, and following it down to the camp at its mouth. I suppose, though, they will have passed the Tanana long before you get there, and so you will be obliged to follow the great bend for fear of missing them."

"I suppose so," assented Phil, "but I don't care. The longer the trip the more fun we'll have."

"You will find it long enough before you get through," remarked Gerald Hamer, significantly.

"I hope so," returned the irrepressible lad. "I like to have enough of a good thing."

An hour or more was devoted to making out a list of the articles necessary for the trip. While from then until the very time of departure Phil kept thinking of and adding new items to this list, Serge was kept equally busy in trying to reduce its length.

Before Kurilla was dismissed that evening, both he and his son Chitsah were engaged to accompany the boys at least as far as Forty Mile, a distance of one thousand miles, though beyond that point they would not promise to go.

From Kurilla also Gerald Hamer agreed to purchase, at his own price, his fine team of dogs, of which bushy-tailed Musky was leader, big Amook and Mint were steer-dogs, and Luvtuk and Shag completed the nimble-footed quintet. This was hereafter to be known as Phil's team, for having already had some experience in driving them, it was believed that he could manage them better than dogs unaccustomed to his astonishing pronunciation of the native words of command. Kurilla was to bring them to him the very next morning to be fed, for in dog-sledging it is a rule that every driver shall feed his own team, in order to win their regard and persuade them that he is not an unmitigated evil.

The season was now late November, and though the morrow was Thanksgiving day, or believed to be such in absence of any proclamation to that effect, it was to be devoted to preparations, and the start was to be made at sunrise of the following morning. Therefore Phil's last words of that night were,

"I am dead tired, old man, but I want you to wake me early all the same, for I shall have only one day in which to feed my dogs and teach them to know me."

CHAPTER XII.

PHIL FEEDS HIS DOGS.

It did not seem to Phil that he had any more than closed his eyes before he was awakened by such a babel of yelps and barkings as notified him that further sleep was out of the question, and also that his dogs were waiting to be fed. Hearty imprecations showered on the heads of the vociferous team from the direction of Mr. Sims's room and threats to treat them to a dose of duck-shot so hastened Phil's movements that in a few seconds he had slipped on his seal-skin boots and fur parka, and was outside in the stinging cold. There in the moonlight stood Kurilla, with a broad grin on his good-humored face, holding in leash Phil's team. Every member of it, but big Amook loudest of all, was vigorously demanding his three meals of the day before and the one already due on the present morning, or four in all.

As Phil approached his team he called to Serge to fetch him a knife; but almost as he uttered the words he was given to understand that it was not needed.

With a savage spring Amook reached his side, seized one of the big fish in his powerful jaws, and with a couple of convulsive gulplings swallowed it whole. Having accomplished this feat he wagged his tail cheerfully, and looked up into his young master's face as much as to say, "That sample was so good that I think I'll take some fish, if you please."

"Well, if you aren't an ostrich!" Phil started to say;

but even as he opened his mouth to speak he was overthrown and instantly buried beneath an avalanche of dogs. Incited by Amook's brilliant success, Musky, Mint, Shag, and Luvtuk followed his example, while the dogs held by Chlitsah broke loose at the same moment, and all projected themselves with the energy of living catapults toward the single fish that Phil still held.

Both Kurilla and Chlitsah instantly flung themselves on top of the confused mass of howling animals, and for the space of a minute the scene enacted in full view of the aroused inmates of the station was equal to any first-class football scrimmage. Women screamed, while men shouted and ran toward the place of battle.

In another minute the fierce animals had been torn apart, flung this way and that, and were sneaking off in so many different directions with lowered tails. The two Indians were breathlessly but calmly readjusting their disordered garments, the salmon had disappeared, and Phil, sitting on the hard-packed snow, was tenderly feeling different parts of his body.

"Are you much hurt, old man?" cried Serge, anxiously, as he reached his friend's side.

"Serge," replied Phil, solemnly, "did you ever happen to see a good little book called the Franklin Primer?"

"I don't think I ever did. Why?"

"Because it contains a picture that you would do well to study. The picture is that of a small boy, with a very anxious expression, hanging by his hands from the outer end of a branch that projects over a tropical river. Immediately beneath him swim a dozen open-mouthed crocodiles regarding him with evident expectancy. Beneath the picture is a legend to the effect that Johnny is about to feed his pets. Now let's turn in again and finish out our nap."

But there was too much to be done that day to admit of further sleeping, and both lads quickly found themselves full of business. To begin with, stores for the expedition were to be selected and carefully packed. Of these the largest single item was fish, to be used as dog food, and with this one sledge was wholly laden. Then came flour, tea, sugar, salt, bacon, hard bread, evaporated fruit, a package of fine pemmican—which is made of dried and pounded moose meat mixed with berries and boiling fat in a rawhide bag, where it becomes perfectly solid—oatmeal, a can of baking-powder, molasses, a case of canned goods for special occasions, a quantity of reindeer-bark fat, to be used in place of butter or lard, and a few pounds of tobacco for trading with Indians.

For cooking utensils there was first and most important of all the *chynik*, or copper tea-kettle, and an extra one in case of accident. Then came a long-handled frypan, a large iron pot, a brass kettle, a saucepan, half a dozen tin plates, as many cups, spoons, and forks. Besides these there was a wash-basin, and each man carried a knife in a sheath attached to his belt.

At the head of the miscellaneous list came a fine rifle for Phil's especial use, and a double-barrelled shot-gun, with an ample supply of fixed ammunition for both. Besides these Kurilla would carry his well-beloved old flint-lock musket. Then came three axes, one for each sledge, two hatchets, a case of awls, another of needles, a supply of stout thread and sinew for sewing, a thermometer, and a bolt of cotton cloth to be used as wanted.

Most important of all for a winter journey in that region of arctic cold was the outfit of fur clothing with which each of the boys was liberally provided, and some of which was made that very day by the nimble fingers of Indian women. In each case this consisted of a round, close-fitting fur cap of marten-skin; a heavy caribou parka, or outer shirt, trimmed with wolverene and wolf skin; an inner shirt of softest fawn-skin, trousers of Siberian reindeer, boots of moose skin and seal, plenty of moccasins and fur-lined arctic socks, and two pairs of mittens

that reached to the elbow. Of these the outer pair was of moose-hide, lined with heavy flannel, while the inner pair, the right hand of which had a trigger finger as well as a thumb, was made of lynx, with the fur inside.

A warm sleeping-bag for each boy was made by taking a fine and extra heavy Mackinaw blanket, lining it with marmot-skins, fur side out, covering the other side with stout canvas as a protection against sparks and the wet of melting snow, and sewing up the edges. This, with a small pillow filled with geese feathers and a large bearskin, constituted an arctic bed in which one might sleep out-of-doors with comfort in the coldest weather.

These things, together with snow-shoes and native snow-goggles, made of wood pierced with a long slit and blackened on the inside, completed the outfit of our young travellers. They were to use the *ingalik*, or regular Yukon sledge, which is much lighter than the Eskimo, or coast sledge, but heavier and stronger than the Hudson Bay toboggan commonly used in the interior.

The getting together of these things occupied all hands for the greater part of the day, though after satisfying himself as to his outfit of fur garments, Phil left the rest to Serge and Gerald Hamer, for he had another very important duty to perform. This was arranging the exhibition drill of his native soldier boys, who had looked forward to it with such eagerness that he could not bear to disappoint them.

Noon was the hour appointed for this most important event, and by that hour the space reserved for spectators was occupied by every inhabitant of the native village.

For some minutes the excitement was kept at fever heat by strange sounds issuing from behind the closed school-house doors, where the company was forming. Then the door was flung open, and to the measured beating of a drum the dusky company marched forth in single file, headed by Big Sidorka, who still wore the badge of honor that made him the envy of all his fellows. Phil came last, and at his command of, "Company, halt! Right face! Right dress! 'Tention!" the long line stood straight and motionless facing their awe-stricken relatives.

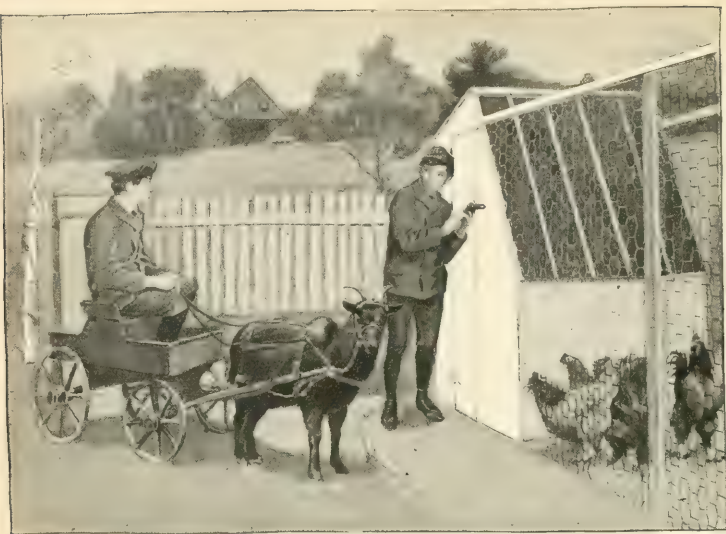
Then came in rapid succession the sharp crisp orders now so familiar to nearly every school-boy in the United States, but never before heard by the public of Anvik: "Present arms! Carry arms! Right shoulder arms!" and the rest, until every movement of the manual had been executed with a promptness and precision that drew forth a storm of applause from the delighted spectators. But when Phil handed his wooden sword to Sergeant Sidorka, and the company was put through the same drill without a mistake by one of their own number, the enthusiasm of the on-lookers knew no bounds.

At the conclusion of the exercises Phil promoted Sergeant Sidorka to the captaincy.

That evening Gerald Hamer gave Phil a list of goods that the *Chimo* would take to the Forty Mile Mining Camp in the spring, and the prices at which they would be sold. He also gave him money enough to defray the expenses of a trip to San Francisco, and a long letter of instruction to the agent of the new trading company in that city. This Phil was to supplement by a verbal statement of the condition of affairs in the Yukon diggings, and the class of goods most in demand.

Thus was everything made ready for the morrow on which Phil and Serge were to set forth on a midwinter search through the vast Alaskan wilderness for the former's dearly loved father, and begin the tremendous journey which they hoped would carry them to the very head-waters of the Yukon, and finally land them in green Sitka town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A MODEL POULTRY HOUSE.

RAISING AND KEEPING OF PETS.

CHICKENS AND THE CHICKEN-COOP.

BY E. CHASE.

THE poultry house I have drawn here has all the necessary requirements of a practical house, and at the same time it is easy to construct.

The outline drawing is, I think, so simple that it does not require much explanation. The house is six and three-quarter feet high at the peak of the roof, which gives the owner room to stand up when cleaning it. This is an advantage, as cleanliness is one of the most necessary things towards keeping the fowls healthy.

The window, which is a single greenhouse sash, is arranged so as to admit as much light as possible. It should face the south, so that in winter the interior of the house will receive the full benefit of the sun.

The floor should be raised three or four inches from the ground. It measures five and a half feet square, which is enough room for half a dozen hens. On the floor are placed the nests. These you will notice have a shelf over them (Fig. 3) just far enough above the nests to allow the hen to get in and out comfortably, and slightly overhanging. The object of a nest like this is to give the hen a feeling of secrecy, which she greatly appreciates. Fill the nests with clean straw, and in each one place a nest-egg.

Over the nests, from two and a half to three feet, place the roosts. Have them set firmly into cleats, fastened to the sides of the house, so that they can be removed when it is necessary to go into the house to clean it. Keep the floor sprinkled with sawdust, and whitewash the interior of the house once every two or three months.

The yard is eight and

a half feet long by five and a half feet wide, at the farther end of which is a gate. I should advise covering the top of the yard, as well as the sides and end, with wire netting, as it both guards against any of your fowls getting away or stray cats or animals getting in.

In summer-time I should advise stretching a canvas over the yard, to protect the chickens from the sun. Dig up the yard frequently, as it gives the chickens something to do to scratch for worms, etc.

In feeding, the following diet is a very good one, but it can be varied, as circumstances admit. In the morning give them corn meal, mixed with enough hot water to make a thick "mush," and add a very little red

pepper in winter. At noon-time give them whatever the cook has to spare—pieces of bread, bones, etc., and at night, corn, wheat, or in fact any grain, sprinkled about, so that the chickens will have to hunt for it.

Chickens are subject to a number of diseases. Whenever one goes about sneezing, rasping at the throat, or showing signs of disease, separate it from the others, and keep it in a separate coop. If it does not show signs of improvement, it is better to wring its neck than to have it spread disease to the rest of the flock.

About the kind of chickens to keep, that is best decided by the fancier himself. When I commenced to raise chickens, I had only two common hens and a rooster. As soon as the hens showed signs of setting, I purchased some "buff Cochins" eggs (as that was the kind of chicken I had set my heart upon), and from these I secured as fine a yard of birds as one would wish to see. They attracted the notice of people round about, and I had no difficulty in selling both the eggs and chickens at prices higher than are usually paid for poultry. A setting of eggs (thirteen) is worth from one to two dollars, according to the time of year. There are papers published exclusively for the poultry trade. In these you will find advertisements of people who have eggs for sale.

Do not have the hens and roosters related. Trade the roosters off with some fancier who keeps the same kind as yourself. He will be only too glad to do so, as it is an advantage to him as well.

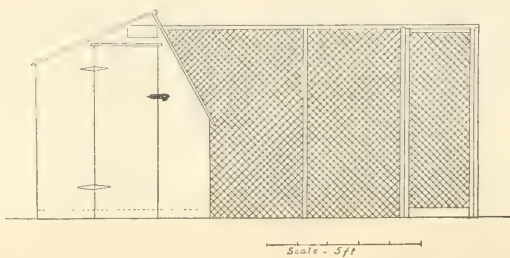


FIG. 1.

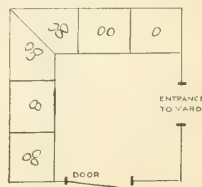


FIG. 2.

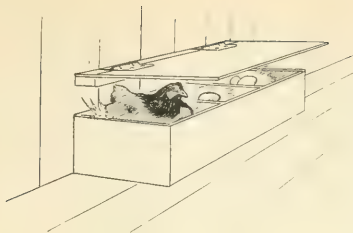


FIG. 3.

Keep a box of pounded oyster or clam shells where the chickens can get at it, also a pan of fresh water handy.

JOE GRIFFIN'S GREAT JUMP.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"THE Marshal would give a foot to get the plans of that fort."

"I know it, and I wish we could wipe his eye by getting them for him."

The speakers were Hikoichi Len and Matsada Orita, two junior officers on the Japanese cruiser *Yed-Sin*. For several weeks the vessel had been cruising in the waters off Port Arthur, awaiting the decisive moment when the army was to effect a combination with the navy in an attempt to capture that important stronghold. All that the plans now lacked of completion was the knowledge of the interior arrangements of a certain fort, the most formidable of those which guarded the entrance to the harbor.

The sun was sinking red and threatening, sending long wavering streamers of crimson across the undulating surface of the sea. The crimson rays fell upon the polished brass-work of the *Yed-Sin*, and made it gleam like iron in the forge, while they lit up the dark shiny chases of her guns with a fitful glare. The cruiser was rolling uneasily as she slipped slowly along at a four-knot gait. She was waiting within signalling-distance of the shore for a communication from a party that had been sent ashore to try to get a message through to the advance column of the army.

"I fear that the expedition will be a failure," said Len.

"Why?" asked Orita.

"Because that young American is with it."

"Oh, Griffin? Well, he is a little too bold in his ventures, but somehow he has a faculty of landing on his feet."

"Hello! There goes a green rocket. That means that the party is in trouble."

It was true. Away over on the land some miles back of Port Arthur a green rocket had soared into the air. The next instant the engine-room bells clanged, and the *Yed-Sin's* propellers turned up to full speed. As the cruiser gathered headway the bugles sounded, "Arm and away for distant service," meaning that a landing party was to be sent out to the rescue. For several min-

utes there was a general bustle about the deck as some men went to their stations, and others hastened to provide the necessary equipments for the boats. The cruiser, meanwhile, steamed steadily ahead, and in the course of half an hour was within a mile of the shore. Here she came to a stop, and orders were given to lower away the boats. At that instant a red rocket shot up from the beach.

"Avast there!" cried the Executive Officer. "Keep fast with the boats."

The red rocket meant that the signal party had escaped and was coming off. Rapid firing of small arms followed the ascent of the rocket, but it ceased in a few minutes, and all was silent, till the puffing of the steam-launch which had taken the party in was heard. Two or three minutes later the party came aboard, and the officer in charge of it reported that all had escaped except the American cadet, Griffin, who had resigned from the United States navy to enter that of Japan.

"We were in a deep ravine, well sheltered by woods," he said, "and were making our way cautiously, when I heard a suspicious sound to our left. I knew that the army column was a long distance away on our right, and so I ordered every one to keep the strictest silence. I was endeavoring to select a suitable man to send forward to reconnoitre, when I missed Griffin. I remembered then that he had always burned for an opportunity for personal distinction, and I was sure that he had slipped away to make observations on his own account. I foresaw the



"GOODNESS!" EXCLAIMED THE OFFICER, "IT IS GRIFFIN."

result, and at once gave orders to retreat as quietly as possible to the boat. My conclusion was justified five minutes later, when a shot was heard in our rear and fire was opened on us. If we had remained in the ravine we would have been captured. As for Griffin, I am sure he walked right into the arms of the enemy."

The officer was commended for his judgment and energy. The Executive Officer frowned when he mentioned Griffin's name, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't wonder he shrugs his shoulders," said Len.

"Nor I," responded Orita. "We shall never see the unhappy American boy again."

Joe Griffin, with his hands tied behind his back and a bandage over his eyes, had just come to a similar conclusion. He had, indeed, walked straight into the arms of a party of Chinese scouts sent out to watch the Japanese landing party. If he had not left his companions, they might have passed the scouts unnoticed in the darkness. Now the landing expedition had failed, and he was being led over roots and rocks a prisoner. He had no idea where he was going, but he felt pretty sure that he would never come back, for the Chinese had an unpleasant way of murdering prisoners taken, as he was, on the pretext that they were spies. For two hours the rough march continued, and then Joe heard the challenge of sentries and was aware that they were entering an armed post. Day was breaking, and when the bandage was removed from his eyes he saw in the brief time he had that he was inside of a strong fort. A hasty glance through an embrasure showed him the sea, and far away upon the horizon, the sharply outlined form of the *Yed-Sin*.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, mentally. "I'm in the worst sort of which they want the plans so badly."

He had no further time for thought, for they led him to his prison. It was a simple kind of jail. It was a rude wooden hut built against the wall of the fort on the side furthest from the sea. Joe noted, as he entered it, that it was close to an embrasure through which he could see a large bay.

"I understand," he thought. "This fort stands on the extreme end of the point of entrance to the harbor of Port Arthur. But how on earth am I to profit by that knowledge?"

Once inside the prison, Joe found that there were numerous crevices through which he could see the interior of the fort.

"I wonder how long I have to live?" he reflected. "Anyhow, I'm going to be prepared for any fate."

So saying he began to rummage through the pockets of his coat.

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed, "I have not a scrap of paper nor a pencil."

Then he went through his trousers pockets.

"Hello! What's this? A box of matches. Oh, I remember; I put them there when I started, thinking we might need them if we camped out. They'll do for pencils; and this is as good as paper."

He stripped himself of his shirt, and tore a small piece out of its light bosom.

"Now let's see what we can see," he murmured, applying his eye to a crack. "That's the south front over there. I've got to make this plan mighty small, haven't I? If I don't, I shall not be able to conceal it in case I do get a chance to escape. They don't seem to be watching me very closely, either; but it's just like them."

At that instant he heard a noise at the door, and he had barely time to thrust his piece of linen into a crack before a Chinese officer entered, followed by a soldier bearing some food.

"You hungry?" asked the officer, in a dialect known to both parties in the war.

"Yes," answered Joe.

"Good. Eat. To-morrow, sunrise, you head cut off."

Joe looked around nervously.

"No escape," continued the officer. "Three sides of fort water. Fort eighty feet high on rocks—straight down—water very deep. Other side woods—full of our soldiers. No escape."

The officer smiled, and, with the soldier, departed.

"Many thanks for your information," said Joe. "So we're eighty feet up on perpendicular rocks, with plenty of water at the bottom, eh? How high did they tell me the *Constellation's* foretopsail-yard was?"

Joe sat in a brown-study for some time. Then he suddenly exclaimed:

"I'll try it, if I get half a chance."

He set to work again with fresh energy at his plan of the fort, making it as small as possible. When it was done he folded it up tightly. Next he ripped out the light leather lining of his cap, and tearing off a small piece folded it around his little plan. With great patience he now picked a long thread out of one of the seams of his shirt, and with this tied his diminutive package securely.

"Will it go?" he muttered.

He put it in his mouth.

"It goes," he thought, with a smile, "and room to spare. Thanks be to nature for giving me a big mouth."

The day passed very slowly indeed for Joe. As night approached he became more and more anxious. At sundown he discovered that two sentinels were posted outside his hut, and that they began to walk up and down in such a way that they were at opposite ends of their posts at the same time.

"That's good," said Joe, as he set to work at the fastenings of the door.

He had only his knife, but it served his purpose, and by ten o'clock he was ready to make his attempt. But at that hour the sentries were still too wide awake, and there were too many persons stirring about the enclosure. So he gritted his teeth, and, gripping his little packet in his hand, walked up and down anxiously. The hours crawled on leaden feet, but still they did pass; and about one o'clock in the morning Joe decided that the sentinels were sleepy enough for his purpose. He took off his shoes and stockings and his trousers, and stood in his light underclothing.

"I believe the old *Constellation's* tops'l-yard was about sixty, and this is eighty. I don't think twenty feet more will make much difference when it's for life. What's the use of being the champion diver and long-distance swimmer of the Academy if you can't— Well, here goes."

The sentinels were lounging drowsily at the farther ends of their posts. Joe loosened the last slight fastening, swung the door gently back, put his little packet in his mouth, drew two or three long breaths, shut his teeth, and jumped out.

His first bound took him to the corner of the hut. His second carried him into the embrasure beside the muzzle of the big gun. For a single instant he steadied himself; then he jumped straight out into the blackness.

Down, down he went, the air rushing past his ears with a roar like thunder. But he realized that he was holding his balance and falling feet first, and the old thrill of excitement ran through him again as he renewed the sensations of his famous Academy jumps from the foretopsail-yard.

Crash!

He was in the water, shooting toward the bottom at terrific speed. Now he turned the soles of his feet flat against the water, and spread out the palms of his hands. Gradually he came to a stop, and began to rise. A few downward strokes helped him. But he was almost spent. He could feel the throbbings of his heart and the heavy surging of the blood, while his chest heaved with the convulsive struggles of his lungs to breathe. Stars began to

dance before his eyes, and the poor boy was ready to open his mouth and drown, when, to his intense joy, his head shot out of the water. He turned on his back and floated for a few moments to rest himself. He listened intently. Yes, there were noises in the air above him. His escape was discovered. He swam right in to the foot of the cliff, and was fortunate enough to find a projection on which he could rest in the deep shadow. He remained there only a few minutes. He slipped into the water again, and swam around the point to the sea-front of the fort. Fortunately there was hardly any sea on, and he found another projection, on which he rested for a time.

"If they think I'm in the water," he reflected, "they'll search for me on the other side."

The boy took a good rest, made sure that he was not hurt, and then started on his long swim along shore. He finally passed the limit of the rocks, and reached a shelving beach. He went ashore, and was amazed and overjoyed to find a small boat partly concealed in the bushes. In ten minutes he had it in the water, and was bound out to sea.

Just as the light of morning was beginning to make objects at sea discernible the lookout on the cruiser *Yed-Sin* called out:

"Boat ho!"

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Right ahead, sir, to windward. It looks like a small boat with one man in it."

The cruiser dropped down toward the boat, and its occupant was ordered to come aboard. A bedraggled, staggering, ghastly figure ascended to the deck.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the officer of the deck, no other than Orita, "it's Griffin."

The swaying boy put his hand to his mouth and taking out the little packet threw it on the deck. "And there are the plans of that fort," he said, after which he fainted.

A week later Port Arthur was captured.

THE JEOPARDIZING OF THE EASTER EGGS.

BY ALBERT LEE

THE room was dark and silent, and the Swiss clock on the wall opposite the fireplace had stopped again. This occurrence was always taken advantage of by the industrious Cuckoo and the patient Gnome to go over to the fender and converse with the Leopard-skin and the two Statuettes. Of late, too, they had allowed the plaster cast of a Barye Bear to come down off the piano and join the conclave.

"It is really too bad," began the Cuckoo, on this particular occasion, "that the Leopard-skin should always be so ill-tempered. He growls and snarls and wrinkles up his back all the time."

"The first thing you know," snapped the Leopard-skin, "I'll grab you up and make a meal of you."

"You can't do that," laughed the Cuckoo, "because you haven't any place to swallow me into."

"I'm not so flat as I look," retorted the rug.

"Well, you're not overshard," added the bird.

"The Cuckoo and the Leopard-skin are at it again," murmured the Dresden-china Shepherdess. "Isn't it awful? You might expect a Bear to growl a good deal, but the Leopard-skin quarrels all the time; he never stops."

"You can't expect a Leopard to change his spots," said the Gnome.

"What does he mean by that?" asked the Shepherdess.

"I don't know," replied the Shepherd. "Perhaps—"

But here the Leopard-skin broke in with: "Of course I won't change my spots. I'm a Leopard. A Leopard never changes his spots. Did you take me for a Jeopard?"

"What's a Jeopard?" asked the Dresden-china Shepherdess.

Nobody answered for a moment, and so the Barye Bear thought it was a good opportunity for him to get into the conversation.

"A Jeopard," began the Bear in hollow tones, for he was only a plaster cast—"a Jeopard is an animal that looks just like a Leopard."

"But he is not a Leopard," said the Gnome.

"Of course not. He's different. He only *looks* like a Leopard. But a Leopard won't change his spots, and a Jeopard will."

"How very peculiar!" said the Shepherdess. "What does he change them for?"

"Well, he'll change them for anything," continued the Barye Bear. "And not always for the better. There is not anything a Jeopard won't do. He will risk anything, and take all sorts of chances. That's what it means when folks talk about jeopardizing things."

"Perhaps the Gnome knows a story about a Jeopard," suggested the Cuckoo.

"I think I can remember one," said the Gnome.

"Oh, do tell it to us," exclaimed the Shepherdess. "We've got a whole hour before dawn."

"Well, it's a very short story," continued the Gnome; "and if you won't interrupt, I'll tell it to you."

They all agreed they would not interrupt him, and the Gnome began:

"This Jeopard that I am going to tell you about lived in the wood that surrounds the hill where all the Easter Hens used to go to lay their Easter eggs."

"Where is that?" asked the Shepherdess, timidly.

"Now you all said you would not interrupt," cried the Gnome, somewhat impatiently; and both the Barye Bear and the Leopard-skin growled. Then he proceeded:

"The Easter Hens used to come to this hill every year just before Easter, and lay their Easter eggs. There was a Jeopard that lived in a cave on the hill-side, and although he was not a very reputable beast in other respects, he used to watch over the Easter eggs when the Hens went away. And furthermore, he used to mark on his spots who each egg was intended for, so that there would be no mistake in the distribution."

"Sort of a bookkeeper," put in the Cuckoo, contemptuously.

"Shut up!" snarled the Leopard-skin.

The Gnome looked displeased, but kept on:

"One Easter, however, the Leopard was taken ill, and when the Easter Hens came to the hill to leave their eggs they did not know what to do without their friend the Leopard. But the Jeopard was there, and had spots just like the Leopard, and he said he would keep track of the eggs if the Hens wished him to. So it was arranged that the Jeopard should superintend the annual distribution on Easter morning, and his spots were all marked with the names of those for whom the eggs were intended."

"But on Easter eve a Wolf came along that way, and invited the Jeopard to go with him to a sheepfold he knew of and have some Spring Lamb."

"But you can't go like that," said the Wolf. "I look like a dog, and will pass muster; but you look like a Leopard, and the Lambs will run away."

"I'll fix that," answered the Jeopard. "I'll change my spots."

"So he changed his spots, and the two started off together. When the Jeopard returned he put on his spots again; but, of course, he got them on all wrong. Then the sun rose very bright, as it always does on Easter day, and the first one to come for his Easter egg was the Chipmunk."

"Which is my egg?" he asked.

"But the Jeopard could not tell him, because his spots were all changed about. Then the Musk-rat came, and he, too, was disappointed."

"I'm not a Leopard. I'm a Jeopard," snarled the guilty animal, and then there was a great commotion. The old sick Leopard came up out of his cave to see what the trouble was.

"The Jeopard changed his spots!" cried the Chipmunk.

"He did, did he?" growled the Leopard. "Well, I'm pretty bad sometimes, but you can at least always depend upon me."

"And so saying, he rushed at the Jeopard, and beat him and bit him and chewed off all his spots, so that no one would ever mistake him for a Leopard again. And the other animals sat around and encouraged him. When the Jeopard had finally been whipped into a new shape the Leopard let him go."

"And where did he go to?" asked the Cuckoo.

"Nobody knows. He's never been seen since."

"And what became of the Easter eggs?" asked the Shepherdess.

"They drew lots for the eggs."

"And now," concluded the Gnome, "the Leopard always looks after the Easter eggs, because he never changes his spots."

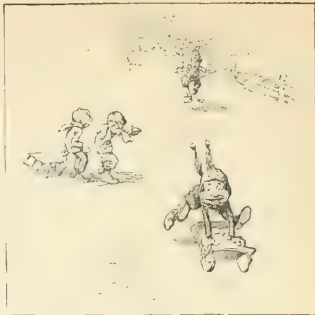
"Well, I'm glad there is one thing in his favor," remarked the Cuckoo. And then, as the dawn began to break, they all returned to their respective places, and looked forward into another day.



THE CONSTABLE. "Now don't let me ketch you youngsters slidin' on this hill again, or you'll hev the law on yer."



The youngsters show contempt for the law.



"Me and Jane can look out for the law, I guess."

A NATURAL ERROR.

"Oh, mamma," said the small boy from the city when he first saw a robin, "come look at this little sparrow with a red hannel shirt on."

THE THING TO HAVE DONE.

"My doll is very sick," said Polly, mournfully.
 "Yes," said Jennie; "she looks very waxy. You ought to have her waxinated."

BERTIE'S ORTHOGRAPHY.

MAMMA. "Can you spell February, Bertie?"
 BERTIE. "Yes, mamma."
 MAMMA. "Well, let me hear you."
 BERTIE. "I have forgotten how."
 MAMMA. "But you just said you could spell it."
 BERTIE. "So I can; but not here. I can only remember how it goes in school."

"MAMMA," said a little five-year-old boy, "when will I be old enough to go to school?"
 "Oh, not for some time yet, I hope," replied his mother. "But I thought your ambition was to become a soldier, Bobby?"
 "Yes, mamma, so it is. I want to go to school and learn how to fight like brother Carl!"

A MASSACHUSETTS school-boy when asked to give a definition of oxygen replied, "A little boy cow."

TOMMY'S BLOSSOM THINK.

TOMMY. "Ain't these nice sweet apple blossoms, mamma?"
 MAMMA. "Yes, Tommy."
 TOMMY. "And isn't it funny, mamma, how they can grow up into such sour apples."

NOT HIS FAULT.

MOTHER (to Frank). "How is it that you're late home nearly every day?"

FRANK. "Well, no wonder; we've got such a big clock in our school."

MOTHER. "Why, what has the clock to do with it?"

FRANK. "'Cause it's so big, it takes the hands an awful long while to get around it. If we had a clock like papa's little one, I'd get home a great deal quicker."

"I've got a better memory than you, mamma."

"Why so?"

"'Cause papa says I remember things that never happen."

BETTER STILL.

THE postmaster's boy and the professor's boy were playing together. A question of precedence arose, and the professor's boy exclaimed, "You ought to let me go first! My father's an A. M."

"Huh!" replied his companion. "That's nothing. My father's a P. M."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Arthur, looking ruefully at the small piece of pie which had been placed upon his plate. "Why didn't the cook put some shortening into yours and papa's too?"

"WHAT'S the matter, dear? Have you got a cold?"

"A cold? I've got two."

"My! How so?"

"I've got one in my head and one in my throat."

MOTHER. "Girls, you don't know how near President Culture-fad came to running over me to day."

GIRLS (disappointedly). "Oh, mamma! You might have been so distinguished!"



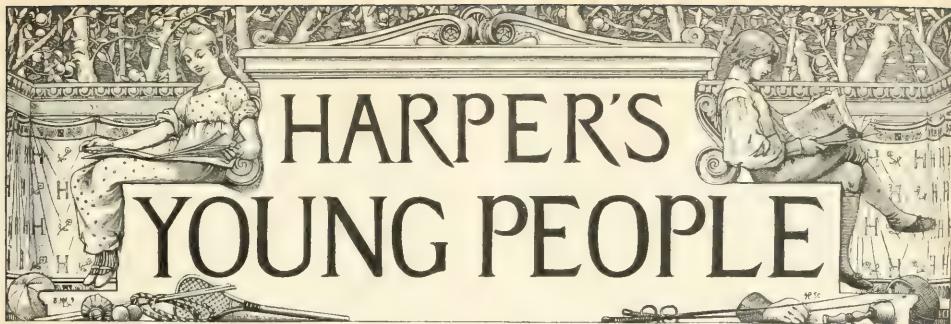
OLD MR. GROAT (watching the pursued and not seeing the approaching pursuer). "These ashes will fix the next one."



And Mr. Groat was quite correct.

"Two can play that ere game as well as one."

AN UNEXPECTED RESULT.



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE LONGMEADOW TOLL-GATE.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

PART I.

"A BICYCLE that will run itself up hill, and beat upon a level the best trotter in Polk County—that's the sort of bicycle I should like to own," thought Fred March, as he looked over the handles of his sixty-three-inch wheel at Long Hill looming dark and high before him. It was a happy thought, and, as is usually the case, there was another and even happier one treading close upon its heels, or, rather, it was waiting for Fred at the top of the hill.

"I'll talk to father about it," was this second inspiration, and with the Napoleonic promptitude that generally means success he acted upon it at once.

Mr. March senior was a manufacturer of buckboards,

and owned an extensive plant in the little village of Fairacre. The Fairacre buckboards were known and sold all over the country as the very best thing of the kind, but Mr. March himself was of the opinion that there was nothing so good that could not be made just a little better if one only worked with that end in view. As a matter of consequence there was not a finer machine-shop in the State than the one owned by March & Co., and it was generally believed that it was equal to anything in the line of mechanical construction.

"There is no reason why it shouldn't be done," said Mr. March, thoughtfully, as Fred proceeded to unfold his magnificent idea. "But your working plans are rather incomplete; I'll think it over for a day or two."

"Thinking it over" was one thing, but "thinking it out" was quite a different process. It took several months of experimenting before success even appeared in sight, but one fine day in late December Mr. March announced that the "happy thought" was ready for inspection.

It was an odd-looking machine as it stood in the loft over the foundry, secure from the observation of over-curious eyes. "I built it as a tandem," said Mr. March, "because I thought that it was quite enough for one person to do the steering, without having to attend to the motive power as well."

"I'll have Jack Howard for engineer," said Fred, promptly. "Gee whiz! what tires!"

They did look odd, for they were fully three times as large as the ordinary pneumatic tubes. But, as Mr. March explained, it was evident that they would run much more smoothly over rough roads, and with their large bearing surface would be much less liable to slip in mud or snow. The wheels themselves were slightly smaller in diameter than the ordinary ones, but were constructed on precisely the same principle. The tubular frame-work differed only from the regular pattern in that it extended for about a foot behind the rear wheel, serving as a base for the two cylinders, that worked very much like those on a locomotive. There were two or three other mysterious-looking appliances, but the handle-bars and saddle were of the ordinary style. There were pedals, too, but they worked on the ratchet principle, as in the old-time "Star" bicycles.

It would hardly be fair to Mr. March to describe the motive power in detail, since his patent is still pending, but it is safe to say that it was an ingenious modification of the principle upon which the hot-air engine is constructed. The cylinders took the power from one end only, the parts being therefore few in number and not liable to get out of order. The power was generated from naphtha or gasoline stored in a reservoir, and admitted drop by drop into the cylinder heads, mixed with common air, and then exploded by an electric spark from a storage battery. The expansion of the gas drove the piston forward, and the exhaust was made into the open air. By increasing the flow of oil the machine could be sent along at a speed regulated only by the condition of the road-bed and the nerve of the steersman. Finally, it was only necessary to start the machine with the pedals before applying the power. A touch of the electric button, a pull at the lever, and the laws of physics and mechanics did the rest.

Mr. March was obliging enough to coach Jack Howard in his duties as engineer, and the *Happy Thought*—so Fred had christened her—had her trial trip that very afternoon. As there was no steam-boiler to explode nor dangerous current of electricity to handle, the boys were allowed to experiment as they pleased, and they found but little difficulty in learning how to manage and control the movements of the *Happy Thought*. Everything worked perfectly from the start, and with a full supply of oil the machine was good for fifty miles without a stop.

It was Friday, and the boys had spent the greater part of the afternoon in cleaning up and otherwise preparing the *Happy Thought* for a long trip on Saturday. As Fred passed the livery-stable on his way home two strangers drove into the yard. It was almost dark, but he noticed that the team looked as though they had been driven at top speed. Both horses were blown, and the men were evidently trying to get a fresh rig. The proprietor of the stable looked rather suspiciously at the strangers, who had their coat collars well turned up, and were moreover still further disguised by enormous silk mufflers—ostensibly as a protection against the night air. But there was the deposit in bright-shining double eagles, and business was rather dull. It was only a matter of a

few minutes to hitch up the best pair of roadsters in Fairacre, and the two men, who had not left the wagon, were quickly down the road and out of sight. As they rattled out of the yard something dropped from the pocket of the man who was driving. Fred picked it up and looked at it. It was a revolver, bright and new, and with every chamber loaded.

"It's odd that I haven't been able to get Jefferson Court-house all afternoon," said the Fairacre telephone operator to Fred, a few moments later. "I've rung 'em up a dozen times, but I don't get a whisper."

"Well, I want to talk with Longmeadow. Jack and I are going down to the river to-morrow, and we'd like to know about the roads. Call them up, will you?"

"Now that's the funniest thing yet," returned the operator, as he gave the handle of the gong another twist. "I was talking to Longmeadow not five minutes ago, and now *he* won't reply. Gone out, or asleep mebbe."

"Hym! First Jefferson, and then Longmeadow—there must be something more than funny in that. How about those two fellows who changed horses here; could they have had anything to do with it? They came from the direction of Jefferson, and they've gone straight to the Longmeadow pike."

The operator stared at Fred doubtfully. He was not a man to take in an idea rapidly, so he said nothing, and rang his bell again.

"Hello!" said Fred, as a man galloped by at top speed in the direction of the hotel. "There's Sheriff Jones from Jefferson; and now I know there's something up."

He ran down the street, stopping only long enough to give two short sharp whistles before Jack Howard's house. It was their private call, and he knew that Jack would be quickly on hand.

The Sheriff was standing on the hotel steps, surrounded by an excited knot of men. "Twenty thousand dollars in gold and bank-notes," Fred heard him say, as he elbowed his way in. "It was a mighty slick job for 'Smooth Jim' and his pal. One of 'em held up the cashier with his gun, while the other fellow went through the safe. Not another soul in the bank, and they made a clean sweep, walked out, jumped into their buckboard, and drove off as chipper as you please. Ten minutes after the teller walks in from dinner, and finds Mr. Cashier gagged and tied and rolled under the counter. Of course they had cut the telephone wires the first thing, and they had a good twenty minutes' start of me. Jerusalem! I meant to stop at the office here; they're sure to steer for Longmeadow and the river."

"The Longmeadow wire is dead," interrupted Fred, quickly.

The Sheriff, who did not appear to possess either the decision or the presence of mind that is supposed to be a distinguishing virtue of his office, pulled nervously at his ginger-colored beard, and opened his mouth several times without saying anything.

"I can't give you a critter that'll catch those fellows," put in Garvey, the livery-stable-keeper. "They've got my Morgans, who are good for twelve miles an hour easy, and they've been gone fifteen minutes now."

There was a babel of voices, and a hundred useless suggestions from the by-standers. Fred beckoned to Jack, who had just come running up, and made a few hasty figures on an old letter back.

The situation was indeed very simple, and all in favor of the bank-robbers, whose plans had evidently worked to perfection. Neither Jefferson nor Fairacre was on the railroad, and their only means of communication with the outside world was the now useless telephone wire. Longmeadow, which was thirty miles away, was the nearest point to the river. It was evident that they would not risk the railroad, but would make straight for the water, where a steam-launch or row-boat would be in

waiting for them. Once on the other side they would be out of the State, and have time in which to make good their escape. The men had left Fairacre at precisely five o'clock, behind a pair of horses that at twelve miles an hour would bring them to the river at half past seven. It was now twenty minutes past five, and there was not a horse in or around Fairacre that could travel with Bill Garvey's Morgans on even terms, let alone catch up with them.

"But the *Happy Thought* can do it," concluded Fred, as he rapidly ran through the facts in the case for his astonished partner's benefit; "and if you say so, it's a go."

"I'm with you," responded Jack, with sententious brevity; he was a young gentleman of few words, but they were generally to the point. "I'll go and get her out."

"And put on the third seat for the Sheriff," sung out Fred, as Jack disappeared around the corner.

"We'll be ready to start by half past five," thought Fred, "and the moon'll be up by then. Luckily it isn't cold, and the roads are good. I calculate that we can catch them at Longmeadow toll-gate, half a mile above the landing, which will be doing a little better than fifteen miles an hour. Now for the Sheriff."

Mr. Jones, who had accepted the inevitable with philosophical composure, and was engaged in whittling up an end of plug tobacco preparatory to indulging in a comforting smoke, was not inclined at first to look upon Fred's proposition with favor.

"Trust myself on that rampin', roarin', wild-ingenie critter of yourn—not much! Why, boy, you're clean plumb crazy. Besides, them fellers has a gun."

"No, they haven't," said Fred, producing the revolver. "They dropped this as they drove out of the yard. I tell you, Sheriff, that the *Happy Thought* can put you alongside of that buckboard inside of two hours if you're willing to try it."

"I never could sit on that little postage-stamp of a seat."

"Comfortable as a rocking-chair, and nothing to do but hold on."

"I oughter wait for my posse," advanced Mr. Jones, weakly; "and I don't believe the critter'll go, anyhow."

"Five hundred dollars' reward," returned Fred, resolutely; and then, shutting his watch with a snap, "Time's up."

Jack was standing at his post, ready to shove off. Fred took the forward seat, grasped the steering-handles, and looked at the Sheriff expectantly.

The crowd nudged each other, and a tall gentleman in blue jeans "allowed," audibly, that the "Sheriff was plumb scairt of 'Smooth Jim' and his friend."

That settled it; for, after all, Mr. Jones was no coward. No man could be who had been elected Sheriff of Polk County four times running. He stepped forward, stowed himself away on the extra saddle immediately in front of Jack, and assured himself that his old army "Colt" was in working order. Then, shutting his eyes, he announced himself as prepared for the worst.

"All right, Jack," said Fred; and then, to a boy in the crowd, "Tell my mother—will you, Bill?—that she needn't wait supper for us."

"You'll hev all you want to eat when you tackle those fellers down the pike," drawled Mr. Blue-Jeans, and the crowd laughed again.

Jack pushed off, jumped to his saddle, with his feet on the pedals, and the *Happy Thought* rolled slowly down the street. Two sharp whistles from Fred, and Jack turned on the power. The *Happy Thought* lurched forward, and the chase was on.

Half a mile outside of the village, and they were descending Long Hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.*

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORMYATES," "RAFMATES," "CAMPMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

MUSIC OF THE SLEDGE BELLS.

THE cold winter morning that succeeded that memorable day at the Anvik Mission witnessed an animated scene in the open space between its stout log buildings. Fur-clad figures hurried in all directions, bringing last things and finishing the lading of the three sledges that were to constitute the up-river brigade. To each of these were attached seven dogs, it having been decided at the last moment to add two extra haulers to each team, as both dogs and fish, for their feed, were much cheaper at Anvik than they would be beyond that point. Then, too, with such strong teams a high degree of speed could be maintained, for while two of the sledges carried six hundred pounds each, the third was laden with but half that weight, so that if either of the boys became exhausted he could ride, and so avoid the necessity of a halt.

Each dog's harness was composed of three bands of seal-skin, two of which passed over his back and were toggled or buttoned under the belly, while the third, which was extended into traces, crossed his chest. The leader was attached to the end of a long pulling thong of walrus hide, while the traces of the other dogs, who ran in pairs, were knotted and made fast to the same line at proper intervals. The two steer-dogs were hitched directly to the hauling-bar in front of the sledge.

The load of each sledge, enveloped in stout canvas, was immovably bound to it by a simple but ingenious net-work of raw-hide lashing, so that the whole might roll over and over without being loosened or disarranged.

At ten o'clock, or just as the laggard sun of those short days was rising, the last hearty handshakes were exchanged, the fervent "God bless yous," and final farewells were uttered, and the start was made.

Kurilla, who was to act as runner and break a trail through the snow, went first. Then came Phil's team, with the string of tiny bells attached to Musky's harness jingling merrily in the frosty air; after him followed Serge, whose cheery good nature and ready helpfulness had won for him a warm place in every Anvik heart; and the rear was brought up by Chitsah.

On the very brow of the steep descent to the river Phil turned for a parting wave of his hand and a last glance at the place that had grown to seem so much like home in the past six weeks. His less-sentimental dogs sprang down the narrow track with such suddenness that poor Phil, who still held to the sledge with one hand, was jerked abruptly forward, threw the sledge from the path in his effort to save himself and plunged with it down the bank. By thus taking a header, Phil, his dogs, and his sledge, reached the bottom even in advance of Kurilla, sadly demoralized, but except for a few bruises and a terrible snarl of trace-lines none the worse for the accident.

When a few minutes later Serge reached the spot, with his anxious and now familiar inquiry, Phil cut him short by saying:

"No, old man, I'm not hurt, though, of course, I might have been. But I was willing to risk it for your sake."

"For my sake!" cried Serge, in amazement.

"Yes, to set you an example in promptness of movement. You know I have always said we would never get to Sitka unless we took advantage of every opportunity and pressed forward with all possible speed."

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed Serge. "You remind me of a story I heard in New London. An old Quaker was driv-

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 801.

ing along a country road with his boy sitting in the back of the cart. Suddenly the horse shied, and the boy was thrown out, whereupon the old man remarked quietly, 'Be thankful for thy mercies, son, for if thee'd fell in a particullar way thee'd broke thy neck.'

"Well, I didn't," replied Phil, "though I'm sure I fell in a very particular way, at least it was particularly unexpected."

In a few minutes Kurilla's deft fingers had repaired all damages, and disentangled the apparently hopeless snarl of dogs. Then the train was once more set in motion, and as it swept out on the broad surface of the frozen river, was headed due north for the first stage of its long journey. Fainter and fainter came the music of its sledge bells to those who watched its departure. Its receding figures lessened until they were but black specks against the illimitable expanse of white, and finally vanished in the snow glist of its wavering horizon.

To Phil Ryder, however, there was no vanishing about the seven dogs that he was attempting to drive. They were right before his eyes, where he was obliged to keep them pretty constantly, too, for if he looked away for an instant, they knew it, and seized the opportunity for mischief.

After trying them for half an hour, and meeting with no success, Phil exclaimed: "Look here, Kurilla, you and I must change places, for I can't stand this any longer. Besides, with the present arrangement, we are spending more time disentangling dogs than we are in travelling. I don't somehow seem to have learned the A B C of sledge-driving; but I am getting along pretty well with the shoes, and believe I can walk ahead and tread out a trail as well as any one."

"All light," answered the obliging fellow. "You walk, me come. Me come fas, you walk more fas, yaas." Then, with a broad grin, he whirled Phil's relinquished badge of authority about his head in such a manner as gave the dogs to understand that they must now attend strictly to business or take the consequences.

So Phil assumed the leadership of the expedition, and from that moment, though always willing to accept advice from the others, he never dropped it.

When, shortly after three o'clock, the sun completed its short course and again reached the southern horizon, he asked Kurilla if it were not about time to make camp; but the Indian answered:

"No; go far as can make dog plenty tired. S'posin' no git tired; night come, no run to Anvik. Bad dog, yaas. Git tired, night come, no run, sleep; good dog, yaas."

"Oh, that's the scheme, is it?" laughed Phil. "Well, I guess I can stand it as long as the rest can, though I must confess I am about tired enough to rank with the good dogs now."

So in spite of lame ankles, and blistering heels, and toes that were very tender from having been repeatedly "stubbed" against the snow-shoe bars, the young leader trudged sturdily forward, with the dog-teams following close behind him. At length, when the dusk was merging into darkness, Kurilla called out:

"Now camp. Plenty wood. Heap fire, yaas."

They were passing a spruce and hemlock covered point, against which a pile of drift had lodged, and, gladly accepting the Indian's suggestion, Phil led the way toward it. Twenty miles of the journey had been accomplished, which, considering the late start and that it was a first day, was pronounced to be very good work.

For the next half-hour every one labored as though his very life depended upon what he could accomplish during those last precious moments of fading twilight. Phil and Kurilla made their keen axes ring merrily in an attack on the pile of dry drift-wood. Chitsah felled a spruce-tree, from which he cut two logs, each six feet long, and armful after armful of small branches. Serge

erected a low but stout scaffold, on which the sledges were to be placed to keep them out of the way of the omnivorous dogs, who in the mean time were lying down in their harness where they had been halted.

At the end of the half-hour a great back log twelve feet long and a smaller fore log had been placed in position and enough dry wood collected to last until morning. The direction of the wind was noted, and the logs for the fire were so laid that it should blow along their length, instead of across them from either side. While Serge split kindlings and started his fire the two Indians unharnessed the patient dogs. The harness, and especially the whips, were hung well beyond their reach, for they will eagerly chew at the former and invariably destroy the latter if by any means they can get at them. Then the hungry animals were fed, Serge leaving the fire to feed his own team, and Phil rejoicing that he had escaped this dangerous duty. Each dog was given a salmon weighing from one pound and a half to two pounds, and each as he received his ration gulped it down exactly as Amook had done on a previous occasion. They followed their meal with copious mouthfuls of snow, that served instead of water.

Serge, who naturally slipped into the position of cook for the party, returned to the fire, which was now blazing fiercely and sending a stream of sparks dancing among the dark tree-tops. Phil busied himself with the bed that he and Serge were to share, while Kurilla and Chitsah would make theirs on the opposite side of the fire. He rolled one of the green logs into position close beside the fire for its foot-board, and then covered a space some six feet square behind it with flat spruce boughs over which he spread a thick layer of hemlock tips. Above all he laid the two great bear-skins, and on them threw the two sleeping bags, each of which had its owner's name done in black paint on its white canvas, and contained his personal belongings.

Everything needed for the night being now taken from the sledges, the Indians lifted them, with the remainder of their loads, to the scaffold, on which were also placed the snow-shoes. Then they made their own bed, a very simple affair as compared with the one constructed by Phil. With this the work of preparing camp was finished, for in that far north land there is no pitching of tents by winter *voyageurs*.

These are considered useless encumbrances in sledge travel, where every pound of weight must be considered. They are not needed as a protection against rain, for it is certain that no rain will fall with the mercury below zero, and they would be liable to catch fire from the roaring blaze that is kept up all night.

So in the present case there was nothing more to be done save wait as patiently as might be for supper—and this Phil declared to be the hardest job he had tackled that day.

CHAPTER XIV.

WINTER TRAVEL BENEATH THE ARCTIC AURORA.

WITH the advent of darkness and the dying out of the wind there came such an increase of cold that from all parts of the forest were heard sharp crackling sounds caused by the cruel pinchings of a bitter frost. Phil had thrust his thermometer into the snow at the head of his bed, and was surprised to find, on looking at it, that it already registered fifteen degrees below zero. He had been so warmed with violent exercise that it had not seemed so very cold; but now he shivered and drew closer to the fire.

For his cooking, Serge was first obliged to melt snow in order to obtain water; but now the tea-kettle was singing merrily, bacon and dried venison were sizzling together in the capacious fry-pan; and on the opposite side of the fire the two Indians were rapturously sniffing the deli-



MAKING CAMP THE FIRST NIGHT OUT.

cious odors that came from it. They were toasting a fat salmon impaled on a slender stick, and at the same time whetting their appetite by frequent bites from a lump of pemmican that was handed from one to the other.

Phil asked for a bit of this when Serge took it from its bag, for he said, "I have read of pemmican all my life, and from the amount of praise bestowed on it by the writers, think it must be pretty fine eating." So he tried it, took one mouthful, and flung the rest to Musky, who had drawn close to him, and was watching his experiment with undisguised interest.

"Whew-w!" sputtered Phil, ejecting the tasteless morsel from his mouth. "If that's pemmican, then those who like it may keep it to themselves; but I certainly don't want any more of it. I suppose, though, it is because my taste has not been cultivated to appreciate it any more than it has raw seal's liver and similar dainties."

Before supper both Phil and Serge afforded the Indians considerable amusement by devoting a basin of the precious water to a thorough cleansing of their faces and hands. Kurilla and Chitsah not only considered this a waste of time, water, and soap, but, as the former remarked, with an expressive shake of his head.

"No good. More clean, more quick git dirty. Yaas." "Which sentiment," said Phil, in a low tone, to Serge, "explains why Indians and Eskimos and the like generally sit on one side of the fire, when white men occupy the other."

Throwing a handful of tea into the chnyik, lifting it from the fire the moment it again came to a boil, and then setting it in a warm place to "draw," Serge next removed the cooked meat from the fry-pan to a heated plate. Into the hot grease that remained he placed a double handful of broken biscuit, previously soaked for a few minutes in the brass kettle. When this had absorbed every drop of grease and begun to brown, it was ready to be eaten with molasses as a dessert.

"One of the very best dinners I ever ate in all my life,

old man!" declared Phil, after half an hour of uninterrupted devotion to plate and cup. "I believe it is fully equal to that gorgeous spread you had ready for me on Oonimak after my experience with the sea-otter hunters. As for the tea! Well, I never realized before what a good thing tea is, and how much a fellow can drink of it! Have I had six or twenty of those big tin cups full? No matter, it's either one or the other, and every one of them has gone right to the spot where it will do the most good. Wouldn't my Aunt Ruth be horrified, though, if she could see us dispose of that amount of straight tea? She used to consider one small cup, with plenty of milk in it, about the proper thing for a boy's daily allowance. But then Aunt Ruth never enjoyed the advantage of drinking her tea out-of-doors, with the mercury away down below freezing."

"Don't you mean below zero?" suggested Serge, who was refilling the chnyik with hot water, and setting it on to boil, that whatever virtue still remained in the tea-leaves might be extracted for the use of the Indians.

"Certainly not!" retorted Phil. "Why, it has grown at least twenty degrees warmer during the past half-hour." So saying, he reached for the thermometer and held it to the light, where, to his disgust, he saw that it registered three degrees lower than when he last looked, or eighteen degrees below zero.

"You prevaricating old tin villain!" he cried. "You are away off, and you know it. Oh, if I could only get one cup of that tea inside of you! It would bring you to your senses quick enough."

The Indians had their own wooden bowls or "kantags," horn spoons, and tin cups, and while they ate their supper they were again amused by seeing Serge wash all his dishes and cooking utensils with hot soapy water. They allowed their favorite dogs to lick their kantags clean, and it must be admitted that the operation was quickly and thoroughly performed.

After supper a line was rigged, and on it were hung mittens, travelling-boots, and the pads of dry grass that

are worn inside of them as insoles. Serge set a big kettle of deermeat, pemmican, and oatmeal on the fire to simmer into a stew for breakfast and lunch the next day. He also fixed a slab of snow where, as it melted, it would drip into the tea-kettle. By his advice Phil bathed his swollen ankles with water as hot as he could bear it and rubbed tallow on the blistered places. This treatment was to be followed by a dash of ice water and a brisk rubbing first thing in the morning.

On the other side of the fire the Indians indulged in the long-pipe smoke, that after a hard day's work affords the chief enjoyment of their monotonous lives. When it was finished Kurilla went out for a final look at the sledges and dogs, and threw a couple more logs on the fire. Then he rolled up in his rabbit-skin robe for as many hours of sleep as he could obtain before it would be necessary to again replenish the fire and incidentally to take another smoke.

Removing only their heavy outer parkas, with their feet encased in soft arctic sleeping-socks, their heads protected by close-fitting fur caps, and sheltered from the cold by the triple thickness of their fur-lined sleeping-bags, Phil and Serge lay on their bear-skins, feet to the fire, and slept the untroubled sleep of tired and healthy youth. About them clustered the solemn trees of that northern forest, just beyond lay the river frozen into white silence, and above all glowed the exquisite mysterious sky-tintings of an aurora pervading all space with its flashing brilliancy quivering with ceaseless motion, and yet giving forth neither heat nor sound and but little of light. With the rising moon frost crystals glistened in the air, and the long-drawn howl of a wolf echoed mournfully through the forest. Every dog in the camp promptly answered it, and Kurilla arose with a shiver and mended the fire; but of all this the two lads, lying side by side on their rude couch, knew nothing.

It was Phil who first awoke and looked out from his warm nest. With a shiver at the bitterness of the air he would have withdrawn his head and snuggled down for another nap, but for two thoughts that just then flashed into his mind. One was of his father, whom he believed to be encamped within one hundred miles or so of him on that very river, and whom he was bound to overtake. The second thought was that as leader of the expedition it was his place to set the others an example. It would be pleasant to lie there and sleep until sunrise, but braver to set forth at once. In another minute he had struggled from the sleeping-bag, pulled on his heavy parka, and was shouting, cheerily:

"Come, wake up! Wake up! Tumble out all hands! Don't you see the sun a-shining, and hear the little birds a-singing?"

"Looks more like the moon, and sounds like dogs," growled Serge, sleepily, as he sat up and rubbed his eyes. "My! but it is cold!"

"Yes," admitted Phil. "Fifty below at least, and more I'll be bound."

It really seemed as cold as that, and when his thermometer showed only 20° below zero he declared it to be a fraud, and unworthy of further consideration. None but those who have experienced similar conditions can imagine the misery of that camp-breaking and getting under way. The hunting from their snowy lairs and harnessing of unwilling dogs, the lashing of loads and the tying of knots with numbed fingers, the longing to hug the fire in one's arms, and the hundred other forms of torture incident to the relentless cold all combined to give Phil a rude foretaste of what that journey was to be. Amid all the wretchedness Serge was as usual the comforter, and with his smoking stew and hot tea did much toward restoring cheerfulness.

It wanted some hours to sunrise when the sledges

pulled out from camp, regained the river, and resumed their northward journey. The sky was overcast, and an ominous moaning sounded through the forest. Soon a breeze began to blow in angry gusts full in the faces of our travellers, and by sunrise it was sweeping furiously down the river, whirling the dry snow in blinding clouds, and driving the icy particles with stinging force into face and eyes. Noses and cheeks became white and numb, the deadly cold was driven through fur and flannel until it penetrated the very marrow. Even the dogs plodded on with lowered heads and pitiful whimperings, while their masters were obliged to turn their backs to the gale every few minutes for breath and a momentary respite from the fierce struggle.

"Tis *poorga*—yaas!" shouted Kurilla.

"Aye, *poorga*!" answered Serge, and for the first time Phil comprehended the full significance of the terrible word which means the wind of death.

By noon human endurance could hold out no longer, and ready to drop with cold, pain, and exhaustion, Phil led his train to camp in a belt of timber so thick that even that fierce wind could not penetrate it, though among the tree-tops it shrieked and howled with demoniac fury.

Thus from camp to camp, through sunshine and darkness, storm and calm, stinging cold and whirling snows, the little party toiled onward making twenty, thirty, and as high as forty miles a day. They passed the Indian settlement of Nulato, once a noted Russian trading-post at the end of ten days' travel, and a week later gained the mission station of old Fort Adams, four hundred miles from their point of departure. At several Indian villages they had heard of the party in advance of them whose camps they also sometimes found. The trail was growing fresh, and at Fort Adams they expected to gain definite information of those whom they sought, if indeed they did not overtake them at that point. At any rate they would find a missionary there from whom they would surely receive news.

The first word obtained by Kurilla from the mission Indians, who swarmed forth to greet them, was that the missionary was absent, and that those whom they sought had passed only the day before. The second was that one of that party had returned but an hour previous, and was even now in the missionary's house.

"You fadder, yaas," added Kurilla, reassuringly, with a grin of delight as he led Phil in that direction.

With a loudly beating heart the excited lad opened the door. There sat a man, a white man, in an attitude of deepest dejection. He was long and lank. His fur garments ill became him. Phil's heart sank; for in this uncouth figure there was no trace of his own dear father. Then, as the woe-begone face was slowly turned to meet his, he uttered a gasping shout of amazed recognition.

"Jalap Coombs, by all that is wonderful!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE STRAWBERRY PATCH.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

"Oh! please Ned!"

"Do, Ned! That's a good brother!"

"We want to go—oh! ever so bad."

Dorothy, Evelyn, and Harriet spoke all at once.

"Ned dear," Dorothy went on, "will you take us over to the strawberry patch? We have listened to old Aunt Sally's tales until they are simply wild."

"So I'm in for a day of it," Ned said.

"Yes—unless the ghost catches you pretty early. Mammy Sally vows there is a ghost—and certainly the place looks haunted."

"Count me out, then," Ned said, putting up his hands

in mock terror; but Evelyn clapped his hat on his head, then she took one arm, Dorothy the other, and between them he was conducted to the buggy into which Harriet had already clambered. Dorothy hopped into the saddle on Merry Tom, easiest of pacing horses; Evelyn scrambled on behind her, and they were off for the strawberry patch.

It was a long rich swale, which had been a famous meadow in the days when Ashley plantation was not a tenanted waste. The place had been in chancery ten years or more—in fact, ever since the death of its last occupant. Everything about it was ruinous, save the outer fence, which was maintained to give color to some legal quib.

"We shall have just a heavenly time, Ned. We'll leave the horses loose, up there in the yard; it is knee-high with blue-grass; they can eat their fill while we pick berries," said Dorothy.

"Do you know what I think about the ghost?" Harriet asked, as they went on. "Well, that it is Aunt Sally's peculiar property, invented to scare the other darkies into leaving her all the strawberries. They are delicious! and she can sell all she picks, now the garden berries are gone."

"Ned ought to know that. I am sure he has eaten enough of them," Evelyn chimed in. "I told Aunt Mina yesterday she would ruin herself outright if she tried to buy all he would eat; but since he has been actually a year in college she seems to think nothing is quite good enough for him."

"Humph! I'd like to know who is going to graduate next term, and have an essay and a white frock, and a diploma that she can't read," Ned retorted. "Say, Dot," he continued, "why not go on to the patch before we stop? Then I'll water the horses, and bring them back to graze."

"Agreed!" Dot said, turning Merry Tom's head into an old wagon-way, now almost overgrown with rampant briars. It ran around and past the house, and soon brought them to the swale. It stood breast-high in sedge, yellow and green, with tall heads of timothy and patches of feathery red-top showing between the tufted sedge clumps. Little pink climbing vetches twined pertly about many of the sedge stalks. Here or there a wild rose rioted in the rich light earth, and flung trailing blossomy arms for yards and yards about. "Say! This is worth seeing, if there isn't a berry, nor the smell of one," Ned admitted, stuffing his Ovid into the pocket of his coat, which he flung over a convenient bough. He had meant to read while the girls had their frolic out. Now that was out of the question.

They had halted in thick shade, under a clump of oaks and chestnuts overhanging the spring. Dorothy dipped her scooped palms into the water, drank a long draught, then cried, joyously:

"Aunt Sally is here ahead of us. See! There is her jug of buttermilk down there in the water."

"Look out for the ghost, then," Ned shouted, as he rode away, sitting Merry Tom in a ridiculous imitation of Dorothy's pose. Trap, the buggy mare, followed obediently behind, only halting now and then to snatch a mouthful of grass or tender way-side bushes.

"Let's take a wade while Ned's away," Harriet said, dipping her left toe into the dancing water.

Dorothy shook her head. "He'll be back in less than no time," she said. "Besides, we must get our berries before it grows too hot. I don't want Ned's thunder-storm, but I wouldn't mind a bit if a cloud would come and stay till we had filled our baskets."

"I don't believe we shall ever do that. I don't see any berries anywhere, and it is so nice here by the spring," Harriet said, a little discontentedly.

Evelyn caught up a basket and disappeared in the tall

sedge. A minute after she called to them, "Oh, do come here!"

They found her kneeling with upraised face beside a tuft of vines which grew in a little hollow in the earth. The tall leaves, tenderly green, drooped almost to the ground all around. Parting them with eager fingers, Evelyn showed to her companions clusters of deep red berries as big as the thumb's end, and giving out the finest summer fragrance. The wild vines—self-sown, self-tended—could not vie with the garden beds in size, but more than made up for that in color and savor.

"There!" Dot said, a note of triumph in her voice. "I would not miss to-day for two picnics, and a dance thrown in. Get your basket, Hat-a-rat! If you can fill it before I do mine, you may ride home—in the saddle, not behind."

"The baskets are all full, which is not strange, considering. Ned is also full—of strawberries—which is a miracle under any circumstances," Evelyn said, two hours later, as the four gathered, flushed and panting, yet immeasurably happy, in the shade beside the spring.

"Full, but not satisfied," Ned retorted. "I have not seen the ghost, not even a flutter of its wings. Didn't I hear that Aunt Sally said it had wings, and walked in broad daylight? I take it very unkind of such a remarkable sort of spectre to be 'not at home' when I came on purpose to see it."

"I reckon it is having a little private confab with Aunt Sally, telling her where to find the biggest ripe berries," Dorothy said, peering into the gum of the spring. "I see she has come and got her milk-jug. Who knows but she is lunching with his ghostship up at the house?"

"Not she!" Harriet said. "Don't you remember how 'fraid de vely thoughts un it hit' makes her? She told me, 'It dest yowled an' yowled, same like er wild-cat.'"

"Something—somebody—is yowling and howling now. Listen! Don't you hear it?" Ned said, raising his hand.

Before the rest could speak Aunt Sally came in sight, bent almost double with fright, and running as fast as her two hundred pounds allowed.

"Save me, chilluns; save yo' po' ole auntie!" she screamed, as she came up to them, her face ashy, her eyes as round as saucers. Blood was trickling from a small wound over one eyebrow, and there were big wales all over one fat bare arm.

"It's done good as dead," she panted, half sinking, half falling at Dorothy's feet. "It's done ghost bit, I is. Po' ole Sally won't never see Miss Miny no mo'."

The young people clustered about her, soothing, comforting, questioning. By-and-by they gathered from her rambling story that she had eaten her dinner some hundred yards away—in fact just where the spring branch made into the creek. As she had got up at daylight, and picked berries industriously since she came upon the ground at six o'clock, it was natural that she should doze a bit after she had filled herself with fried meat, egg bread, and delicious cold buttermilk. She did not lie down, but nodded comfortably with her back against a tree. No thought of ghosts or goblins disturbed her, since all previous appearances of the white terror had been in the neighborhood of the tumble-down carriage-house at the edge of the yard. That was a good half-mile off. Naturally no well-bred spirit would be expected to come so far afield at midday. Therein she reckoned without her ghost. As she sat dreamily conscious of the water's happy babble something white, strong, with fiery eyes and a voice of terror, rose up from the face of the stream, flew savagely at her, gave her the cut over



"NED! LOOK OUT! IT-IT'S COMING!"

the eye, and followed it with a rain of blows on the arm. "Den I runned an' holler fer all I's wuth, an' I hit run arter me, little ways, hollerin' lek forty scritch-owels, an' goin' s-s-s-z-z-z-z-s-s all de time, same lek ole he-snake. Hit would er eat me up sho ef I hadn't took out an' toted myself 'way frum dar lek I done," Aunt Sally concluded.

Her listeners looked at each other, trying hard not to laugh. The old woman had certainly encountered something, but the thought of anything able to make way with her at a meal was almost too much for their manners.

"You girls stay here with Aunt Sally. I am going to look for this thing whatever it may be," Ned said, beginning to cut himself a stout cane from the thicket.

"Hadn't we better go home and let you get a gun?" Harriet asked, a little nervously. Dorothy gave Evelyn a pinch.

"We'll go and find the monster," she said, nodding her head decisively. "Who's afraid of anything, broad daylight as it is?"

"No, you stay here," Ned began.

Evelyn snatched away his cane, saying, "Cut yourself another."

Dorothy had already armed herself with a tough hickory wand which some previous stroller had dropped beside the spring. Aunt Sally got up, quivering like a mound of jelly.

"Ef you all is gwine go an' git kilt," she said, "I'm gwine wid you. Miss Miny she say Sally 'll stand by dem chilluns to de last notch, an' shore 'nough Sally will."

"Besides—you are afraid to be left here with only Harriet. Come everybody, I say," Dorothy called over her shoulder, as she started down the spring branch. Ned pushed ahead—the path admitted of but one abreast. "You had better wait till I call you," he said to the feminine contingent. By way of answer Dorothy prodded the back of his head with her wand.

As they neared the creek a nervous thrill went through all. In spite of their laughing courage, each felt that

they were upon the point of an encounter out of the common. At almost every step Aunt Sally gave a groaning sigh. Harriet hung back with her—the others were full twenty yards in front.

"There! I see it! That big white thing on the water!" Evelyn called, her voice sharp and shrill. "Ned! Look out! It—it's coming!"

"I'm here!" Ned shouted, putting up his cudgel and standing firm. Dorothy forced her way through the tangle to his elbow—then the two of them stepped out into clear space upon the creek bank.

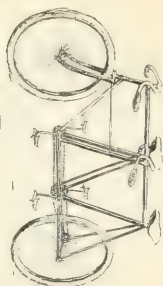
The white thing charged upon them—a fury of beak and wings, shrilling out long cries, with hisses between. Three raps of the cudgel put it to flight, then Dorothy cried, joyfully, "Why, I know what it is!—the swan my Uncle John shot, and tried to tame last winter. He broke its wing as it was flying over—and kept it until the wound healed. It was in a joint—so Master Swan could not fly far. He has been wondering ever since April what became of the creature."

"And I know why he is so fierce," Ned said, looking after the big bird as it swam away, still hissing and ruffling its feathers. "See! There is its mate—and some cygnets—there, in shadow of the bank. He must have called her out of a flock passing over, and persuaded her to stay and cheer his loneliness."

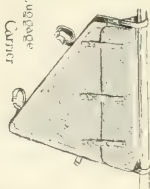
"Oh, the dear, cunning old rascal!" Dorothy said. "That must be the way of it—he ran off to this wild place—liked it, set up housekeeping, and has been skulking about ever since. There is a beautiful clear pond up by the old carriage-house. I dare say the nest was in the sedges about it."

That proved to have been the case. A little search revealed the deserted nest, still full of big shells. The swan family itself eluded further observation, but as they went home, Evelyn said, triumphantly:

"We've had heaps of fun—saved Aunt Sally's life—for she says so—and laid the ghost. Decidedly, I think our day in the strawberry patch has been a great success."



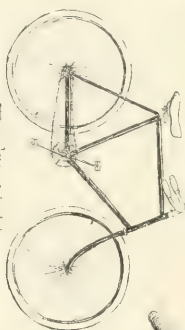
Tandem
bicycle



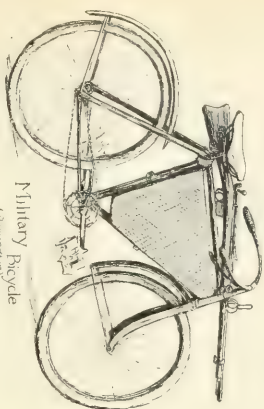
Luggage
Carrier



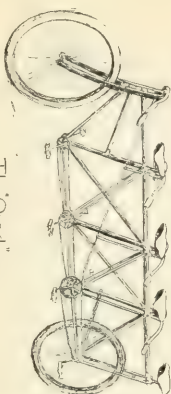
The '95 Model



An Old
Handle Bar



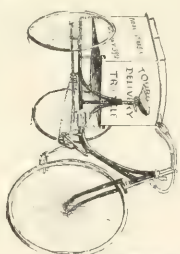
Military Bicycle
(Remington)



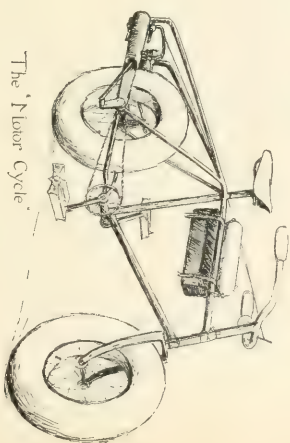
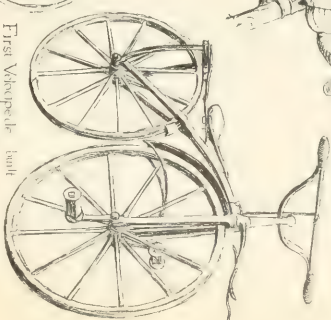
The 'Quad'
(Standard)



The 'Vulco-American' Duplex



First Motorcycle built
in America
(1881)



The 'Motor Cycle'

DEVELOPMENT OF THE BICYCLE.

Now that the frost is coming out of the ground the country roads will soon be in good order, and the bicyclists will have frequent chances to enjoy the sport they find so beneficial and exhilarating. And this spring there will be many more bicyclists than ever before, as wheeling has grown in popularity with wonderful rapidity. At this time there are something like one million bicycle riders in the United States, and it is predicted by those who are interested in the manufacture of these machines that within three years there will be three and a half million persons who either use the bicycle habitually or casually. When the fact be considered that a bicycle rider can go six miles with the equivalent amount of power expended in walking one mile, it is not wonderful that bicycling should be so popular. But the history of the machine is interesting. The first thing of the kind we had in this country was Lallemont's wooden velocipede, which shook nearly all the bones out of a rider's body.

Following the wooden velocipede, which was introduced in 1867—a picture of the first one made in this country is in this paper—we had the same machine fitted with rubber tires in order to make it run more smoothly. Then we had the same machine built of steel and iron, and this was still a bone-shaker and a bone-breaker. Then the bicycle with a tall front wheel and a low hind wheel was introduced. This grew in popularity, and afforded rare and dangerous sport. On this wheel great speed was attained, and the manufacturers displayed much skill and ingenuity in its improvement. Then, in 1887, we had the safety machine, the one now in use. In less than three years this type became so popular that all others went out of use. It has been constantly improved, and the price has steadily fallen with the weight. In 1890, for road use, a man of average weight needed a machine weighing about fifty pounds. The cost of one of these machines of the best manufacture was \$150. Now a capital machine, strong enough for road use, may be had for \$100, and its weight will not exceed twenty-seven pounds. For racing and track work much lighter machines are used.

Some of the novelties that have recently been invented are worthy of note. There is a tricycle made for two riders, who sit side by side. It is said that if only one of the riders is an expert this machine can be used satisfactorily. The advantage claimed for it is that the rider can always have company and therefore escape loneliness. Another machine is a tricycle, though run on the safety-bicycle principle, and is a delivery wagon for small parcels. This is a novelty hereabouts, but not so in England, where small tradesmen and also mail-carriers have used such vehicles for many years.

Two other very interesting and new machines are, first, a military bicycle, which is shown in the illustration accompanying this article in its compact form. The rider carries his rifle in a convenient position, and hanging beneath the bar supporting the seat is a large leather water-proof compartment in which the soldier's kit is kept with his ammunition. These bicycles are remarkably light and strong, and are being introduced not only in the National Guard of America, but in the regular army of several European countries. The other is what is known as the "Quad," which carries four riders, one behind the other, and which must be a most amusing vehicle to travel through the country on.

But perhaps the most interesting bicycle of recent make is the motor cycle. If this proves successful, practically speaking, it will be one of the most remarkable vehicles for travel that has yet been known in this or in any other country. The pneumatic tires are very much larger than those of any other bicycle, the idea being to furnish a cushion that will not be affected by any unevenness, even large ones, in the road over which the rider travels. Attached to the rear wheel is a mechanism which develops the power to send the machine forward by means of a small two-cylinder explosion naphtha engine of about two-horse power, which weighs twelve pounds. This bicycle it is said will go at the rate of from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, which is as fast as most of the railway trains in the United States move. This means that if the motor cycle is practicable, a man may travel through the country at as fast a rate as the average railway train, and he can get from Boston to New York within ten hours.

A SURPRISE AHEAD.

"I've got a paint-box," said Wilbur, in a loud whisper to Mollie. "Let's go over to your house and make a white and gold parlor for your mamma. She'd be awfully s'prised."

GRANDFATHER'S ADVENTURES.

A MUTINY AT SEA.

"GRANDPOP," said Ralph Pell, as he looked up from a book of sailor yarns that he had been reading, "were you ever in a mutiny?"

The old weather-beaten head nodded assent.

Down went Ralph's book.

"Oh, grandpop, please tell me about it," the boy exclaimed, eagerly, "for your stories are always better than printed ones; besides, they are a great deal more interesting, because they are true."

"You deserve to hear the story, lad," said Grandfather Sterling, with a pleased smile, "if only to repay you for your compliment, so here goes."

"When your mother was a slip of a girl I was sent to the island of Jamaica to bring back to New York a schooner belonging to our house, that had lost its captain and entire crew with yellow fever a few weeks before, while lying in harbor after discharging cargo."

"The *Neptune* was a very old-fashioned vessel, and had been built for the naval service, but had been sold and converted into a merchant schooner, and a clumsy old box she was, with high sides, apple bow, and a square stern, in which the original ports had been allowed to remain."

"I found it impossible to obtain a white crew, and even the better class of negro seamen in the port declined to ship on a fever-infected vessel, so for a week I tried in vain to man the *Neptune*. At last I ran across a mulatto who commanded a miserable little half-decked schooner that cruised around the islands in a small trading way, and who offered to find me a crew for the trip, provided I would give him the position of mate and pay his passage back to Jamaica. This I agreed to do, and two days later I set sail for New York with the most villainous-looking gang of blacks on board that I ever saw."

"Before we had been twenty-four hours at sea the trouble commenced. The crew were lazy, dirty, and insolent, and gave me to understand by the way in which they responded to orders that they proposed to run the ship. From the start I was obliged to use forceful measures with the men to maintain discipline, and once I told the mate, who was a born pirate, that if he valued his yellow skin he would jump quick when I spoke to him, and would keep his impudent tongue hove to. He gave me an ugly look, and after that spent all his time forward with the men."

"Well, matters went on from bad to worse for more than a week, but still no serious outbreak had occurred. We had carried a fine breeze of wind right along since leaving port, and by my noon observation on the tenth day out I made the *Neptune* to be in 40 degrees north latitude, and in 73 degrees west longitude, therefore I was only about sixty miles east and south of Sandy Hook, and had the wind not died away to a calm just after the sun crossed the meridian, I would have counted upon being at anchor by nightfall."

"All that afternoon we broiled under an August sun, and when evening came a heavy fog stole up from the southward and shut us in. Not caring to keep the light sails on the schooner during the night, I sung out to the mate, who was sitting on the fore-hatch, to get in the flying-jib, and to lower the maintopmast stay-sail. The crew went about the work in a surly way, muttering one to the other, and after lowering the sails they left the stay-sail bunched on the main-hatch, and slovenly passed a gasket around the flying-jib; then they reseated themselves, with the mate in their midst. My blood boiled. I jumped from the poop-deck, and made my way forward until I stood before the mate, who had risen at my approach."

"Have that flying-jib properly stowed, and send some men aft to make up the stay-sail!" I ordered.

"The flying-jib is stowed," said the mate.

"This was too much for me. I made a quick grab at the mutinous scoundrel, turned him half-way around, swung him up over my head, and pitched him down through the open fore-castle-hatch. When I turned to enforce my orders I saw two of the negroes laying out to stow the flying-jib, while the remainder of the crew were running aft to the stay-sail.

"About an hour after this a faint air, just sufficient for steerageway, crept out from the south, but the fog remained as dense as ever. Twelve o'clock had just been struck, when one of the men called to me from forward, saying that there was something that looked like a vessel on the port bow. I quickly made my way to where the lookout was standing, and the better to see I stood on the bulwark-rail, holding with my left hand to the forward shroud. Seeing nothing, I slewed round to step down on deck, when *whiz* went something past my ear, and I received such a staggering blow on my shoulder that my body swung outboard, my grasp relaxed, and as I pitched headforemost into the sea I caught a glimpse of the mate standing by the shroud.

"As I rose to the surface I felt myself being drawn in along the counter of the vessel, and the next instant my head struck against one of the rudder-chains, which I grasped. Just over me a shadow projected, which I realized to be the open shutter of one of the square after-ports. I got one leg over the chain, then steadying myself against the rudder-post, I reached up, seized the edge of the shutter, and putting out all my strength I lifted myself on to the wooden ledge. After listening a moment to make sure that no one was within the cabin, I crawled through the port, and passed into the hold through the trap-door in the steward's store-room. Knowing that the crew believed that they had been successful in sending me to the bottom of the Atlantic, I determined to remain where I was until I could mature some plan to escape from my would-be murderers.

"Several hours after I had entered the hold a good breeze commenced to blow, as I could tell by the motion of the vessel and the sound of water rushing past the sides. After a time I heard a voice hailing on deck; then the vessel's progress was checked and something bumped up against the schooner's side, after which orders were given in a strange voice, and the *Neptune's* way was resumed. With a thrill of joy I realized that a pilot had come on board. Hastily making my way out of the hold, I mounted the after-companionway stairs, and appeared on deck just in time to hear my treasure of a mate explaining to the pilot that the captain had accidentally fallen overboard and been drowned the night before. When he saw me the mate uttered a shriek of terror and fled forward, believing that I was a ghost. I gave the pilot the story in a few words.

"That afternoon, when the *Neptune* sailed into the harbor of New York, flying from her mainmast-head a signal signifying that there was mutiny on board, I had the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing my precious crew heavily ironed and carried off on a United States revenue-cutter that had hurried alongside."

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS OF AFRICAN NATIVES.

BY LIEUTENANT A. I. MOUNTENAY JEPHSON.

PART EE.

I HAVE now cited the chief of the regular native games which I myself have remarked in our march across Africa. There are probably some others which I have not seen, but I do not think there are many. In looking

through books of travel in Africa one is struck by the strange silence and absence of detailed information on the subject of native African games, and this leads me further to suppose that in no part of Africa are the regular games numerous or important.

But when we come to sports and dances, which are the real games and amusements of the natives of Africa, we have a very wide and varied subject before us, and one which cannot be more than lightly touched upon in the short space of a magazine article.

Among the sports of the natives I would mention racing first, as it more nearly approaches the character of a regular game.

Most of the natives of Africa, particularly in the open country, are fond of running races, and in their own homes the youths and young men frequently practise running, and sometimes get up races for the amusement of the whole village, but they have not much notion of organizing them. I have heard of their running sometimes for a small prize, a few beads or some native ornament, and on great occasions for a spear-head, a chicken, or even a goat.

Their races are generally short, seldom exceeding a distance of two hundred yards, for they do not seem to understand the science of reserving their wind, staying-powers, etc., their only idea being to go at full pelt from start to finish.

In his book upon the discovery of the Congo River Mr. Stanley describes how he got up some races in his camp between his own Zanzibaris, the natives, and the Arabs of Manyema. He tells how the culminating pitch of excitement was reached in the last race, which was run between Frank Pocock, one of his officers, and the notorious Arab slave-raider Tippu-Tib. The long-legged Tippu-Tib, who was younger in those days, and not so heavy as he is now, after a close race beat the European, and carried off the prize, a silver cup from Mr. Stanley's canteen.

During our long stay at Kavalli's village, on the plains, where we were waiting for Emin Pasha's people to arrive, we also got up some races to amuse the people.

The natives of the villages near by all came in to see them; some Manyema slave-raiders who were with us and Emin's people turned out as well, and the large grassy square in the middle of our camp, where the races were run, was full of spectators, all taking the deepest interest in them.

The races between the smaller children were run first, the runners being made happy with a handful of red and blue beads. Then came some races between the sleek well-fed Manyemas and Emin's lazy Egyptians; but they were all so fat and out of condition and puffed so distressfully that the natives jeered at them, and asked each other with much laughter what sort of people they could be. After this races were run between the fastest of our Zanzibaris and the pick of Kavalli's natives, who were a very tall fine lot of men, belonging to the tribe of the Wahuma shepherds. The Wahumas generally had the best of it, and received short lengths of gay-colored calico as prizes. But there was one of our Zanzibaris called Siu, who beat them all; and I, from my Zanzibari name of Boubarika, having the character for moving rapidly, was called upon to run against him. It seemed to me to be useless to attempt it, for when Siu ran he appeared to literally bound over the ground. However, as they all clamored for me to try my luck against him, I agreed, and took my place at the starting-point. We started off amid loud cheering, and, much to my own astonishment, I managed to beat him. I received the prize from Mr. Stanley—some of the large egg-shaped yellow beads so much prized in Africa. These I handed over to Siu to soothe his feelings of mortification at being beaten by a European. He exchanged them, I was told, with Kavalli

for some meat, bananas, and native beer, and he and his friends had a good feast that night.

It is curious to see what a passion the natives have for betting. In Africa, India, and Ceylon, and almost everywhere among Orientals and the dark races, I have observed with surprise how strongly this passion for betting seems to exist. They love to gamble over the smallest thing, and sometimes they are ready to bet the shirt off their backs.

I remember once in Ceylon, when I and one of my friends were playing a set of tennis, a number of Cingalese and Tamils from the neighboring village came and sat in a row on the wall and laid wagers upon us. I was slightly the better player of the two, but the betting ran high, and it made me quite nervous to feel there were sometimes wagers to the amount of twenty rupees, three or four turbans, a shirt or two, and a pair of boots laid on my winning the set.

Mimic warfare is a very favorite sport among the youth of Africa, and fits them for the real warfare of after-life. Boys at an early age learn how to make their own bows and arrows and how to use them, and in almost every native village they may be constantly seen practising shooting or throwing small spears.

At Kavalli's, where the natives were friendly, we staid long enough to see a good deal of the life in a native village on the plains. In the mornings most of the bigger boys went out with the cattle to their pasture-grounds, taking their bows and arrows, and usually also their musical instruments, with them. These latter consisted of pipes made of reeds or gourds, guitars of many shapes and sizes, drums of various kinds, and little tinkling instruments made with long and short lengths of iron, which we used to call native pianos. Whilst tending their flocks and herds they whiled away the time by practising shooting, or playing upon the different instruments, each after his own particular fancy. The effect of these little native herdsmen piping to their flocks under the shade of the trees was extremely pleasing, and the notes of their instruments, though somewhat monotonous, sounded soft and plaintive across the distant prairie—for the negroes have tuneful ears and love music, so much so that Sir Samuel Baker, the great explorer, once laughingly remarked that he believed a white man could travel peaceably across Africa, and be housed and fed by the natives, with nothing but a piano-organ as his stock in trade.

Towards evening, when the boys returned with the cattle, they frequently played at games of mimic warfare.

The two sides generally stationed themselves on different mounds, which represented their respective villages, which they stormed in the face of the enemy. They often showed considerable skill and knowledge of native tactics, creeping stealthily along in the tall grass, and taking advantage of the cover of every bush, rock, or ant-heap, of which last there were a great number on the plains. From behind these they shot their blunt toy arrows with great precision at the enemy. Though we never had the chance of seeing it, this game is doubtless played equally often by the boys belonging to those tribes who inhabit the forest regions, the tactics of the game varying, of course, according to the different character of the country in which they are played.

This mimic warfare is one of the instances I have already spoken of, where amusements are so largely mixed up with the training of young African savages that it is difficult to determine where they cease to be mere games and become part of their regular education.*

In those countries where there are lakes and rivers, swimming, water races, the management of canoes, etc., enter largely into the sports and amusements of the Africans. The little boys take to the water like ducks, and at an early age become expert-swimmers. It is curious that in swimming the negroes do not strike out with their arms as we do, but almost always swim with a hand-over-hand action, lifting their arms high over their heads with a good deal of splashing, and turning their bodies from side to side with each stroke. As a rule, they swim much faster than the white man.

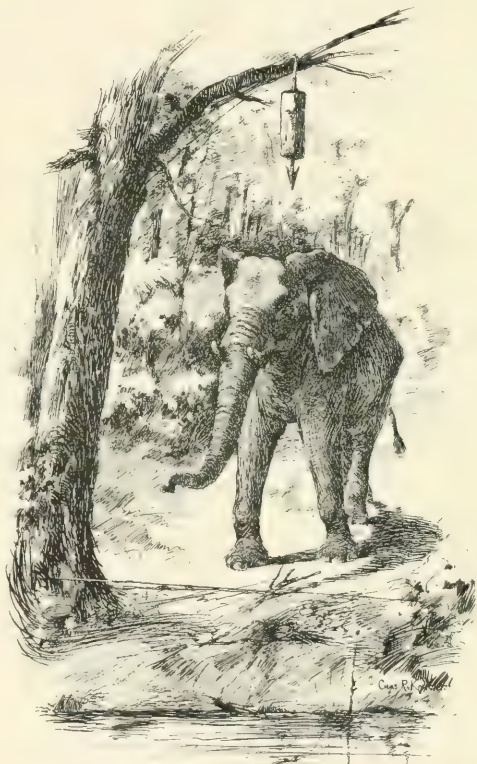
The climate being hot, they naturally spend a good deal of time in the water, and sometimes get up veritable water fêtes—diving, playing ball, jumping over obstacles, or having canoe-races.

In some parts of Africa, especially on the lakes and

the Upper Nile, the natives make triangular-shaped rafts of ambatch wood, a kind of pithy tree which grows at the water's edge, and is lighter than cork. On these rafts they paddle about among the creeks and bays harpooning hippopotami or large fish. In fishing, the natives do not use hooks and lines very largely, but employ a variety of nets, baskets, and other traps.

Owing to the difficulty of killing the larger game—ex-

* As I write, a Swedish lady, who has a mission station in Abyssinia for freed slave children, has just given me a striking instance of this. She tells me that people often send her out dolls and various other toys for her little girls, but these children of only four and five years of age always prefer to have as toys little wooden pestles and mortars, in which they can pound corn like the women, and thus find their amusement in doing some useful work.



AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT TRAP.

cept at very close quarters—with such weapons as spears and arrows, the natives have recourse to trapping, and become exceedingly skilful trappers.

The little dwarfs in the forest, who depend almost entirely upon the game they kill, were among the cleverest hunters, and employed a variety of ingenious methods in trapping all kinds of animals.

One of the common methods they employ for trapping elephants, buffaloes, and the larger game is by digging deep wedge-shaped pits, which they cover over with small boughs and leaves and a thin coating of earth. They dig these pits across the tracks which are used by the elephants, and conceal them so artfully that only a practised eye can distinguish them from the surrounding ground.

The elephants and other game, marching unsuspectingly along their tracks, fall into these pits, from which they are unable to extricate themselves, and the natives easily despatch them with their spears.

I myself, walking carelessly along one day in the forest, was considerably surprised at feeling the ground suddenly give way under my feet, and finding myself at the bottom of a pit some fifteen feet deep, from which ignominious position my men hauled me out with much laughter.

Another method which the dwarfs commonly employ in trapping large game is by fastening a large spear-head in a heavy log of wood, which they fix to a high branch overhanging the track, passing a long rattan creeper attached to a kind of trigger across the path. The elephant passing underneath kicks the rattan rope, which loosens the trigger above, and down falls the log like lightning, driving the spear through the elephant's head or neck.

For the smaller game, such as monkeys, wild pig, bush-buck, various rodents, etc., they have a variety of extremely ingenious traps and nooses made of twisted elephant hair or wire.

The natives on the grass-lands sometimes organize large hunting parties, and destroy great herds of game by lighting fires in a large circle, often some miles in circumference, in a tract of country where game abounds. The fires quickly spread in the long dry grass, and the terrified animals, being driven together in a herd by the narrowing circle of fire, are easily killed by the natives or are stifled by the smoke. Once, near Kavalli's village, I saw an exciting rat-hunt. Numbers of men and boys turned out and lit grass fires in a part of the plain which was infested by rats. The rats cleared out in swarms before the advancing fires, and were quickly despatched by the natives, who stood round in a circle with sticks. Many hundreds of rats were killed in this way, and were afterwards eaten by the natives, who are very fond of them.

In all these sports the boys and young people take an active part, and at an early age become skilful hunters.

In Africa there is a breed of dogs which, according to Darwin, the greatest of scientists, are the aboriginal dogs, and from them all other breeds have sprung. They are of a black-and-tan or yellowish color, tall, lank, and ugly, with sharp pointed noses.

The natives are very much attached to these dogs, and usually have a good number of them. But I have never seen them used for sporting purposes, though I am told in South Africa they are sometimes employed in hunting.

I cannot conclude this article on the sports and amuse-



A NATIVE FOOT-RACE.

ments of the Africans without mentioning dancing, for among the negroes dancing is a veritable passion. Some one has said, and with a good deal of truth, "When the sun goes down all Africa dances."

Dances of every description enter largely into the lives of all Africans, whether boys or girls, men or women, each country having its own particular tribal dances. Every event of the slightest importance is celebrated by a dance. If war is declared, on the occasion of a victory, or even of a defeat, it matters not, the Africans dance.

The birth of a child, the marriage or death of any of the tribe, the arrival of a stranger, or what not, it is all the same—nothing can be done without dancing.

There are war-dances, hunting-dances, funeral-dances; there are welcoming-dances, speed-the-parting-guest dances; there are every sort and kind of dances among the Africans, who keep them up for hours together, until they almost drop from fatigue.

Some of their dances are sad; others are gay; some are warlike, while others are peaceful; for the negroes seem to have dances to suit every mood and every occasion.

In most of these dances the orchestra, consisting chiefly of drums and pipes, is placed in the middle, while the people dance round it.

To this clanging, monotonous, barbaric music the negroes dance wildly. Men, women, and children catch the infection and join frantically in the dance, with an excitement and abandon seldom to be seen anywhere but in Africa.

They go through the most extraordinary contortions, expressing hope, fear, sadness, or joy, love, kindness, or anger; and all those feelings and passions which human nature, so much the same the world over, is capable of knowing, all are expressed in the dances of the negroes.

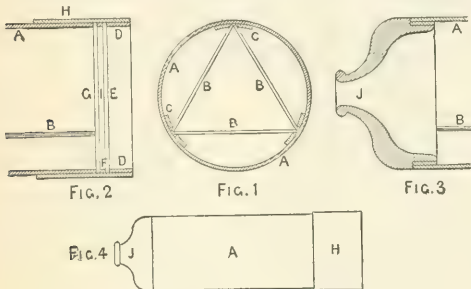
I should like much to describe some of these dances, for I have seen great numbers and varieties of them. All of them are curious and interesting, and many are picturesque and attractive. But I have no space left to do so in this article, which already, I fear, I have made too long. The subject upon which I have been asked to write is a wide one, and what I have written must be considered, after all, but a mere sketch upon "the sports and amusements of savages in Africa."

A BEAUTIFUL KALEIDOSCOPE.

BY GEORGE ASHDOWN AUDSLEY.

IT is probable that the amusing optical instrument which I am now going to describe is known, in some toylike form, to many of the young readers of this journal; but it is equally probable that very few of them have seen a truly fine kaleidoscope, or have attempted to construct such an instrument for themselves. If the following simple instructions are carefully followed, any boy having a little manual skill can make a very beautiful instrument which will afford lasting amusement and instruction both to young and old. The kaleidoscope was invented by the distinguished scientist, Sir David Brewster, in the year 1817, and has held its place ever since among favorite optical instruments. Its construction is simplicity itself.

The kaleidoscope consists of a pasteboard tube, three mirrors or reflecting planes, two circular pieces of glass, some small broken pieces of colored glass, etc., and an eye-piece, made and put together in the following manner:



DIAGRAMS FOR THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

Procure at a glass-store a strip of thin picture-frame glass, of the best quality and perfectly free from blemishes, 2 feet long by $2\frac{3}{16}$ inches wide. See that it is exactly the same width throughout, and then have it accurately cut into three lengths of 8 inches. Get these pieces silvered as mirrors, or, if that is not convenient, coat one side of each piece (carefully up to all edges) with black japan varnish, and allow them to become thoroughly dry and hard. Now procure a piece of strong pasteboard tube exactly 3 inches in diameter inside, and $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. You can make such a tube by winding pasted manilla paper round a wooden mandrel, which has been turned to a diameter of exactly 3 inches, and allowing it to remain there until it has become quite dry. Trim the tube accurately at each end, making it $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches long; and when this is done slip the three reflectors into it, forming a triangular chamber, with their uncovered surfaces inward. An end view of the tube, with the reflectors in position, is given in Fig. 1. The tube is shown at A; B, B, B are the glass reflecting planes, placed with their edges closely in contact; and C, C, C are strips of thick pasteboard glued in to hold the reflectors firmly in position. The reflectors must be adjusted level with one end of the tube, and will accordingly be $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch in from the other end. Small pieces of pasteboard or a ring should be glued in to prevent the reflectors slipping.

A cap of pasteboard has now to be formed to slip on to the tube at the end where the reflectors are level. This cap should be about 2 inches deep, and may be made by wrapping a strip of stout paper round the tube, pasting it well except on the surface in contact with the tube. Remove this cap when it is dry, and trim both its edges until they are perfectly true and parallel with the end of the tube. Place this cap down on a piece of thin paper,

and describe a circle by passing a sharp pencil round it inside. Repeat this so as to produce two circles on the paper. Cut these circles out, and paste one on to a piece of thin clear glass, and the other on a piece of ground glass, each cut with a diamond to an octagonal shape, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Now, with a pair of pincers, or a strong pair of scissors, the glasses can be gradually chipped away until they assume the circular shape of the paper disks pasted on them, and the final inequalities can be removed by a file. When the glasses fit the inside of the cap tightly they are finished. Remove the paper disks and clean the glasses.

Take the cap and glue a ring of card-board, a half-inch wide, inside it close to one end, as shown at D, D, in the section of the cap, Fig. 2. This is to hold the outside or ground-glass disk, E. Place this glass in position, and fasten it with a ring of card-board rather less than an $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch wide, indicated at F, F. This ring also serves to separate the two glass disks to the required distance. The clear glass disk is shown at G. The sectional drawing, Fig. 2, shows the cap, H, in position on the end of the tube, A. B is one of the three reflectors. The space, I, between the glasses E and G, is for the reception of the small movable pieces of colored glass or other materials, the accidental arrangement of which forms a pattern at each movement of the instrument. Procure from any stained-glass-works some small waste pieces of richly colored glass (such as is used for church windows) in as many tints as possible, and break them into little pieces. Remove the cap, and take out the clear glass disk; then placing a nice assortment of the colored glasses on the inner surface of the ground-glass, replace the clear glass disk, and press the cap tightly against the ends of the reflectors at the level end of the tube. Everything is now complete save the simple eye-piece. This is merely a conical end to the tube, best formed of wood turned to the shape given in the sectional drawing, Fig. 3. Here A is the end of the tube, B is one of the three reflectors, and J is the wooden eye-piece. A conical eye-piece can be made of card-board. The opening for the eye should be about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch in diameter. Paint the inside of the tube and eye-piece with lamp-black mixed with gum water. The exterior of the tube and cap may be covered with binder's cloth or any ornamental material, according to taste.

To use the instrument, hold it to the eye and direct the glass end towards some strong light. A beautiful star or other ornamental figure will be seen, produced in various colors, and a new figure will appear at every turn or shake of the instrument. These changes are absolutely limitless, and it is practically impossible to reproduce any pattern. All are beautiful.

The external appearance of the finished instrument is shown in Fig. 4. For convenient use, the tube should be supported on a small wooden stand which allows it to be turned at pleasure.

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. ROLFE.

I HAVE often been asked to give some practical hints on the formation of a Young People's Shakespeare Club.

The simpler the organization and machinery of such a club the better. Perhaps the following sketch includes all that is really necessary in a

CONSTITUTION:

- I. This society shall be called The — Shakespeare Club.
- II. Its object shall be the study and reading of Shakespeare.
- III. Its officers shall be a President, a Vice-President (who shall also act as Librarian), and a Secretary, who shall also serve as Treasurer; and the three shall constitute an Executive Committee. They shall be elected yearly by ballot.
- IV. It shall be the duty of the President and Vice-President to preside at meetings, of the Secretary to keep the records and the funds, and of the Executive Committee to assign the work of the club, to levy

assessments for paying necessary expenses, and to perform all other duties common to such a committee.

V. Any person whose name has been unanimously approved by the Executive Committee may become a member of the club by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting.

VI. This constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of the members present, written notice of the proposed change having been given at a previous meeting.

Other details had better be put in the form of by-laws, or settled by vote from time to time. The number of members may be limited to twenty, thirty, or whatever seems best. It should certainly be restricted to those who are willing to do their fair portion of the work. A dozen or twenty who are heartily interested in the plan will make a better club than thirty or forty if half of them are hangers-on who do not mean business. So a small executive committee who cannot shirk their duties is better than a large one, half of whom leave the work to the others. In a club of thirty or more, however, it may be well to have an executive committee of five, adding a treasurer and librarian or a second vice-president to the list of officers.

The meetings may be weekly or fortnightly, according to the fancy or convenience of the members. In a quiet country village they might be more frequent than in towns and cities, where means of social improvement and recreation are more abundant. The regular work of the evening should begin and end at a fixed time, and for young people it ought not to cover more than two hours, say, from half past seven or eight o'clock.

Some Shakespeare clubs limit their exercises to mere reading, while others combine study or discussion, more or less formal, with the reading; and this latter is unquestionably the better plan for young people. Of the two hours I have suggested for the evening's work, one may be given to reading, the other to discussion of what has been read. If this division of time, or something like it, is adopted, the reading of a play will necessarily occupy from two to four evenings. About a thousand lines can be read aloud in an hour; and the plays vary in length from 1800 to 4000 lines in round numbers. The *Comedy of Errors* is the shortest, making 1777 lines of the *Globe* edition—now generally accepted by scholars and commentators as the standard for line numbers—and *Hamlet* the longest, with 3929 lines. The average length of the plays best suited for reading in our club is perhaps not more than 2500 lines, and a play not exceeding that length might be read in two hours by omitting a scene or two or portions of scenes. This abridgment, which is sometimes expedient for other reasons than the saving of time, especially if the club includes both sexes, should be made in advance by the executive committee, who should also assign the parts in the play to the members who are to read them. Ample time—two or three weeks—should be allowed for the readers to prepare their parts, and thorough preparation should be the rule. Cultivated men and women can rarely read Shakespeare well at sight, and younger folks should never attempt it. If a member finds himself unable to take his part, he should be required either to provide a substitute or to give due notice to the executive committee.

Variety may be given to the reading by having the songs in the play sung, though not necessarily by the person who reads the part with which they are connected. All Shakespeare's songs have been set to music, some of them a dozen times or more, and the best of these "settings" are to be found at any city music-dealer's. Poems or prose selections connected in any way with the play may also be introduced before or after the reading, at the taste or discretion of the managers, and occasionally an entire evening may be devoted to miscellaneous readings and music selected with reference to the works or the times of Shakespeare.

The readers may sit while reading, or they may stand, "having their exits and their entrances," as on the stage. I have seen the latter plan well carried out in more than one club of older people. A space at one end of the room or behind folding-doors, if such there happen to be, is reserved for the stage, and the readers come in at the proper time, book in hand, and go on with their parts in the scene. Of course no attempt is made at appropriate costume or action, though slight suggestions of the former may sometimes be introduced in the comedies for the fun of the thing, and as much of the latter may be allowed as each reader is inclined to add. This combination of reading with half-acting may be made almost as entertaining as amateur theatricals, with a tithe of the labor and none of the expense.

Other miscellaneous exercises may be interspersed from time to time besides those already suggested. The regular readings

may be prefaced by a paper, from ten to twenty minutes in length, by a member, upon the play or some related topic. A "symposium" (a number of brief essays, or a more or less formal oral discussion) on some general subject connected with Shakespeare will now and then be an agreeable and profitable variation in the programme. Topics of special interest to young people should be selected, and there is no lack of such, as, for instance, Children in Shakespeare (or Boys and Girls), School-masters and School-boys (there are a few interesting references to school-girls in the plays), Boyish Games and Sports, Hunting and Fishing, Rural Life (or Warwickshire Life), London Life, Household Life, Eating and Drinking, Holidays and Festivals, the Poet's Birds, Animals, Plants, etc., Puns and Jest, Practical Jokes, Slang and Cant Language, Nicknames, Popular Proverbs, Popular Superstitions, Fairies and Fairy-love, Plays and Actors, Popery and Dandyism, etc., etc. I jot down such topics as occur to me at the moment; and the young folk may safely take almost anything else that is not of more recent origin than Shakespeare's day, and look up the allusions to it in his works. I remember once asking a class in school, "What color did Shakespeare like best in a woman's eyes?" I told the boys and girls to hunt up every reference to the color of human eyes in the plays and poems, and see what they could make of them. The results were unexpectedly interesting, as certain of the passages involve curious and perplexing questions which have posed more than one editor, and have led to some amusing blunders in comment and criticism.

In the constitution I have suggested in brackets that the vice-president may act as librarian of the club. In the city, where books on Shakespeare are readily accessible, no club library may be necessary; but in the country it may be advisable to make a small collection of useful books for the use of members at joint expense. I should strongly advise every member to own Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer*, which gives the best results of the latest study and criticism at a cost of thirty or thirty-five cents. The boy who has mastered it knows more about Shakespeare and his works than the most learned editor or commentator could know fifty years ago. It condenses a library into a little book that can be put in your pocket.

Of those expensive works that may be bought for the club library, a well-selected list is given in the appendix to Dowden's *Primer*. Among the most important are Bartlett's *Concordance to the Plays and Poems*, Schmitt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*, Nares's *Glossary*, Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*, and Halliwell-Phillips's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*. There should be at least one fully annotated edition of the complete works of Shakespeare. I am inclined to recommend Rolfe's edition, mainly because it is a comparatively inexpensive substitute for many costly editions. It is, for all ordinary purposes, a "variorum" edition, or one that gives a summary of the readings and interpretations of the leading editors and commentators. It gives, also, a selection from the best critical comments upon the characters in each play. It aims, moreover, to make Shakespeare his own commentator, by the fulness with which his peculiarities of style, thought, and sentiment are illustrated by parallel passages from his own works. In preparing the edition, I had in mind the fact that comparatively few readers and students have access to a good Shakespearean library.

APRIL DAYS.

WHEN April days go dancing
Along the road to May,
With here a flower, and there a shower,
And never time to stay,

Then brooks are full of little waves,
That race and chase in glee,
And all the flooding rivers
Rush on to find the sea.

Then spring the brave green grasses
On every hill and plain,
A mighty host, in field and coast,
They laugh in sun and rain.

Then mornings wake in melody,
And mirth finds time to stay,
When April days go dancing
Along the road to May.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



I.

THE WAY HE STOOD.

"How do you stand in your classes, Tommy?" asked the stranger.

"On my feet, sir," said Tommy, with a look of surprise that any one should ask so foolish a question.

BOBBY (*five years old*).
"Boys, keep away from me."

CHUCK'S. "Why, what's the matter?"

BOBBY. "The teacher said I was sharp to-day, and you might get cut."

WHY HE DID IT.

JACK had said his prayers, and then he started in at once to say them all over again.

"You see, I ferdot to say 'em last night, and I'm makin' 'em up," he explained.



II.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"THE baby's awful bald," said Mabel.

"Yes; they come bald on purpose. If they had hair they'd pull it all out, and then all that hair would be wasted," said Tommy.

AN ORIGINAL LITTLE GIRL.

"I WILL not copy any boy,
Not any boy alive!

And that is why I say," said May,
"That two times two make five."

A REASON.

"WELL, Willie, which do you like the best, Sunday-school or your every-day school?"

"Sunday-school," said Willie. "'Coz you only have to go once a week."

EXPLAINED.

"It seems to me, Bobbie," said his teacher, "that a boy who can write his letters as well as you do ought to be ashamed to be so stupid about learning to read."

"Well, you see, Miss J——," said Bobbie, "when I grow up I'm going to write books, so I don't need to know how to read, but writing is necessary."

HOW HE CLEANED THE WOOD-WORK.

Miss M——, a mission-school teacher, prided herself particularly on a bright Irish boy whom she had rescued from the gutter. He was the soul of chivalry and helpfulness, and took to the catechism as a duck takes to water. But in moments of excitement he would occasionally forget his newly gained refinement and relapse into the unaffected speech of his street fellows. One day Miss M——'s pastor, a highly fastidious gentleman, was visiting the school, and among other things remarked pleasantly upon the spotless cleanness of the wood-work of the little room. "Ah! that is Michael's work," cried the teacher, turning to her star boy with a beaming smile. "Tell the gentleman how you did it, Michael."

Leaping up in a perfect glow of pride and delight, the little Irish boy exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I clun it wid me fist!"

A REASON.

"I THINK I know why a boy that doesn't know his lessons gets a whipping sometimes," said Wallie. "If he doesn't learn, it shows he isn't smart, so they whack him till he does smart."

HIS IDEA.

"PAPA, what's twins?"

"Two children of the same age of the same parents."

"Why, I thought they was a philopena."

COMPARING NOTES.

"I've learned to ride a bicycle," said Whitty.

"Hoh! That's nothing," said Jimmieboy. "We're going to have a roof put on our piazza, and I can fall off of that if I want to."

WILLIE'S SCHEME.

"MY pa's going to get me a parrot some day," said Willie, "an' I'm going to keep him in my room when mamma reads stories to me, so's he'll learn 'em, and tell 'em to me when nobody's got time to read to me."

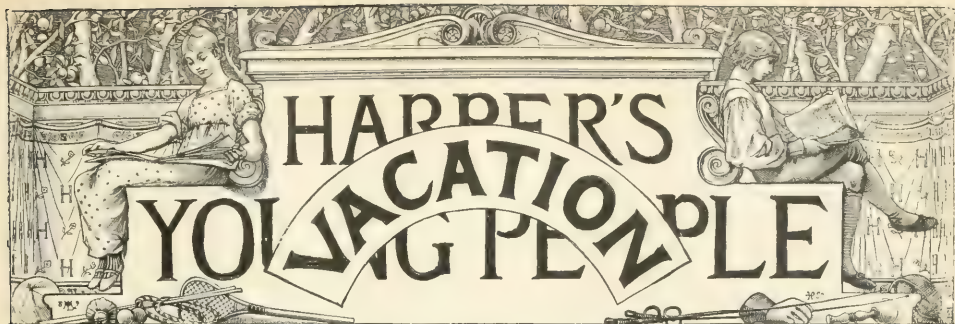
A LIFE OF PIE.

"I SORTER think I'll be a tramp when I grow up," said Jack. "They get so much pie to eat when they ask cooks for a meal."



III.

PUSSY AND THE FOOL'S-CAP.



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ON AN ARIZONA TRAIL.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES A. CURTIS, U.S.A.

CHAPTER I.

NEAR midnight of a late October day a Lieutenant of infantry was sitting by a camp-table in his quarters at Fort Whipple, Arizona, reading a magazine. The walls of the room were formed of vertical pine logs, and the

floor and ceiling of pine planks, all, logs and planks, lending a piny flavor to the room's atmosphere.

The mail from the Pacific coast, due once in two weeks, had failed to arrive a few days before, and a searching party sent to look for it had found the mutilated body of

the cavalry expressman lying beside the trail in a deep gulch, and the mail matter torn and scattered over a broad space.

The dead soldier was brought in for burial, and the fragments of letters and papers gathered and taken to the Quartermaster's office. Officers and men spent many hours in identifying and matching the soiled and ragged pieces. The Lieutenant had worked diligently from noon till evening in making two magazines and half a dozen letters legible.

The fragments of each leaf were pasted on nearly transparent paper, the printed matter becoming fairly visible through its fibres. They were sorry-looking pages, however, at best. Many bits were gone, compelling the reader to supply by imagination scenes and incidents lost in the sage-brush and greasewood bordering the La Paz trail.

The young officer occupied a leather-backed cross-legged camp-chair, which rose high above his reclining head, with his legs stretched across the bottom of a stool towards a generous fire of pine knots, which filled the room with a flood of light and drove out the autumnal chill. In this comfortable attitude, engrossed in a popular serial, he had passed away the first half of the night. He was just beginning a new chapter when he became aware of the distant and rapid clatter of a horse's feet. The sound came distinctly through the loop-holes in the outer wall of the room—loop-holes made for rifles and left open for ventilation. Dropping his book upon the table, he rose and listened intently to the hoof-beats. Some one was riding from the direction of Prescott, evidently in great haste; and as this was a country of alarms, the officer surmised that the rider was coming to the fort. The cadence of the gallop showed that the animal was a pony, and that he was being hard pressed.

A brief halt at the post of sentinel Number One and the galloping was resumed, the sound growing plainer, and showing that the rider had turned up the hill and was nearing the great gates now closed for the night. Presently the clatter of hoofs ceased and the rapid breathing of a horse could be distinctly heard. The rider's feet came solidly to the earth, and an instant afterwards impatient fingers could be heard groping along the bark-covered logs in search of the secret postern—a gate made by sawing off a log close to the ground and attaching hinges to its inner side—usually left ajar except in time of danger. Then the impatient and discouraged voice of a boy exclaimed,

"Oh, why can't I find the gate!"

"Seventh log to the right of the big gates! Push hard!" called the officer.

The immediate creak of hinges and rapid footsteps showed the rider had entered the fort and was approaching the room. The door swung suddenly open, and a handsome boy of about thirteen years entered, hatless, clothing soiled and torn, with bleeding face and hands.

"Oh, Mr. Randolph, the Indians! the Indians! They have attacked our ranch, and Aunt Martha is dead!" he exclaimed, as he sank exhausted on the stool.

"Attacked the ranch!—When?"

"About four o'clock."

"How many?"

"Don't know. Seemed as if there was a hundred."

"But, Willie, you are wounded. Let me—"

"Never mind me—it's only a scratch. Send the soldiers, or Brenda and all the rest will be killed!"

"How did you get away from the ranch? But wait; I'll go for Captain Bayard and the surgeon, and then you can tell us all about it and save time."

Mr. Randolph had not far to go within the narrow limits of the stockade. The officers sought were asleep; but to his vigorous and excited summons they promptly arose, and in a few minutes were in his room, the surgeon bearing a small case of instruments.

Upon examination Willie's "scratch" was found to consist of a fracture of the radius of the left arm, made by a bullet, and a flesh-wound in the cheek, made by an arrow. Neither was a dangerous injury if properly treated. While Doctor Colton dressed the wounds the boy told his story.

Before he had proceeded far Captain Bayard asked Lieutenant Randolph to call the post Adjutant, and upon the appearance of that official gave orders for a sergeant, two corporals, and twenty-two men to be got in readiness for immediate mounted service with rations for five days.

The fort was garrisoned by infantry only, a command containing many good riders, however, who were frequently mounted in an emergency requiring speed and short service. For this purpose a number of horses were kept by the Quartermaster.

The command of the detachment was given to Lieutenant Randolph, and he at once sent a man to Prescott in advance, to secure the services of Paul Weaver and George Cooler, two accomplished scouts and hunters. They were asked to be in readiness to join the column when it should pass through the plaza.

Half an hour after the arrival of the wounded boy the men were in the saddle and on the way to Cholla Valley by way of the mountain trail. As they passed through Prescott—at that time a mere hamlet of rude log cabins—they found the veteran Weaver and the youthful Cooler, mounted on sturdy broncos, awaiting their arrival.

The family to whose rescue the detachment was going had travelled one year before from Fort Wingate, New Mexico, to Prescott, Arizona, under escort of the soldiers now forming the Fort Whipple garrison. When Captain Bayard's command reached Wingate from the Rio Grande he found them awaiting its arrival, that they might make the journey under military protection. The name of the family was Arnold, and it consisted of a father and mother and three daughters, and a nephew and niece. The daughters were aged respectively twenty, eighteen, and sixteen, and the nephew and niece thirteen and fifteen.

Mr. Arnold waited upon Lieutenant Randolph, the acting Quartermaster of the command, the evening before the march was resumed, and handed him a note from Captain Bayard, directing him to afford the bearer and his family all possible assistance on the march, and to see that their wagons were assigned a place in the train and their property guarded. The Quartermaster's train consisted of eighty wagons and five hundred mules. There was also a commissary herd of three hundred oxen and a flock of eight hundred sheep.

At the first halt after leaving Fort Wingate Lieutenant Randolph called upon the Arnolds, and found the father, mother, and daughters gathered about a fire busy in the preparation of supper. Mr. Arnold was making a temporary table of the tail-board of a wagon and two water-kegs. He was a tall, well-proportioned man of dark complexion and regular features, with black unkempt hair and restless eyes. He was clothed in faded and stained butternut flannel, consisting of a loose frock and wide trousers, the legs of the trousers tucked into the tops of road-worn boots. His hat was a broad-brimmed drab felt, battered and frayed. Mrs. Arnold sat on a stool, superintending the work of the family, her elbows upon her knees, holding a long-stemmed cob-pipe to her lips with her left hand, removing it at the end of each inspiration to emit the smoke, which curled slowly above her thin upper lip and thin aquiline nose, and replacing it for the next whiff. She was a tall, angular, high-shouldered, and flat-chested woman, dark from exposure to wind, sun, and rain, her hair brown in the neck, but many shades lighter on the top of her head. Her eyes were of an expressionless gray. A brown calico of scant pattern clung in lank folds to her thin and bony figure.

The three daughters were younger and less-faded types

of their mother. Each was clad in a narrow-skirted calico dress, and each was stockingless and shoeless. Mother and daughters were dull, slow of speech, and ignorant.

The Lieutenant stopped long enough to give some directions as to the observance of camp rules, the order of marching, how to prepare for waterless and woodless camping-places, what to do in case of attack, etc., and was about to turn away, when a clear boyish voice called from the rear of a cedar-bush,

"Oh, Lieutenant, may I speak to you a moment?"

Turning his horse in the direction of the voice the officer saw a boy approaching, switching a handsome riding-whip in his hand, a boy that made a good impression at once. In fact, the quality, modulation, and evident refinement of the voice had prepared Randolph before he turned for seeing just the bright, handsome lad that had now come up.

He was apparently about thirteen years old, neatly attired in a blue blouse and gray trousers, with russet-leather leggings, and a waistbelt of the same material, from which hung a neat revolver and small pouch. A light felt hat sat on a well-shaped head, around which clustered closely cropped brown hair that showed a decided inclination to curl. Two honest blue eyes set in a bright and intelligent face looked smilingly up to the officer as he advanced.

"Yes," replied the Lieutenant; "what do you wish?"

"Well, I don't know as you can help us, sir, but my sister's pony has lost a shoe, and we don't know whether we had better pull off the other three or let her wear them."

"Replace the lost one."

"That's not so easy, sir, with no spare shoes, and no blacksmith this side of Wingate."

"Have you never travelled with a government train before?"

"No, sir."

"How do you suppose we shoe these five hundred mules that are drawing our wagons and constantly dropping shoes?"

"Then you really have a blacksmith? But that will do us no good. Brenda and I do not belong to the government."

"But a part of the government belongs to you," replied Randolph. "Where is the pony?"

"Over there behind the cedars. Brenda is giving her some sugar and corn-bread," answered the lad, pointing with his whip in the direction indicated.

"Get the pony and come with me, and we will see if 'Uncle Sam' cannot spare a shoe for a niece's saddle-horse."

Returning thanks, the boy ran back joyfully, and soon returned leading a beautiful brown pony and accompanied by a young girl. The boy said, "Brenda, this is the Quartermaster who is going to have Gypsy shod."

The girl bowed, and as the Lieutenant sprang from his saddle, instinctively doing homage to American girlhood, she extended her hand, saying, "I suppose we must consider that brother has introduced us."

"Yes, if 'Quartermaster' was my name," replied the Lieutenant, "but I think you will find it more convenient during our long march to know my name." And he handed the girl a leaf from his memorandum pad upon which he had written it. "One does not carry a card-case on a frontier march, you know. May I know your name?"

"It is Arnold," replied the girl.

"Not children of Mr. Arnold?—he told me he had three daughters only," and Randolph glanced from the neatly and well dressed boy and girl before him to the three ill-clad, barefooted girls at the camp-fire.

"No; we are a nephew and niece," Brenda answered.

"If you will lend me your pencil and paper, I will exchange frontier cards with you."

The pad was returned to the Lieutenant with the names Brenda Arnold and William Duncan Arnold upon it.

The contrast between the two sets of cousins was something more than one of dress. The young girl before the officer was decidedly attractive in person, as well as refined in speech and manner. How she could be even remotely related to the Arnold daughters at the camp-fire was difficult to comprehend. She was a blonde, with abundant tresses of flaxen hair held in a leash of blue ribbon, and a delicate complexion which the journey had tanned and sprinkled with abundant freckles, giving promise of rare beauty with added years and less exposure to sun and wind. The boy was a self-reliant little fellow, who exhibited a refined brotherly courtesy towards his sister, a reflection of good home training.

The Arnold family history, incidentally gathered by Randolph during a month's march, was briefly this: Brenda and William were the children of Mr. Arnold's only brother, and had been reared in a large inland city of New York. Their father and mother had recently perished in a railway accident, and the children had been sent to their paternal uncle in Colorado, who was believed, as he had always represented himself, to be in affluent circumstances. There were relatives on the mother's side, but they were scattered, two of her brothers being in Europe at the time of the accident. Brenda and Willie had reached their Western uncle just as he was starting on one of his periodical moves—this time to Arizona.

The different social status of the families of the two brothers was unusual but not impossible in our country. One of the brothers was ambitious, of steady habits, and possessed of a receptive mind; the other was idle, impatient of restraint, with a disinclination to protracted effort of any kind. One had worked his way through college, had entered a profession, and married well. The other had drifted through States and Territories—a rolling stone that gathered no moss—and had married the daughter of a nomadic Missourian.

The pony Gypsy was shod by the soldier blacksmith, and the boy William who led her to the travelling forge was informed that the train contained representatives of many useful trades, and that he and his relatives were welcome to any services the command could render.

CHAPTER II.

ON the daily marches it was the custom of Lieutenant Randolph to ride in the rear of or beside the wagons. The infantry marched out briskly every morning, never getting far in advance; but it was rarely seen again by the rear-guard until the next camping-place was reached.

The wagons of the Arnold family travelled between the guard and the government wagons. They consisted of two large canvas-covered "prairie schooners," drawn by three pairs of oxen each, beside which four cows, four horses, and four dogs were usually grouped. The father and the eldest daughter drove the ox-teams; the mother, the two remaining daughters, and Brenda rode the ponies. William walked, or rode in a wagon, except when one of the cousins, his aunt, or Brenda chose the wagon and let him have a horse.

As soon as Lieutenant Randolph noticed that the boy was dependent upon the charity of others for a ride, he made him happy by giving him an order on the chief wagon-master for a spare mule with saddle, bridle, and spurs. Accordingly he appeared one morning mounted on a little buff-colored mule with zebra stripes on shoulders, hips, and knees, and accompanied the Lieutenant during the day's march. The following day Brenda

joined her brother, and for the rest of the journey the two usually rode with Lieutenant Randolph.

The route abounded with game, and in sections where the column was secure from Indian attack the Lieutenant taught the boy and girl the use of rifle and pistol with fair success. The instruction began in camp, where they were taught the mechanism of their arms and target practice.

Brenda soon overcame her natural timidity for fire-arms, and became a successful rival of her brother when shooting at inanimate objects; but pity for birds and beasts prevented her from being a successful sportswoman.

The niece always acted as applicant whenever the Arnold family desired a favor of their military escort. At such times she made their wants known to the Lieutenant. One day when the train had pulled out of camp the two young attendants did not join their friend as usual. He did not give the circumstance serious thought, supposing their absence was caused by some domestic accident or delay; and not doubting but he would presently hear the clatter of the pony's and mule's hoofs as Brenda and her brother hastened to overtake him, the Lieutenant continued to ride on.

He had gone nearly a mile when a corporal of the guard ran after him, and reported that the Arnolds had not hitched up, and were still in camp. Halting the train and guard, Randolph went back and found Brenda sitting by the road-side in tears.

"What is the matter, Miss Arnold?" he asked.

"Oh, it is something this time," she sobbed, "that I think even you cannot remedy."

"Then you think I can generally remedy things? Thank you."

"You have always helped us so far; but I do not see how you can now."

"What is the trouble, please?"

"Our poor oxen have worn their hoofs through to the quick. They have been obliged to travel much faster and longer distances, in order to keep up with the military train, than they ever did before. And the gravel has worn out their hoofs. We must remain behind."

"Perhaps things are not so bad as you think. Let us go and see," said the Lieutenant.

"But we must go slower, Mr. Randolph, or the feet will not heal. Uncle says so. And if we drop behind the soldiers, who will protect us from the Indians?"

Rising dejectedly and by no means inspired by hope, Brenda led the way to the Arnold camping-place, where the officer found the father and mother on their knees beside an ox, engaged in binding rawhide "boots" to the animal's feet. These boots were squares cut from a fresh hide procured from the last ox slaughtered by the soldiers. The foot of the ox being set in the centre, the square was gathered about the ankle and fastened with a thong of buckskin.

"Are all your cattle in this condition, Mr. Arnold?" asked Randolph.

"Only one other's 's bad 's this; but all of 'em's bad."

"That, certainly, is a very bad-looking foot. I don't see how you kept up with cattle in that condition."

"Had to, or git left."

"That's where you make a mistake. We could not leave you behind in any case. You must go with us somehow, for you would not last a day in this region if we left you behind."

"I didn't think 't would be of any use to say anythin'," said Mr. Arnold. "You seem t' have all you can haul now."

"We have three hundred head of oxen in our commissary herd that used to belong to a freighter. We can exchange with you. A beef is a beef."

"Thank you, Lieutenant. I didn't think you could do it."

"That's easy enough. Turn your cattle into our herd and catch up a new lot. When we get to Prescott you can have your old teams if you want them."

"Thank you, again. I shall want them. They know my ways and I know theirs."

"Here, Willie!" the officer called to the boy. "Bring up your zebra and take a note for me to Captain Bayard."

A note was written and despatched to the commanding officer, detailing the circumstances causing the halt, and the action taken by the writer to enable the immigrants to go on. Half an hour later the prairie schooners were again on the road and joy reigned in the Arnold hearts. Frequent changes of draught animals were afterwards made, until the close of the march, when Mr. Arnold's stock was gathered from the drove and returned to him in fine condition.

When the soldiers arrived at Fort Whipple, or rather the site of that work—for they built it after their arrival—the Arnolds made their home for a short time in Prescott, and then removed to a section of land which they took up in Cholla Valley, ten miles to the west by the mountain trail, and twenty-five by the only practicable wagon-road. This place was selected for a residence because its distance from Prescott and its situation at the junction of the bridge-path and wagon-road made it an excellent site for a wayside inn.

Parties from the fort frequently passed the Arnold ranch during the stages of selection, building, and cultivation, and the officers took much interest in inspecting the arrangements for comfort, and the devices for making a defence against possible Indian attack. The house and stables were built of pine logs, squared and laid up horizontally, the windows fitted with thick shutters, and the doorways made to resist forcible entrance. Loop-holes for fire-arms were made in the walls and temporarily filled with mud.

In case the house became untenable an ingenious earthwork was constructed twenty yards from it, which could be entered by means of a subterranean passage from the cellar. This miniature fort was in the form of a circular pit sunk four feet into the ground and covered by a nearly flat roof, the edges or eaves of which were but a foot and a half above the surface of the earth. In the space between the surface and the eaves were loop-holes. The roof was of heavy pine timber, closely joined, sloping upward slightly from circumference to centre, and covered by two feet of tamped earth. To obtain water a second covered way led from the earthwork to a spring fifty yards distant, its outer entrance being concealed in a rocky nook shrouded in a thick clump of willows.

From this retrospection the thread of the story may now be resumed. While Willie's arm was being set and wounds dressed, and preparations being made for the expedition, he told the officers all that had happened at Cholla Valley on the day of the attack up to the time of his departure.

A party of forty-one Apaches had appeared in the vicinity of the ranch near the close of the afternoon, and had spent an hour or more in reconnoitring the valley and its approaches. Apparently satisfied that they would not be interrupted in their attack by outside parties, they began operations by collecting the cattle and horses, and placing them in charge of two of their number near the spring.

Next they fired one of the out-buildings, and under cover of the smoke gained entrance to a second which stood less than one hundred feet from the north side of the house. Knocking the mud and chips from between the logs here and there, they were enabled to open fire upon the settlers at short range.

With the first appearance of the Indians, Mr. Arnold, assisted by two travellers who had arrived that afternoon from Date Creek on their way to Prescott, closed the win-

dows and doorways with heavy puncheon shutters, removed the stops from the loop-holes, directed the girls to carry provisions and property into the earthwork, got the arms and ammunition ready, and awaited further demonstrations.

The available defensive force consisted of every member of the family and the two strangers. The mother and daughters had been taught the use of firearms by the husband and father, and Willie and Brenda by Lieutenant Randolph. In an emergency like the one being narrated, where death and mutilation were sure to follow capture, the girls were nerved to do all that could be expected of boys of their ages.

Until the Apaches gained possession of the second out-building few shots had been exchanged, and the besieged closely watched their movements from the loop-holes. It was while doing this that a bullet pierced the brain of Mrs. Arnold, and she fell dead in the midst of her family. Had the two travellers not been present, the demoralization which followed the death of the mother might have enabled the savages to reach the doors and gain an entrance; but while the family was plunged in its first grief, the strangers stood at the slots and held the assailants in check.

The body of Mrs. Arnold was borne to the cellar by the sorrowing husband, accompanied by the weeping children. The firing became desultory and without apparent effect. Ball and arrow could not pierce the thick walls of the log house. Only through the loop-holes could a missile enter, and by rare good fortune none of the defenders, after the first casualty, chanced to be in line when one did.

The family again assembled in defense of their home and lives, the grave necessity of keeping off the impending danger banishing thoughts of their bereavement, in a measure. An ominous silence on the part of the Indians was broken at last by the swish of a blazing arrow to the roof. Mr. Arnold rushed to the garret, and with the butt of his rifle broke a hole in the covering and flung the little torch to the ground.

But another and another followed, and in spite of desperate and vigilant action the pine shingles burst into flames in several places. At this juncture, Willie, whose station was on the south side of the house, and who had for some time been looking through a loop-hole in that direction, approached Mr. Arnold and said:

"Uncle Amos, I see Gypsy grazing near the spring, close by the willows, and the two Indians there keep well this way, watching the fight. If you will allow me, I will creep through the passage, mount, and ride to the fort for the soldiers."

Mr. Arnold took a long look through the aperture and replied: "God bless you, William; I think there's a good chance of your doin' it. If Brenda's willin', you may try it."

Brenda's reply to the proposition was to throw her



LEAPING INTO THE SADDLE, THE BOY WAS OFF AT A FURIOUS GALLOP.

arms about her brother's neck, kiss him, and without a word go back to her station. The lad silently took leave of his uncle and cousins and dropped into the cellar. Passing into the earthwork he took a bridle and saddle, buckled on a pair of spurs, and crept through the passage to the spring. Standing in the screen of willows he parted the branches cautiously on the side towards the Indians, and saw them, over a hundred yards distant, standing with their backs toward him, watching the house, the roof of which was now a roaring, leaping mass of flame.

Closing the boughs again, Willie opened them in an opposite direction, and crept softly up to Gypsy, holding out his hand to her. The docile pony raised her head, and, coming forward, placed her nose in his palm, submitting to be bridled and saddled without objection or noise.

Leaping into the saddle, the boy drove his spurs into the bronco's flanks, and was off at a furious gallop in the direction of Whipple. Startled by the hoof-beats the Apaches looked back and began running diagonally across the field to try to intercept the boy before he turned into the direct trail. Arrow after arrow and one bullet sped after him, one of the former grazing his cheek, and the latter fracturing his arm.

It was dusk when Willie began his ride, and it grew rapidly dark as he hurried along the bridle-path. Neither he nor the pony had been over this route before. Twice they got off the trail, and long and miserable hours were spent in regaining it; but the fort was reached at last, and the alarm given.

CHAPTER III.

WITH twenty-eight men, including the two scouts and post surgeon, Lieutenant Randolph left Prescott for Cholla Valley. The night was moonless, but the myriad stars shone brilliantly through the rare atmosphere of that Western region, lighting the trail and making it easy to follow. It was a narrow pathway, with but few places

where two horsemen could ride abreast, so conversation was almost impossible, and few words, except those of command, were spoken; nor were the men in a mood to talk. All were more or less excited and impatient, and wherever the road would permit urged their horses into a run.

The trail climbed and descended rugged steeps, crossed smooth intervals, skirted the edges of precipices, wound along the borders of dry creeks, and threaded forests and clumps of sage-brush and greasewood. Throughout the ride the imaginations of officers and men were depicting the scenes they feared were being enacted in the valley, or which might take place if they failed to arrive in time to prevent.

It is needless to say, perhaps, that the one person about whom the thoughts of the men composing the rescuing party centred was the gentle, bright, and pretty Brenda. She had been a conspicuous figure and a daily companion on a march of over four weeks' duration, and they had frequently met her since their arrival and location at the post. Her uniform courtesy and ladylike appreciation of the slightest service rendered her had won the esteem and respect of every soldier in the command. To think of her falling into the hands of the merciless Apaches was almost maddening.

On and on rode the column, the men giving their panting steeds no more rest than the nature of the road and the success of the expedition required. At last they reached the spur of the range behind which lay Cholla Valley. They skirted it, and with anxious eyes sought through the darkness the place where the ranch buildings should be. All was silence. No report of firearms or whoop of savages disturbed the quiet of the valley.

Ascending a swell in the surface of the ground they saw that all the buildings had disappeared, nothing meeting their anxious gaze but beds of lurid coals, occasionally fanned into a red glow by the intermittent night breeze. But there was the impregnable earthwork—the family must be in that! Randolph dashed swiftly forward, eagerly followed by his men. The earthwork was destroyed—nothing but a circular pit remaining, in the bottom of which glowed the embers of the fallen roof timbers.

A search for the slain was at once begun and continued for a long time. Every square rod of the valley for a mile was hunted over without result, and the party gathered once more about the two cellars in which the coals still glowed.

"It was in the cellar of the house that the boy said the body of his aunt was laid, was it not?" asked Doctor Colton.

"Yes," replied Lieutenant Randolph.

"Then if all were killed after he left—shot from time to time—would not their remains be likely to be beside hers?"

"Not beside hers, I think. The last stand must have been made in the fort."

"Then the bodies must be under that circular bed of coals, Randolph, if they died here."

"Probably, doctor. It's an uncanny thing to do, but we must stir the coals and see. If all have perished, our duty ends here for the present; if they are living, we must find them. Sergeant Rafferty, have some fence rails brought and examine this pit."

In a few moments a half-dozen rails were being thrust down into the coals, their ends bursting into flame as they searched the fiery depths. Nothing was brought up.

"Randolph, didn't the boy say something about a covered way from this cellar to the spring?" asked the surgeon.

"That is so, doctor; they must be in that. Can you see any sign of an opening?"

"Nothing positive. Behind those wagon-tires there seems to be a natural slope of earth."

"Tip the tires over, sergeant," said the Lieutenant, and presently a number of tires, from which the fire had burned the wheels, fell into the coals, disclosing a recently filled aperture.

"Looks as if the end of a passage had been filled, doesn't it?" said the doctor.

"It certainly does," answered the Lieutenant. "Let us go down to the spring and examine."

The two officers and several of the men went to the spring. When they arrived there, Randolph and the doctor broke a way through the thick-set willows into an irregular mass of small boulders. Climbing over these they found themselves at the mouth of the passage, a little over five feet high and three feet wide.

"This must be the covered way," said the Lieutenant. Placing his head within the entrance he called, "Oh, Mr. Arnold—we are here; your friends from Fort Whipple!"

"Thank Heaven!" in a man's tones came clearly through the entrance, accompanied by a sudden outburst of sobs in girlish voices.

"We'll be there directly," spoke another man's voice—that of a stranger.

Then followed the sound of steps accompanied by voices, sounding at the entrance, as a voice spoken in a long tube appears to be uttered at the listener's end. Some time elapsed before those who seemed so near appeared; but at last there emerged from the passage Mr. Arnold, two strange men, and three girls—but no Brenda.

"Where's Brenda, Mr. Arnold?" asked Randolph.

"Heaven knows. She gave herself up to the Apaches."

"Gave herself up to the Apaches! What do you mean?"

"That's precisely what she did, Lieutenant," said one of the strangers, adding, "My name is Bartlett, from Haysayampa, and this is my friend Gray, from La Paz. We were on our way to Prescott, and stopped here for dinner. But about the girl Brenda; she took it into her head, after we got into the little fort, that unless some one could create a diversion to mislead the devils we'd all lose our scalps."

"That beautiful young girl! Gave herself up to certain torture and death! Why did you allow it?"

"Wasn't consulted—surprised us. I hope, Lieutenant, you will not think so hard of me and my friend as to believe we'd allowed it if we had suspected what the plucky miss meant to do."

"Tell me all the circumstances, Mr. Bartlett," said the Lieutenant.

The party moved slowly along the path from the spring to the fires, and as they walked Mr. Arnold and the travellers gave an account of all that had happened after Willie left for Fort Whipple.

The burning arrows sent to the pitch-pine roof became so numerous that the besieged found it impossible to prevent the flames from catching in several places. The boy was hardly out of sight before the house became untenable, and the defenders were obliged to retire to the fort.

When the house was consumed and its timbers had fallen into the cellar, a mass of burning brands, the space about the earthwork was clear, and the rifles at its loopholes kept the Indians close within the building they had occupied since the attack began. Not one dared to show himself to the unerring marksmen who watched their every movement.

For a long time silence reigned in the out-building. Not a shot came from its chinks, and the vociferous yells were still. But for the presence of their ponies and the two sentinels near the spring the defenders might have supposed the Indians had gone away. The whites, how-

ever, felt sure that plans were being matured which meant disaster to them.

At last these plans were revealed in a constant and rapid flight of arrows directed at a point between two loop-holes—a point which could not be reached by the besieged—and where, if a considerable collection of burning brands could be heaped against the logs between the earth and eaves, the pine walls and rafters must take fire. Walls and roof were too solid to be cut away, and water could not reach the outside.

The defenders held a consultation, and decided that in the event of the fire getting control of the fort they should retire into the covered way, block up the entrance with earth, and remain there until help should arrive. It was thought that the Indians would suppose all had perished in the flames.

"But they know we came here by an underground passage from the house," said Brenda, "will they not suspect that we have entered another passage if we all disappear?"

"Perhaps they may," answered Mr. Arnold. "I had not thought of that. We'll have to take our chances."

"If one of us was to appear to escape from here and join them," continued the girl, "I think they would suppose the others had perished and make no search."

"That may be true, but I'll take my chances here," said Mr. Gray.

"So will I," said his companion. "A fellow wouldn't last a minute outside this fort. I prefer smothering here to the death those devils would give me."

Time passed on, and it soon became evident to the besieged that the outer wall was on fire. It was shown by the black smoke which wreathed in at the loop-holes on the northern side, and drew in long lines to loop-holes on the southern, and the fresh outbreak of whoops in which there was a note of exultation.

The sun had gone down and darkness was creeping over the valley when the first tongue of flame flicked through a crevice in the roof and showed that the fire had gained a foothold. Soon a hole appeared close to the eaves, which gradually enlarged towards the centre of the roof and along the surface of the earth. With blankets the fire was beaten out on the sides, but it crept insidiously along between the timber and the earth covering.

In making the roof, branches of pine had been spread over the timber, and the branches in turn covered with a thick layer of straw to prevent the earth from filtering between the logs. This material was as dry as tinder, and held and carried the fire.

The men stood at the loop-holes and compelled the savages to remain under cover of the out-building, while the four girls exerted themselves to keep the fire from showing inside. Delay until help could arrive was what all struggled to gain. But the increasing heat and smoke showed the defenders at last that they could no longer put off retiring to the covered way.

The word was given and all entered it, and the men with shovels began to close the entrance. When it was a little more than half closed, the hole in the roof had become triangular in shape, resembling the space between two spokes and a fellow of a wheel. On the earth or fellow side of the triangle there was no fire; but the other sides were burning fiercely.

Making a sudden dash, and before any one could realize her intention, Brenda leaped past the shovellers, sprang over the embankment they were throwing up, and by the aid of a bench sprang up the four-foot wall through the flame-wreathed aperture and disappeared, her clothing apparently in a blaze. The war-whoops immediately ceased.

No attempt at pursuit or rescue was made. The Arnolds and their friends felt that it would be useless, and

only result in the death of the pursuers. The work of closing the passage was resumed and completed, and all sat down in the darkness to await the slow passage of time and the possible arrival of the soldiers.

None of the party felt sure that Willie had succeeded in leaving the valley, believing his chances of passing the Apache pickets were few and desperate. They had more confidence in the supposition that Brenda's act would cause the Indians to believe all but the girl had perished, and lead them to depart at once with their booty.

After listening to the story of the Arnolds, Lieutenant Randolph concluded that Brenda had fallen a victim to the cruelty of the Apaches, and that a search would reveal her body mutilated and disfigured by her captors. A rapid and excited search was at once begun. Far and wide, over the plain, through the ravines, and into the foot-hills rode the soldiers, leaving no part of the country for two miles around unsearched; but not a trace of the missing girl was discovered.

Once more the detachment gathered near the ruins of the Arnolds' home, and began preparations for returning to Whipple. The remains of the dead mother were lifted from beneath the charred timbers, and deposited in a grave prepared near by. While the burial was taking place, the two scouts, Weaver and Cooler, were absent, looking for the Apache trail. Day was dawning, and as it was probable when they returned that the command would start, the officer ordered the horses fed from the loose forage scattered about, and the men to prepare their breakfast.

The scouts returned as the men were dispersing from their meal, and Cooler placed in the Lieutenant's hand a dainty lock of flaxen hair wound around the middle with a strand of the same.

"I found it," said the scout, "beside the ravine yonder, a little more than two miles from here. The young miss is alive and dropped it for a sign. The redskins all left in that direction."

Whatever Brenda's three cousins may have lacked in education and cultivation, they lacked nothing in affection. They gathered about the little tress, took it daintily in their palms, kissed it again and again, and moistened it with tears. Low sobs and endearing names for the brave darling who had been willing to sacrifice her life to preserve theirs fell from their lips. Poor rude frontier maids, they had shown an equal bravery all through the defence, and proved themselves to be worthy descendants of the race that lived through the colonial struggles with the Indians of the Mohawk Valley. The three girls gathered about Lieutenant Randolph, and, clinging to his arms, besought him to go to the rescue of their cousin.

"Yes, yes, girls," he replied, "everything shall be done that possibly can be done. We will start at once, and I hope to bring her back to you. Mr. Arnold," he continued, "I will leave you a luncheon for the road, and you must try to make the distance to Prescott on foot."

"Yes, sir, we can do it easy; thank you."

"I would leave you some of the men as escort, but in such an expedition I shall need more than I have."

"That's all right, Mr. Randolph. If I had a horse I'd go with you. There'll be no Apaches round this place for many days," and his eyes ran sadly over the ruins of his home, resting finally on the grave of his wife.

Yes, Brenda was alive, and a prisoner of the Apaches, spared by them, as children sometimes are after such raids, for adoption. It was plainly the duty of soldiers to rescue her from her cruel fate of a continued life with her captors.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER a delay sufficiently long to allow the scouts and their broncos to breakfast the party mounted and turned to the west. Lieutenant Randolph asked Weaver to

ride by his side, and questioned him about the country before them.

"I suppose you are familiar with this part of the country, Paul?"

"Ought t' be; been here off and on since I was twenty."

"Have the Indians a camping-place near here?"

"Yes; they spend a part of every year in this section, gatherin' mezcál. From the direction they've took, I b'lieve they're goin' to Santy Maree Creek."

"That flows into Bill Williams Fork, doesn't it?"

"Yes; and 't has a northern and southern branch. One of the favorite campin'-places of the tribe is on the southern branch."

"How far is it from Cholla Valley?"

"Fifty miles."

"Easy to approach?"

"Good ridin' all the way, 'cept a bit of boulder country on a divide."

"Is the camp open to attack?"

"Wide open after you get into the valley. There's a waterfall, or rather a piece of rips there that 'll drown the noise of our comin'."

"Isn't it strange that Indians should camp in such a place?"

"They are Mezcallero Apaches, and their food, the mezcál, grows thick round there. Besides, there's no other place on the stream combinin' grazin' and waterin', and they've never been hunted into that region yet."

"Well, Paul, we'll try to hunt them there now if we have good luck."

The Lieutenant urged the men on as fast as possible, taking care not to exhaust the horses and unfit them for a long pursuit. The soldiers were animated by a strong desire to punish the Indians for their treatment of the family in the valley, and were excited by the fear that the gentle girl in their hands might fall a victim to some barbaric cruelty before they could be overtaken, so that the animals were constantly urged close to their powers of endurance. There was not much talking. Every pulse was throbbing with a desire to get within rifle-range of the savages.

There is no doubt but the Indian has been grossly abused, defrauded, and cheated since the white man first made his acquaintance. The scenes depicted in this story were the result of centuries of error and wrong. Few army men are inclined to dispute this. The cruelty of the American Indian is the cruelty of every savage people, white or red, since time began. When on the war-path, to the savage mind it seems proper that no cruelty should be spared his victim. Whatever opinions, however, the soldier may entertain of the national method of conducting Indian affairs, it becomes his duty to secure peace by war when the resentful savage begins hostilities.

War with the Apaches, the result of gold hunting and land encroachments upon their reservations, had been going on for several years when the attack upon the Cholla Valley ranch occurred. The detachment now in pursuit of a band of the tribe entertained the natural resentment of a generous foe for a cruel and relentless one, and a personal acquaintance and warm friendly interest in the family that had suffered animated the men with a strong resolution to administer severe punishment for what had been done in the valley.

Near the middle of the forenoon, as the soldiers were riding up a cañon, on each side of which rose rugged sandstone precipices, they came to a fork in the trail and the cañon. Not only the track parted, but, judging from the footprints, most of the captured stock had passed to the right. Weaver said the right-hand path led to the northern branch of the Santa Maria, and the left to the southern branch.

The detachment halted perplexed. To divide the party of twenty-eight in order to follow both trails would be attended by much danger. To take the whole number over a wrong trail and not rescue Brenda was a course to be dreaded. Lieutenant Randolph called the scouts to him for consultation.

"Don't you think," he asked, "that it is probable a girl who was thoughtful enough to drop a sign to show she was alive and a captive would be likely to give us a hint which trail she was taken over from this point?"

"That's prob'le, Leftenant," replied Weaver. "If you'll hold the boys here a bit, George and I will ride up the two trails a piece and look for signs."

"Go quite a distance, too. She might not get an opportunity to drop anything for some time after leaving the fork."

"That's true," said Cooler; "the redskins would be watching her very sharply. Which way will you go, Paul?"

"Let the Leftenant say," answered the old scout, tightening his belt and readjusting his equipments for resuming his riding.

"All ready, then," said Randolph. "You take the right, Weaver, and George the left. While you are gone we'll turn out the stock."

The scouts departed, and a few moments later the horses of the command were cropping the rich grass of the narrow valley, sentinels were posted to watch them and look for the return of the guides, and the rest of the men threw themselves upon the turf to wait.

An hour passed away, when Weaver was seen returning from the northern trail. As he approached he held something above his head. Directing the horses to be got ready, the officer walked forward to meet him, and received from his hand a small bow of blue ribbon, which he at once recognized to be the property of Brenda.

It now appeared certain the girl captive had been taken over the road to the right; so without waiting for the return of Cooler, the men were ordered into their saddles, and the detachment started over the northern trail. It had not gone far, however, when a man in the rear called to the Lieutenant. Looking back he saw the young scout galloping rapidly forward and waving his hat in a beckoning manner.

A halt was ordered, and Cooler rode up to the commander and placed in his hand *a lock of flaxen hair bound with a thread of the same*. Placed by the other they were twin tresses, except that the last was slightly singed by fire.

Well, tears glistened on the eyelids of some of the bronzed veterans at the sight of the tiny lock of hair, and the accompanying reflection that the party had barely escaped taking the wrong trail.

"God bless the darlint," said grizzled Sergeant Rafferty, "there's not a ridskin can bate her with ther thricks. We'll bring her back to the post, b'ys, or it 'll go hard with us!"

The sergeant's remarks were subscribed to by many hearty exclamations on the part of his fellow-soldiers. It was evident that the Apaches had expected to be pursued and had dropped the ribbon to mislead; and that Brenda, noticing the fork in the road and the division in the Indian force, and foreseeing the perplexity her friends would be in, had dropped her sign to set them right as soon as opportunity offered.

The Lieutenant asked the guides if it was not probable the Apaches had a watch set on the overlooking heights to see which road his party took at this point.

"Sart'lnly, Leftenant, sart'lnly," answered Weaver: "they're watchin' us sharp just now."

"Then we had better continue on the northern trail awhile and mislead them, you think?"

"My very thought. That's the best thing to do. We



PLACING HIS HEAD WITHIN THE ENTRANCE, HE CALLED, "OH, MR. ARNOLD—WE ARE HERE!"

needn't reach their camp until after midnight, and we might's well spend the time misleadin' 'em."

"Yes; and it'll be better to reach them near morning, too," added Cooler.

"Then we will go on as we began for some time longer," replied the Lieutenant; and the soldiers again moved at a brisk canter over the northern trail. An hour afterwards a halt was made in a grassy nook, the horses turned out to graze until dusk, when the route was retraced to the fork, and the march resumed over the southern branch.

Night overtook the pursuers on a high ridge covered with loose rounded boulders, over which it was necessary to slowly lead the horses with some clatter, and many bruises to man and beast. The rough road lasted until a considerable descent was made on the western side, ending on the edge of a grassy valley.

At this point, Weaver advised that the horses should be left, and the command proceed on foot; for if the Indians were in camp at the rapids it would be impossible to approach mounted without alarming them; while if on foot, the noise of the rushing water would cover the sound of all movements.

Six men were sent back to a narrow defile to prevent the attacking party from being surprised by the Indians who had taken the northern trail, should they attempt to rejoin their friends at the rapids. Randolph determined, on the recommendation of the scouts, to defer making an attack until after three o'clock, for at that time the enemy

would be feeling quite secure from pursuit and be in their deepest sleep.

The horses were picketed, guards posted, and lunch distributed, and all not on duty lay down to wait. Time dragged slowly. About one o'clock a noise on the opposite side of the creek attracted attention, and Cooler crept away in the darkness to ascertain its cause. In half an hour he returned with the information that the Indians who had taken the northern trail had rejoined their friends and turned their animals into the general herd. Upon learning this, the Lieutenant sent a messenger to call in the six men sent to guard the narrow defile, and shortly afterwards they joined their waiting comrades.

An hour later Weaver announced the time to start. Leaving but one man to look after the horses the rest slipped down the slope into the river-bottom, taking care not to rattle arms and accoutrements, and began a slow advance along the narrow pathway, the borders of which were lined with the spiked vegetation of the country.

Going on for some time, Randolph judged from the sound of flowing water that they were nearing the camp. He halted and sent the two scouts to reconnoitre. They did so, and returned with the information that the camp was close at hand, and contained thirteen mat and skin covered tents or huts, and that the stolen stock and Indian ponies were grazing on a flat just beyond. No guards were visible.

The flat about the camp was covered with Spanish-

bayonet, soapweed, and cacti, with here and there a variety of palmetto which attains a height of about twenty-five feet, the trunks shaggy with a fringe of dead spines left by each year's growth. Cooler suggested that at a given signal the trunks of two of these trees should be set on fire to light up the camp, and enable the soldiers to pick off the Apaches as they left their shelter when the attack began. He also proposed a yell, saying, "If you outyell 'em, Lieutenant, you can outfight 'em."

Although the Lieutenant doubted whether twenty-three white throats could make as much noise as half a dozen red ones, he consented to the proposition. He sent four men to the flat upon which the ponies and cattle were grazing, with orders to place themselves between the animals and the creek, and when the firing began drive them back along the trail into the hills.

When these instructions had been given, Doctor Colton asked Randolph if the firing would be directed into the tents.

"That is what I was thinking of," replied the Lieutenant.

"Of course Brenda is in one of them," said the doctor.

"Yes; and if we shoot into them indiscriminately we are as likely to hit her as any one."

"Can you think of any way of locating her?"

"No; I am at a dead loss. We will try Cooler's plan of yelling, and perhaps that will bring them out."

He searched for Sergeant Rafferty, and directed him to forbid any one to fire until orders were given to do so.

CHAPTER V.

ORDERS were passed and dispositions so made that one-half the force was placed on each flank of the camp. All movements were made at a considerable distance from the place to be attacked, and the utmost care taken to make no noise that would alarm the sleeping foe. Once on the flanks, the men were to creep up slowly and stealthily to effective rifle range. When the trunks of the palmettos were lighted all were to yell as diabolically as possible, and fire at every Indian that showed himself.

The front of the camp was towards the creek, which flowed over boulders and pebbles with considerable rush and roar. The officer expected the Indians in their flight would make a dash for the stream, and attempt to pass through the shoal rapids to the wooded bluffs beyond.

The soldiers were told to screen themselves behind yuccas, Spanish-bayonet, emole, and cacti. The Lieutenant, accompanied by Paul Weaver, selected a clump on the northern side, from which he could observe the front of the tents. Sergeant Rafferty with George Cooler was on the opposite flank, and the lighting of a tree on the officer's side was to be the signal for one to be lighted on the other, and for the yelling to begin.

All was done as planned. The flash of one match was followed promptly by the flash of another. Two flames burst forth and climbed rapidly the shaggy palmettos, making the whole locality as bright as day. At the same instant the imitation war-whoop burst from vigorous lungs and throats.

Every one held his rifle to shoot the escaping Apaches; but not a redskin showed his head. The soldiers yelled and yelled, practising every variation ingenuity could invent in the vain attempts to make their tame white-man utterances resemble the blood-curdling, hair-raising, heart-jumping shrieks of their Indian foes, now so strangely silent. Not a savage responded vocally or otherwise.

But for the presence of the captive girl the attack would have begun by riddling the thinly covered shelters with bullets at low range. The Indians evidently understood that they were secure from injury as long as they kept out of sight.

The two burning trees had gone out, and two others had been lighted. It began to appear evident that if some-

thing was not done to bring out the foe, the supply of towering torches would be exhausted and nothing accomplished. In darkness the advantage might be on the side of the red man.

The surgeon, who reclined near the Lieutenant, asked, "Do you think any of those fellows understand English?"

"Guess not; their neighbors are the Mexicans, and some of them know Spanish. You know we always employ a Mexican as interpreter when we talk with them."

"Then why not speak to Brenda in English, and ask her to try to show us where she is. The Apaches will not understand—they will think you are talking to your men."

"Thank you, doctor, that's an excellent idea."

A soldier was sent along both flanks with orders for all yelling to cease, and for perfect quiet to be maintained. Then, acting upon the surgeon's suggestion, Randolph called in a clear, loud voice:

"Brenda, we are here, your friends from the fort. Your relatives are safe. Try and make a signal by which we can tell where you are. Take plenty of time, and do nothing to endanger your life!"

A long silence succeeded, during which two more palms were consumed, and the officer was beginning to fear that he would be obliged to offer terms to the Indians, leaving them unhurt, if they would yield up the captive and the stolen stock.

But before the Lieutenant had fully considered this alternative Cooler approached from the rear and said, "Lieutenant, I've been creepin' along behind the wiggies, and I saw somethin' looks like a white hand stickin' out from under the edge of the tenth from the left."

"Show it to me," said the officer. "I'll accompany you."

Making a detour to the rear the two crept up to the back of the tent indicated, pausing at a distance of twenty feet from it. It was too dark to make out anything definite. A narrow white object was visible beneath the lower edge; that was all.

Cooler was sent back a short distance to light a palm, and as the flames crept swiftly up the trunk the officer saw by the flaring light a small white hand holding in its fingers the loose tresses of Brenda's hair. The question was settled. The captive girl was in the fourth tent from the right of the line.

Waiting until the fire went out, the two worked their way well to the rear.

"Go back, George," said Randolph, "to your flank, and tell Sergeant Rafferty to move his men to a point from which he can cover the rear of the camp, and open fire on all the tents except the tenth from the left and the fourth from the right. The rest of us will attend to those who run."

"All right, sir, we'll soon make it lively for the rascals."

"Light up some more trees when you are all ready."

"Yes, sir."

The Lieutenant crept slowly back to his own flank and ordered a disposition of his party so as to command the space in front of the line of tents. In another instant the flames were ascending two tree trunks, and the rapid cracking of rifles broke the early morning stillness. With the first scream of a bullet through their flimsy shelters the Indians leaped out and dashed for the river. Few fell. Rapid zigzags and the swinging of blankets and arms as they ran confused the aim of the soldiers. In less than five minutes the last Apache was out of sight, and the firing had ceased.

Concealment was no longer a necessary precaution, and the soldiers thronged the space before the tents. Walking to the hut from which he had seen the hand and tresses thrust out, the Lieutenant called, "Brenda!"

There was no response or sound. Looking into the entrance, he saw in the dim light of the awakening day the figure of a girl lying on her back, her feet extended towards him, and her head touching the rear wall. The right arm lay along her side, and the left was thrown above her head, the fingers still holding her hair.

A terrible fear seized the young officer. He again called the girl by name, and receiving no answer went in, and, with nervous fingers, lighted a match and stooped beside her. He saw a rill of blood threading its way across the earthen floor from her left side. He shouted for Doctor Colton, and the surgeon hurried in. From his instrument-case he took a small lantern, and, lighting it, fell upon his knees beside the prostrate girl.

During the following few moments, while the skilled fingers of the firm-nerved surgeon were cutting away clothing to expose the nature of the wound, the Lieutenant's thoughts found time to wander away to the girl's brother Willie, who had been left at the fort in spite of repeated requests to be allowed to accompany the detachment. He thought what a sad message it would be his province to bear to the lad if this dear sister should die by savage hands.

The Lieutenant entertained little hope that the pretty girl could live. He looked upon her as already claimed by death. She who had made a long and weary march pleasant by her vivacity and intelligence was to die in this wretched hole.

But the *tactus eruditus* of the young surgeon was con-

tinuing the search for some evidence that the savage stab was not fatal, and his mind was busy with means for preserving life should there be a chance. The officer watched, and assisted now and then when asked; waited with strained patience for a word upon which to base a hope.

At last the doctor dropped the hand whose pulse he had been long searching, and said: "She is alive, and that is about all. You see her hands, arms, and neck are badly scorched by the dash she made through the fire at the ranch. Then this wicked stab has paralyzed her. She has bled considerably too. But she lives. Press your fingers on this artery."

"Can she be made to live, doctor?"

"The knife did not touch a vital part; but it may have done irreparable injury. I can tell more presently."

Nothing more was said, except in the way of direction, for a long time, the surgeon working slowly and skilfully at the wound. At last, rearranging the clothing and replacing his instruments in their case, he said, "If I had the girl in the post hospital, or in a civilized dwelling with a good nurse, I think she might recover."

"Can't we give her the proper attendance here, doctor?" asked Randolph.

"I fear not. She ought to have a woman's gentle care, for one thing, and some remedies and appliances I haven't here for such a delicate case. It is the long distance between here and the fort that makes the outlook hopeless. She cannot survive the journey."



WATCHING FOR THE INDIANS TO MAKE A SORTIE.

"Then we will remain here," said the Lieutenant, with decision. "Write out a list of what you want, and I will send Cooler to the fort for tents and supplies, a camp woman, Willie, and the elder Arnold girl."

"Randolph, you are inspired!" exclaimed the doctor. "We will save this girl. I'll have my order ready in a few moments, and then we will make Brenda comfortable. You and I can manage until a better nurse arrives."

A letter was written to Captain Bayard, the surgeon's memoranda enclosed, and a quarter of an hour afterward Cooler was flying over the sixty miles to Fort Whipple. Three days later a pack-train arrived with the laundress, Willie and Mary Arnold, and with the stores and supplies necessary for setting up a sick camp. The wounded girl mended rapidly from the start.

On the fourth day succeeding the rescue Randolph returned to the fort with all but Sergeant Rafferty and ten privates of the detachment, who were left as a guard to the surgeon, his patient, and her attendants. The recaptured stock and captured Indian ponies were brought in, and Mr. Arnold was made even so far as oxen and horses went. He made no attempt, however, to return to Cholla Valley, but took an early opportunity to sell out his claim and all belonging to it.

At the end of a fortnight Brenda had so far recovered as to warrant Doctor Colton in permitting her removal to Whipple. An ambulance was driven to the boulder-covered ridge mentioned in a previous chapter, and she was borne upon a stretcher by the soldiers to where it stood in waiting. All went well, and on the second day after leaving the Santa Maria the invalid was comfortably settled at the fort.

In time Brenda fully recovered, and Gypsy and the handsomest pony captured from the Apaches were in almost daily requisition to take the young people on long rides about the fort and town. Letters were sent by Captain Bayard to their maternal relatives, and just before Christmas an uncle arrived at the fort and took charge of his nephew and niece, taking them and their ponies to his home in the East.

JACK'S FOX-HUNT.

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

JACK DALE was a city boy, and the greater part of his years, which numbered fifteen, had been spent between walls of brick and mortar; consequently, when one day a letter arrived from Jack's uncle, Colonel Phillips, inviting him to come down to his plantation in Virginia and make him a visit, you can be sure that Jack did not rest until he had obtained permission to go.

So one bright morning found our young friend Jack snugly ensconced in the cushioned chair of a Pullman car, watching the panorama of woods, rivers, and fields, as the train sped along toward Baltimore, where his uncle was to meet him.

Colonel Phillips was waiting at the station as the train came in, and Jack was whisked into a cab and was on his way to the boat before he fairly knew what he was about, his uncle explaining as they drove on that the train was late, and that it was past the time for the boat to sail. However, he had telephoned to his friend, the Captain, asking him to wait until he arrived, before sailing. As the cab drove to the end of a long covered dock stored with cotton, Jack saw that his uncle had not relied on the good nature of the Captain for nothing, for there the big boat lay all cleared away and ready to start, but with a plank out for Jack and his uncle. As soon as they were on board, the plank was hauled in, and with a hoarse screech the steamer backed out into the Patapsco and

pointed her prow for the Old Dominion. After supper Jack turned in, to dream of the rides and the shooting which his uncle had promised him. Soon after daybreak the next morning the whistle announced that the boat was nearing some landing, and peering out of the state-room window Jack saw in the red glow of the morning sun the little round stone fort known as the Ripraps, which lies at the entrance to Hampton Roads. Dressing quickly, he was on deck before the boat had reached the wharf. Before him were two great hotels, and beyond he could see the parapets and earthworks of Fortress Monroe, and some soldiers in bright uniforms just coming out of the sally-port.

After breakfasting at the hotel, Jack and his uncle were off again in a smaller boat. As they steamed up the bay, innumerable ducks, disturbed at their feeding-grounds, arose and flew to the right and left, with startled cries. Soon Jack could see long stretches of shining sand, and points covered with pine woods, and here and there on the bay the triangular sail of a fleet Virginia canoe.

Presently the boat landed at a long wooden wharf, where Jack and his uncle were piled with bag and baggage into a large canoe manned by good-natured-looking darkies, which was waiting for them, and a sail of a mile or two brought them to the point where the Colonel's carriage was waiting to take them to the house.

After driving through long lanes, which skirted the wooded swamps where the air was fragrant with the odor of pine-trees, they came to an avenue of magnolias, at the end of which Jack could see the great house, with a group of colored servants about the door, waiting to welcome the Colonel and his nephew.

Colonel Phillips had not forgotten them, and soon the whole retinue, from Esther the cook, and Victoria the housemaid, down to the smallest pickaninny, were smiling over some trifle that he had brought forth from his capacious carpet-bag.

While they were at breakfast the faint sound of a horn was heard. Colonel Phillips's superintendent was on his feet at once. "I declare," said he, "if I hadn't clean forgot that I promised to meet Major Yancy at Hickory Forks this morning, with my dogs, for the fox-hunt. Perhaps Jack would like to go along and see how we kill foxes in Virginia."

"I am not going to have Jack go on a fox-hunt the very first day he gets here, sir, and break his neck," said the Colonel. "I don't even know that he knows how to ride a horse. Do you, Jack?"

Jack's entire experience as an equestrian had been limited to rides in the Park, at ten cents a ride, on the backs of ponies led by boys, and as he had outgrown the ponies, even this experience was not recent; but never doubting that this was a sufficient training, Jack unhesitatingly answered, "Oh yes, sir! I commenced very early."

"Well, then, Mr. Taylor," said the Colonel, "tell Caesar to pick him out a quiet horse, and let him go along with you; but mind, he is not to leave the road and try any neck-breaking performances at riding cross country, so if you start a fox, send him home. However, I reckon he will get enough riding by the time you get to the meet, and be ready to come home in a wagon. So have Caesar hitch up the cart and drive after you, so that he can ride Jack's horse home."

In a few minutes the horses were at the door, and Jack, not without some fear, was surveying the animal which was to carry him. He looked so much bigger than he had expected, somehow, and Jack even thought he could detect a wicked look in his eye, and commenced to wish that he had not professed to be a good horseman. However, there was no time to think it over, and Jack had to decide at once, and being a plucky little chap at heart, he had the horse brought beside the block and be-

strode the saddle, while Cæsar adjusted the stirrups for him.

It was pretty hard work for Jack at first, as they went along at a sharp trot, and many times he had narrow escapes from falling off, and when the road was hard the jolting would bring tears to his eyes, but nevertheless he managed to stick on, and to give Mr. Taylor, who was riding ahead with the dogs, a cheery answer when he called back to know how he was getting along.

Arrived at the cross-roads they found the hunters assembled, only waiting for Mr. Taylor's arrival to put the dogs into the woods. To Jack's eye it was a curious sight. His conception of fox-hunting had been formed by looking at the colored prints in such books as *Handley Cross*, *Sponge's Hunting Tour*, and *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds* in his father's library; but here were no red coats, varnished boots, silk hats, and white ties, but men of widely varying ages dressed in their farming clothes, with slouch hats and heavy calf boots, and, strung under their arms, old cows'-horn trumpets on which to sound the blast when the fox was away.

The horses were a motley collection of every color and in every stage of apparent decrepitude, although there was not one among them who would not prick up his ears and set a good pace across country at the sound of the dogs in cry. Several negro sportsmen were riding mules on which they had strapped the remnants of old army saddles, worn to the tree and re-enforced by many mendings of string and leather.

The dogs were also a miscellaneous collection, as the county did not support a pack, but every man who hunted kept two or three, and for the meet every man brought his best dog, and each boasted that for sagacity, speed, and keen nose his particular hound was unequalled.

Jack was introduced to Major Yancy, one of the oldest fox-hunters in the county, and as they rode along toward the strip of pine woods where they were to put the dogs in, the old fellow gave Jack some kindly hints, which he followed as best he could, and found that he obtained a much better seat in his saddle in consequence.

Arrived at the woods the Major addressed the dogs. "Hie in there, you Music! Hush, you Blunder! Who-oop, you Echo! you come heah, you rascal! Thunder, Venus, you all of you get in there! Git him out! Git him out! Hie away! Hie away!" And the dogs, obedient to his call and eager for the chase, bounded into the woods, and with short low yelps commenced to quarter the ground for a hot scent.

The hunters took positions where they could survey the road and the surrounding fields, and from time to time urged on the dogs with shouts and calls.

Once the hounds started in full cry, and away went the riders helter-skelter over the low Virginia snake-fences and into the woods, only to reappear in a few minutes, and reply to Jack's excited questioning that it was "nothin' but an ole har." False starts and long searches in damp woods took up the morning, and it was long past mid-day when the hunters, finding themselves near the head of one of the many estuaries of the Chesapeake which divided the county into a series of peninsulas, adjourned to a fine old colonial house which stood near the water, and enjoyed a lunch of crackers, and delicious raw oysters just out of the river. Then mounting their horses the party started for home. Jack, although somewhat stiff, was commencing to consider himself quite a horseman by this time, and cantered to the side of a charming young lady who had joined them for the ride home.

Miss Carter was twenty-one, six years older than Jack, but Jack's heart had gone over to her in boyish admiration when Mr. Taylor had told him, before presenting him to her, that she was the best horsewoman in the county, and that few men could outdrive her in a fox-hunt. She

was mounted on a beautiful jet-black mare which she called Lenore, and as Jack rode up she called to him:

"I see that you are riding Telegram; what a pity you did not have a run! There's not a horse out to-day that would have headed him."

"Oh," said Jack, "I had no intention of following if they had started a fox. Why, I have never jumped a fence in my life."

"You will soon learn down here. Why, it is the easiest thing in the world. All you have to do is to ride straight at the fence, and before you know it you are over."

Just then Mr. Taylor rode up and called to Jack: "Say, Jack! you ride along with Miss Carter. I'll catch up with you before you get to Pointer's store. Major Yancy and I are going to put the dogs in this little strip of woods for a last try. There used to be a big gray in there last winter, and he may be there yet."

The Major and Mr. Taylor rode across to the woods, followed by all of the hunt excepting Jack and Miss Carter, who kept on down the sandy lane. They had not gone far before Miss Carter reined Lenore up sharply, and listened.

"Hark!" said she; "the dogs are running. They are going towards Chappahosic. You must see some of the run. Now follow me, and we will cut over to the end of the woods where they must come out, and we can get there before any of them. There is only this one fence by the road, and Telegram will take you over that before you know it. Come on!"

And before Jack could remonstrate, Miss Carter, with sparkling eyes and the color in her cheeks, had touched Lenore with her crop, and Jack was left alone in the lane; but only for a moment, for if Jack was undecided, Telegram was not. With ears pricked forward and nostrils dilated he had waited a minute until he saw Lenore's heels disappear over the fence, and then, with a little snort, as though a trifle vexed at being outdone at the start by a lady, he made a dash at the fence.

Jack never remembered exactly how it was, but he found himself seated on Telegram's neck, holding on to his ears, and crying, "Whoa, sir! Whoa, sir!" But Telegram did not stop. The fence was behind, and Lenore was half a field ahead, and he must catch her. With great effort Jack managed to slide back into the saddle and get his feet in the stirrups, and by the time they reached Miss Carter's side he had the reins in his hand again, and showed no signs of his discomfiture excepting that he was slightly out of breath and his heart was beating very hard.

"Well done, Mr. Dale," said Miss Carter. "We will make a fox-hunter of you yet."

Fortunately for Jack she had not turned to see him take the fence, or she might have laughed at him instead of praising him, and he never would have won the reputation he did that day.

The hounds were now rapidly nearing the head of the woods, and Miss Carter, who knew the voice of each, listened with growing excitement.

"Old Thunder is in the lead! Just listen to his notes! And Music is not far behind. Now watch, and we shall see them come out near that tall pine."

The words had hardly left her lips when Jack saw a magnificent gray fox break from the woods, with the dogs close behind. Telegram saw them too, and before Jack could stop him he was off with a mad rush, and was flying at the fence ahead. Jack's heart was in his mouth, but he managed to keep his seat this time, and having found that he could not stop Telegram, he devoted himself to doing his level best towards keeping on his back. On they flew, through ploughed fields, over fences, across ditches, with poor Jack bouncing up and down in the saddle, with the breath nearly shaken out of

his body. His feet had lost the stirrups, which were dealing blows as they swung about, first to Jack's ankles and then to Telegram's sides, urging him on.

Jack shut his eyes as a bigger fence than usual appeared in front of him, and opened them again as they landed, with a jolt, in a big field of corn. The high stalks hit Jack in the face, and threatened to brush him off the saddle, so he bent low and put his arms around Telegram's neck, and shut his eyes again, when of a sudden Telegram stopped short. Jack felt himself flying through the air, and before he knew it he had landed on his back in an open ploughed field, and the whole pack of dogs were around him, barking and jumping about as though they intended to eat him.

Jack felt something soft and warm under him, and springing up he discovered the gray fox.

The dogs had just killed him, and Telegram, emerging from the cornfield, had stopped short, in order not to trample on the hounds, and Jack had been thrown in the midst of them upon the fox himself.

Jack had just picked up the fox and was beating back the dogs when Miss Carter rode up.

"Well, such a chase as you have led me!" she exclaimed. "And to think of your telling me that you never rode across country! Why, there is not a man in the county who would dare ride at that fence with the broad ditch in the last field, and I had to go around it myself to get here."

Jack concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and tried to wear his newly won honors modestly when the rest of the hunt came up to congratulate him upon his skill and daring riding; but as he rode home in the dusk beside Miss Carter, who wore the brush which he had gallantly presented to her, he was a very proud though very tired boy.

Arrived at the house, the news of his achievement had preceded him, and the Colonel stood on the porch to welcome him home.

"Jack, you rascal," said he, "didn't I tell you not to follow the hounds? What do you mean, sir, by disregarding my commands and trying to break your worthless neck, you scoundrel! I shall send you back North to-morrow."

But Jack could see a merry twinkle in the old gentleman's eye, for in fact Jack himself was not half so proud of what he had done as was his uncle. Caesar understood this also, and when the Colonel called him up and threatened him with all sorts of terrible things for having given Jack Telegram to ride instead of some quiet old horse, all he answered was,

"Fo' de Lawd, sir, I done knowed he cud ride as soon as I sot eyes on him."

COALS OF FIRE.

BY PAUL HULL.

THIS name was Bill Ruggles. He was lanky and red-headed and freckled, and his outfit in the way of clothes consisted of a pair of trousers that had evidently been discarded by one of the circus men, who were responsible for first introducing him to the little Connecticut village, and which, of necessity, he wore triced up halfway between his waist and shoulders by a single suspender. A checked shirt that betrayed little acquaintance with the wash-tub, a pair of sorry-looking shoes several sizes too large for him, and a black Derby hat that had seen better days, and whose torn brim dangled picturesquely about his ear, completed the inventory of his wardrobe.

Several days before he had drifted into town as a stable-boy with "Hawkins's Million-Dollar Circus Creation," as the show-bills had it, and when the Sheriff attached the tent and animals on account of a judgment of two hun-

dred dollars against the aforesaid Hawkins, and the sawdust ring alone remained to tell the story of the show that had made its appearance in a blaze of glory so short a time previous, Bill Ruggles, like Othello, found his occupation gone.

When the village boys made their way to the field from which the last gayly decorated wagon had been drawn away behind the curiously marked horses, they found the late member of the company sitting disconsolately on an old feed-box, watching a cloud of dust hanging over the road in the distance where the cavalcade had disappeared.

For a time the merry lads pranced around the circle in imitation of the performance some of them had witnessed in that very ring a night or two before, when the flaring naphtha lights made the interior of the tent as bright as day, and the trumpets had blared in salutation to the "startling leap for life," as the programme called it, made from the flying trapeze by the Signora Inez Rivera, who was known in private life as Miss Annie Murphy.

Not a smile crossed Bill Ruggles's pinched face as he watched the happy gambols of the boys. Even when Charlie Archer found an old barrel hoop, and in mock gravity announced that the most daring ring-jumping act in the history of the world was about to be undertaken by the distinguished athlete Mr. "Fatty" Hulse, the baker's son, and when that individual had laboriously squeezed his round body through the generous circle amid the encouraging shouts and laughter of the playful crowd, Bill Ruggles sat still and looked on with the same settled expression of despair.

"I say, fellows," said Harry Clark, "who's the scarecrow over on the box?"

"I think he must be one of those circus people," replied Charlie Archer. "I never saw him around here before."

"Hold on till I ask him," said the first speaker.

Harry Clark, the Supervisor's son, was the bully among the boys of the village. His superior height and strength, and his disposition to use the latter upon the slightest provocation, made him feared by his companions, and obliged them for policy's sake to admit him to their sports, and to tolerate his coarse unkindly ways.

Stepping in front of the solitary figure, he was about to address him, when he caught sight of the tears glistening on the lad's face. "Oh, I say, fellows! come here and see the big cry-baby," he called, with a loud laugh.

Bill Ruggles raised his head and looked at the curious group before him. "What yer want? Why can't yer mind yer own business?" he asked.

Harry Clark made a step in his direction. "Don't get sassy, Scarecrow," he said, "or I may teach you manners. Now, who are you, and where do you come from?" As the one addressed made no reply, the speaker continued: "You're such a distinguished-looking gentleman that we're all anxious to become acquainted with you; so speak up, and let's hear from you, Mr. Vanderbilt."

Bill Ruggles stood up. There was no sign of tears now, and the melancholy look was gone, but in their place were seen a pair of flashing eyes and a set face.

"Yer coward," he sneered, "ter make fun of er feller because he's poor!" Then, as the boys fell back a pace confusedly, he went on: "I ain't no gentleman's son, with er good home an' clothes an' plenty ter eat; I 'ain't got no one but merself, with no place ter go an' nothin' ter wear, an' hungry, but I wouldn't be such er coward as you ef I could ride in er carriage."

For a moment he stood there, forsaken and poor and miserable, defying them all; then he turned, walking in the direction of the village.

Perhaps it was shame that kept Harry Clark so silent as the uncouth figure moved away. Charlie Archer started after the wretched lad.

"Where are you going, Charlie?" called several of his mates.

The boy faced about, and said, while the flush deepened on his manly face, "I'm going after him to say that I'm sorry we hurt his feelings, and to ask him to come home with me and get some supper."

He rapidly overtook the lad ahead, who, hearing some one running after him, stopped and stood on the defensive, not understanding the errand.

Charlie Archer put out his hand. "Say, I'm awfully sorry we did anything to make you feel so bad, and all the fellows are, too, and I hope you'll come on home with me and get something to eat; and I think I've got a suit of clothes you can have, and perhaps my father can give you something to do down at the mill, and I hope you'll shake hands and call it square."

By this time the rest of the boys had come up. Bill Ruggles looked doubtfully at the outstretched hand, then at the faces of those who were gathered near.

"Say," he asked, "are yer trying ter make er fool er me again?"

A chorus of earnest voices in emphatic denial followed his question.

A soft look came on Bill Ruggles's face. He put his rough, labor-stained hand in that of the boy's beside him. "Fellers," he said, with a catch in his voice, "I think as somehow—er—other this 'ere makes me feel worse than I did before."

Silently and awkwardly, but in good faith, all the boys but one stepped forward in turn and shook hands with him. Harry Clark muttered something that sounded like "tramp," and walked off.

The summer passed away, and Bill Ruggles remained in Riverville. Mr. Archer had at first given him a position at the mill on probation, and had found him so trustworthy and diligent that he advanced him, and made the situation permanent.

When fall came all Riverville was excited over the thought of the annual exhibition and games that were to be played on the fair-grounds just outside the village. Among other features of interest announced for that occasion was a steeple-chase for a valuable silver cup, to be run by Harry Clark's horse and one belonging to the town of Oakdale, across the river. Being an excellent horseman, the Supervisor's son had determined to be his own jockey. Besides, his steed was a fiery, vicious animal, and never having had a rider on its back other than its owner, it was extremely doubtful if a stranger would be able to control it.

The day before the games Harry Clark fell from the stable ladder, and wrenched his ankle so badly that he was obliged to give up all idea of riding the race.

That afternoon Mr. Clark called at the mill to talk the matter over with his friend Archer, who had been appointed one of the judges. A few minutes later Bill Ruggles was sent for from the private office.

"Ruggles," said the mill-owner, "Mr. Clark's son has met with an accident, and will be unable to ride to-morrow. His horse is a flighty animal, and Mr. Clark says that he must get a professional mount, for no one else would be able to handle him. As you once belonged to a circus company, I thought that perhaps you might know of some one who would be willing to ride."

"If you do, tell him I'll give him fifty dollars if he wins the race," put in Mr. Clark. "You see," he explained, turning to Mr. Archer, "Harry has so set his heart on winning the cup that I would give a hundred dollars rather than see that Oakdale horse carry off the prize."

"Well, Ruggles," spoke up his employer, "what do you think?"

The boy's face was a study. "I think I know some one, sir, as would be willin' ter do the act."

"All right then, Archer, I'll leave the matter in your hands, and will go home and tell Harry about it."

After the door had closed on the portly figure of the village official, Ruggles spoke:

"Mr. Archer, please listen. There ain't nobody as ken be got ter ride that horse ter-morrer but er boy I knows of, an' he has jes' growed up 'mong horses ever sence he was born, an' understands 'em better 'n he does people, an' though nobody don't know it, he lives in this village, an' his name is Bill Ruggles." Before the surprised man could speak, the lad went on: "Yer see, sir, as how Harry Clark don't like me fer a-callin' of him a coward oncet when he riled me, an' ef as so be it I ken do er good turn fer him now, it 'll show him as how I don't bear no ill-feelin' again' him."

That afternoon Mr. Archer sent the following note to the Clark home:

"Have secured the services of a good rider, who understands steeple-chasing and will be on hand at the fair-grounds to-morrow in time for the race. Send Harry's riding-costume back by bearer, as the jockey will dress at my house."

A buzz of anticipation went up from the dense throng of spectators as the number reached on the programme called for the contest between the Oakdale horse Firefly and the Riverville horse Saladin.

Harry Clark sat in a box on the grand stand, nervously fingering the crutch beside him, and pale with anxiety and excitement.

A moment later a beautiful white animal carrying crimson colors pranced out on the track, followed by a coal-black horse, on which, seated like a Centaur, and keeping the blooded brute well in hand, was a youth wearing the Riverville blue, his face almost obscured by the large peak of his riding-cap.

After one look Harry Clark gave expression to a great sigh of relief, for Saladin had a master on his back, and horse and owner knew it. At a signal the two animals were brought behind the line. Half-way around the track, a quarter of a mile ahead, a hurdle of three bars arose before a narrow ditch, while behind the starting-post a rack of five bars marked the second and final jump that the horses were to take within a few yards of the finish.

The starter's flag falls, and as though propelled from a cannon the two mettled steeds shoot over the line. Side by side they gracefully clear the first obstruction, and now they are tearing for the second hurdle and home. The jockey on the white horse is troubled. He is urging his animal on with cruel spur to the top of his speed, yet, without an apparent effort, the blue colors exasperatingly keep abreast of him. They are within fifty yards of the hurdle when the multitude see the crimson bring his whip down on the flanks of his horse, making a desperate effort for the lead. At the same instant the blue bends lower on his horse's neck, and drives his heels into the black sides. A roar goes up from the excited crowd, for, like a flash, the crimson is seen on the other's quarter. Then they see the blue jockey shoot upright in his saddle and lift the black horse beautifully clean over the hurdle, two lengths ahead of the white. As Saladin rushes by the winning-post the air is rent with cheers for the gallant steed and its rider. Turning back to the stand, the successful jockey salutes the judges, and is handed the beautiful silver prize to present to the gentleman whose colors he wears.

When Saladin, proudly dancing and chafing his bit as though conscious of his victory, is reined up alongside the Supervisor's box, his rider looks up and hands the cherished trophy to Harry Clark. With a startled cry Saladin's owner pulls off the blue cap, and then, in the presence of every one, he throws his arms around Bill Ruggles's neck.



THE LION, THE PITFALL, AND THE BELATED TRAVELLER—A TROPICAL TALE.

QUEER FISH STORIES.

EVERY boy has told, or will at some time or other tell, a fish story. One can readily understand the reason for the wealth of fish stories when he remembers that legends and superstitions connected with fish have descended for hundreds of years, multiplying with each generation. The following, taken from the *Fishing Gazette*, are probably more curious than most others:

Ask a Scandinavian why salmon are red and have such fine tails, you will be told that the ruddy color of the flesh is due to the fact that when heaven was on fire the gods threw the flames into the water, and the salmon swallowed them. The delicacy of the salmon's tail is explained by the story that Loki, when the angry gods pursued him, turned himself into a salmon. He would have escaped if Thor had not caught him by the tail. Salmon have had their tails fine and thin ever since.

Why are soles, plaice, and other flatfish brown on one side and white on the other? The Arabs of Upper Egypt give an explanation which no one can hesitate to accept. One day, they tell you, Moses, the Israelitish law-giver, was frying a fish—we all know the Jews are fond of fried fish, and they cook it splendidly. Moses, however, had only cooked his fish on one side,

when the fire went out, and so he angrily threw the half-cooked fish into the sea. Although half broiled, it came to life again, and its descendants—all the flatfish—have preserved to-day the peculiar appearance of their half-cooked ancestor, being white on one side and brown on the other.

Why do haddocks carry those peculiar "finger-marks" near the head? Some tell us that they are a memento of the pressure of St. Peter's fingers when he went fishing for the tribute-money. On the Yorkshire coast they say the Devil once determined to build a bridge at Filey. His Satanic Majesty did not start the bridge for the convenience of the people, but for the destruction of ships and sailors, and the annoyance of fishermen in general. In the progress of his work Old Nick dropped his hammer into the sea. Snatching at it hastily, he caught a haddock, and all haddocks carry the imprint of his black fingers to this day.

A DOG'S PASSION FOR DOLLS.

HERE is a curious dog story that we quote from the *Birmingham Mail*, of England: The animal is the property of a lady who resides at Small Heath, and some time ago one of her little girls was very fond of inducing the dog to carry her doll, and the animal acquired quite a passion for relieving the child of her precious charge. The dog would carry the doll about for hours, and oftentimes take it to his kennel and lie down beside it for the greater part of the day. He never harmed the doll, always gripping its clothes, and not defacing it in the slightest. Up to a certain point its tendencies were productive of unadulterated fun, and so popular did the dog become that the children of the neighborhood frequently came to its owner's house with the query, "Please, Mrs. —, can your dog come and take my doll a walk?" But by degrees the animal's healthy affection for dolls developed into an absolute passion, and now a more unpopular quadruped does not exist in the whole suburb. Not content with carrying a doll when requested to do so, the animal commenced to prowl about the neighborhood and forcibly deprive stray children of their treasured pets. Whenever and wherever he saw a doll in a child's arms he would stealthily walk up to her, seize the prize, and run off with it to his kennel. On a single day he has been known to bring four captures home, and the maternal indignation of the neighborhood is something terrible to contemplate. If that dog does not mend his ways shortly, his career will be prematurely closed. The animal should be engaged at Christmas-time in the interests of a children's hospital—he would soon provide dolls for all the inmates.

QUARRELLED EVEN WITH HIMSELF.

"I THINK my new baby brother is a quarrelsome little chap," said Mabel. "When he can't get a chance to pull my hair he pulls his own, and last night while I was watching him he was punching his own head as hard as he could."

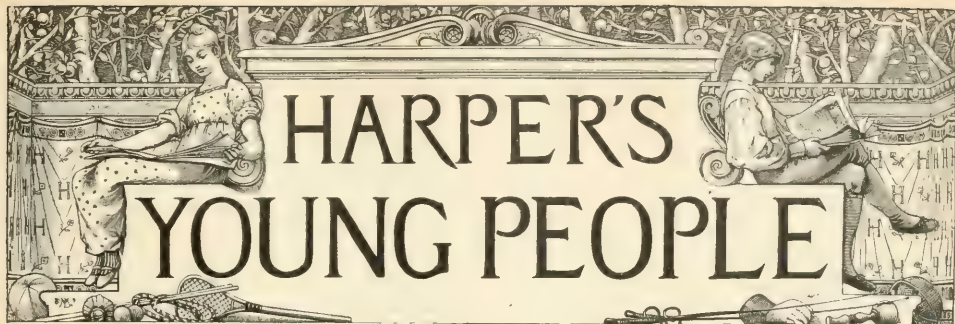
A LITTLE GARDENER.

"MAMMA," said little Wilbur, coming up from the kitchen, "can't I have some o' the baked beans left over from breakfast for my garden? I think it would be nice to grow 'em so's cook wouldn't have to cook 'em."

A PREFERENCE.

"I'M going to have a library," said Jimmieboy after his father had given him a half-dozen books.

"I ain't ever at any liberrys," said Frankie. "Mc'd rather have a strawberry."



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE LONGMEADOW TOLL-GATE.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

Part IX.

CONTROLLED by her powerful brakes, the *Happy Thought* slid swiftly and safely down into the valley, and ran out upon the Longmeadow pike, hard and smooth as a billiard table, and stretching away, a long white ribbon in the moonlight against the dark greenery of the spruce-trees. The *Happy Thought* bounded smoothly along on her great rubber tires, with only the sharp staccato puffs from the exhaust-pipe to break the evening stillness.

Half a dozen miles down the pike the driver of the buckboard pulled up and listened attentively. What possible danger could there be of successful pursuit? They had taken care to cut the telephone wire every mile or two, and with a good half-hour's start nothing short of a

locomotive could have kept pace with Bill Garvey's Morgans. And yet there was *something* after them. There was a sinister meaning in those faint mysterious sounds that the wind carried past them, the steady implacable breathings of some Frankenstein-like monster already hard upon their track. The two men looked at each other with startled eyes. And then "Smooth Jim" gathered up the reins, and the horses, stung by the lash laid sharply along their flanks, dashed madly forward.

The *Happy Thought* stood against the parapet of Ten Mile Bridge, and Jack was busy oiling up the bearings. Fred stood looking thoughtfully at the frozen surface of the canal that ran below. It was just six o'clock, and they were ten miles on their way, an average speed of twenty miles an hour. Mr. Jones was in high spirits. He was

beginning to enjoy his novel ride, and expressed himself as sanguine of success in the chase.

"I allow," he said, "that they ain't more'n two mile ahead of us. Fifteen minutes, and we'll be shakin' hands."

"I've just been thinking," returned Fred, "that we are getting a trifle too near."

"How?"

"Why, you see, what air there is is blowing towards them, and carrying the sound of our exhaust. They're sure to hear it, and though they won't know *what* it is, they'll guess that it means *them*. Now what's to hinder them from dividing the money, leaving the wagon, and making off into the woods? Or else they might drive a little ways off the road and wait until we go by. Remember that they can hear us long before we can get any idea of where they are."

Mr. Jones looked confounded.

"The only thing for us to do is to get ahead of them, and then wait until they come up. In other words, we must take another road, and the only possible chance lies there," and Fred pointed to the canal. "It's frozen solid," he went on, "for we were skating on it yesterday, and there's just enough snow to give the driving-wheel a fair grip. You remember that the pike crosses the canal again at the old stone bridge, which is just a mile above the toll-gate. If we can get there first, we have 'em sure."

"It's further by the canal than by the road," put in Jack.

"I know it, but the difference isn't more than a mile and a half. We can make that up easily enough from having a perfectly smooth and level road-bed. Of course we'll have to make a carry around Lathrop's Lock, but we should have to stop anyway to oil up. It will be a clear reach of ten miles to the lock, and about ten miles further to the bridge. We can make it easily by fifteen minutes after seven, and the buckboard isn't due until ten minutes later."

The plan seemed too plain for any lengthy argument, and a few moments later the *Happy Thought* was standing on the ice ready for the start. But Fred had still another idea. He had been experimenting a day or two before with skis, or runners, for the front wheel, and had found that they worked very well on ice and snow. The appliance was a simple one, consisting merely of two highly polished hard-wood runners parallel with each other, set about eighteen inches apart, and with the front wheel firmly stayed between them. The apparatus was still on the machine, having been slung up out of the way, and it was but a moment's work to put it in position.

The crew and passengers took their seats, and the *Happy Thought* started up again, slowly at first, but gradually gaining speed as the initial inertia was overcome. The frozen surface of the light snow prevented any appreciable slip of the driver, and there was just enough friction of the forward runners to give steering power. Faster and faster the banks of their frozen highway flew past; mile after mile glided smoothly away behind. Jack and the Sheriff were comparatively comfortable, but the wind created by the rapid motion brought the tears to Fred's eyes. A firm hand was necessary on the steering-handles to keep the *Happy Thought* on her course, and it was only now and then that he could venture to clear his dead-lights with a hasty brush from his mitten. Fortunately the moon was at the full, and there were no trees to cast their shadows across the way. Ten, twenty, thirty minutes, and Lathrop's Lock was in sight. Twenty miles to the good, and the hands of Fred's watch pointed to twenty-five minutes to seven. It looked like a sure thing for the old stone bridge and the carefully worked out schedule.

"That cooks our goose," remarked Jack, as they stood on the tow-path looking down on the lower reach of the canal.

Instead of the smooth surface that they had been travelling over, the ice below was a confused mass of broken and jagged pieces. It was evident that the water in the lower reach had been drawn off after its surface had frozen. Deprived of its support the ice had cracked and broken by its own weight, and fallen to the bottom of the canal-bed. It was as clearly impassable for the *Happy Thought* as a roadway paved with broken bottles.

"The tow-path," said Fred, briefly.

The skis were taken off, and the *Happy Thought* run out on the frozen ground of the path. Unfortunately it had been badly guttered by rain since the close of the towing season, and the high speed of the last half-hour was out of the question. The *Happy Thought* bumped and jolted along in a very uncomfortable fashion, but Fred managed to keep her out of the worst of the ruts, and every now and then there would be a hundred yards or so of smooth travelling.

As they ran past the slate-quarry, seven miles below the lock, Fred managed to glance at his watch. Three miles to the stone bridge, and it was now just seven o'clock. "Fifteen minutes more," thought Fred. The noise from the exhaust had suddenly stopped, and in another half-minute the *Happy Thought* had come to a dead stop. Fred looked back anxiously.

"Well?"

"Hot box," returned Jack, oil-can in hand. "It's the crank bearing of the right-hand connecting rod. Another five minutes and it would have 'set' for keeps."

"Can't you disconnect that cylinder, and run with one engine?"

"Take a quarter of an hour to do that," said Jack, decidedly. "But I can loosen up the bearing so that it will run free—"

"And we can pedal her while the crank is cooling off," finished Fred. "Hurry up."

Once more the *Happy Thought* was under way, but it was hard work now. The crew "pumped" away steadily, but there were three long miles ahead of them, and the two boy-power was by no means equal to the two horse-power of the idle engines.

"The bridge—just around that curve," gasped Fred. "Give it to her."

They could hear the sound of wagon-wheels coming down the pike; the buckboard was on time, and it was only the question of who should reach the bridge first.

The *Happy Thought* swung round the curve—it was a matter of seconds now. The brakes went down hard, and the Sheriff and Fred jumped from their saddles and scrambled up the bank. The hoofs of the horses were clattering above their heads as they climbed—it was a first heat for "Smooth Jim."

Fred put his hand on Mr. Jones's arm. "Save your powder, Sheriff, and help Jack get the *Happy Thought* up the bank. There's one chance yet."

It was a race to a finish now, for of course the robbers had seen and recognized their pursuers. Two miles away ran the river, plainly visible in the brilliant moonlight. Even as Fred looked a rocket shot up from the direction of the boat landing. Evidently "Smooth Jim's" confederates were in readiness with a steam-launch. But half a mile this side was the Longmeadow toll-gate, and the possible delay there was Fred's last chance. Once past that barrier, and "Smooth Jim" and his companion had only to maintain a running fight of a short half-mile, and the stake was big enough to risk it. But could the *Happy Thought* run them down in the mile and a half to the gate?

In less time than it takes to tell it the *Happy Thought* was ready. The hot crank had cooled off, the bearing

had been readjusted, and the Sheriff and Jack were in their places.

"Throw her wide open, and let her mizzle," shouted Fred, his voice shrill and tense with excitement. Jack switched on the current, gave a pull at the lever, and the *Happy Thought* leaped forward like some gigantic jack-rabbit. Faster and faster, until the flying spokes had vanished into disks of steely brightness, and the sharp staccato puffs from the exhaust were merged into one long continuous roar.

Fred gripped the steering-handles, set his teeth hard on the leaden whistle between his lips, and looked ahead. The buckboard, with its long start, was perhaps five hundred yards in advance. It was a straightaway course, with a four-per-cent. down grade. The *Happy Thought* was certainly doing two feet to one, and the next three minutes ought to settle it. Nearer and nearer, until he could plainly see the figures in the wagon. "Smooth Jim" held the reins, and his companion was plying the lash with desperate earnestness.

Fred felt a touch on his shoulder. "Steady now," drawled the Sheriff's voice. "I reckon it's time to do some talkin'."

Bang! And the heavy 44-calibre bullet sung on its way.

"And missed!" screamed Jack from behind, as a little puff of lime-dust showed where the lead had struck the hard surface of the pike. "No use, Sheriff," he added; "they couldn't stop *now* if they wanted to. The horses have bolted."

Jack was right. The horses, maddened by the whip, had taken the bit in their teeth and broken into a wild headlong gallop, with the wagon swaying and jumping behind them like a ship's yawl in a sudden seaway. And the toll-gate was hardly fifty yards away, and closed. In another instant the horses, blind with terror, would be into it, and then—Fred involuntarily shut his eyes.

A dozen yards further on and he looked again. The keeper, startled by the pistol-shot, had run out of the house, and stood gazing up the road, struck dumb and motionless by the appalling sense of the impending catastrophe. But only for the moment, and then, as though stirred by some blind impulse, he grasped the lever, and the heavy gate swung slowly open. Another and yet another foot of clear space, and it was touch and go as the horses thundered down into the opening.

The gate swung in the same direction that the wagon was running, and for a moment it looked as though everything would go clear. But it was just that last six inches. The front near hub locked with the end brace of the gate, and the shock threw the hind wheels fair against the opposite post. A splintering of wood, a crashing of heavy bolts, and "Smooth Jim" and his pal lay stunned and motionless in the ditch, while straight down into the chaos of dust and wreckage drove the *Happy Thought* just as Fred's whistle to "shut off and hold hard" rang out sharp and shrill above the deafening roar of the exhaust-pipes.

Well, it was a close shave, and no thanks to Fred's skill in steering, that the *Happy Thought* kept her feet, if one may express it in that way. A hundred yards down the road, and the brakes brought them to a full stop. The horses, who had broken loose from the wagon when the shock came, were standing near, trembling but uninjured. Mr. Jones had hastened back to the scene of the accident, and was apparently engaged in the formality of reading the warrant of arrest over his unconscious prisoners. Fred put out his hand and grasped Jack's warmly.

"I obeyed orders," said Jack; "but why did you hold on so long?"

Fred laughed. "Well, I had made up my mind to lay the *Happy Thought* alongside of that buckboard, and, to tell the truth, I just lost myself for that last minute or two. It wasn't till I saw the wagon fly into the air that I remembered about the whistle in my mouth and what it was there for. And, after all, they might have gone through clear."

The two bank-robbers, who had, after all, escaped with a severe shaking up, had recovered their senses, and were contemplating with sulky dazed eyes the bright steel bracelets that adorned their wrists. The money had been recovered, except that one bag containing a hundred double eagles had been broken open and its contents scattered around. The boys, with the assistance of the gate-keeper, picked up the coins, while Mr. Jones acted as cashier.

"Ninety-nine," said Fred, finally. "One twenty-dollar piece still missing."

"Oh, I've got that," said the toll-gatherer, "and here's your change." He handed Fred nineteen dollars and ninety-one cents in bills and silver.

Fred looked puzzled.

"Went through the gate, didn't ye?" continued the businesslike official. "Two cents for each passenger is six, and three more for your critter makes nine. It wasn't natchally down on the schedule, that machine of yours, but I'm willing to let it go fur horned cattle."

"That's all right, boys," laughed the Sheriff; "there's five hundred dollars reward for it to come out of."

GREAT STATE PAPERS.

BY HENRY CLEMENT HOLMES.

CERTIFICATES OF LIBERTY.

IS it not odd that a perfect copy of the Constitution of the United States has never yet been printed? Such is the fact, queer though it is. Every copy that has ever been compared with the originals has been found imperfect. Words, phrases, and sometimes whole sentences have been omitted. Even the most exact copies changed many "buts" and "thes"—alterations that might easily affect a legal decision.

Another odd fact is the so-called liberties of Magna Charta, often described by orators who wish to be unusually eloquent. Those "liberties" are so hidden in the uncertain Latin and worse penmanship of that famous document that we cannot, with any approach to exactitude, say what they are. Indeed, Magna Charta is celebrated not so much for what it contains as because it was the first long step toward the liberty of English-speaking people; the first curtailment of one-man power; the first word the commoner ever had in his own behalf; the first break in the wall that was once thought to hedge about a "divine" King.

The original Magna Charta is a single sheet of coarse parchment, about twenty by forty inches in size. It is unruled, and the lines run the short way of the sheet. It is hardly legible, even in the capital letters, but it begins with the name of the King, followed by his titles. The lines are straight, but the penmanship is cramped. The language is Latin, and the text contains not a few disputed words and terms.

Eighteen barons signed the important paper—and at the same time signed their warrants to a place in English history—and were followed by King John, who wrote a fair hand for the day in which he lived—and for a King. For a seal a stone (evidently picked up on the plain of Runnymede) was attached by running a leathern thong

through it. I have held this unique seal in my hands—a piece of black and white quartz that has witnessed our political liberties since 1215, a period of six hundred and seventy-nine years!

Magna Charta was almost destroyed in the great London fire of 1666, and is now singed and quite illegible across the upper half. It is preserved in a faded blue plush case, and kept in the Cottonian Library of the British Museum.

The path of political liberty took another turn in the Bill of Rights, which seated William and Mary on the throne of England; and yet another and sharper turn in the Declaration which Jefferson wrote and which Franklin altered not a little. You are all familiar with this Declaration. The original hangs in the library of the State Department at Washington. It is in a heavy walnut case and under glass, yet the lines, and especially the signatures, are faded almost to illegibility.

You remember that it was only after a second attempt that we made a document that would hold our States together, the first attempt, the old Articles of Confederation, having proved a failure. These Articles of Confederation are written upon a parchment roll that is fifteen inches wide and about twenty feet long. This odd form was copied from the old records of the British Parliament. The penmanship in which these articles are written is a curious old script, rather large and open, and yet not easily read. The first few lines are straight across the unrulied roll, but presently they begin to zigzag, and finally to run down hill. An exact margin of two and a half inches at each side of the text is maintained at first, but hardly does it reach Article First before one line strays into the nice margin at the right. By-the-way, this Article First fixes our national name—The United States of America, and where it says the style of the Confederation shall be so and so, it spells the word "style."

At the very beginning, and covering the full width of the text, are the words, in large letters, "To all to whom." These words are executed in a hand-printing—an amateurish attempt at old English script. This long parch-

ment is rolled on what you might easily mistake for the rolling-pin your mother uses when she makes pie crust, and it is kept in a rusty tin tube that stands on end in a closet in the Department of State in Washington.

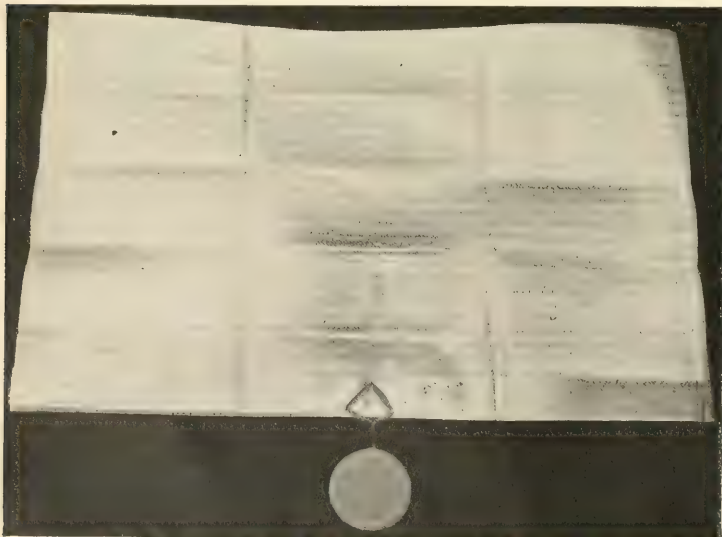
The original Constitution of the United States was written upon a long roll, that was afterward cut up and put under glass in five oak frames two inches deep, and fourteen by nineteen inches in size. In four of these frames are parchment sheets, easily filling the space, on which are written the Constitution of the United States. In the fifth frame are the signatures, and the resolution submitting the document to the States for ratification. This is the original of our national Constitution—the only Constitution our republic ever had. Most States of the Union have had from two to half a dozen Constitutions, and the Empire State has recently changed its Constitution again.

The lines of this original Constitution of the United States run across the sheet, and the penmanship is very coarse. The preamble, which so many of you can repeat, is separated from the text by a narrow space, and there is no attempt at fancy lettering in the opening words, as there is in the Articles of Confederation. Many of the signatures are the same as are found at the bottom of the Declaration of Independence. The amendments, even the very first one, do not form part of this original, but are written upon separate rolls of parchment, and preserved in tin tubes that stand in the corner of a closet. The number of these tubes is greatly increased by those that contain the official ratifications by the States. The earlier of these ratifications includes approval of the Constitution and of the earlier amendments. Later amendments, such as the celebrated Fourteenth and Fifteenth, adopted at later dates, required separate ratifications, and separate tubes.

The ratification of the State of New York, approving the amendment about electors for President and Vice-President, and dated 1804, is so beautifully engrossed that it resembles steel engraving. It is eighteen by twenty-six inches in size, and is written the long way of the paper. It bears the Excelsior coat of arms in a conspic-

uous place, and is signed "Geo. Clinton," in a hand that suggests the ploughman more than the penman. This ratification merely recites that the amendment in question has been duly ratified by the proper State authorities.

Did you ever read about the agreement among the delegates to the Constitutional Convention that framed our national Constitution to the effect that no record should be kept of what the delegates said in debate? The *Journal* of the Convention merely recites the dry facts as that on this or that day Article so and so was considered and agreed to. Possibly you have also read how James Madison, afterward President Madison, alone of all the delegates disregarded the agreement, and hence gave us our only insight into how the keel of our Ship of



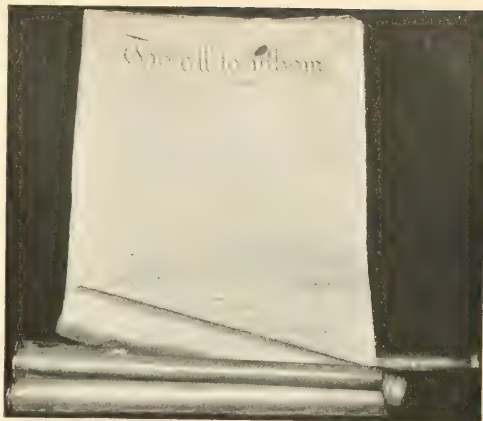
RATIFICATION OF STATE OF NEW YORK.

State was really laid. Madison's notes, which are among the most famous of great papers, throw a world of interesting light upon the making of this, the most remarkable document of its kind that civilization has yet framed.

The sheets on which Delegate Madison made his notes of the few opening days of the Convention are only four by six inches in size, and the paper is quite poor in quality—apparently just what he happened to have. Immediately thereafter the paper improves both in style and quality, and continues uniform to the end, showing that, having decided to make a careful record of the debates of the historic convention, he provided himself with a quantity of suitable paper, realizing that he was writing for all future generations of America.

Madison's notes are written on pale blue paper that is rough and unruled, seven and a half by nine inches, and folded once—at the left. Upon the first sheet he records the election of George Washington as President of the Convention. The hand is small, and the lines straight. The penmanship is that of a business man—that is, all unnecessary parts of letters are dispensed with. The d's have no tops, and the g's no bottoms. There are many paragraphs. The text is on both sides of the paper.

The speeches are not reported *verbatim*, but in the past tense—as that Mr. So-and-so said, etc. Toward the end of the notes Mr. Madison records that paragraphs and sometimes whole sections of the Constitution had been agreed upon on the day in question. The paragraphs read as



THE ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION.

we read them in the Constitution now, and thus we are able to see, step by step, the development of this remarkable document. Madison's notes are owned by the national government, and are preserved in handsome leather bindings.

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

A Sequel to "The Fur-Seal's Tooth."

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DOYMATES," "CAMIMATES," "RAFMATES," "CANOMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

PHIL HEARS FROM HIS FATHER.

MONTHS before Phil and Serge had bidden farewell to Jalap Coombs in an ancient barrabkie on Onimak Island. They believed they were only leaving him for a short time, but on their return he had disappeared, nor from that day to this had they learned anything concerning him. Now to have him reappear in this mysterious manner in an Indian village hundreds of miles up the Yukon River, apparently friendless and alone, was so incredible that, after his first exclamation, Phil stepped closer and took another look at the weather-beaten face to establish its identity beyond a doubt.

"Oh, it's me, son! It's me, fast enough!" cried the ex-mate of the *Seamew*, in a voice that trembled with joyful emotion as he sprang to his feet and grasped Phil's hand in his. At the same time a suspicious dimness came into his eyes that he brushed away hastily.

"It's the same old Jalap," he continued, "and only one minute ago he were about as forlorn and miserable a sailor-man as ever were stranded a thousand miles from salt water. Now seeing that in such a short space of time he's been h'isted from the hold of grief to the main-r'yal mast-head of happiness by the sight of your blessed phiz, ye mustn't be surprised to find his rigging at loose ends and decks generally cluttered up. But the squall's blown over, lad. You've brought fair weather, and I'll have the old packet shipshape and Bristol fashion again

in a shake. What I sartainly orter done was to remember my old friend Kite Roberson's advice consarning squalls. I've spoke to ye of old Kite afore, hain't I?"

"The name sounds familiar," replied Phil. "But how in the name of—"

"Waal, ef I didn't I'd orter, for Kite were one of the finest of men. Why, me and him—"

"Oh yes, now I remember," assented Phil. "What did he say about squalls?"

"That in all his experience he never see a squall so heavy but what fair weather 'd come after it sooner or later. But Phil, my son, where hev you dropped from? Where's your shipmate? And where's that bloomin' shark of a cap'n what carried ye off right from under your own father's very eyes?"

"My father!" shouted Phil. "What do you know about my father? Have you ever seen him? Where is he? Has he gone on up the river?"

"Yes," cried Serge, entering at that moment, and greeting his old friend with extended hand, "that is what we want to know first of all. Where is Mr. Ryder? They told me he was in here with Phil, so I waited outside until certain that the only other voice was yours, and then I ventured in."

"Of course ye did, and I'm prouder to see you than ef ye were the King of all the Rooshias, and Chiny to boot. But consarning your father, Phil. Have I ever seed him, say you? Waal, occasionally, considering as me and him cruised together for nigh two months in Bering

Sea sarching for you boys. When we finally come up with ye in Norton Sound, and see that you were steaming right ahead, paying no attention to signals, it mighty nigh broke your father's heart. It stopped a bit short of that, though, and only broke his leg instead, at which the swab as were steering run the schooner aground on a mud bank. Then by the time I'd got Mr. Ryder below and come on deck again you were hull down."

"Do you mean that my father actually broke one of his legs?" queried Phil, who could not believe he had heard aught.

"Sartain I do," was the answer. "You see, we were aboard an old tub named *Philomel*, which we had chartered her in Oonalaska for a cruise to Oonimak to pick you up. Thar we fell in with a revenoo-cutter, and she sent us up to the islands—"

"Not the *Phoca*?"

"The very same, with Miss May and Cap'n Matthews in command. At the islands we heerd of ye through an Injun chap who had piloted your ship—"

"Nikrik!" exclaimed Serge.

"Nikrik were his name," assented Jalap Coombs. "So we give chase, laid a course for St. Michaels, and got there in time for Mr. Ryder to make you out through his glass. Then he thought he had ye for sure, though I give him one of old Kite Roberson's warnings. But he didn't take no notice, and were climbing the main rigging to make a signal for ye to heave to, when a ratlin' give way and dropped him on deck. The man at the wheel jumped to save him, and so did I, but it warn't no use. He'd broke his leg, and the old *Philomel* took a sheer into the mud."

"Poor father!" sighed Phil. "Now I know why I've been worrying about him. I can't understand, though, how he could undertake such a terrible journey with a broken leg."

"Why not? They made him as comfortable as ef he were in his own home. Besides, there warn't nothing else to be did."

"Comfortable! with a broken leg, on a dog-sledge trip of a thousand miles through an arctic wilderness in mid-winter!" cried Phil. "Seems to me any one who could find comfort under those conditions might live in luxury on an iceberg in the Polar Sea."

"Which it has been did," replied the mate, gravely. "But it begins to look as ef me and you were sailing on different tacks. Where is it that you suppose your father to be at this blessed minute?"

"Somewhere on the Yukon, not more than a day's journey from here, though when I entered this room just now I fully expected to see him," replied Phil, who had so long cherished the hope of a speedy meeting with his father that he could not even relinquish the idea of his proximity.

"Yes," added Serge, "that is what we were told, and we have come nearly four hundred miles up the river in search of him."

It was now Jalap Coombs's turn to stare in amazement. At length he said: "So you're spending the winter up here hunting him, be ye? while he spent the best part of the summer down there hunting you. Seems to me it's a leetle the most mixed-up hunting I ever were consarned in. But it only goes to prove what my old friend Kite Roberson useter often say. He useter say, Kite did, that the best way to find a man is to set still in some likely place till he comes by; but I never could hardly believe it till this minute. Now I can see that ef Phil had set in Victoria his father would have found him. Ef he'd set on the *Seamew* he'd found his father in Sitka. Ef he'd set on the cutter they'd met at Oonimak. Ef he'd set at the islands he'd seen his father come that way afore long; and the same at the Redoubt. Likewise, ef Mr. Ryder had set at St. Michaels in place of going to San

Francisco on the *Bear*, Phil would find him there when he goes back from here. Yes, old Kite were a wiser man than most, though you'd never believe it to see him."

"You say that my father has gone to San Francisco. Why did he do that?" queried the still bewildered boy.

"To dock for repairs. You see, the *Bear* were the last ship of the season to go out, and so she were his only chance. She had a wracked crew aboard as were willing to carry the *Philomel* back to Oonalaska, and that left me free to continue the search for you boys."

"Well," said Phil, "of course it's an awful disappointment to find that I'm not to meet my father, at least not for some months to come, after all the trouble I've taken to find him. At the same time I am glad to know that he is safely out of this country for the winter, even if it did take a broken leg to persuade him of the foolishness of hunting for me. I should think he might have found out long before that, though, how well able Serge and I were to take care of ourselves. Poor dear pop! How he must have suffered! I only hope he will stay quietly in San Francisco until I can get to him. Did he say how long he would wait there?"

"Only till sich time as he got his leg spliced and is able to travel. Then he's got to come back to Sitka and settle up his business."

"In that case things are working out all right after all," said Phil, "for Sitka is the very place we are bound for at this very minute."

"But he warn't going to stop there," continued Jalap Coombs, "only till the first spring ship left for St. Michaels, when he reckoned to take passage on her and come up after you."

"But how did he expect to find us at St. Michaels in the spring when he knew we left there in September?"

"Because the very cruise I'm shipped for is to find you, pilot you back there, and moor alongside of ye till he heaves in sight again. You see, he's taken a notion that he'd like to come up the river and have a look at the diggings, which he don't feel that he can till he has you once more in tow. So, seeing as I were out of a berth for the winter, and we heerd as you were froze in somewheres up here on the river, I took the contract to hunt ye and fetch ye back. I'll allow, though, that things were looking pretty dubious for me awhile ago, and ef you hadn't hove in sight as ye did I'd been all at sea without compass or yet a chart. Now, though, it's all plain sailing again, and—"

"Is it?" interrupted Phil. "Seems to me this whole affair is about as completely snarled as any I ever had anything to do with, unless it was a fighting dog-team. To begin with— But, I say, suppose we have supper first and discuss the situation afterwards. I for one am too hungry to think."

"If you are any more hungry than I am you are hungry enough to be dangerous," laughed Serge; while Jalap Coombs remarked that supper was the very thing he was considering when Phil entered the room. "And a mighty poor lookout it were," he added, "for I hadn't any gun, nor didn't know the best place to steal any, nor yet warn't quite hungry enough to steal a supper anyway. So I were jest concluding to go without, same as I did for dinner. But ef you boys has got anything to eat—"

"Have we?" cried Phil; "you just wait and see. Serge, did you know this was Christmas day?"

"No," laughed Serge, "for it isn't."

"Well, it is so near to it, and this meeting is such a joyous occasion, that I move we trot out our mince-pies, and plum-puddings, and roast turkeys, and pemmican, and things, and have a regular Christmas blow-out. That is, always supposing that Mr. Coombs will loan us the use of his house. This is your house, is it not, Mr. Coombs?"

"Sartain it is," replied the mate, with a grin, and entering fully into Phil's absurdities. "Leastways there ain't no one come to turn me out of it yet. So you're as welcome to it as I be. For, as old Kite Roberson useter say—"

"Let's have him for dessert," laughed Phil, as he started outside to discover what had become of the sledges.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MATE'S STORY.

It is doubtful if there was a happier party in the Yukon Valley, or even in all Alaska, than that which unbidden, though none the less certain of their welcome, took possession of the mission-house at old Fort Adams that roaring December night. Certainly no one could be happier than was Jalap Coombs at this meeting with the boys in whose fortunes his had become so strangely involved. At the time of their opportune appearance he was in one of the most unhappy and perplexing predicaments of his whole checkered career; but now his troubles were blown away like a morning mist, and already wellnigh forgotten.

When the schooner *Philomel*, finally released from the bank on which she had grounded, reached St. Michaels, Mr. Ryder was greatly distressed by the accounts given him of the expedition on which Phil and Serge had embarked. Knowing nothing of the conditions under which they had been so glad to accept the friendly offer of a roundabout passage to Sitka, and receiving a cruelly false impression of Gerald Hamer's character as well as of his objects in ascending the Yukon, he concluded that the boys had been trapped into a reckless venture, which could only lead them to disaster and suffering. In fancy he saw them imprisoned by an arctic winter on a wretchedly constructed and poorly equipped boat as the *Chimo* was described to him, or in some squalid Indian village confronted by freezing, starvation, and disease, remote from human aid and without the means of escape.

Bitterly did he deplore the accident that prevented him from organizing a relief party and going in person to their rescue. When, on the day after his own arrival, the revenue-cutter *Bear* touched at St. Michaels on her way south and her commander offered him a passage to San Francisco, where he could receive the surgical attendance he so greatly needed, he at first refused, declaring that nothing would induce him to leave the country without his boy Phil.

Then it was that Jalap Coombs offered to remain in his place, make an overland trip to the Yukon as soon as winter travel should be practicable, find the boys, and bring them back to St. Michaels, there to await Mr. Ryder's return in the spring.

"But you know nothing of the country nor of sledge travel," objected the latter. "You will not even know on what portion of the river to look for the boys. And, besides, what shall we do with the *Philomel*, which has already cost me more than I can well afford?"

"It is true, sir, as you say, that I am ignorant of the cruising-ground," replied Jalap Coombs, "but I'd be a poor sailor-man ef with chart and compass I couldn't make out to lay a course. Also, I've heerd of a party as expects to start from here on a visit to all the up-river trading-stations as soon as the season for sledge navigation opens, and I reckon there wouldn't be no difficulty about me shipping with them as extry hand.

"As for driving dogs, my old friend Kite Roberson useter say that a man can larn any trade ef he has to. At the same time I'm considerable handy with both be-laying-pins and rope-ends, which, I take it, would be jest as improving to the usefulness of dogs as to a crew of swabs, when it comes to getting the bearings of the port in which the lads are laid by for the winter that would

seem to be a case of the plainest kind of sailing. They're bound to be friz in afore long, even ef their old kettle doesn't break down and leave 'em stranded, which it's likely it will. Waal, then, I strikes across country from here to the river, and says to the natyves what lives on its banks: 'Has sich and sich a steamer gone up stream?' says I; which ef they answers *si*, or *oui*, or *ja*, or whatever stands for yes in their lingo, I likewise goes on up. Ef they shakes their heads, which is 'No' the world over, then I naturally goes down, and keeps on down till I meets her."

In spite of his present pain and mental distress Mr. Ryder could not help smiling at the readiness with which the simple-minded sailor thus disposed of difficulties that to most people would appear insurmountable. "But what shall we do with the *Philomel*?" he asked, after a few moments' consideration.

"Send her back to Oonalaska" in charge of the wracked whaling cap'n what has jest come in on the *Bear*. He'll take her, and be glad of the job, for I've already sounded him."

The more Mr. Ryder thought over the plan thus proposed by the man who had already proved himself so capable, so loyal, and so staunch a friend of the lost boys, the more favorably was he inclined towards it, and at length he decided to accept the mate's proffered services. So, with many parting injunctions, and leaving with him a sum of money sufficient to defray his share of expenses in the proposed expedition, Phil's father sailed away on the *Bear* in search of the medical aid that should enable him to return a few months later and undertake, in company with his boy, a long-cherished scheme of exploration among the fabled gold-fields of the interior.

Some six weeks later Jalap Coombs also set forth from St. Michaels in company with two white men, both of whom expressed an ardent admiration for Phil Ryder and great joy at the prospect of assisting in his rescue from the wiles of the unprincipled trader who had lured him away. Under their direction the confiding sailor invested the entire sum left him by Mr. Ryder in dogs, sledges, and provisions. He was amazed at the exorbitant prices charged him for these things, and was still more so to discover, when a few days out from the fort, that with all his outlay he was credited with but one team and a single sledge-load of provisions, which he soon found himself exchanging for fish with which to feed his dogs.

Furthermore, as he had been unable to master the art of dog-driving, his obliging friends had engaged for him an Indian, who began to demand his wages at the end of the first week, refused to work unless he was paid in advance, and persisted in his demands with such insolence that the mate finally felt himself obliged to administer what he called a dose of belaying-pins and rope-ends. The effect of this was a future obedience to orders, accompanied by a sullen hatred, which Jalap's white companions seemed to take a malicious delight in encouraging.

This sledge party went north along the coast from St. Michaels to the mouth of the Uualaklik River, and followed up that stream for several days. Then, crossing a divide, they struck the Yukon at a point near Nulato. Here they were told that a steamer, supposed to be the *Chimo*, had passed on her way up the river several days before the close of navigation.

By this time the relations between poor Jalap and his companions had become so very unpleasant that he had hoped for an excuse to leave them, and go down the river from Nulato. As it was he now felt obliged to continue in their company until the *Chimo* should be overtaken.

At old Fort Adams, after conferring with the natives, his fellow-travellers informed him that the steamer was frozen in about one day's march above that place, and, with a lighter heart than he had known since beginning



A FEW MOMENTS LATER HIS DOGS STARTED AFTER THEIR VANISHED COMPANIONS.

the weary journey, he again set forth with them, filled with eager anticipations. When just at dusk of that same day they discovered a steamer snugly moored to the bank, he read her name with a sinking heart, for instead of *Chimo* it was *St. Michaels*, which he knew to be the name of a boat belonging to a Catholic mission on the lower river. Moreover, she was boarded up and deserted.

As Jalap's companions noted his expression of dismay they uttered shouts of mocking laughter, and asked what else he had expected when the Fort Adams Indians had mentioned that very name so plainly that a deaf man ought to have understood it.

In camp that night the sailor announced his intention of starting back down the river at daybreak, at which the others only exchanged significant glances, but said nothing. In the morning, after the sledges were loaded and the dogs harnessed, it was discovered that the driver of his sledge was missing. Telling him that he was thus rightly served for chastising the poor man, the others cracked their whips and started off up the river, leaving poor Jalap standing on its bank helpless and alone. A few moments later, at the sound of a familiar whis-

tle from the direction they had taken, his dogs started after their vanished companions, carrying with them his complete outfit.

With feet so badly used up from weeks of unaccustomed snow-shoeing that every step was torture, the deserted man at once realized the folly of pursuit, and with a heavy heart began to retrace his slow way to old Fort Adams. Reaching the mission completely exhausted, and unable to proceed further, he had taken possession of the missionary's house. Here, suffering, penniless, friendless, and almost hopeless, he was trying to form some plan for the future when the door opened, and, as he afterwards quaintly said, "Ef the good little cherub what sets up aloft watching over poor Jack at sea had flowed in at that minute, I couldn't been better pleased than I were to sight the blessed phiz of that precious young rascal, Phil Ryder."

Such was the tale related by Jalap Coombs to Phil and Serge after the three had finished a dinner that included every luxury in the outfit of our young travellers, and between long grateful pulls at "old comfort," his pipe, which they had also provided with tobacco.

When the story was ended, Phil indignantly demanded to know the names of the two white men who

claimed acquaintance with him and at the same time dared treat his old friend so shamefully.

"Simon Goldollar were the name of one."

"I might have known it! The 'sneak!' broke in Phil.

"And the other are called Strengel."

"The very scoundrel that I set ashore from the *Chimo* for trying to blow her up!" cried Phil. "You remember, Serge."

"I should rather say I did," replied the young Russian-American, his honest face flushing with anger.

"But what are they going up the river for, Mr. Coombs?"

"To spile Cap'n Hamer's chance of doing any trading at Forty Mile, as fur as I could make out," replied the mate.

"Oh, the villains!" exclaimed Phil. "And they have got two days' start of us, too, while you are almost unfit for travel. Hold on, though! I have it! We can do the trick yet, and give them a lesson in minding their own business. Hurrah for our side, after all! Serge, hurrah! quick, before I fling something at you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE GREENLAND ICE.

A WHALEMAN'S ADVENTURE.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"SAY, Handsome," said Farmer Joe, "was you ever on the Greenland whalin'-graoun's?"

"Yes, I was," replied Handsome, "and I don't care very much about going there again."

"Why?"

"Why? Because it's the meanest country on the face of the civilized globe, that's why."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Ice—that's what."

"But I allus heerd tell as how there were a open sea up there."

"Maybe there is, but I didn't see it. All I saw was ice and ice, and then some more ice. I lived on ice, and I came pretty near dying on it."

"That saounds like the interduction to a yarn," said Farmer Joe, stretching himself on his back and squinting at a small white cloud which was soaring above the fore-truck.

"Well," said Handsome, "I suppose I may as well set to work to tell you all about it."

"That's what," responded Farmer Joe, laconically.

"Then here goes," said Handsome, disposing his limbs in a more comfortable position along the sloping deck.

"I won't say how long ago this was, because it's none of

your business how old I am. I shipped at New Bedford on the whaler *America*. The Captain, Joshua Coffin, of Nantucket, said that he was bound for the northern whaling-grounds, and I had always had a sneaking sort of a notion that I'd like to see a polar-bear or a walrus at home instead of stuffed or in a cage. So I up and shipped with him then and there. I've told you fellows all about the fitting out and sailing of a whaler, so I won't go over it again. We cleared on a beautiful morning in February, it being the skipper's idea to get up north in the spring, hunt whales all summer and in the early fall, and then make for low latitudes. He'd been up there before, and had vowed he would never go again, but I've noticed that most men who've been in the arctic once go back. They can't help it. It's a kind of disease. The only way to get cured of it is to get such a dose as we did. That either cures or kills. Now, Captain Coffin— But we'll get to that after a while.

"We got across the Nantucket shoals and right well out to sea while the pleasant weather lasted. Then we ran into a nor'westerly gale. Captain Coffin hove the *America* to on the port tack, and there we staid for two days, drifting like a chip. However, when it cleared off the wind came in from the south'ard, and we bowled along



THE LAST PLUNGE OF THE "AMERICA."

at a ten-knot gait. The weather was good enough, though the winds weren't always the way we would have liked them; but, anyhow, we made Cape Race a week after the gale, and by the middle of March we were in the entrance of Davis Strait. Here we found the ice altogether too plenty for comfort, so the skipper headed her to the southward and eastward for clear open water. But, say, the whaling was about the poorest I ever saw. We cruised and cruised and cruised, till I thought the men would go crazy for the want of something to do. But at last the woe-cry of, 'There blows!' broke from the masthead, and we got our first kill, a splendid Greenland right whale.

'And now the ice began to break up in the north, and we just had our hands full dodging bergs, and as for calving—say, did you ever see an iceberg calve? No? Well, it's a very fine sight to see—at a good distance. The warm water melts away the under part of the mountain of ice till there's a great overhanging piece, the size of one of those big office buildings in New York. First thing you know that breaks off, and falls into the sea with a roar like thunder. It raises a mountainous wave that almost throws a ship on her beam ends, and pretty nigh rolls the masts right out of her. We were lying becalmed less than half a mile from a monster berg when it dropped off one of those pieces, and I tell you if we hadn't luckily been head to the sea it raised, we'd have been sent to the bottom then and there. However, that isn't exactly what I started out to tell you.

'Captain Joshua Coffin was pretty well disgusted with the kind of luck we'd been having—out now two months and only one whale—so he decided that we must push further north. So away we went right up to Upernavik, where we put in for a fresh supply of water and some fresh meat. Now, that was where the skipper made the mistake of his life. For when he'd got to Upernavik nothing would do but he must cruise to the northward of that place for whales. Now, every one knows that Baffin's Bay, and much less Smith's Sound, is no place for whaling. But as luck would have it we hadn't got twenty miles north of Upernavik when we killed a whale, and the Captain said, 'See that? We're right in the middle of luck up here.'

'We stood on to the northward. Two or three days later we ran into a dead flat calm. Then there set in a long unearthly swell from the southward. The ship rolled like something mortal in a great agony. Her top-masts wayed and bent like long whips, and the swinging of her yards filled the air over our heads with a horrid groaning. The sky turned a sort of sickly yellow, like a heavy fog with sunlight behind it, except around the horizon, where it had a reddish tinge as if blood had been spilled. There was not a breath of air, and from the shore came echoing across the oily water all kinds of strange cries of birds and beasts. After a time the air filled with the rushing of wings, and, looking up, we saw thousands of birds flying around and around over the ship like vultures hovering over their prey. There were gloomy-tinted gulls and frittering ptarmigans and broad-winged, solemn albatrosses. And now a new noise arose. The rising swell began to make havoc among the loose ice along the shores. Great pieces were tossed into the air, and hurled together with terrific force, and the crashing of them filled our ears with a noise like that of a battle.

'If this keeps on,' muttered the skipper, 'the ice to the northward of us 'll begin to drift down, and then, unless we get a breeze, we'll be in a serious position.'

'Well, sure enough, it wasn't very long before we all saw what looked like a white vapor under the edges of the reddish gloom along the northern horizon.

'That's the ice,' said the skipper. 'It's coming down.'

'The vapor-looking line seemed to hang up there on the horizon, but after a time I saw some white spots that seemed to grow in size and come nearer and nearer. As they approached they took on a leaping motion, and then I knew that they were large pieces of ice tossed by the swell. Say, it was a sort of ghastly sight to see those pieces coming down slowly and steadily in the teeth of a swell that ought to have driven them back. As the first piece drew near us we discovered a lot of black spots on it, and we began to hear a most direful roaring.

'Lord save us!' cried young Billy Butt. 'What is it?'

'As it drew nearer and nearer we saw that the piece of ice was covered with sea-lions which were lifting their heads, showing their white fangs, and fairly shrieking at the ship in their anger.

'Well,' said Billy, 'if that ain't a warnin' to git out o' here, I never seed one in my life.'

'It was all very well to talk about warnings to get out, but we couldn't. All day long and all through the night this deathly calm prevailed, and the air was full of the crashing and grinding of the ice, the shrieking of wild birds, and the demonlike yelling of wild beasts. Just before dawn there came a little puff of wind. It was from the northward.

'Now, lads!' cried the Captain, 'here comes the breeze just where we want it. Clap the cloth on her.'

'We made sail at once, and in a few minutes had the top's' and to'gallants loosed. But bless you! the puff died out and left us rolling worse than ever. I tell you, lads, she dipped her top's' yard-arms into it. Suddenly we heard a great moaning to the south'ard, as if the great-grandfather of all seals was being killed. The moaning grew into a cry and the cry into a scream.

'Here it comes!' shouted Billy Butt; 'the Lord have mercy on us!'

'The next minute the gale came howling out of the south. The *America* went over on her beam ends like a man struck with a club. For a moment we thought it was all over with us, but the stout canvas of the top's' and to'gallants yielded to the strain. With reports like cannon the sails burst from their bolt-ropes, and went swirling away to leeward. The ship righted, and we set to work at once to get a bit of the spanker set to hold her head to the seas, which were now something awful to look at. Our effort was successful, and we managed to bring her to on the port tack. But that didn't ease our minds any. We knew well enough what was under our lee. And still large humps of ice kept making their way to the southward. It was terrifying to see them hurled away aloft on a sea when we were down in the trough. They loomed over us every now and then threatening instant destruction. We were perfectly helpless, and could only wait in silence to see what would happen. Suddenly a loud cry burst from the men who were away forward, and they rushed aft with frantic haste. A gigantic block of ice, weighing hundreds of tons, was poised on the brow of a great black sea. Then down it came and struck the vessel just beyond her knight-heads, breaking the bowsprit short off, and causing the fore-to-gallant mast to go by the board. At once the Captain gave the carpenter orders to sound the pump and see if we were taking in any water, while a lot of us were set to work to clear away the wreck forward. A few minutes later the carpenter reported six inches of water in the hold, and we were set to work to pump her out. And now we noticed that the ice no longer came down from the north, but, on the contrary, it began to come up from the south.

'It's the tide, that's what it is,' said the Captain.

'And then we all realized that all that had kept us from driving bodily to leeward against the mass of ice to the north was a tremendous ebb tide. Now it was run-

ning flood, and with tide, wind, and sea we were tearing at an awful rate straight to destruction. Some of the men began to lose their wits. Some sang, some laughed, some danced, some raved in the most reckless manner. Others sat down on the decks and, supporting their pale faces in their hands, stared with vacant eyes at the reeling waves.

"Come, lads, come!" cried the Captain, "this won't do; while there's life there's hope."

"Now some set to work at the pumps again, but it was in a half-hearted manner. Suddenly a terrible cry arose forward.

"Breakers on the lee bow!"

"With that Billy Butt just fell down on the deck senseless. We all saw the breakers dashing against the ice-pack, which was leaping, groaning, grinding, and crashing with a deafening noise. I tell you, lads, it was a sight to make the boldest lose heart. At that instant a wild flurry of snow broke loose, and it seemed as if a ghostly curtain of white had been let down between us and our doom. But that only made it more terrible, for we could not see it, but we could hear the dreadful grinding of the ice. There was no way known to a sailor of checking the frightful drift of the vessel.

"We must be pretty close to it!" I shouted, for you had to shout in that din.

"Yes," the Captain shouted back; "and when we strike, good-by to us all."

"It seemed an hour, yet it could not have been more than a minute, before the ship was swung thirty feet high upon a mountainous wave, and hurled bodily down upon the ice-pack with a heartrending crash. Every man of us was thrown down, and some were badly hurt. The fact is, the ship had struck squarely on her bottom on top of the ice, and the next moment the cakes separated and let her down between them. Then they came toward one another, squeezing her between them. Say, lads, I never want to hear anything again like the rending and crashing of her sides. It sounded as if she were a big human thing in awful agony. If the crew had been deprived of their wits before, they went quite mad now. Billy Butt came to, grabbed a life-preserver, and jumped overboard. Of course he was never seen again. The Captain he called to the two or three of us who still had some control of our senses, and told us to jump below and get any provisions we could lay hands on. Of course we didn't waste much time at it, for we didn't know at what moment the ice might open and let go of the *America*, and we knew that when it did she would go to the bottom. In a few seconds we were back on deck with a small stock of food and some condensed coffee. The Captain slung a line over the side, and, climbing down, bade us follow. We did so with great haste, for we could feel the ship beginning to heave again. We went down away forward, and even then we were almost swept away by the wash of a big sea that broke upon the ice. Fortunately the snow stopped, it had been only a squall, and we were able to see where we were going. We pushed further inland, or in-ice, and we hadn't gone two hundred yards before the cakes separated, and we heard a few screams as the *America* went down bodily and the loose ice closed over her.

"We camped out on the heaving ice that night, but, of course, no one went to sleep. The gale broke, however, and we had some comfort in our misery. It was summer, you know, so there wasn't much night to speak of, and at two o'clock in the morning we began to take counsel among ourselves as to what we should do. But our debate was cut short by several terrific reports, like the firing of heavy cannon.

"Why, the ice is cracking!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Sure enough, it seemed that the ebb tide had set in again, and that the ice along the edges of the pack was

breaking off and starting southward. We started up and moved forward, but we were too late. The piece on which we were had already begun to float down, and we found it was surrounded by an impassable channel. And now comes the strangest part of my story. This particular cake of ice, which was about fifty yards square, got out of the tidal current and into an eddy which kept it in one place, while the tide was running flood again. When the ebb returned it moved off slowly, and after that it continued to make a little steady progress southward.

"We've got into the regular current," said the Captain; "the same one that carries the big bergs down into the path of the transatlantic steamers. There's hope for us now, if we don't starve."

"Well, it didn't look so very encouraging, for we had only food enough for about a week. And for a week we drifted and drifted on that cake of ice. The supply of food began to get short. Hank Moore, one of our party, began to talk sort of wild, and we were afraid he was going to go crazy. Next day the Captain fell sick, and refused to eat the little bit of a share of food we had for him. Day after that the other two fellows gave up hope, and stretched themselves on their backs to wait for the end. I don't know what was the reason of it, but I couldn't make up my mind that we were going to perish, so I kept on my feet, and walked up and down, all the time watching the horizon for a sign of land or a sail. Twenty-four hours passed without food, and I began to feel weak and dizzy. All of a sudden I saw a ship. I made up my mind I was crazy, for I hadn't seen a sign of a sail. But the next minute I saw that she had just come out from behind a berg which had concealed her. Then I gave a great jump, and called out as loudly as I could, 'Sail ho!'

"The poor fellows lying on the ice looked at me and smiled with pity, for they thought I had lost my senses. But I leaped about and waved my hands, hoping thus to attract attention aboard the ship, which was not more than a mile and a half away. The next instant I saw her swing her foreyard and alter her course.

"Hurrah!" I yelled; "we're saved."

"Then I fell in a swoon. When I came to we were all aboard the whaler *Andrew Jackson*, homeward bound. And that was the end of all the arctic experience I ever want."

THE WEARY WOODEN SOLDIER.

BY THEO BERNARD.

MY wooden head is cracked across,
I've lost my youthful charms;
I've lost, alack, one wooden leg,
And both my wooden arms.

Full many a fight have I been in
Twixt Fred and brother Hugh;
I've been officer and private
(I've been ammunition, too).

I've been used to poke the fire with;
I've been dipped into the ink;
And I've made a perilous journey
Adown the kitchen sink.

I've been drowned, and I've been married;
I've been buried, and dug up;
I've been "worried" round the garden
By that seven months' old pup.

In short, this mortal life is such
That, though I'm truly brave,
I long, with all my wooden heart,
For just a quiet grave.



Mushroom Spore-prints

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON,

AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," "SHARP EYES," "PASTELS AND PROSE," ETC.



THE dusty puff ball, floating its faint trail of smoke in the breeze from the ragged flue at its dome-shaped roof as from an elfin tepee, or perhaps enveloping our feet in its dense purple cloud as we chance to step upon it in the path, is familiar to every one—always enthusiastically welcomed by the small boy, to whom it is always a challenge for a kick, and a consequent demonstration of smoke worthy of a Fourth-of-July celebration.

A week ago this glistening gray bag, so free with its dust-puff at the slightest touch, was solid in substance and as white as cottage cheese in the fracture.

But in a later stage this clear white fracture would have appeared speckled or peppered with gray spots, and the next day entirely gray and much softened, and, later again, brown and apparently in a state of decay. But this is not decay. This moist brown mass becomes powdery by evaporation, and the puff-ball is now ripe, and intent only on posterity.

Each successive squeeze as we hold it between our fingers yields its generous response in a puff of brown smoke, which melts away apparently into air. But the puff-ball does not end in mere smoke. This vanishing purple cloud is composed of tiny atoms, so extremely minute as to require the aid of a powerful microscope to reveal their shapes. Each one of these atoms, so immaterial and buoyant as to be almost without gravity, floating away upon the slightest breath, or even wafted upward by currents of warm air from the heated earth, has within itself the power of reproducing another clump of puff-balls if only fortune shall finally lodge it in congenial soil. These spores are thus analogous to the seeds of ordinary plants. We have seen the myriad-fold dispersion of its poten-

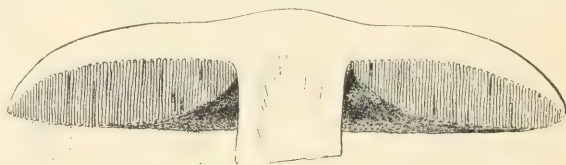
tial atoms in the cloud of spore-smoke from the puff-ball, but who ever thinks of a spore-cloud from a mushroom or a toadstool? Yet the same method is followed by all the other fungi, but with less conspicuousness. The puff-ball gives a visible salute, but any one of the common mushrooms or toadstools will afford us a much prettier and more surprising account of itself if we but give it the opportunity. This big yellow toadstool out under the poplar-tree, its golden cap studded with brownish scurfy warts, its under surface beset with closely plaited laminae or gills, who could ever associate the cloud of dry smoke with this moist, creamy-white surface? We may sit here all day and watch it closely, but we shall see no sign of anything resembling smoke or dust. But even so, a filmy mist is continually floating away from beneath its golden cap, the eager breeze taking such jealous care of the continual shower that our eyes fail to perceive a hint of it.

Do you doubt it? You need wait but a few moments for a proof of the fact in a pretty experiment, which, when once observed, will certainly be resorted to as a frequent pastime in leisure moments when the toadstool or mushroom is at hand.

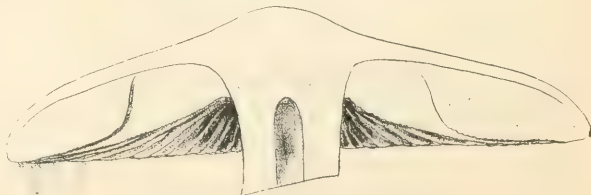
Here is a very ordinary-looking specimen growing beside the stone steps at our back door perhaps. Its top is gray; its gills beneath are fawn-color. We may shake it as rudely as we will, and yet we shall get no response such as the puff-ball will give us. But let us lay it upon a piece of white paper, gills downward, on the mantel, and cover it with a tumbler or finger-bowl, so as to absolutely exclude the least admission of air. At the expiration of five minutes, perhaps, we may detect a filmy pinkish-yellow tint on the paper, following beneath the upraised border of the cap, like a shadow faintly lined with white. In a quarter of an hour the tinted deposit is perceptible across the room; and in an hour, if we carefully raise the mushroom, the perfect spore-print is revealed in all its beauty—a pink-brown disk with a white centre, which represents the point of contact of the cut stem, and white radiating lines, representing the edges of the thin gills, many of them as fine and delicate as a cobweb.

Every fresh species will yield its surprise in the markings and color of the prints.

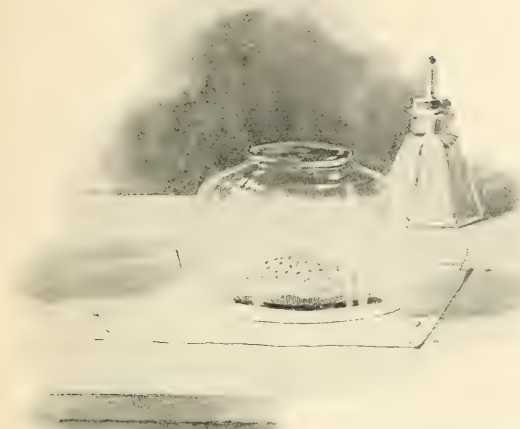
These spore-deposits are of course fugitive, and will easily rub off at the slightest touch. But inasmuch as many of these specimens, either from their beauty of



SPORE SURFACE OF A POLYPORUS.



SPORE SURFACE OF A POLYGARIC.



METHOD OF MAKING SPORE-PRINTS.

for the making of the prints by a process by which they will become effectually "fixed," and thus easily kept without injury.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A MUSHROOM SPORE-PRINT.

Take a piece of smooth white writing-paper and coat its surface evenly with a thin solution of gum-arabic, dextrine, or other mucilage, and allow it to dry. Pin this, gummed side uppermost, to a board or table, preferably over a soft cloth, so that it will lie perfectly flat. To insure a good print the mushroom specimen should be fresh and firm, and the gills or spore-surface free from breaks or bruises.

Cut the stem off about level with the gills, then lay the mushroom, spore-surface downward, upon the paper, and cover with a tumbler, finger-bowl, or other vessel with a smooth even rim, to absolutely exclude the slightest ingress of air.

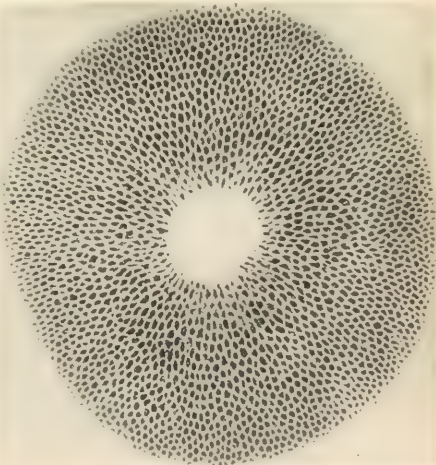
After a few hours have passed by, perhaps even less, the spores will be seen through the glass on the paper at the extreme edge of the mushroom, their depth of color indicating the density of the deposit. If we now gently lift the glass, and with the utmost care remove the fungus, perhaps by the aid of pins previously inserted, in a perfectly vertical direction, without the slightest side motion, the spore-print in all its beauty will be revealed—perhaps a rich brown circular patch with exquisite radiating white lines, marking the direction and edges of the gills, if an Agaric; perhaps a delicate pink, more or less clouded disk, here and there distinctly and finely honey-combed with white lines, indicating that our specimen is one of the polypores, as a Boletus. Other prints will yield rich golden disks, and there will be prints of red, lilac, greens, oranges, salmon-pinks, and browns and purples, variously lined in accordance with the number and nature of the gills or pores. Occasionally we shall look in vain for our print, which may signify that our specimen had already scattered its spores ere we had

form or exquisite color, or for educational or scientific purposes, it will be desirable to preserve, I append simple rules

confined fungus beneath the glass proves sufficient to dampen the mucilage and set the spores.

A number of prints may be obtained from a single specimen.

To those of my readers interested in the science of this spore-shower I give sectional illustrations of examples of the two more common groups of mushrooms—the Agaric, or gilled mushroom, and the Polyporus, or tube-bearing mushroom. The entire surface of both gills and pores is lined with the spore-bearing membrane, or hymenium, the spores falling directly beneath their point of departure as indicated; in the case of the Agaric, in radi-



SPORE-PRINT OF A BOLETUS

ating lines in correspondence with the spaces between the gills, and in Polyporus in a tiny pile directly beneath the opening of each pore.

JOSHUA BARNEY, U. S. N.

THE records of the United States navy show no more dashing officer than Joshua Barney. The life of this celebrated naval hero reads like a romance, and if it were not that the particulars of his youthful career are to be found in the most authentic journals, one would be justified in refusing to accept the sensational accounts of his exploits. The known details of his startling and eventful history belong not only to this country, but to nations across the sea. He was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1759. At the age of twelve years he left school and went to sea as an apprentice with his brother-in-law, who commanded a vessel in the Liverpool trade. Two years later Barney was promoted to second mate, and when fifteen and a half years of age was given command of the vessel in which he had shipped less than four years before as cabin boy. He made a voyage to Italy as master mariner, and upon his return to Baltimore learned that a revolution had begun against the parent country. At once surrendering the command of his ship, he made an offer of his services to the colonies, and was appointed a master's mate in the young navy. Ordered to the sloop *Hornet*, he joined the squadron of Commodore Hopkins, which sailed to the Bahamas and captured New Providence.

Upon his return a few weeks later, being then only sixteen years of age, he received a lieutenant's commission, and served as executive officer of the *Andrew Doria* when she captured the British man-of-war *Racehorse*, after which he was ordered to the frigate *Virginia* as first lieutenant.

This unfortunate ship ran aground at the entrance of the Chesapeake, while attempting to get to sea through the English blockading fleet, and although everything was done by the crew to get her afloat, even while the enemy's vessels were pouring a murderous fire into them, they were at length compelled to surrender to the *St. Albans* frigate, and with five hundred other prisoners were sent to New York, where they were confined in one of the prison ships. While on the passage Barney formed a plan to capture the vessel by a general uprising, and would have succeeded in his daring scheme had it not been betrayed by one of their own number, a renegade Frenchman.

Our hero was quickly exchanged, and went to sea again second in command of the United States sloop of war *Saratoga* of sixteen guns. A few days after sailing, an English cruiser, mounting twelve heavy guns, was captured in an action lasting only twelve minutes. The next morning a thirty-two gun frigate and two brigs of war were discovered cruising in company. The *Saratoga* was laid alongside the frigate, which was carried by boarding: after which the two brigs were quickly forced to surrender.

Lieutenant Barney was sent on board of the frigate as prize-master, and accompanied by the *Saratoga* and the other three prizes shaped the course for Baltimore. A thick fog shut in during the day. When it rolled away with the rising of the sun on the following morning, the little squadron was found to be surrounded by the English admiral's ship of seventy-four guns and a number of powerful frigates. Although an obstinate resistance was made, the three prize brigs were recaptured, and the *Saratoga* only escaped a like fate by outsailing the vessels in her vicinity.

While Barney continued to fight his ship with the slender prize crew that he commanded, the prisoners came rushing up from below, with the idea of retaking their vessel, but the boy captain shot the foremost, and drove the remainder to the guns, compelling them at the point of the pistol to work the battery against their own ships. This desperate valor prolonged the fight for a

short time, but being so crippled that he could not manœuvre his vessel, Barney was taken prisoner by a strong boarding party, and sent to England, where he was confined in Mill Prison.

One day while on the voyage across the Atlantic, Barney was taking his allotted exercise up and down the spar deck. One of the English officers in passing addressed an insulting remark to the prisoner, who responded in language equally impolite. At this the frigate's officer became so enraged that he struck Barney across the mouth, and the following moment received two or three disfiguring cuffs from the hardy fists of the American, who added insult to injury by kicking the Englishman down a hatchway. Smarting under this mortifying treatment, the British officer asked that the offender might be adequately punished for "outraging his Majesty's uniform." To the everlasting honor of the Captain, he stigmatized the conduct exhibited towards a helpless prisoner as cowardly and disgraceful, and ordered his officer to make an immediate apology to Lieutenant Barney.

Bolts and bars could not hold this daring youth, and he soon escaped from prison and made his way back to America. Congress at once commissioned him a full captain in the navy, and gave him command of the *Hyder Ali*, in which he sailed from Philadelphia. The following week he fell in with the English man-of-war *General Monk*, of twenty guns and 136 men, representing nearly double the metal and force under Barney's command. In twenty-six minutes from the time the first gun was fired the British flag came down.

In recognition of this service Congress promoted him to the rank of *Commodore*, and the State of Pennsylvania presented to the hero a gold-hilted sword. After performing a secret mission to the West Indies, he was sent to France as the bearer of despatches to Dr. Franklin, and when the preliminary treaty of peace with England was signed, Commodore Barney, then twenty-three years of age, was appointed to deliver it to Congress.

OFF WITH THE MERBOY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a strange thing for the goldfish to do, but the goldfish did it, nevertheless. He winked at Jimmieboy, and asked him if he owned a bathing-suit.

"Yes, I do own a bathing-suit," Jimmieboy replied, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment that the goldfish should speak to him. "I own two bathing-suits—a red one and a blue one."

"You are a very fortunate boy," said the goldfish. "Two whole bathing-suits! Dear me, what richness! Do you find that two fit you better than one?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Jimmieboy.

"You must be feeling a little dull," retorted the fish. "It is plain enough, I think, that if one bathing-suit fits you well, and another bathing-suit fits you well, the two together ought to fit you twice as well. Do they?"

"I can't tell," said Jimmieboy. "I never had a chance to find out."

"Then you never wore 'em both at once?" asked the goldfish.

"Of course not," said Jimmieboy, with a laugh at the absurdity of the idea. "Why should I?"

"You'll have to ask me an easier one," returned the goldfish. "I'm sure I don't know why you should; but then there's nothing very strange about that, for there are a number of things that I don't know."

"I never knew why blackberries
Are green when they are red.
I never understood how seas
Could rest so calmly at their ease
With so much sand in bed."

"I never knew what use are horns
To mooly cows and goats.
I don't know why the rose has thorns,
Or why the sailor bold so scorns
Such craft as gravy-boats.

"Indeed, I cannot well deny
That there are, on the land
As well as on the seas, things I,
No matter how much I may try,
Could never understand."

"I'm kind of that way myself," said Jimmieboy, leaning over the side of the aquarium and gazing down into the cool watery resting-place of the goldfish. "And the worst part of it is that my father, who knows most things—or used to did—is getting forgetful, and can't tell me half what I want to know. I was wondering the other day if beds creaked at night because they were tired of never lying down, and he said he guessed so. I could have guessed so myself."

"That was just his way of putting you off," said the goldfish. "Well, he puts me off a great deal nowadays," said Jimmieboy, sadly, "though there was a time when he could explain everything. Why, he couldn't even tell me last night if window-locks looked out of themselves; and when I asked him what part of the ocean you came from he told me flat as could be that he didn't know."

"He ought to have known that," said the goldfish. "I didn't come from any part of it. I was born in a gold-mine."

"Ever been in the ocean?" asked Jimmieboy, eagerly.

"Yes, several times. My uncle, the sword-fish, lives there, and I've had plenty of invitations to go. I don't accept very often, though," said the fish.

"Why not?" asked Jimmieboy.

"I don't care about going alone, for one reason," said the goldfish; "and then I haven't a bathing-suit, for another, so I can't. I don't want to go into the ocean in these clothes I have on. I'd get 'em wet, you know."

"Ho!" ejaculated Jimmieboy, with a smile of amusement. "You're pretty well soaked through now."

"No, I'm not," snapped the goldfish. "This place isn't wet—that is, it isn't anything like as wet as the ocean. How could it be? The ocean is several miles bigger than this, and of course is just so much wetter."

"Why," said Jimmieboy, in amazement, "is a pail of water any wetter than a drop of water?"

"Why not?" asked the goldfish. "Try it, and see. Get a drop of water and spill it on the floor, and then get a pailful and spill it on another floor, and then see which floor is the wettest. You think you are a white boy, but you are not. You're the greenest boy I know, and I've half a mind not to borrow your extra bathing-suit."

"I'm only a little boy," said Jimmieboy, apologetically, "and of course there are lots of things I've got to learn, so don't be cross with me."

"All right," said the fish, good-naturedly, "I won't; and I'll borrow your bathing-suit to wear when I visit my uncle in the ocean, if you'll lend it to me."

"I'll let you have it," said Jimmieboy. "That is, I will if—"

Here he hesitated. The idea had just entered his head that he'd rather like to go off with the goldfish on his visit. The ocean had always possessed a great charm for him, and often when he was at the sea-shore he wondered what it was like down underneath the surging waters. His papa had tried to tell him all about it, but when pressed to say if he really knew that what he was saying was true or only story-telling, he had admitted that it was only story-telling, because he had never been under the sea himself.

"If what?" asked the goldfish, eyeing Jimmieboy closely. "You don't want me to chip off one of my gold scales to pay you for the suit, do you? If you do, you might as well stop wanting that at once, for I shall never do it. It would be extravagance to pay gold for a thing I could get down on the sea-coast for silver."

"No," said Jimmieboy. "I don't want any pay—I only thought perhaps I'd like to go with you, and I was going to say that if you would take me along I'd let you have the suit."

"That would be fine," said the goldfish, smiling so broadly that Jimmieboy expected to see all the water in the aquarium disappear down his throat. "You know I said I didn't want to go alone. It always makes me blue to go alone, and when I get blue it's very dangerous for me."

"Why so?" queried Jimmieboy.

"Why? Because," said the goldfish—"because your papa would have me baked for Sunday breakfast the minute I turned into a bluefish. People eat bluefish, but never touch goldfish. See?"

"Yes," Jimmieboy answered. "I remember now. It was only yesterday papa told my mamma why didn't she have some baked bluefish for breakfast, because that was what he was hungry for."

The goldfish shuddered.

"I'm glad you told me," he said. "I've been feeling a little blue lately, and I mustn't give way to it, or perhaps I'll be baked yet." Here he paused, and thought deeply for a minute, and then his face brightened up as he said: "But I won't be blue while you are with me, Jimmieboy, so trot out the bathing-suits and let's have a look at 'em. If they are all right we can start along at once."

So Jimmieboy rushed to the attic, where his bathing-suits were packed away until it should come time for him and his father and mother and brothers to go to the sea-shore again, and after rummaging about in the trunks for some time he finally found what he wanted.

"Here they are!" he cried, breathlessly; for he was very much excited as he thought over the prospect of the trip beneath the water. "They're in first-class shape."

"I hope they haven't any holes in 'em anywhere," said the goldfish, anxiously. "It would be horrible if after we got out into the middle of the ocean we found that our suits leaked."

Jimmieboy gazed searchingly into the eyes of the goldfish for nearly a minute to see if he were not joking when he spoke about leaks in bathing-suits—it seemed such a very odd idea—but the curious creature gave no sign of being anything else than serious.

"Never heard of leaks in bathing-suits," said Jimmieboy.

"I guess you never heard of a great many things," retorted the goldfish. "But that doesn't prove anything. Of course it's a bad thing to have a leak in a bathing-suit. The water'd get right in on you if it had a leak in it; and what would be even more dangerous, you might leak through, yourself. Suppose you were in swimming and your arm should leak through a hole you had forgotten to sew up, where would you be?"

"I haven't an idea," said Jimmieboy.

"You'd be in the water, that's where, and one arm gone," snapped the fish.

"I don't quite see," said Jimmieboy. "Where would the arm be gone to?"

"Through the hole in your bathing-suit, of course," said the fish; "and then—well, I hesitate to think what would become of you then. But a boy in swimming with only one arm hasn't much chance, unless it's low tide and he has a rope about his waist."

"Well, anyhow," said Jimmieboy, inspecting the bathing-suits very carefully, "nothing can happen to us that way, because there isn't a leak in either of these suits. Which 'll you have, the blue or the red?"

"Which is the larger of the two?" asked the goldfish. "I'll have whichever one is the larger."

"Humph!" said Jimmieboy. "Why do you do that? They're both of 'em miles and miles too big for you."

"I know that—but I can make 'em fit easy enough."

"I can't let you cut them up, you know," said the boy. "Mamma wouldn't like that."

"Who's going to cut 'em up? I'm not," returned the fish. "That would take a year. I'm going to smallen mine up by shrinking it, and I want the biggest one, because, being the biggest, it has more room to shrink. See?"

"How shrink?" queried Jimmieboy, who could not quite comprehend.

"Why, they're made of flannel, those suits are, and flannel shrinks like everything every time you get it wet. Do you know what shrinking is?"

"No, I don't," said Jimmieboy. "What is it?"

"Smallening up," said the fish. "You put a yard of flannel in water, and then take it out and let it dry, and the chances are it'll only be half a yard inside of a week. I put a No. 41 bathing-suit in the water and then dry it, and it becomes a No. 36. So I'll keep on wetting it and drying it until it's my size."

"Is all this really and truly true?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Well, rather! Where have you been brought up, not to know things like that?" said the goldfish, scornfully. "I thought everybody knew about such simple things. Why, I know a man who had a beautiful flannel coat once that fitted him just to perfection until he had it washed, and it shrunk so he could



THE GOLDFISH WINKED.

hardly get into it. Then he gave it to his wife, and it fitted her just right, until she by accident let it drop into the lake one day, where it got soaked again. When it was dried she tried to put it on, and couldn't, but it proved to be the right size for the baby, so the baby wore it. Orders were given not to put it in the wash ever again, but to clean it when necessary in other ways. Unfortunately the baby and his nurse got caught out in a rain-storm one afternoon, and that settled the jacket. It got simply dripping, and shrunk up so small it wouldn't even fit the baby's doll."

"And then what became of it?" asked Jimmieboy, his interest very much aroused.

"The man it was made for used it as a pen-wiper for three years, and then one night somebody carelessly upset a glass of ice-water on it, and it just faded right out of sight," said the fish, scratching his chin with his left fin. "Queer, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Jimmieboy. "Very. I should think maybe flannel might be dangerous to wear if sometime you had it on when it was sopping wet, and weren't able to take it off until it had shrunk up. It might squeeze you to death."

"Well, that all depends on the flannel," said the fish. "If it's awfully strong flannel you've got to be careful of it. I knew a bathing-master once who wore his bathing-suit all the time; and of course, so that it would wear well, he had it made of the strongest flannel he could get. He used to dash into the water for a minute, and then he'd come out and sit on the sand to dry. Then he'd dash in again and romp in the waves for a while, always sitting on the sand to dry right afterwards. He'd do that fifty times a day, and finally he mysteriously disappeared. Some people said he'd run away, and maybe he did—but I have my own notion as to what became of him."

"What is it?" asked Jimmieboy. "Do you think he was drowned?"

"I do not," said the fish. "I think that flannel suit just shrunk out of existence with him in it."

"I don't think I'll wear flannel," said Jimmieboy, as he thought over the possible fate of the bathing-master. "I don't want to be disappeared with."

"Oh, you won't be—there's no danger at all if you know how to manage a suit," said the fish. "I'd just as leave let a baby play with a bathing-suit. They aren't dangerous unless you are foolish with them. But I say, are you most ready to start?"

"I'll go at any time you say," said Jimmieboy, starting up.

"All right. Run into the other room and put on your suit, and come back just as quickly as you can. It has been a beautiful day, and I guess it's about as fine a time to visit the ocean as we shall ever have."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WISH.

"I WISHT I was a hired man,"

Said little Tommy, "I'm

So fond of playing' wid the hose

Free-quarters of my time."

"TOMMY," said the teacher, "you are a very good boy. You haven't missed a day at school this term. You never play sick on school-days, I know."

"No, ma'am," returned Tommy. "I never did that but once, and I'll never do it again, because, while I ain't very fond of school, I like it a great sight better'n I do castor oil."

WHY HE DID IT.

"JOHNNY, Johnny, do keep quiet. You're talking all the time."

"I knows dat, Papa. I wants to learn how. I's dess pwactisin'."

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

"I DON'T understand it very well," said Walter, after struggling for a long time with his father's pencil. "There's lots of writing left in this pencil, but I can't get it out; it only makes marks."

TO SATISFY HIS CURIOSITY.

"WHAT are you doing on the bureau, Tommie?"

"Standin' before the lookin'-glass," said Tommie. "Wanted to see how I'd look 'f I was twins."

A GREAT SAVING.

"I SAVED five cents to-day," said Bobbie.

"That's good," said his grandma. "Where is it?"

"I haven't got it," said Bobbie. "That's how I saved it. If I'd had it I'd ha' spent it."

AN ADVANTAGE.

"WISH I was twins," said Jimmieboy. "Then I could have two pieces of pie."

THE MOON.

SOME say the moon is made of cheese,

But why I cannot see.

It looks a wondrous lot more like

A big poached egg to me.

NOT SETTLED.

"ARE you going to college when you grow up, Johnnie?"

"Course."

"What college do you think you'll go to?"

"I dunno. I don't spect to go for ten years yet, and of course I can't tell which 'll hold the football championship then."

BOBBIE is learning to read and spell by the phonetic method—that is, he is guided by the sounds of the various letters. For instance, in reading "Cat" he says, "Kuh-ah-tuh"—which is a very good way, but it was not accepted as an excuse by his teacher, when, being told to write goat on the blackboard, he said, "Guh-ate," and wrote G 8.

NOT ALWAYS A GOOD THING.

"I DON'T fink it's dood for me to take a baff," said Mollie to her mother. "I dave my dollie a baff de over day an' it's took all the pink out of her cheeks."



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HEROES OF AMERICA.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



WHEN in 1814 Napoleon was overthrown and exiled to Elba, the British troops that had followed Wellington into southern France were left free for use against the Americans. A great expedition was organized to attack and capture New Orleans, and at its head was placed General Pakenham, the brilliant commander of the column that delivered the fatal blow at Salamanca.

In December a great fleet of British war-ships and transports, carrying thousands of victorious veterans from

the Peninsula, and manned by sailors who had grown old in a quarter of century's ocean warfare, anchored off the great lagoons of the Mississippi Delta. The few American gunboats were carried after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, the troops were landed, and on the 23d of December the advance-guard of two thousand men reached the banks of the Mississippi, but ten miles below New Orleans, and there camped for the night.

It seemed as if nothing could save the Creole City from foes who had shown in the storming of many a Spanish walled town that they were as ruthless in victory as they were terrible in battle. There were no forts to protect the place, and the militia were ill armed and ill trained. But

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

TO THE READERS OF "HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE? We imagine how puzzled and surprised a great throng of you are when your favorite HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE suddenly puts on a new dress and wears a new name. Yet it is the very same paper which has been your favorite ever since you first read it—the same, except that it has taken on some additional features of interest, and will be more pleasing to you than ever.

Of course you wish to know why a change has been made, and what the Editor means to give you in the ROUND TABLE which will make up for the disappearance of YOUNG PEOPLE. The ROUND TABLE will be so big and bright that it will accommodate more young people than you can count—all, in fact, who belong to the wonderful Order you all love. Listen to our programme for the future:

Serial stories by our best authors, short, timely, and entertaining articles, and the regular departments will be continued. You will find that not one of the attractions is omitted. The only alteration in the periodical, beyond the title and make-up, is to be found in the additional departments. Something new has been added which is sure to interest everybody.

Part of this addition is the athletic department, entitled Interscholastic Sport. This department is to be conducted by "The Graduate," who is an experienced writer and student of scholastic athletics, and who, while following the course of school athletics all over the United States, will give you many valuable suggestions on physical training. Another part of this addition, which will be sure to please you just now especially, is a department on Bicycling, which will contain charts and maps showing pleasant bicycle trips in or near the large cities of the United States. This department will be under the editorship of an expert wheeler, who will have the assistance of the officers of the League of American Wheelmen. Besides these features the type will be changed so that about two hundred words will be added to each page of the paper, thus increasing the amount of letter-press by nearly one-fourth. You will now receive nearly one-quarter again as much reading matter as heretofore for the same amount of money. You will approve of this, we know.

But why give the paper another name? Because the Order of the Round Table, founded by HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE four years ago, has grown to such enormous proportions, has spread so far and wide, has gone into so many corners of the States of the Union, and European countries as well, that it demands some definite recognition as one of the largest organizations of its kind in the world. But the title HARPER'S ROUND TABLE means something more than this. It not only acknowledges the growth, the power, and the interest of the Order of the Round Table, but it is the journal which goes into the home of its readers as they sit about the family "round table" of an evening. It brings with it reading of interest to the children and to the young men and women of the family, as well as to the parents; and its purpose is to introduce and maintain in the family of this nineteenth century some of the manly qualities, some of the chivalry, honesty, and uprightness which have made the Table Round of King Arthur

so famous in history. HARPER'S ROUND TABLE represents the chivalry of brother to sister and sister to brother, children to parents and parents to children, in this present day. It maintains that all the good qualities of King Arthur's Order are equally applicable and necessary in the family circle of to-day, and it purposes to stand for them week by week. The ROUND TABLE, therefore, is not only the title of a great organization of young Americans, but it also stands for a periodical which should be a welcome visitor in every family circle. Its readers will find in its pages amusement, interest, instruction, as well as suggestions of what courtesy and courage mean, and what they can accomplish. HARPER'S ROUND TABLE is HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in a larger form, with its field broadened and its interest increased. You will endorse this change, not only for itself, but because it also furnishes you with more reading matter than was promised you when you subscribed for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

HEROES OF AMERICA.

(Continued from front page.)

the hour found the man. On the afternoon of the very day when the British reached the banks of the river the vanguard of Andrew Jackson's Tennesseans marched into New Orleans. Clad in hunting-shirts of buckskin or homespun, wearing wolf-skin and con-skin caps, and carrying their long rifles on their shoulders, the wild soldiery of the backwoods tramped into the little French town. They were tall men, with sinewy frames and piercing eyes. Under "Old Hickory's" lead they had won the bloody battle of the Horseshoe Bend against the Creeks; they had driven the Spaniards from Pensacola; and now they were eager to pit themselves against the most renowned troops of all Europe.

Jackson acted with his usual fiery, hasty decision. It was absolutely necessary to get time in which to throw up some kind of breastworks or defences for the city, and he at once resolved on a night attack against the British. As for the British, they had no thought of being molested. They did not dream of an assault from inferior numbers of undisciplined and ill-armed militia, who did not possess so much as bayonets to their guns. They kindled fires along the levees, ate their supper, and then, as the evening fell, noticed a big schooner drop down the river in ghostly silence and bring up opposite to them. The soldiers flocked to the shore, challenging the stranger, and finally fired one or two shots at her. Then suddenly a rough voice was heard exclaiming, "Now give it to them, for the honor of America," and a shower of shell and grape fell on the British, driving them off the levee. The stranger was an American man-of-war schooner. The British brought up artillery to drive her off, but before they succeeded Jackson's land troops burst upon them, and a fierce, indecisive struggle followed. In the night all order was speedily lost, and the two sides fought singly or in groups in the utmost confusion. Finally a fog came up, and the combatants separated. Jackson drew off four or five miles and camped.

The British had been so roughly handled that they were unable to advance for three or four days, until the entire army came up. When they did advance it was only to find that Jackson had made good use of the time he had gained by his daring assault. He had thrown up breastworks of mud and logs from the swamp to the river. At first the British tried to batter down these breastworks with their cannon, for they had many more guns than the Americans. A terrible artillery duel followed. For an hour or two the result seemed in doubt; but the American gunners showed themselves to be far more skilful than their antagonists, and gradually getting the upper hand, they finally silenced every piece of British artillery. The Americans had used cotton bales in the embrasures, and the British hogheads of sugar, but neither worked well, for the cotton caught

fire, and the sugar hogsheds were ripped and splintered by the round shot, so that both were abandoned. By the use of red-hot shot the British succeeded in setting fire to the American schooner which had caused them such annoyance on the evening of the night attack; but she had served her purpose, and her destruction caused little anxiety to Jackson.

Having failed in his effort to batter down the American breastworks, and the British artillery having been fairly worsted by the American, Pakenham decided to try an open assault. He had ten thousand regular troops, while Jackson had under him but little over five thousand men, who were trained only as he had himself trained them in his Indian campaigns. Not a fourth of them carried bayonets. Both Pakenham and the troops under him were fresh from victories won over the most renowned marshals of Napoleon, and over troops that had proved themselves on a hundred stricken fields the masters of all others in continental Europe. At Toulouse they had driven Marshal Soult from a position infinitely stronger than that held by Jackson, and yet Soult had under him a veteran army. At Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, and San Sebastian they had carried by open assault walled towns whose strength made the entrenchments of the Americans seem like mud walls built by children, though these towns were held by the best troops of France. With such troops to follow him, and with such victories behind him in the past, it did not seem to Pakenham possible that the assault of the terrible British infantry could be successfully met by rough backwoods riflemen fighting under a General as wild and untrained as themselves.

He decreed that the assault should take place on the morning of the 8th. Throughout the previous night the American officers were on the alert, for they could hear the rumbling of artillery in the British camp, the muffled tread of the battalions as they were marched to their points in the line, and all the smothered din of the preparation for assault. Long before dawn the riflemen were awake, and drawn up behind the mud walls, where they lolled at ease, or, leaning on their long rifles, peered out through the fog toward the camp of their foes.

At last the sun rose and the fog slowly lifted, showing the glorious array of the scarlet British infantry. As soon as the air was clear Pakenham gave the word, and the heavy columns of red-coated grenadiers and killed Highlanders moved steadily forward. From the American breastworks the great guns opened, but not a rifle cracked. Three-fourths of the distance was covered, and the eager soldiers broke into a run; then sheets of flame burst from the breastworks in their front as the wild riflemen of the backwoods rose and fired, line upon line. Under the sweeping hail the head of the British advance was shattered, and the whole column stopped. Then it surged forward again almost to the foot of the breastworks; but not a man lived to reach them, and in a moment more the troops broke and ran back.

Mad with shame and rage, Pakenham rode quickly among them to rally and lead them forward, and the officers sprang around him, snatching the fugitives with their swords, and cheering on the men who stood. For a moment the troops halted, and again came forward to the charge; but again they were met by a hail of bullets from the backwoods rifles. One shot struck Pakenham himself. He reeled and fell from the saddle, and was carried off the field. The second in command was wounded, and then all attempts at further advance were abandoned, and the British troops ran back to their lines. Another assault had meanwhile been made by a column close to the river, the charging soldiers rushing right up to the top of the breastworks; but they were all killed or driven back. A body of troops had also been sent across the river, where they routed a small detachment of Kentucky militia; but they were, of course, recalled when the main assault failed.

For the first time in a quarter of a century the British soldiers, the men who had conquered the conquerors of Europe, had met defeat. Andrew Jackson and his rough riflemen had worsted in a fair fight a far larger force of the best of Wellington's veterans, and had accomplished what no

French marshal and no French troops had been able to accomplish throughout the long war in the Spanish Peninsula. For a week the sullen British lay in their lines; then, abandoning their heavy artillery, they marched back to the ships and sailed again for Europe.

A CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

"O H, the days when I was happy!"
Sighed a pensive little Jappy,
As the crystal tears rolled down and washed the color
from his cheek.
On the table in my study
Sweetly smiling, round, and ruddy,
Many years he had been standing in a china jar unique.
Now, alas! his smile was faded,
His expression worn and jaded,
And his bursting heart found utterance in a woful lamentation:
"Oh, that from my proud position,
Highest goal of my ambition,
I should ever stoop to suffer such a sad humiliation!"
"Once I was caressed and flattered,
Rich or poor, it little mattered,
Young and old, from babe to grandvise, every one must
have a 'Jap,'
And alike by tastes æsthetic,
Grave or humorous or poetic,
I was hailed, and all-triumphant, lived and throve in Fortune's lap.
"Then ah me! the reigning fashion,
Every artist had a passion
For displaying me in pictures, and the studios were my own.
Now, to claim their whole attention,
One whom I am loath to mention
Comes, an upstart, a usurper, and ascends my rightful throne.
"Hard it is my grief to smother,
Bitter thus to see another
Wear my honors! Artists paint him, poets his perfections praise.
Everywhere his visage hated
Greets me. He is foudled, fêted,
Worst of all, he rules the children as did I in other days.
"Nevermore shall I be happy,"
Said the weeping little Jappy,
"Nevermore my days be merry, and my slumbers soft and downy.
I shall live, but all unheeded,
Quite cut out and superseded
By that precious, omnipresent pet and paragon, the
Bromide!"

MARGARET JOHNSON.

OFF WITH THE MERBOY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHAPTER II.

THE START



JIMMIEBOY grabbed up his blue suit and in a very few minutes was arrayed in it, but on his return to the aquarium to join the goldfish he found it empty.

"Dear me!" he cried. "I wonder if he can have gone off without me."

"No, he hasn't," came a silvery voice from behind him.

Jimmieboy turned sharply about, and there, sitting upon the sofa arrayed in his red bathing-suit, sat a beautiful boy of about his own age and size, with great masses of golden hair falling over his shoulders.

"Hullo!" said Jimmieboy, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise. "Who are you?"

"I am your goldfish," laughed the boy. "Or, rather, I was. I am now my true self. I am a merboy, as, in fact, all goldfish are. See?" he added, holding up what Jimmieboy had taken for feet. "I have a tail like a fish instead of feet."

Jimmieboy was delighted. He had heard all about mermen and mermaids, but merboys were something new.

"Now," said the merboy, as a tremendous lashing of something in the aquarium began to ruffle up the water therein, "come along. Get into my carriage and we shall start."

Mute with astonishment, Jimmieboy could do nothing but obey, and entering a huge vehicle that floated upon the surface of the water in the aquarium—which had, singularly enough, taken on tremendous proportions—the merboy gave a whistle, and they were off. The carriage had the appearance of a superb shell lined with mother-of-pearl, and studded all over with the most costly and lustrous jewels, and soon passing out from the limits of the aquarium, Jimmieboy found himself bounding over a great body of water, drawn by a pair of gayly caparisoned dolphins, which the smiling merboy guided with two golden ribbons.

"How do you feel?" asked the merboy, as, after driving along for several minutes, the travellers passed out of sight of land.

"First rate," said Jimmieboy. "This is lots of fun." "I'm glad you find it so," returned the merboy, with a smile of relief. "I was afraid you were not enjoying yourself very much. You looked a little anxious. Were you anxious?"

"Not exactly," replied Jimmieboy. "But it did sort of bother me when I thought of what might happen if this wagon should upset."

"Don't see anything you need to bother about in that," said the merboy, giving the near dolphin a flick with his whip for slaying at a buoy. "It's twice as safe as driving on land. The land is hard, and if you were thrown out of a wagon there the chances are you'd be hurt; but here it is very different. Falling out here would be like tumbling into a feather bed. The water is very soft."

"I understand that, of course," said Jimmieboy, with a smile. "But what I was worrying about chiefly was that the water here is very deep. It must be two or three times over my head, and I can't swim. I can only wade."

"What of it? I don't see anything in that to worry about," retorted the merboy. "I might just as well get timid when we are near the shore because I can't wade."

"Wouldn't I be drowned?" asked Jimmieboy.

The look which the ex-goldfish gave Jimmieboy as the latter said this was one of reproach. He was evidently deeply hurt by Jimmieboy's remark.

"You aren't a polite boy, I think," he said. "The idea! Wouldn't you be drowned? Let me ask you a question. If you were invited out to dinner by a person you knew, do you think while you were sitting at his table you'd go hunting about in your head for some if that would end in your starving to death? Wouldn't you know that being invited to eat with that man you'd get your dinner all right?"

"Certainly," said Jimmieboy. "But what has that got to do with it?"

"Plenty," snapped the merboy. "You are my guest, and I look after all the details, such as swimming and so forth, just as your other host would look after all the details, such as eating and so forth. If you are going to be a scarecat I'll drive right back home again, for I don't like cats of any kind."

"I'm not afraid," said Jimmieboy. "I trust you, Merboy."

"Thank you," said the merboy, dropping one rein to squeeze Jimmieboy's hand. "Thank you very much. You will find your confidence is well placed, for as long as you are with me as my guest you can stand on your head miles deep in water without being in any danger of drowning. Why, if you couldn't, I never should have thought of bring-

ing you along, for in a very few minutes we come to a turn in our road and then we shall drive down under the water three miles and a half, and, what is more, you won't even know you are under water unless I tell you."

So Jimmieboy was reassured on the one point concerning which he had been a little timid, and he proceeded at once to enjoy everything he saw. In silence they drove on and on, and as the ocean was as smooth as glass they covered a great many miles in a few minutes. Suddenly the merboy reined in his dolphins with a sharp jerk, which caused the carriage to stop with such suddenness that Jimmieboy was nearly thrown out of his seat.

"What's the matter?" cried Jimmieboy, a little alarmed at this sudden stoppage. "Nothing wrong?"

"No," said the merboy, shortly. "But there might have been. Look ahead of you there."

Jimmieboy did as he was told, and saw in an instant why the merboy had stopped short. A great big ocean steamer was plunging its way through the waves at a tremendous rate of speed directly across their path.

"Don't you see?" said the merboy, as the steaming monster passed on, leaving a great strip of white foam behind it; "we were nearly run down that time. It is dreadful the way these steamers are allowed to ignore the safety of the rightful occupants of the seas. On land, when a railroad crosses a driveway, they make the trains go over or under a road in many places, and where they don't do that, they make them put up fences or bars and station men to signal people who are driving of the approach of trains. Out here they are perfectly lawless. They cross our drives on the level always, and never yet has one of the steamers whistled or rung a bell to warn a fish to get out of its way."

"It doesn't seem right, does it?" said Jimmieboy.

"No, it doesn't," replied the merboy; "and the meanest part of it all is the steamship people don't care. If I had my way they'd be compelled to fence in their routes all the way over, and station signal-men in boats at road crossings to warn us of impending danger. Why, if it hadn't been for our own police, police that we have to pay ourselves, you and I would have been run down just now."

"You don't mean to say you have police out here on the ocean?" said Jimmieboy.

"Yes," said the merboy; "several of 'em. In fact, we have about a million of 'em altogether. You land people call 'em porpoises. Ever see a porpoise?"

"Lots of them," Jimmieboy replied. "They come up our river sometimes, and papa has told me lots of stories about them, but he never said they were policemen."

"They aren't police-men," laughed the merboy. "They are police-fish. What did he ever tell you about them?"

"Oh—well—he said he'd seen schools of them jumping about in the water when he was crossing the ocean on one of those big boats," said Jimmieboy; "and one of them, he said, followed his ship for four days one time. The reason why I remember about it particularly is that he told me, maybe, if I would be a very good boy, he'd try to get me one for a pet that I could tie a chain to and lead around when we went rowing some time."

The merboy laughed.

"The idea!" he said. "As if a porpoise could be treated like a poodle! That shows how little you land people know about porpoises. Did your father say they went about in schools?"

"That's what he told me," said Jimmieboy, meekly. "Don't they?"

"Humph!" said the merboy. "Don't they! Well, let me tell you one thing. Don't you ever let a porpoise hear you say he goes about in schools. Leave schools to minnows and moss-bunkers and children. Why, my dear boy, porpoises know too much to go about in schools. They'd be much more likely to go about in colleges, if they went in anything of the sort. Didn't you ever hear the story of the Porpoise and the Land-sage?"

"I never did," Jimmieboy answered. "I never heard of a land-sage either. What is a land-sage?"

"A land-sage is a creature like a man. In fact, he is a man, and he lives on the land, and thinks he knows every-

thing, when in reality he only knows land things."

"But isn't it good to know land things?" Jimmie-boy asked.

"Oh yes—in a way," said the merboy, patronizingly. "But just because you know land things doesn't make you the wisest thing in the world. It's a great deal better to know sea things, because if you know sea things you know more than you do if you only know land things. There's three times as much sea as land in the world, and so, of course, sea-sages are three times as wise as land-sages. What's more, you who live on the land don't begin to hear of a half of a millionth part of the things that happen under the sea, while we who live under the sea can get all the land news we want by tapping our Atlantic cable."

"Why, so you can," said Jimmie-boy. "I never thought of that."

"Of course you didn't. You haven't got the kind of mind that thinks that kind of thoughts," sneered the merboy. "You people think you are great when you are able to sit at your breakfast tables in New York on Friday morning and talk about what has happened in London that same Friday afternoon—and it is rather smart to be able to do that, I admit—but what do you know about what has been going on in Sealadelphia, or Sharkargo, or Whalington, or Moss-bunkerton? Not a thing, I'll warrant. But these sea creatures know all you know, and all their own news besides. So, you see, when a land-sage begins swapping knowledge with a sea-sage he finds himself 'way behind."

"And what was the story about the Porpoise and the Land-sage?" asked Jimmie-boy.

"Well, as I remember it," said the merboy, "it went this way:

THE PORPOISE AND THE LAND-SAGE.

A Land-sage once, who thought he knew
All that there was to know,
Went out to sea without a crew,
And floated to and fro.
And then, before he was aware
Just what he was about,
A fearful wind did straightway tear
His jib and mainsail out.

"I'm all at sea!" he moaned and cried;
"Oh dear, what shall I do!
Would that I'd never come outside
Without my gallant crew."
Just as he spoke a Porpoise came.
The Land-sage cried, "What, ho!
Where are you from, and what's your name?
Hullo there, you! Hullo!"

"What do you wish?" the Porpoise said
In accents soft and meek.
"I'd like to be at home in bed—
What language do you speak?"



STARTING OFF.

"Sea-doggerel," the Porpoise then
Made answer with a grin,
"Unless I speak with Englishmen,
And then I speak in Finn."

"Perhaps," the Land-sage then observed,
"You can enlighten me
By telling me—I'm much unnerved—
Just where I chance to be."
"Of course I can," the fish said. "You,
I think 'tis very clear,
Are out of sight of Manitou
And just about off here."

"Pray do not mock me," quoth the sage;
"I'm truly badly off,
And 'tis not right one of your age
At one like me should scoff.
I am the most enlightened man
That e'er the world did see;
So help me home, sir, if you can,
And tell me where I be."

"You make me laugh," the Porpoise said.
"Why should you come to me?
If you've all knowledge in your head,
I truly cannot see
Why you should ask a Porpoise, who
Is ignorant and plain,
What in this instance you should do
To get back home again?"

"But I will tell you what I'll do:
If you will shed some light
Upon a few things—one or two—
I'll get you back all right."
"A bargain!" cried the Land-sage, loud.
"I pray you do begin."
"I will," the Porpoise said, and bowed.
"Why do you wear a chin?"

"Why have you hair upon your head?
And why do men wear cuffs?
And why are cannon-crackers red?
And why is cream in puffs?
Why can't you swim on mountain-tops?
And why is water wet?
And why don't hens, like lambs, have chops?
And why don't roosters set?"

The Land-sage paled as to his check.

"I cannot say," said he.

"Then why does Friday come each week?"

And why do maids drink tea?"

Oh tell me why all littens mew?"

And why do little boys,

When with their daily tasks they're through,

Make such a dreadful noise?"

The Porpoise waited for the sage

To answer, but in vain.

It filled the wise man full of rage

To have to flunk again.

Whereat the Porpoise, with a start

And very scornful glance,

Remarked: "You're very dull, I fear.

I'll give you one more chance.

"Tell me one thing I never heard

In all my life before,

And I will pass to you my word

To see you safe ashore.

But don't be rash, oh sage," said he.

"Take all the time you need

To think of what to tell me

That's truly new indeed."

The Land-sage thought and thought all day,

He thought the long night through,

But not an idea came his way

That he was sure was new;

And finally, in great despair,

He thought that he would see

What could be done to ease his care

By simple flattery.

And so he spoke, "Oh, Mr. P—,

Oh, Porpoise, sleek and trim,

The thought has just occurred to me

My wisdom's rather slim;

But I believe a creature that

'S as beautiful as you

Can't have the heart to let a flat

Like me die in the blue."

"You think me so?" the Porpoise said.

"I do," the sage replied.

"You have the purest classic head

I ever have espied.

Your eyes are truly lovely,

And your mouth is full of grace,

And nothing nobler can one see

Than is your noble face."

The Land-sage ceased; the Porpoise smiled

And winked his eyes of blue.

"You've won, professor. You have told

Me something truly new.

I never heard my beauty praised

In all my life before."

And then his good right hip he raised

And towed the sage ashore.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

MISS APPOLINA'S CHOICE.

BY AGNES LITTLETON.

Part I.

OUTSIDE, the house was simply one of a long row of brownstone houses which line many of the New York streets, but the room in which Millicent Reid was sitting this fine spring afternoon had an individuality of its own.

"The girls" were Millicent and Joanna Reid.

Millicent was nearly seventeen, and with her cousin Peggy, who lived across the street, studied with a governess and various masters, but Joanna, or Joan, as she was frequently called, went to school. At this very moment she burst into the room, carrying a pile of school books, which she flung on the table with a resounding crash.

"It is to be on the 30th of April, and we are all asked to send just as much as we can, and Mrs. Pearson said anything would do," said Joanna, as she pulled off her gloves.

"Oh, don't, Joan!" exclaimed Millicent, who had a pencil in her hand, and had hastily thrust a morocco-bound book

under the sofa pillow when her sister entered. "You do startle me so. What is to be on the 30th of April?"

"The fair, of course. Now don't pretend you don't know anything about it, when the Pearsons have talked of nothing else for weeks."

"I have had other things to think of," returned Millicent, with dignity. "For one thing, I am wondering which of us three Cousin Appolina will take with her to England. If she only would choose me! And then—oh, there are other things!" And she nibbled the end of her pencil.

Millicent was Joanna's only sister, and she had beautiful golden hair, large blue eyes, and poetic tendencies. Joan was very sure that the morocco-bound book, of which she had caught a glimpse more than once when it was thrust away just as it had been this afternoon, contained poems—actual poems.

Joan gazed at her sister, as she lay back among the big cushions, with pride and admiration not unmingled with envy. She would so love to write poetry herself, but next best to that was having a sister who could do it. She only wished that Milly would let her see something that she had written. She could then assure her cousin, Peggy Reid, with absolute knowledge of facts, that her sister was a poetess. Now she could only darkly hint upon the subject, and it was not altogether satisfactory, for she felt confident that Peggy did not believe her.

But at present the fair was the all-absorbing topic, and Joanna returned to the charge. "We shall have to send something, Milly, for Mrs. Pearson said she depended upon us, and it is for such a good object she said she knew we would help her all we could. It is to furnish the new chapel, you know: to get a lee—lack—luck—something for them to read the Bible on. What is it, Milly?"

"A lectern, I suppose you mean."

"Yes, that's it—lectern! and a big Bible to put on it, and lots of Prayer-books and Hymnals to stick around the church, and some vases for flowers, and a brass cross and foot-stools, and lots of other things they need. Mrs. Pearson said we must try to send as many fancy articles as we could to the fair, and try to sell some tickets."

"I have no time to make anything, and besides I don't do any fancy-work," said Millicent; "and if you don't mind, Joan, I wish you would go. I am very busy just now."

"You don't look a bit busy. What are you doing? Nothing, but biting a pencil. I wish you would tell me what you were doing when I came in, Milly."

"If you only would not call me 'Milly' or 'Milly'! I simply detest it. As long as I have a good name, I do wish I could be called by it."

"I promise and vow I will always call you Millicent, full length, if you will only tell me what you were doing when I came in."

"I can't, Joan. Do go away. It was—nothing of any importance."

"Oh, Milly—I mean Millicent—please, please tell me! I do so want to know, and I am only your own little sister, who never did you any harm, and who wants to know so much. Won't you tell me?"

Joanna had slipped down on the floor by her sister's side. One arm she threw across Millicent, the other went under the sofa pillow. In a moment the morocco blank-book was in her hand. She clutched it tightly. If she only dared draw it out, run away with it, and read it! Peggy would have done it without any hesitation whatever, but then Joanna was not Peggy.

Millicent looked at her pensively. Sympathy is pleasant, particularly to a poet, and she felt sure that Joan, if any one, would appreciate some of the beauties of her verse.

"I really believe I will," she said at length; "only, Joan, I don't want Peggy to know anything about it. Peggy does laugh so at everything. Not that there is anything to laugh at in these little poems of mine—for they are real poems, Joan. Do you know I actually write poetry? Did you ever have any idea of it?"

"I am not a bit surprised," declared Joan. "In fact, I was almost sure of it. I am so glad you are going to let me see them. They are in this book, aren't they? Oh, Milly—I mean Millicent—think of your being a poetess!"

Do hurry up. Shall I read them myself, or will you read them to me?"

"I will read them aloud. I can do it with more expression, probably, for I know just where to put the emphasis, and it makes a great difference in poetry. I often think that if I could only take them myself to the editors of the magazines and read the poems to them, they would be more apt to take them."

"Of course they would. But do you mean to say, Millicent, that you have really sent anything to the magazines?"

"Certainly I have. I want recognition, but somehow they don't seem to suit."

"How hateful!" exclaimed Joan, with a sympathy that warmed her sister's heart. "But do hurry up and read them. I am dying to hear what you have written."

Millicent opened the book and turned over the pages. She could not quite decide which she should choose as her first selection. Before she had made it, however, there was a tap at the door, and then, without waiting for a reply, a tall girl of sixteen came into the room.

Again the morocco-bound book went under the sofa pillow, and Joanna could not suppress an exclamation of disappointment.

"What's the matter? What's up?" said their cousin Peggy, glancing quickly from one to the other. "Secrets? Now that's not a bit fair, to have secrets from me. I've got oceans of things to talk about; but, first of all, I met the postman just as I was coming in, and he gave me this for you, Mill. This huge envelope, and addressed in your own handwriting. It's awfully mysterious, and I am just about wild with curiosity. You must tell me what it is."

A blank look came over Millicent's face, but she took the letter and said nothing.

"Oh, come, now, aren't you going to tell us?" continued Peggy. "I'll never tell."

"Do, Millicent!" urged Joanna. "If it's—if it has anything to do with what we were talking about when Peggy came in, you may as well tell. I want Peggy to know about it, and I'm sure she would like to hear them too."

"Hear them? What in the world is it? Oh, I know! I know!" cried Peggy; "you have been writing and sending things to the magazines! Oh, Milly, do show me!"

Millicent looked at her long and doubtfully. "Will you never, never tell?" she asked at last.

"Never, on my oath!"

"I believe I will tell you, then, for I do think it is the meanest thing in those editors, and I just want to see what they have said this time, whether they have answered my note."

She opened the envelope and drew forth several papers, one of which appeared to be a printed one.

"No, they haven't. They have just sent the same old slip they always do, thanking me ever so much for sending the poems, and it may not be because they are not good that they send them back, but because they have so many things on hand. Oh dear, I think they might have answered it!"

"What did you say in your note?" asked Peggy.

"Oh, I told them that I thought these poems were perfectly suited to their magazine, and so they are. And I asked them to tell me of a good place to send them if they couldn't take them. I do think the man might have had the politeness to answer my note."

"Well, do let us hear them," put in Peggy, briskly. "I am wild to know what they are like."

Millicent again looked at her doubtfully. But in a moment she took a more upright position on the sofa, and holding her pretty head a little to one side, she remarked:

"This is a little poem on something which is very familiar to us, but I like the idea of idealizing familiar things." Then she paused. "Oh, I don't believe I can read it, after all," she said, in an embarrassed way; "it is very hard to read your own productions."

"Then let me read it," cried Peggy, attempting to seize the paper.

"No, no! I would rather do it myself than have you," said Millicent, and presently she coughed hesitatingly and began. "It is about the mosquito, and is called

"LINES TO A MOSQUITO."

"When day is done, and darkness comes shadowing down the way,

And Night with her rustling winglets blots out the garish day, We hear the song of an insect singing its musical lay.

"Oh, insect with wings that flutter! Oh, insect on murder intent, Oh, creature, we'd love thee dearly if thou wert not on blood-suck bent!

And we'd bear with thy visits gladly, we e'en would be content,

"Then cease thy busy prattle, and cease thy dangerous stings, Learn, learn to be meek and lamblike like other less-harmful things,

Till we hail with joy thy coming, thy coming on peaceful wings!"

Here the poem ended, and the reader paused for the applause which she felt to be her due. Peggy had turned aside, and was leaning her head upon her hand so that Millicent could not see her face. Joan was the first to speak.

"Millicent, how perfectly lovely! Did you really do it all yourself? You are the smartest thing I ever knew. That beginning was just too perfect. Somehow it reminded me of something else."

"Longfellow, probably," said Millicent. "'When day is done, and darkness comes shadowing down the way,' is suggestive of him."

"All except the 'shadowing,'" said Peggy.

"No; I made that word up," returned Millicent, with complacency. "Poets are obliged to coin words sometimes. What do you think of the poem, Peggy?"

"Wonderful!" replied her cousin, in a stifled voice.

"How did you think of asking a mosquito to be like a lamb?"

She turned away again, and her shoulders shook convulsively.

"Do read the other!" cried Joan, enthusiastically. "I don't see how you ever make them rhyme so beautifully."

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Millicent, much pleased.

"Whenever I don't know just what to put I look in my rhyming dictionary for a word."

"Rhyming dictionary?" repeated Peggy, at last uncovering a crimson face. "Do poets use rhyming dictionaries?"

"Of course. They are obliged to very often, and it saves so much time and thought, you know. Now this is a sonnet. It is my favorite form of verse. I suppose you both know that a sonnet must be just fourteen lines?"

"Oh, I know," agreed Peggy, amiably, "and there are other rules about it, too."

"Well, that one is the most important, about the fourteen lines. I don't pay much attention to the other rules. I think rules hamper you when you are composing."

"Oh!" said Peggy.

"This is called 'A Sonnet to the Moth Miller,'" continued Millicent:

"Oh, little creature, made so fair, so white,

What seekest thou about my closet door?

To see thee fills no soul with deep delight,

Thy coming almost all men do deplore.

So silent and so fatal is thy task

We haste to catch thee, bring the camphor forth,

To kill thee quite stone-dead is all we ask,

Thou little quiet woolen-loving moth!

We crush thee, cast the atoms to the wind,

Stamp underfoot, and tread thee with the heel.

Oh, tell me! Dost thou really truly mind?

Can little frail white creatures like thee feel?

What are thy thoughts, and what emotions thine?

To know thy feelings, dear white moth, I pine!"

When Millicent's pathetic voice ceased there was silence

in the room, and then from the table upon which Peggy's

head was resting came peal after peal of laughter.

"Oh, do excuse me, Milly!" she cried, as soon as she could

speak. "I didn't mean to laugh, but it struck me as so

awfully funny, don't you know. 'About your closet door,'

and bringing thee—the—camphor forth. Oh, oh, moth-balls

are better, and you might have put in something about the

smell! Ha, ha, ha!" and Peggy fairly shrieked with laughter

as she held her side and rocked to and fro. "Oh, do excuse me! But—but—I can't help it! It's the funniest thing I ever heard! At least it isn't really, but it just



PEGGY FAIRLY SHRIEKED WITH LAUGHTER OVER THE POEM.

struck me so. And—and—if you can tread a moth under your—your heel, you're terribly smart. Oh, Mill, Mill!"

"There!" said Millicent, rising, and thrusting her papers into a drawer in her desk, and turning the key with an angry snap. "I knew just how it would be. I believe you would laugh at my funeral."

"Oh no, indeed, I wouldn't, Milly—not at your funeral. But really, you know, it just struck me. I think the rhymes are perfectly splendid. Don't you, Joan?"

"Indeed I do," cried Joanna; "and I don't see what you saw to laugh at. I think they are beautiful, Millicent. Aren't you going to read some more?"

"No, indeed. Never."

"I wish you would write a poem about Cousin Appolina," said Peggy. "Hateful thing! She might take at least one of us abroad with her, if not all three. She has such loads of money, and no one to spend it on but herself."

"Probably she will take one of us," observed Joan.

"It won't be me, then," said her cousin, positively, but ungrammatically; "she hates me like fury. It will be one of you. Well, it wouldn't be much fun to dance attendance on Cousin Appolina if she should happen to have a cranky fit. Mill, I know you are mad, for you haven't spoken a word since I laughed. Do forgive me. And, tell me, what are you going to send to the fair?"

"I have nothing to send," replied Millicent, rather shortly.

"Send your poems! Brilliant idea!" exclaimed the incorrigible Peggy. "Have them printed on separate slips of paper, and sign some queer name, and say a member of the congregation wrote them, and see how they take."

"I don't care to have you make any more fun of me and my writings," said Millicent, with great dignity.

"No fun, honor bright! Only I wish you would put in one about Cousin Appolina Briggs. If you don't, I believe I will. You could lend me your rhyming dictionary to do it with, and I believe I could write a poem as well as—anybody. But haven't you got anything on hand that you don't want, in the way of fancy-work, that you might send?"

"I have those worsted slippers Cousin Appolina gave me for Christmas. They are in the box, just as she sent them."

"The very thing! Who wants her old worsted slippers?"

And fairs are always full of them. And you will have your poems printed and send them, won't you, dear child?"

Her cousin did not see the gleam of mischief which came into Peggy's eyes as she said this. Millicent was pondering the situation too deeply. Peggy had never dreamed until now that she would take the proposition seriously.

"I believe I will," said the poetess, after some minutes' pause, interrupted only by the admiring Joanna, who urged her sister to act upon Peggy's suggestion. "It would give me the recognition I want. They can be sold at five cents a copy, and if I see people buying I shall know that they are liked, and then some day I might have some published in a book. Thank you ever so much, Peggy, for thinking of it. I will sign them 'Pearl Proctor,' just as I do those that I send to the magazines, and no one will ever know who it is. I will have them type-written on attractive paper. And I will send Cousin Appolina's shoes. She won't be home from Washington until after the fair, and she will never know. They had really better be doing some good."

"She wouldn't recognize them, anyhow; she is so near-sighted that even that gold lorgnette wouldn't discover her own stitches. Well, good-by, girls. I'm going."

Unknown to her cousins, Peggy slipped away with the rhyming dictionary under her arm. She had discovered it on the table, and the opportunity was too good to be wasted.

She crossed the street to her own home and retired to her own room, from which she did not emerge for an hour or more. At dinner that night her family, had they looked at her with attention, might have discovered an additional expression of mischief in her eyes and a satisfied look on her face. But fortunately one's family are not apt to notice.

"If I thought there was the least chance of Cousin Appolina choosing me to go abroad, I might not run the risk," she said to herself; "but she wouldn't take me on any account. Besides, she'll never hear of this, and it will be such fun to paralyze Milly. Just fancy her taking me in earnest, and sending her poems to the fair! Oh, oh! What a dear old innocent she is! It is a shame to tease her, but I just can't help it. Pearl Proctor! Pearl Proctor! what naughty deed is about to be perpetrated in thy name!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

A Sequel to "The Fur-Seal's Tooth."

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "RAFTMATES," "CANOEIMATES," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

JALAP COOMBS'S FOURTEEN PAIR OF FEET.



OF course, Mr. Coombs, you can't expect us to go back to St. Michaels now," began Phil, as a preliminary to unfolding his scheme for the discomfiture of Simon Goldollar and his unprincipled companion.

"Why not?" demanded the sailor, who had not for a moment expected anything else.

"As soon as I found ye I were to bring ye to St. Michaels, and keep ye there till your father comes. Them's orders, and to disobey 'em would be mutiny, nigh as I kin make out."

"That would be all right if you had found us; but you haven't."

"Eh?" queried Jalap Coombs. "I hain't found ye?"

"Certainly not," laughed Phil. "Instead of you finding us, we have found you. If you had struck us at Anvik, it is possible that we might have gone back with you, but as we have found you some four hundred miles from there, we shall certainly do nothing of the kind. You see, to begin with, we are under the greatest of obligations to Captain Hamer, who, by-the-way, is one of the finest men I ever met."

Here Phil told of the terrible experience he and Serge had undergone in Bering Sea, and of their gallant rescue by Gerald Hamer, all of which the absorbed listener now heard for the first time.

"Now," continued the lad, "we have left him just recovering from a dangerous illness, and unfitted to travel for some months. If he can't get word out to the coast before spring he will be a heavy loser. So Serge and I have undertaken to carry and deliver the message for him. Our entire outfit, down to the very clothing we wear, was furnished by him on that condition. It is also our duty to try and defeat the plans of his enemies, who are also our enemies, and now seem to have become yours as well. So you see we are in honor bound to push on with all speed. Besides all this, we certainly ought to be able to reach Sitka long before my father can get

away from there, and so save him a long, tedious, and useless journey."

"I'm not so sartain of that," demurred Jalap Coombs. "For ye've been trying to make Sitka long's ever I've knowed ye, which is going on a year now, and hain't come anywhere nigh to it yet. Still, as my old friend Kite Roberson useter say, 'Jalap, my son, allers steer by sarcumstances; for as a gieneral thing they'll p'int straighter 'n a compass,' and I am free to admit that your present sarcumstances is p'inting pretty direct towards Sitka. But how do ye propose to sarcumvent the villyans what run off with my dogs?"

"Now you are talking straight business," laughed Phil. "As I understand it, the main object of those fellows is to capture the next season's trade of the Yukon Valley, and especially of the diggings at Forty Mile, by taking advance orders at lower rates than the old company has ever before offered. Even then their prices are certain to be exorbitant, and with Gerald Hamer's list I am certain I can underbid them. But that woud' be of any use unless we can



"KIKMUK"

be first in the field, for after the orders are given and contracts signed those other chaps could laugh at us and our prices. So our only hope is to reach Forty Mile ahead of them."

"Which ye can't do it without wings or steam," objected Jalap Coombs, "seeing they's got two good days' start."

"I wouldn't care if they had six days' start," answered Phil. "I am confident that we could still beat them with just ordinary snow-shoes and sledges and plain every-day North American dogs. They have gone around the great arctic bend of the Yukon, haven't they? And so have a journey of at least seven hundred miles ahead of them before they reach Forty Mile."

"Yes," replied Jalap. "They said as it were the only navigable channel."

"Well, it isn't, for I know of another that is equally good, and two hundred miles or so shorter. You see, there is a big river coming from the southeast and emptying into the Yukon somewhere in this vicinity, called the Tananah."

"That's right," assented the sailor, "for I've already passed its mouth twice about half-way between here and where the *St. Michaels* is friz in."

"Good enough," said Phil. "Now by following this Tananah for two or three hundred miles, and taking up one of its eastern branches that is called the Gheesah, or some such name, and crossing a divide, we can strike the headwaters of Forty Mile Creek."

"And sail down with the current, run into port under a full press of canvas, and capture the market afore the enemy heaves in sight!" exclaimed Jalap Coombs, enthusiastically, his practical mind quick to note the advantages of Phil's scheme. "But what's to become of me?" he added, anxiously. "Kin ye fit me out with a new pair of feet?"

"Certainly we can," replied Phil, promptly. "We can fit you out with fourteen new pair, and will guarantee that thus provided you will be able to travel as fast as the rest of us."

"Fourteen pair o' feet?" repeated Jalap Coombs, reflectively, "and slow shoes on every pair? Seems to me, son, you must be calculating to run me under a kind of a sandpitte rig, which it looks like the strain on the hull would be too great. As for navigating fourteen pair of slow shoes all at once, I don't reckon old Kite himself could do it. Still, if you think it can be did, why, go ahead and try it on. I'm agreeable, as the cat said after he'd swallowed the cap'n's wife's canary."

So Phil's plan was adopted without a dissenting voice, and from that moment Jalap Coombs said nothing more about a return to *St. Michaels*.

That very evening, leaving Serge to see what could be done for the sailor-man's lameness, and taking Kurilla with him to act as interpreter, Phil visited several Indian huts. At these he finally succeeded in purchasing enough furs and moose-hide for a huge sleeping-bag, which the several squaws, who, under promise of a liberal recompense in tea, undertook its construction promised should be ready by morning. Phil also bought an immense pair of arctic sleeping-socks, and an extra supply of snow-goggles.

When he told Kurilla of their change of plan, and that they intended going up the Tananah, the latter replied, dubiously: "Me plenty don't know um. Maybe git lose. Yaas."

"Oh, that 'll be all right," answered Phil, cheerfully. "You'll plenty know um before we get through with um, and whenever you don't know which way to go, just come and ask me."

When he returned to the house he found Serge boiling with indignation. "Do you know," he cried, "that Mr. Coombs has walked all the way from *St. Michaels* without pads in his boots, because those other fellows told him his feet would toughen quicker if he didn't use them? The consequence is they are simply raw from blisters, and every step he takes must be like treading on knives."

"It has been tedious at times," admitted Jalap Coombs. "And under the circumstances I don't know but what I'd rather have one pair of feet than fourteen, or even half the number."

"Isn't it good to have old Jalap with us once more?" asked Phil of Serge, after they had turned in that night.

"Indeed it is; but do you notice how he has changed?"

"I should say I had. He is like a salt-water fish suddenly dropped into a fresh-water pond. He'll come out all right, though, especially if we can only get his feet into shape again."

That night the mercury fell to 59° below zero, and the next morning even Phil, impatient as he was to proceed, had not the heart to order men or dogs out into that bitter air before sunrise. With that, however, the mercury began slowly to rise, and when it had crept up 19°, or to only 40° below, the young leader declared the weather to be warm enough for anybody. So he ordered the sledges to be got ready, and when the one drawn by his own team came dashing up to the door, he announced that Mr. Coombs's fourteen pair of feet were at his service. He also politely requested the sailor-man to crawl into a big fur-lined bag with which the sledge was provided, and make himself comfortable.

"But, Phil," demurred the other, "I ain't no passenger to be tucked up in a steamer-cher on deck. I'm shipped for this 'vy'ge as one of the crew."

"Very well," replied Phil. "Then of course you will obey orders without a murmur, for I remember hearing you say, when we were aboard the *Seamer*, that even if a captain were to order his whole crew to knit bedquits or tidies, they'd be bound to obey to the best of their ability."

"Sartain," admitted the other. "I got that from old Kite Roberson, which bedquits and tidies were his very words." Then, without further remonstrance, the crippled sailor stepped to the sledge, slid feet first into the big bag, and lay there like an animated mummy, with the hood of his parka drawn close about his face. Its encircling fringe of long wolf hair, added to his preternatural gravity of countenance, gave him such a comical expression that the boys could not help shouting with laughter as Kurilla cracked his great whip and the dogs sprang away with their new burden.

Phil took the lead, as usual, and when they reached the mouth of the Tananah, which, on account of its broad expanse, there was no chance of mistaking, he turned into it without hesitation, and in a few minutes they had taken their last view of the Yukon for many a long day.

At its mouth the Tananah is nearly three miles broad, or as wide as the Yukon itself, and is filled with islands, on which are stranded quantities of uprooted trees of greater size than any seen on the Yukon above that point.

The bitterness of the cold continued unabated, and the sledge party had hardly lost sight of the Yukon ere the young leader heard himself hailed from the rear, and passed to see what was wanted.

"I say, Cap'n Phil," began Jalap Coombs, with chattering teeth, "is it your orders or desire that your men should freeze to death?"

"Certainly not," laughed the lad.

"Then, sir, I has the honor to report that this member of the crew is already froze solid half-way up, with ice making fast through the remainder of his system."

"That is entirely contrary to orders," replied Phil, sternly, "and must be stopped at once. So, sir, put your helm to port, and run for yonder timber."

Half an hour later poor Jalap was being outwardly thawed by a roaring fire of great logs, and inwardly by cupful after cupful of scalding tea, which moved him to remark that, according to his friend Kite Roberson, tea and coffee were the next best things to observations of the sun for determining latitude.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHRISTMAS ON THE TANANAH.

"Look here," said Phil, referring to the mate's last surprising statement, "wasn't your friend Mr. Robinson in the habit of drawing the long bow?"

"No," replied Jalap Coombs, in surprise at the question; "he couldn't abide 'em."

"Couldn't abide what?"

"Bows, nor yet arrers, since when he were a kid some boys put up a game on him that they called William Tell, which allers did seem to me the foolishhest game, seeing that his name warn't William, but Kite, and he warn't expected to tell anything, only just to stand with a pumpkin on his head for them to shoot their bow-arrers at. Waal, the very first one missed the pumpkin and plunked poor Kite in the stumminck, after which he didn't have no use for a long bow nor a short bow, nor yet a bow of any kind."

"I don't blame him," laughed Serge. "But we would very much like to know how he determined latitude by tea and coffee."

"Easy enough," was the reply. "You see, tea is drunk mostly in cold latitudes similar to this, and coffee in warm. The higher the latitude, the hotter and stronger the tea, and the less you hear of coffee. At forty-five or thereabouts they're drunk about alike, while south of that coffee grows blacker and more common, while tea takes a back seat till you get to the line, where it's mighty little used. Then as you go south of that the same thing begins all over again; but there's not many would notice sich things, and fewer as would put 'em to practical use like old Kite done."

"Mr. Coombs," said Phil, "you souned pretty well thawed out, and if that is the case we'll get under way again."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the mate, thrashing his long arms vigorously across his chest to restore circulation, and then slipping resignedly into his fur bag. "Anchor's apeak, sir." And away sped the sledges up the broad level of the Tananah.

Every member of the party had by this time become so thoroughly broken in to his duties, that when they made camp that night the promptness with which it was prepared, as well as the ensuing comfort, was a revelation to Jalap Coombs, who declared that there had been nothing like it in the camps of the other party.

"Of course not," said Phil, "for they haven't got Serge Belcofsky along, so how could their comfort equal ours?"

At this Serge, covered with confusion, replied, "Nonsense, Phil! You know it is because we have got such capital campmen as Kurilla and Chitsah with us."

At this the face of the elder Indian beamed with pleasure. He did not exactly understand the conversation; but believing that he ought to make some reply, he pointed to Jalap Coombs, and looking at Phil, remarked:

"You fadder. Yaas."

But the journey up the Tananah was by no means an unbroken record of swift movings from one comfortable camp to another, or of jokes and pleasantries. The days were now at their shortest, so that each could boast only about four hours of sunlight, and even that was frequently obscured by fierce storms, when the howling winds cut like knives, and it required every ounce of Phil Ryder's pluck as well as Serge Belcofsky's dogged determination to keep the little party in motion. The feet of the poor dogs were often so pierced by ice slivers that their tracks were marked with blood. The older and more experienced would bite at these and pull them out. Others would howl with pain, while some would lie down and refuse to work until they were put in boots, which were little bags of deer-hide drawn over their feet and fastened with buckskin thongs.

It was a journey of constant and painful struggle and of dreary monotony, each day being only the same endless succession of ice-bound river, snow-covered hills, and sombre forest. Especially depressing was the night of the 24th of December, when, with an icy wind moaning through the tree-tops of the subarctic forest, and the shivering dogs edging toward the fire for a share of its grateful warmth, Phil and Serge and Jalap Coombs reminded each other that this was Christmas eve. Never before had Phil spent one away from home, nor had the others ever been so utterly removed from the cheering influences of the joyous season. So Phil described what he knew was taking place in far-distant New London at that very hour, and Serge told of merry times in quaint old Sitka, while Jalap Coombs recalled many a noble plum duff that had graced Christmas feasts far out at sea, until they all grew homesick, and finally crawled into their

sleeping-bags to dream of scenes as remote from those surrounding them as could well be imagined.

As they always selected a camping-place, and prepared for the long night by the last of the scanty daylight or in the middle of the afternoon, so they always resumed their journey by the moonlight or starlight, or even in the darkness of two or three o'clock the next morning. On Christmas morning they started as usual many hours before daylight, and, either owing to the vagueness of all outlines or because his thoughts were far away, the young leader mistook a branch for the main river, and headed for a portion of the mighty wilderness that no white man had ever yet explored.

About noon they passed a forlorn native village of three or four snow-covered huts, the occupants of which gazed at the unaccustomed sight of white travellers in stolid amazement. They had gone nearly a mile beyond this sole evidence of human occupation to be found in many a weary league when Phil suddenly stopped.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, "what do you two say to going back, making a camp near that village, and having some sort of a Christmas after all? It doesn't seem right for white folks to let the day go by without celebrating it somehow."

As the others promptly agreed to this proposition the sledges were faced about, and a few minutes later the music of Musky's jingling bells again attracted the wondering natives from their burrows.

Camp was made on a wooded island opposite the village, and while the others were clearing the snow from a space some fifty feet square, and banking it up on the windward side, Phil took his gun and set forth to hunt for a Christmas dinner. An hour later he returned with four arctic hares and a brace of ptarmigan or Yukon grouse whose winter plumage was as spotless as the snow itself.

He found Serge and Jalap Coombs concocting a huge plum duff, while from the brass kettle a savory steam was already issuing. Kurilla and Chitsah had chopped a hole through four feet of ice and were fishing, while a few natives from the village hovered about the outskirts of the camp watching its strange life with curious interest.

They were very shy, and moved away when Phil approached them, seeing which he called Kurilla and bade him tell them that a present would be given to every man, woman, and child who should visit the camp before sunset.

At first they could not comprehend this startling proposition, but after it had been repeated a few times the youngest of them, a mere boy, uttered a joyous shout and started on a run for the village. A few minutes later its entire population, not more than twenty-five in all, including babes in arms, or rather in the hoods of their mother's parkas, came hurrying over from the mainland filled with eager expectancy.

To every man Phil presented a small piece of tobacco, to every woman a handful of tea, and to every child a bisenit dipped in molasses. With each present he uttered, very distinctly, the word "Christmas." At length one child, though whether it was a boy or a girl he could not make out, for their fur garments were all exactly alike, looked up with a bashful smile and said, "Kikmuk." In a minute all the others had caught the word, and the air rang with shouts of "Kikmuk," mingled with joyous laughter.

Then they all trooped back to the village, shouting "Kikmuk" as they went, and so long as they live the word will be associated in their minds with happiness and good-will. Three of them, a man and two women, afterwards returned, bringing with them a pair of dainty mocassins, a fox-skin, and an intestine filled with melted fat, which they timidly presented to Phil, Serge, and Jalap Coombs respectively. The last-named regarded his gift rather dubiously, but accepted it with a hearty "Kikmuk," and remarked that it would probably be good for his feet, which it afterward proved to be.

These three were invited to dine with Kurilla and Chitsah, an invitation which they accepted, and so became the guests of the Christmas dinner. On their side of the fire the feast consisted largely of the fish the Indians had just caught, to which were added unstinted tea and a liberal

supply of the plum duff. On the other side were mock-turtle soup *à la can*, baked fish, rabbit fricassee, roast grouse, plum duff, hard bread, tea, and cocoa—all of which combined to form what Phil pronounced to be the very best Christmas dinner he had ever eaten, in which sentiment Serge and Jalap Coombs heartily concurred.

Even the dogs were given cause to rejoice that Christmas had at length come to their snowy land by receiving a double ration of dried fish, which put them into such good spirits that they spent the greater part of the night in a rollicking game of romps. On the Indian side of the fire unwonted good cheer so overcame the shyness of the villagers that the man ventured to ask questions regarding the intentions and destination of this sledge party of strangers. When these were stated by Kurilla he remained silent for a minute. Then he delivered a long and animated speech.

As a result of this, and when it was finished, Kurilla left his own side of the fire, and, approaching Phil, said, "You go Forty Mile?"

"Yes. We all going to Forty Mile, of course."

"No like um Tananah?"

"Certainly I like the Tananah well enough. I shall like it better, though, when we have seen the last of it."

"No can see um now."

"Why not? There it is right out yonder."

"No. Him Klood-la-ku-ka. Tananah so" (pointing to the way they had come). "You go so way" (pointing upstream); "get lose, mebbe; no fin; plenty bad. Yaas."

So, all on account of keeping Christmas, and trying to bring a little of its joy into the hearts of those children of the wilderness, Phil's mistake was discovered before its consequences became disastrous, and he was once more enabled to place his little party on the right road to Sitka.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE-BLOOD OF A GREAT CITY.

HOW NEW YORK GETS ITS WATER.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE furnishing of water to millions of human beings in a city, and the arrangements for giving it to them as they want it, whether merely by the glassful or in the profusion with which it is used in a brewery, are among the most wonderful achievements of civilization. Imagine the way men live when they break their way into a new country; that is the only manner in which we can measure the convenience of a modern water supply. I have seen the settlers on the Canadian plains walking a quarter of a mile—perhaps half a mile—to the Bow River to fill a bucket with water with which to cook and with which to supply drink to a household. Bathing, as we understand the term,

was only to be done by going to the same river and plunging in—during the few months when the river water was warm. Thus it must have been with the first Hollanders who settled Manhattan Island. In time they dug wells in the ground, and then came that more lavish use of the splendid fluid, attended by such economy as used to lead the Dutch mothers to scold the children with that admonition we still may hear in the country, "Do you think the servant-girl has nothing to do but to carry water up stairs for you to waste it as you do?"

Did the reader ever see a medical or anatomical chart of the human body, showing the arteries and veins that carry the blood from our hearts to every main and every minute part of our bodies? How like a tree it looks, with its main stem or trunk, with its great branches, with its delicate boughs and twigs. Well, a Croton-water chart of the system by which a river is brought to our bedrooms, instead of our having to go to the river with our buckets, would be just such another complicated, marvellous, treelike object, only I really think it would be more astonishing in one sense, because it is so wholly the hard brain-work of man instead of the mysterious divine creation of the Almighty, whose works are so profound that their wonders do not surprise us so much as when man produces something a tenth part or a thousandth part as extraordinary.

If we could cut away all the earth of the island, leaving the water-mains bare, and if we could tear down all the buildings of the city so as to allow the water-pipes to stand up, bare and naked, just as they now stand up in their covers of brick and plaster, I suppose the sight of that wonderful forest of big and little pipes would be as surprising as anything that any human being ever saw. Just try to fancy Manhattan Island all under a tangle of towering pipes and crisscrossed tubes, and then, while we are about it, just fancy a lot of savages landing here and tampering with those pipes until one of them should touch some cock and turn on the water. What a rain there would be, in big streams and middling streams and tiny little streams, out of millions of fixtures! No shower bath that was ever conceived or heard of would compare with it. And yet—see how small and weak man is, after all—it would not begin to equal an ordinary rain-storm.

Of water mains—or big pipes sunk in the streets to distribute the Croton water from the reservoirs—there are no less than 715 miles, but when the reader thinks how at every twenty-five feet smaller pipes branch out of the mains to carry the water to every floor of every building,



MAP OF CROTON AQUEDUCT.



AQUEDUCT TUNNEL UNDER THE HARLEM.



RESERVOIR IN CENTRAL PARK.

and sometimes to every office or room, he will see that of smaller pipes there must be tens of thousands of miles, making up that grand tree which is as much the "tree of life" of a great city as the arterial system is the tree of life of each of our bodies. To carry off the water that courses through all these thousands of miles of pipes we have 456 miles of sewers—or much bigger pipes; some of which men can walk through or even paddle a boat in.

One hundred and fifty years ago, when New York was considered rather an ancient town, the people got their water for drinking from the "collect," where the Tombs prison stands, and from the little springs and streams that ran into that pond. A very few bad wells, public or private, near their houses. It was not until 1750 that pumps were set up to make the getting of water easier. It will surprise the reader to know that hundreds of these old wells still remain upon the island. Two or three still have pumps affixed to them, and are used for giving drink to horses, but the rest are covered over and, in most cases, their existence is forgotten. It is not possible, even in case of war, when our water supply might be cut off, that we will ever revert to the use of these wells, for they yield a polluted water that is as bad to drink as poison. Just before the Revolutionary War a man named Colles built a little reservoir above the City Hall, but it yielded such bad water that the people who could afford to do so bought water that was hawked in the streets from carts. It was not until 1842, when we had a population of 350,000 souls, that New York got its water systematically and in such plenty that mothers did not scold their children and Mayors did not remonstrate with the people for wasting it.

New York has never been a boastful city. It never has filled the world with the noise of its greatness or the parade of its wonderful achievements. Its Broadway is the longest thoroughfare in Christendom, I believe; its suspension-bridge is only excelled by one bridge of another kind; its actual size and population are second to those of but one city; but such facts one must glean from the encyclopedias and the letters of travellers. The New-Yorkers say nothing about them. Therefore it is but little known that the aqueduct which carries our water to us is the greatest—many times the greatest—tunnel in the whole world. It is more than thirty-three miles in length, and far from being a mere trench, averages a depth of 170 feet below the surface, and is in places 380 feet underground. It is from ten to thirteen feet high, and averages nearly as great a width. Its way is hewn through solid rock in places, and it is everywhere built of brick and granite. It passes under several rivers, and at the Harlem River, the northern boundary of this island, it is in the shape of a siphon upside down, sloping for 1300 feet under the river, and then rising 400 feet straight up

through the Manhattan Island bank of the stream. It cost nearly \$27,000,000, and it brings, without pumping, by the incline of the tunnel, nearly 100 gallons of water a day for each of the 1,900,000 persons in the city, or about 171,000,000 gallons of water a day for all of us. It is a solid cube of water running at the rate of two miles an hour, eight or ten feet thick, and ten or a dozen feet high.

We are in the habit of saying that the water we drink comes from Croton Lake, thirty miles north of the city in Westchester County, but that is only a part of the truth. The fact is, that Croton Lake was made by damming the Croton River when our system was begun in 1835-42. We now take that water, and the water of several other lakes, ponds, and rivers that are in a great valley or depression in the earth called the Croton watershed. We keep stored up and ready for use about 17,000,000,000 gallons of water in the following natural and artificial reservoirs: Croton Lake, Lake Mahopac, Lake Gilead, and Kirk Lake, Middle Branch, East Branch, Bog Brook, and Barrett Pond. Their names sufficiently describe the character of these great goblets of crystal water which nature and man have arranged for the needs of the great city. But these are so insufficient that, although it is believed we could draw 250,000,000 gallons a day even in dry weather, we are going to take into our system three more reservoirs, which will allow us to store 13,000,000,000 gallons more than we can store at present. And as even these will not long supply our growing needs, we are about to build the greatest dam the world ever saw. It is already called the Quaker Bridge dam. It is to be built five miles south of Croton Lake, back of the town of Sing Sing, where the great State-prison is. It will be a great pyramidal-shaped wall of solid masonry 264 feet high, and 1500 feet long, and will cost, the officials think, at least \$6,000,000. When it is finished, a magnificent rich farming country will be flooded and turned into one immense glass of water for old Father Knickerbocker (as we call our patron saint) and his children. The



THE OLD WAY.

water that will bank up against that dam will rise up over many, many farms and houses and barns and villages for a distance of no less than sixteen miles, and the present dam at Croton Lake will be thirty-five feet under the surface of the water. Now we store 17,000,000,000 gallons of water, but then we will have a liquid treasure of 84,600,000,000 gallons.

We are apt to think about water as free because Nature evidently intended that it should cost no more than fresh air. And so it is free, so long as we are satisfied to use very little, and to go and dip that very little out of a stream and carry it to our homes. But when we demand the full fruits of modern civilization, when we insist upon the building of huge dams and vast reservoirs and tunnels and pumping-stations, we must buy the water they bring in order to pay for the cost of the convenience. What we pay in New York amounts to about \$1 75 a head for every man, woman, and child in the city, or more than \$3,000,000 a year. This great tax, called the "water rents," is used to pay the interest on the debt we owe for our aqueduct, to keep the system in repair, and to swell a sinking fund which we have established. The water rents are not paid according to the amount of water each person uses, but for the quantity that passes into each house, office building, factory, brewery, and stable. The house-owners each pay between four dollars and eighteen dollars a year, and the men who use great quantities—such as brewers, makers of mineral water, sugar refiners, and the like—in the course of their business all pay special rates, which seem very large indeed when we read the sums in print.



This department is published in the interest of Amateur and Professional photographers, and the editor will be pleased to consider any matter that the club can do for its people. Contributions should be addressed to Editor Camera Club Department.

MEMORY ALBUMS

WHAT a wonderful thing the memory is! Grandmamma, who counts, perhaps, her threescore years and ten, sees a piece of faded calico, and her mind goes back to the time when, a little girl of eight, she was dressed in a new gown, of which this faded scrap is a remnant, and taken to town for "general training." She sees again the soldiers and the officers in their uniforms, she almost smells the cards of gingerbread, and hears the bustle and stir in the streets. She may not have thought of this special day for long, long years, but this bit of calico has brought it all back to her memory.

SINCE THE ADVENT OF CAMERAS into nearly every family one has the opportunity of making actual pictures of festal occasions which occur, such as the birthday parties, the family picnics, John's new bicycle and his first unsuccessful attempt to ride it, the Hallowe'en frolic, the Christmas tree—any special day or event can be preserved in gelatine, and in a few years these pictures will have for one more interest and value than many made from much finer negatives. Now we want to suggest to our young amateurs that they start memory albums at once.

BEGIN THE ALBUM BY LOOKING OVER your collection of plates, and select such as have been made on special occasions. From these make prints, and be sure and look up the exact date on which the picture was taken. Do not reject a "memory picture" because it is not as clear a plate or the grouping as artistic as one could desire. For the album itself, buy the album leaves which are almost as cheap as card mounts, and they can be added to from time to time as

one makes new pictures. Arrange your pictures in chronological order—that is, the earliest date first, etc., marking under each picture its proper date.

A PERSON WHO HAS USED A CAMERA for two or three years will find he has quite a number of "memory pictures," and one who starts a memory album should make it a rule to add the pictures to his collection as soon as they are made. One can use blue prints for such albums, for a good blue print seldom fades or discolours, while aristo or albumen prints, unless very carefully finished, are apt to grow yellow or discolour. In after-years our memory albums will be considered of as much value as any of our possessions.

SIR KNIGHT ALFRED C. BAKER asks "If he can become a member of the Camera Club, and what are the duties of a member?" We shall be very glad to enroll Sir Alfred a member of our Camera Club, and as he says he owns two or three cameras, and finishes his own pictures, he will doubtless be a great addition to our club. The duties of a member have never been exactly defined, but we expect our members to take an active interest in the work, and they are requested to send to the club any new or improved way of doing anything in photography. We also want each one of our members to become a specialist along some special line of photographic work. We hope soon to organize a correspondence and exchange club. Sir Alfred would like to correspond on photography with some of the members of the club. He has also a Kombi camera which he would like to sell or exchange.

THE MERRIEST TIME.

THE merriest time? Why, kite-time,
Or the time for playing ball;
Or maybe you like rolling hoop
The very best of all.

But, "Here's my own opinion,"
With a little laugh, cries Moll.
"The best is when I take a walk,
And carry my parasol."
"When muffs are packed in camphor,
And tippets put away,
When you needn't always wear your cloak
In the middle of the day."

"Yes, I declare, the merriest time,"
With a dimpling laugh, says Moll,
"Is when I go to take a walk,
And carry my parasol." M. E. S.

A MESSENGER-BOY'S ADVENTURE.*

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

DANNY CAHILL had been a district messenger for a year, and it seemed to him that he had been on every street and across every park in the great city of New York. Mr. Kean, who had helped him to become a newsboy, had secured him a position in a down-town messenger office, where he could easily learn his duties, and gradually become acquainted with the city, for most of his "calls" there were from offices which wanted messengers for short errands, and he was only occasionally sent far up town. But after six months he was transferred to an office in the fashionable part of the city, near Fifth Avenue, and then he began to go on long journeys which gave him rides on the elevated roads from one end of the city to the other; "from the Battery to the Harlem River," as the saying is.

The work was hard, though, and more so for Danny, because, after or before his long hours on duty, he went every day or night to the school in the Newsboys' Lodging-house where he lived. If he had been on night duty, no matter how late he had been up, nor how many miles he had walked, he was at school the next morning, and if on day duty, he

* The previous articles in this series, published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, are "A Street-Walk's Luck," No. 792, "Danny Cahill, Newsboy," No. 803.

did not go to bed until he had attended the night class. I cannot say that Danny liked this, for he would much rather have gone with the other boys on their pleasure excursions about the city, but Mr. Kean had urged Danny to put in all the time he could spare in school. He promised him that if he did so he would find him a better position when he was far enough advanced to take one.

One evening, when it was nearly time for Danny to go off duty, a messenger call came in the office, and as he was "next" he had to answer it. It took him to a big fashionable house where he had often been before, and he expected as usual to have a short errand with a note to some neighboring house or shop. But when a servant let him into the big hall he was soon joined by a maid who gave him a bundle to carry, and told him he was to take it, and pilot her to the Tenement Mission, "wherever that may be," said the maid, crossly.

Danny knew well enough where it was, for it was situated only a few blocks from the place he once called "home," where he had lived with his uncle who had made him beg, and whom he had never seen since the day he escaped, by Mr. Kean's aid, from the policeman who had arrested both him and his uncle.

What he could not understand was what so grand a house as he was then in could have to do with the Tenement Mission, and he said so to the maid when they were on the street walking toward the Third Avenue elevated station.

"I don't wonder at your surprise," said the maid. "The lady in charge of that nasty mission is the young lady of our house, and I'm her maid. What she wants to go down among those trash for I'm sure I don't know."

"Say," exclaimed Danny, in amazement, "de yer mean dat Barstow lives where we's just come from?"

"Sure, Miss Barstow," answered the maid, "but how do you know?"

"Everybody down dare where I useter live knows her, and calls her 'a tenement angel,'" Danny replied. "But she don't dress grand—not so grand as you."

The maid laughed at this, and then said: "Well, she has a right to dress as she pleases, and go where she pleases, I suppose; but I don't know what right she has to telegraph me to come down there with jelly and wine and broth that you have in that bundle. I'll just tell her that I ain't going to nurse any of her poor sick she's so foud of, if I have to give up my place."

"Say, I guess she isn't tinkin' dat you won't nurse nobody," Danny said, "because she'd get fooled, for I don't believe you'd know how."

"And I don't want to know how," snapped the maid.

When the Tenement Mission was reached Miss Barstow was not there, but a note had been left for the maid directing her to come, with the messenger, to an address which was given.

"Where is the place?" asked the maid, showing Danny the note.

"Oh, dat's a back tenement-house in Roosevelt Street," Danny answered. "Dare is Italians dare," he added, for he knew the place well, his old home with his uncle having been in the same block.

"Is it any worse than this?" the maid asked, in a voice which showed she was getting frightened.

"Dis is Fift' Avenue compared to dat," Danny said.

The girl began to whimper, and said at last, "I won't go. I'm scared to death already. I won't go to her nasty sick poor, and get the small-pox and everything else."

At first Danny did not know what to do. He tried to persuade the maid to go, but she was thoroughly frightened now, and half hysterical. Finally Danny took up the bundle, saying: "Well, I'm going, anyway. If Miss Barstow wants dese things she is goin' to have dem, and you can do what you like. I don't tink you are much good except for show, anyhow."

"I'll stay here until some one comes and takes me home," cried the girl, as Danny went out of the mission.

It was dark by this time, but Danny knew the way perfectly. He found the low narrow entrance to the front tenement, went through that to a little stone-paved court

where there was one gas-lamp, and was crossing that when a couple of men stopped him, and demanded roughly to know what he had in the bundle.

"Never you mind," he answered. "It's for Miss Barstow, not for mugs like you."

The men slunk away without any more threats. They were none too good, but they, like nearly all the people in that neighborhood, had been won to respect Miss Barstow, and anything which belonged to her was almost sacred in their eyes.

Danny continued on across the dimly lit court into the dark entrance of the rear tenement. At the door of the room which Miss Barstow's note had described Danny knocked softly, and was admitted by her, a tall, plainly dressed, handsome young woman, whose kindly face was at that moment clouded by anxiety. She seemed surprised to see the messenger alone, and after taking the bundle from him and placing it in a chair, she stepped out in the hall, closing the door so that their voices would not disturb the sick people inside, and heard Danny's story of the maid's fright and desertion.

Miss Barstow was silent for some time before she said, and there was no anger in her voice:

"Perhaps I was wrong to send for her. I would not have done so, but all my assistants are busy. But," she added, after a pause, "I must have some assistance until the doctor comes again."

"Say, what's de matter wid me helpin' you, lady?" asked Danny, promptly.

Miss Barstow looked at him in the half-light the hall lamp gave, and then said, quickly, "Yes. Go and put my maid on a car that will take her home, and then come back here."

Danny did so, and was pretty soon back in the sick-room with Miss Barstow and her two patients. The room was poor, very poor, but better than the one he had lived in with his uncle. There were a bed and a cot, some chairs, a rough table, a cook stove, and a few cooking and table dishes.

In the bed was an Italian woman, and in the cot her daughter, a girl about twelve years old. Both were sick with a fever only too common in the tenement district. The husband and father was a fruit peddler, who had what is called an "all-night" stand on the Bowery. The man and his wife alternated with each other in attending the stand, and it was exposure to the cold wet nights that had brought on the woman's fever. The girl had been a scholar in the day-school for tenement children in Miss Barstow's Mission, but she had attempted to take her mother's place at the stand when the woman was taken sick, and she, too, soon came down with the fever.

It was while making inquiries about her absent scholar that Miss Barstow had found the patients both in bed, and having only the rough care the man could give them during the few hours he could leave his stand. Danny was soon at work under Miss Barstow's orders, and both the patients had some dainty food and wine, and every attention to make them comfortable. Before the Doctor arrived both mother and daughter were sleeping quietly, and Danny found himself whispering the story of his life to Miss Barstow, who, it seemed to him, had the kindest way of asking questions and understanding what he told her of any person in the world. The Doctor smiled when he came in at midnight and saw them, and Danny blushed proudly when the lady told the Doctor that her messenger had proved to be a good nurse and a very interesting companion.

The Doctor ordered Miss Barstow to go home, saying he would wait there until the husband came. When Miss Barstow had paid Danny, she asked him which way he was going. "I'm goin' to see you home, sure," Danny answered, gallantly.

They had left the tenements, and were walking up Roosevelt Street, when a man standing by a lamp-post stared at Danny, and then exclaimed:

"Oh, you little rascal! I've caught you at last! Come along home with me," and he grabbed the boy roughly by the shoulder.



DANNY DISCOMFITS THE ASSAILANT.

It was Danny's uncle. "You've got fine clothes, and are with a fine lady, while your poor old uncle who had always given you a good honest home is starving," he exclaimed.

Some men who had been lounging about the corner ran up, and Cabill declared over and over to them that his boy had run away from an honest home, and should be taken back and help to support his old uncle, who was sick.

Danny, who had a notion that his uncle really had some sort of right over him, was sick and disheartened at the prospect of going back to his old life, but he had had his liberty too long to be willing to give it up without a struggle. He was a stout youngster; his constant exercise as a messenger-boy kept him in good physical condition, and he made a good resistance to his uncle's efforts to drag him away.

As he was struggling, Miss Barstow ran to him and asked, "Is this the man you told me of—your uncle?"

"Sure; dis is de mug, and he's no good," Danny answered, as he fought.

"Let that boy go," she said to Cabill, sternly.

"Not for you," responded Cabill, surlily.

Miss Barstow stepped to where the light fell on her face, and turning to the crowd of men, said: "Some of you must know me. I want you to make that man let this boy go."

"It's Miss Barstow," one of the men exclaimed. Then he added, "What you say goes down here, lady, mostly, but not in this case. Cabill has a right to the boy's wages. He's a good man, and the kid ain't going to get no harm by going along with him."

Miss Barstow's knowledge of this class taught her that the men had all been drinking, and she knew that the situation was serious. She had often been warned that she was in danger of just such experiences as this, but until now had been saved from danger by the respect that the tenement people felt for her. But these were not even tenement people of the lowest kind. They belonged to the class of idlers who skulked about the saloons in that neighborhood at night, and begged during the day. As she was debating what she should do, Danny managed to trip his uncle hard and break away from him. He ran to Miss Barstow, snatched her umbrella from her hand, jumped between her and the man, and told her to run. One of the half-drunken men lurched toward Danny, but suddenly halted when Danny brought the silver head of the umbrella down on the fellow's head with a whack. That was more than he expected, and while they stood irresolute Danny and Miss Barstow hurried away, Danny keeping between her and the enemy, swinging the umbrella threateningly. They reached the elevated-road station without further molestation, and Danny then found to his surprise that the woman who had been so brave while there was any danger was now white and trembling, and nigh to fainting.

"It was not that I was afraid," she said, "but it shows me that there is danger for me down there, and that I must give up my night work there."

"Why, lady," said Danny, "I taut it was a picnic; anyway it was good fun when I cracked dat mug's nut wid dis umbrella. He'll know he was in a fight to-morrow."

Danny went to Miss Barstow's door with her, and thought that would be the last he would hear of the adventure. Three days later, while he was sitting in the messenger office, a man called on him, who explained that he was the lawyer for Miss Barstow's society which supported the Tenement Mission. He had had Cabill and the men who had been with him that night arrested, and Danny was wanted as a witness against them in the Police Court.

"And now," said the lawyer, when he had explained about the arrest, "tell me all you can about yourself, and your relations with Cabill. Miss Barstow tells me that Cabill may have some legal right to your wages, and if he has we want to give you another guardian. What would you think of me as your guardian?"

Danny did not know what sort of a thing a guardian might be, and the lawyer explained. It was Miss Barstow's wish, he added, that Danny should have a proper legal guardian, and he would look into the matter, and do all that was necessary to protect Danny's rights.

So it came about, after Danny had signed a lot of legal papers, and there had been a lot of petitions and motions, that one day Danny was told that the law had taken notice of such an unimportant little chap as he was, and Miss Barstow's agent had become his guardian, and Uncle Cabill had no claim on Danny's liberty or his modest little account in the Bowery Savings-bank. Danny's comment was:

"I never taut I'd get to be such a swell mug as to have a guardian all by me lonely. De first ting you know I'll be runnin' for President."

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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

which won the day for Barnard last May, Rogers made 16; Simpson, 6; and Feigenspan, 1—in all 23, or almost two-thirds of the total victorious score. Thus, if victory perches on the Harlem banners next week, it will be due in a large measure to the development and acquisition of new material.

AT THE SEMI-ANNUAL FIELD DAY of the Academic Athletic League of the Pacific Coast, held at the Olympic Club Grounds, San Francisco, on March 16th last, the Oakland High-School and the Berkeley High-School, with 52 points each to its credit, tied for first place, and the championship was consequently awarded to the former for having been the winner the previous year. The struggle, as may well be imagined, was a close and exciting one throughout, there being no event, except perhaps the shot, hammer, and mile run, that was not hotly contested to the end. The O.H.-S. has been the Coast champion for sixteen years past, and if Cheek, the captain of the team, had entered this

the O.H.-S. sprinter. He is slow at starting, but his endurance is such that he has been known to do 50 yards in 6½ seconds on a dirt track, then walk back to the start, get on his mark and repeat the performance; and do this again a third and fourth time. He took the 220 in 25½ seconds, without being pushed, but came in a foot behind Lippmann, B.H.-S., in the 100 on account of his slowness in getting away from the mark. In the field events the B.H.-S. walked away with everything, taking all the points in the hammer and shot events. They got first in the broad jump and pole vault, and tied for the high jump. In the hammer, Lynch, B.H.-S., threw 104 feet and won, and was going to try for a record, when the attention of the judges, for some reason, was distracted by the exciting Relay race, and so Lynch lost his chances and his rights. He is said to have done 125 feet in practice. On the whole the day was a notable success, and the scholars of California showed themselves sportsmen of the true stripe in the enthusiasm and energy which characterized the occasion.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO INTERSCHOOLASTIC MEETINGS.

Event	N. Y. A. A. Association of the City Schools, New York, May, 1894.		S. F. C. C. of the Olympic Club Grounds, San Francisco, March 16, 1895.	
	Winner	Performance	Winner	Performance
100-yard dash	Rogers	10 2-5 s.	Lippmann	10 4-5 s.
220-yard dash	Simpson	25 3-5 s.	Hanford	25 3-5 s.
120-yard hurdles	Boers	16 2-5 s.	Dawson	19 1-4 s.
220-yard hurdles	Sykes	27 1-5 s.	Dawson	31 1-2 s.
Half mile run	Lewis, Martin	2 m. 10 1-5 s.	Bess	2 m. 20 2-5 s.
Mile run	Vander	5 m. 1 1-5 s.	Jackson	5 m. 5 1-2 s.
Running high jump	(Rogers) (Baltazzi)	5 ft. 9 in.	McCombe	5 ft. 3 in.
Running broad jump	Boers	19 " 5 "	Lloyd	18 " 6 "
Pole vault	Whitney	10 "	Wookey	9 " 2 "
Putting 16-pound shot			Lloyd	32 " 8 "
Putting 12-pound shot	Ball	39 " 1 "		
Throwing 12-pound hammer	Ball	110 " 3 1-2 "	Lloyd	104 " 5 "

IT IS INTERESTING TO note the records made on this occasion, and to place them alongside of the performances of our Eastern scholars. The accompanying table will show that, even with almost a year's advantage in the comparison, the Californians are behind the New-Yorkers in every event. In many events, of course, the records of both leagues are better than the performances made on these two specific occasions;

year, no doubt the score would have been very different. Cheek is a promising all-round athlete. In addition to vaulting and jumping he puts the shot 33 feet, throws the hammer over 100 feet, runs the 100 in 11 seconds, gets over the high hurdles in 17½ seconds, and the low hurdles in 28 seconds. The reason given for his non-entry into these sports is that his team was so much stronger than that of any of the other schools in the league, that the O.H.-S. preferred to contest the games without his aid, and so decide the day by a few points only. This experiment proved a most risky one. If the B.H.-S. had won the Relay race, they would have taken the championship by the score of 55 to 48. Such a self-sacrificing and eminently sporting spirit as Cheek's is something I have not yet observed in the East. The rules governing the contests of the A.A.L. are somewhat different from those of other leagues. The team of each school is limited to seven boys, and six more are allowed to enter for the Relay race, which counts as an extra event, and gives 10 points to the winner, 6 points to second, and 2 to third. There is some advantage in this limitation, but I should think that in many cases it would operate unjustly. Nevertheless, it is a great preventer of that worst feature of our Eastern track-athletic games—countless trial heats necessitated by unlimited and unrestricted entries.

THE HIGH HURDLES were the occasion for a hot struggle between Dawson, O.H.-S., and Hoppin, B.H.-S. Dawson had never run the full course before, and this was only his fifth attempt at clearing the sticks, but he ran well and breasted the tape in 19½ seconds, with Hoppin at his heels. In the first heat of the low hurdles Hoppin won in 3¼ seconds. Dawson fell at the seventh, but picked himself up quickly and finished, thus qualifying for the finals, which he won in 31½ seconds, with Hoppin third. Dawson will no doubt improve greatly within the next year, and I confidently look forward to see him smash some Coast records. He takes the hurdles without the suggestion of an effort, and although only 5 feet 5 inches tall, he gets in the seven steps without any trouble. He trained for the half-mile earlier in the spring, and so attained good endurance. Another boy with this quality strongly developed is Hanford,

but the comparison goes only to show that in a contest between Eastern and Western schools, could such a one be arranged, there would be but little doubt this year as to the probable winners. Perhaps some day such a meeting may be brought about. What might be called the first step in that direction has already been taken by the California State University team, which is coming East next month to take part in the Intercollegiate games at Mott Haven. In a year or so the Pacific Coast schools may get up enthusiasm and enterprise enough to follow the example of the college men and seek new laurels in the East.

IT IS POSSIBLE that the universal interest in track and field sports, which has so rapidly developed in the last two years, will prove harmful to baseball and tennis. Already I have heard several complaints from captains of nines that it is difficult to get candidates to come out and try for positions on the team, because almost every boy who has any ambition for athletic honors is running or jumping, or otherwise training his muscles that he may take part in contests which offer material reward for success. In other words, gold, silver, and bronze medals are more tempting than a proprietary interest in a champion pennant. If it is true that an appreciable number of boys go into track athletics not for the sport, but for the medals, the sooner medals are done away with the better. But it does not seem possible that this can be so. It is more probable that baseball and tennis have been superseded, to a certain extent, by track and field sports because of the nature of the latter. A boy can go out and run or jump or put the shot all by himself at almost any time of the day. But he cannot go into an open field and play baseball with himself, nor can he go to a tennis-court and play tennis with himself. In one case he must secure one opponent at least, and in the other he must gather a dozen or more companions. To be sure, these objections are not very valid in New York, but I have no doubt the charm of individuality has tempted a good many boys to indulge in track sports. If baseball and tennis have suffered thereby it is all the more reason why baseball and tennis enthusiasts should strive by every means in their power to organize good nines and train good

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

tennis-players—for it is an unhealthily tree that puts all its vitality into one branch.

THERE IS TALK OF CHANGING the constitution of the New England I.S.A.A. in order to allow scholars over twenty-one years of age to compete in games held under the rules of that association. The subject will be brought up for discussion and probably decided at the meeting to be held in Boston (day after to-morrow, May 24). The motion should be unconditionally debated, and the constitution left unaltered. Except for very unusual reasons, a man twenty-one years old has no business being in school. He ought to be at work or in college. If, however, he still lingers about the school-room, there is no reason why special laws should be enacted for his benefit. He deserves to be discriminated against. Besides, there are probably not more than half a dozen men of that age in all the schools of the New England League, and these can certainly spend their time to better advantage in studying than at foot-racing and jumping. It is unfair to allow grown men to enter into competition with younger men, and I earnestly hope that those who control the policy of the N.E.I.S.A.A. will realize this, and unceremoniously shut the men out.

AT THE ANNUAL IN-DOOR meeting of the New England I.S.A.A., held in Boston last month, there were 342 entries, representing thirty preparatory schools. This would seem to show that there is even more interest in track athletics in Boston than there is in New York. The result of the meeting was most satisfactory, inasmuch as five records were broken, one was equalled, and a new record was established. The team races were a new feature, and as rival schools were purposely matched against one another, the contests proved most interesting and exciting. The Worcester High-School managed to retain the championship of the Association by scoring 19 points; the Worcester Academy took second place with 14 points. This prowess was not relished or appreciated by the boys of the Boston schools, who are not by any means anxious to see the pennant float over any city but the Hub; yet it has been evident for some time that any one who wants to defeat these Worcester school-boys will have to get up very early in the morning and travel remarkably fast.

THE GRADUATE.

nes. Thus far no further discoveries have been made.

THE ONE, TWO, five, and ten cent values of the new United States newspaper stamps have thus far been issued.

IN THE three-cent stamp of the 1857 issue, the "Outer Line" variety consists of a fine line running all around the stamp. Each of the stamps has a line on the side, but in the variety an additional fine line appears at both the top and bottom, the perforation sometimes destroying one of them. The outer-line variety is not as scarce as the price given would indicate.

THE HIGH VALUES of United States envelopes are now a thing of the past, the department no longer printing any value higher than five cents on the envelopes.

MANY STAMP PAPERS say that only the one, two, and three cent values of the new postage-stamps have been issued and printed, but the ten has also been sent out.

IT WOULD NOT BE SURPRISING to many collectors if the current issue of United States stamps, which were first printed by the Bureau of Engraving, should be catalogued as a separate issue before many years,

there being many points of difference between those first put out and what the bureau is now printing. The colors, perforation, and gum are now much superior to the first printings, and smaller things than these have caused stamps to be separately catalogued.

ANOTHER QUESTION that puzzles many collectors is the difference between wood-engraved and typographed stamps. Typographed means set and printed from type, so the United States officially sealed stamps of this variety are printed with regular type, while the lithographed are printed from stones, the designs being engraved, and thus fancy and very different from the typeset stamp.

A NEW STAMP PAPER will shortly be issued from Boston. It will have a good financial backing, and it is expected to be one of the leading publications in the philatelic line.

SINCE THE LAST catalogue added the varieties of United States stamps on ribbed paper, it has caused collectors to hunt for them, but probably with little success, as they are very scarce. Ribbed paper is a variety of wove, having lines running up or down or across, and showing on the back of stamp.

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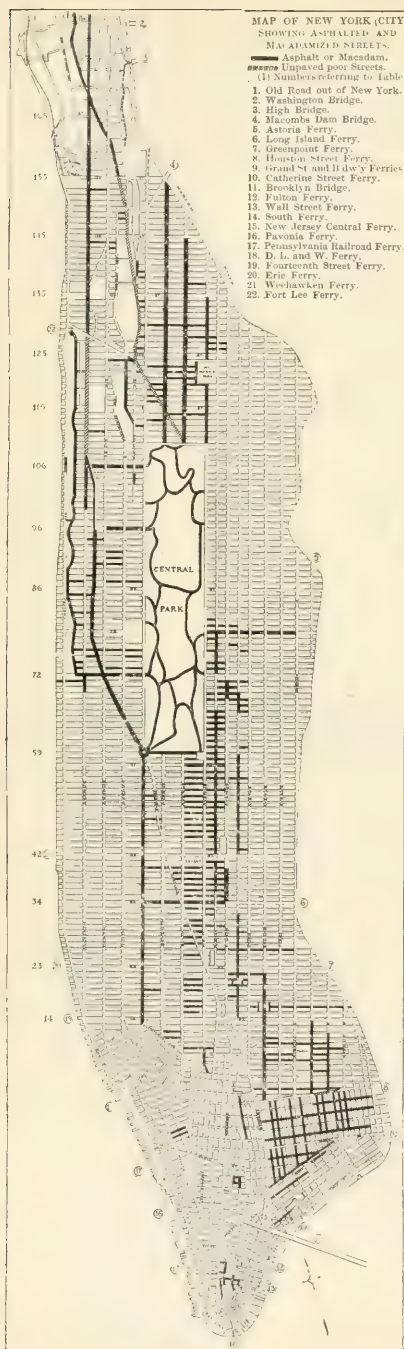
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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE



This department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any queries on the subject, besides inquiries regarding the League of American Wheelmen, so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Bicycling Department.

T HIS DEPARTMENT WILL, so far as possible, publish maps and descriptions of various bicycle routes in the vicinity of different important cities in America.

THE MAP THIS WEEK is of New York city. It shows at once just what can be done with a bicycle in New York, what are the best ways of getting out of the city, and where the best streets for wheeling are through its whole length. Most of the black roads are of asphalt pavement, but of course the Riverside Drive, West Seventy-second Street, and the long avenues above the Park, as well as those in the Park, are of macadam. It will pay wheelmen, or boys and girls who expect to be wheelmen or wheelwomen soon, to tear out this page and keep it for reference, for by careful study it will show how to avoid pavement, so far as possible, in getting from one part of the city to another.

TO BEGIN with the East Side below Fourteenth Street. The wheelman's object must be to get to Second Avenue as directly as possible. He should then go up Second Avenue, which is asphalted to Twenty-second Street, turn east into Lexington, and go up the latter to Thirty-second Street. Here is the beginning of Murray Hill, and the asphalt stops. He has two blocks to ride on Lexington, and then turning west he has half an avenue block uphill to Park Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. From here he has almost a clear asphalted or macadamized road out of New York. He turns through to Madison Avenue on any street from Thirty-four to Fortieth, goes down the paved hill between Forty-first and Forty-second streets on Madison Avenue, and then keeps on the latter till he turns through Fifty-eighth Street, crosses Fifth Avenue, and if a dry day enters the Park, or if too soon after rain passes west up Fifty-ninth Street.

SUPPOSE IT HAS RAINED RECENTLY. The bicycler keeps to Fifty-ninth Street till he reaches the Boulevard at Eighth Avenue. He should then take the right side of the Boulevard going out till he reaches Ninety-sixth Street, when he must cross to the left side, owing to the fact that the Boulevard is as yet only paved on the west side from here out. At 106th Street the asphalt stops, and he must either go through that street to the Riverside Drive or keep on the Boulevard, which from here to 125th Street is in bad condition, awaiting asphalt pavement. If he takes the drive he should turn east and go down a very steep but short hill on 122d Street, just opposite Grant's Tomb, into the Boulevard, and as soon as he comes to 125th Street a long and pretty steep hill confronts him. It is not difficult, however, if taken slowly, since the macadam is good, and the hill a steady incline. At 154th Street, which is asphalted, he should turn east to St. Nicholas Avenue, which is better here than below, though the macadam is old. Keeping on St. Nicholas Avenue he soon comes into the Boulevard again at 168th Street, which is here called Kingsbridge Road, and is newly macadamized. By making this slight detour at 155th Street the rider avoids going down the hill back of Trinity Cemetery, and up another bad one on the Boulevard. If he is going up the Hudson he should turn east at 181st Street, through a bad two hundred yards of the latter, cross the Harlem on Washington Bridge, (2), and turn north into Featherbed Lane. This is necessary, because the Kingsbridge Road at the foot of the hill, which begins at 181st Street, is in a very bad condition as far as Spuyten Duyvil.

ON THE WEST SIDE of the city downtown it is the rider's first object to get to Eighth Avenue as directly as possible. He then has a clear course out. Starting from the Grand Central Station, a good seven-mile ride is to go, as already

described, up the Boulevard to 106th Street, then turn east to the Park, and come back to the Plaza. On a dry day one of the most beautiful, perhaps the most beautiful, tem- nible ride in America is from the Grand Central, as described, to the Plaza, thence through the Park to West Seventy-second Street to Riverside Drive, by Grant's Tomb to Claremont, at the end of the Drive, and back, turning east through 104th Street to Boulevard to 106th Street, thence east to the Park, and so down.



This department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any questions on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

WHILE we are discussing our favorite books, I want to tell you something about the treasury of rich and rare literature which you and I and everybody may be free of in opening the covers of our Bibles.

Is it your habit, dear child, to read a few verses or a chapter of the best of books every day, perhaps before you leave your room in the morning, or before you go to bed at night? Have you your very own Bible, and do you keep it in your room, and just where you can easily put your hand upon it? Each of us should have her own Bible, for this is not a book to share with others. If we are studying a foreign language we should have, in addition to our English Bible, a French or German or Italian Bible, a Bible in the language we are trying to learn, and by reading in it every day we will greatly add to our vocabulary, and find ourselves rapidly growing used to the looks and sounds of the most familiar words.

No single book in the world has so many interesting features as the Bible, partly because it is a library or collection of books in itself, written by many different authors, in different periods of the world. The Old Testament, which some people neglect, is full of the most exciting and beautiful stories. There is the story of Job, one of the very oldest in literature, telling how this "man in the land of Uz had seven thousand sheep, and three thousand camels, and five hundred yoke of oxen, and a very great household, and was the greatest of all the men of the East." By a series of calamities, robbers, fires, earthquakes, and cyclones, Job lost all his wealth, in the twinkling of an eye; and then follow a wonderful series of chapters in which he and his three friends and the Lord God, "out of a whirlwind," discuss the situation. There are the stories of David and Saul, of David and Goliath, of David and Jonathan, of David and Absalom; indeed the whole history of David is a succession of amazing stories most splendidly told. Coming down from David are the stories of Solomon and the great temple he built, "a mountain of snow and gold"; and then we have the narratives of Nehemiah and Ezra; of Daniel and his wonderful life; of the three friends who were thrown into a fiery furnace, but stepped out unburnt; of many others whom I cannot mention here. Long before David's days we find the beau-

tiful story of Ruth; and we have the story of little Samuel, and of Samuel grown to be a man and a prophet. We have in the Old Testament the histories of Elijah and of Elisha, of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

I SIMPLY cannot endure the thought that any of my girls are to be ignorant of the charm of the Old Testament. I want them to feel as I do about the "mountains of Gilboa," and the "dew of Hermon," and the fastnesses of Moab; I want them to know Edom and Philistia and Salem and Tyre and Sidon and the cedars of Lebanon. And I don't want them ever to go fumbling and stumbling around through the Bible, not knowing where to find their places, peering about after Second Kings in Deuteronomy, and looking for the Psalms and the Proverbs away over in Malachi. Learn the order of the books, my dears, and fix it in your minds by often reading the Bible, just as you would read any other book, only with the feeling that it will give you an amount of pleasure and profit that no other book can. There are, of course, many books based upon the Bible, and among them are such volumes as *Bible Stories for the Young*, published by Harper & Brothers, a very attractive little book to lie beside your Bible.

Margaret E. Langster.

A GOOD CHILD

is usually healthy, and both conditions are developed by use of proper food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food, so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable and unnecessary. —[J. D.]

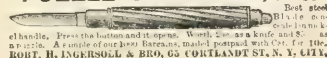
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WISER THAN A WIZARD.

A Rare Combination of Natural History, Folk-lore, Charade, and Riddle, with Prizes to those who Unravel Most of the Forty Queer Questions.

Oxer there lived a very wicked King, a brother of the original Bluebeard.² He had an only daughter named Minnieha.³ She was a very obedient girl in every respect save one—she would not hearken to the suit of Harry Hotspur⁴ whom her father had determined she must marry. Continuing in her refusal, her father threatened to imprison her in the Plonky Perplexing Puzzle Palace, known as the Four P's,⁵ the residence of the English Merlin.⁶ Finally a compromise was effected—the princess was to marry that man, be it prince or beggar, who should propose to her the King's Wizard when he could not answer. If, however, the Wizard did answer correctly, the proposer of the query was to lose his head.

All the detailleing flocke, a band of naturalists on their way to the Strand of the Moon⁶ stopped to try their fortunes. In turn they asked for the edible English philosopher,⁷ the species of mollusk that is used in all printing-offices,⁸ the bird that is always in evening dress,⁹ the insect that is the most common in the world,¹⁰ the insect that we say no,¹¹ the insect that fills the new Boston Public Library to the number of many thousands,¹² and the fish¹³ that everybody seeks after. As the Wizard replied to all correctly, he chopped off the heads of the questioners. Then Dick the Scholar¹⁴ arrived, and demanded the Story of Molocholus.¹⁵ As soon as the story had been related, Dick's head followed the others into the basket. Next came the highlight of the Lions' show,¹⁶ the

"A hundred and fifty if rightly applied
To a place where the living did once all abide—
Or a consonant joined to a sweet-singing bird—
Will give you a name that you've oftentimes heard,
Which 'mong your friends at least one person owns;
It's a rival of Grey, and as common as Jones."

The Wizard was wise.

A quartet of historians now made their appearance: they asked, respectively, for the statesman¹⁸ who has always been a thorn in the side of Americans; the Colonial general¹⁹ who might have been used to close the Revolution; the American poet²⁰ whose mouth was larger than his head; and the New England doctor²¹ for which the city of Philadelphia is famed.

Once more the King's agent triumphed. Next came the most learned²² of all the Romans, who asked for Molly Maguires.²³ "You are only fit to wear a steeple-crowned hat,"²⁴ said the wise man when he had given the required explanation, "but I will be lenient with you."

Just now a beautiful song is heard. It is sung by the Prince of the Ode,²⁾ and it runs as follows:

"My first makes all Nature appear with one face,
At my second are music, beauty, and grace:
And if this charade you cannot e'er guess,—
Throwing my whole at your head,—I'll take the princess." 26

But he didn't. The princess remained for another. A poor knight from the Land of Cakes²⁷ inquired for Tom of Lincoln,²⁸ but he did not live long enough to use the information when it was given him. An arrogant fellow who imagined the princess was his, said, "Tell me, if you can, to whom did the flying tapestry belong?"²⁹ That was the last question this man ever propounded. A tall minstrel, who reminded one of the Snow King,³⁰ presented this:

"My first we oft lend to each other in turn,
To borrow it would be exceedingly droll;
My next near my first you may often discern,
In my first too, alas! you perhaps find my whole."

"Tell me where I can find the Key of Russia?"²² inquired a bold adventurer. The Wizard told him, and, brave as he was, he lost his head completely.

"I am here to seek the First Gentleman of Europe,"³³ said a young gallant. "You are on the road to him," rejoined the Wizard.

A jolly old chap, who resembled the King³⁴ noted for his penmanship, walking up slowly, shouted

What insect's body does everybody sleep on?
The princess was yet to be won.

Jack-amend-all then said, "Who was the first Lady Magistrate?" After poor Jack was despatched, there came up the citizen³⁸ of New Jersey who laid plans to kill King George III., but fired some British naval stores instead. He said this business of trying to get the princess was coming to be so hazardous that, old as he was, he would have to be allowed to ask four questions or none at all. The Wizard agreed readily.

"Who³⁹ made the first use of steam-power in printing?" he asked, and the Wizard answered promptly.

"In what city⁴⁰ was the first republican government in America established?" The Wizard again answered promptly:

The man began to look alive. Half his chance was gone, but, summoning courage, he propounded this: "The name of the wife of an English admiral who tried to get state secrets from an American gentleman by arranging some social games of whist." The Wizard related the incident, with names of all parties, without an instant's hesitation. The sweat began to start on the man's face. Only one chance remained. "Name the prince,"⁴² afterwards king of England," said he, desperately, "whose wife sucked the poison from his arm when he had a narrow escape from assassination while on his way home from a Crusade."

The Wizard named the prince and finished the Jerseyman in the same breath.

After that he was without a job for a time. The princess's conditions seemed so hard that, unless she modified them, she was likely, as the Wizard expressed it, "to die an old maid." He was about to give the princess up to that fate when Queen Dick⁴³ entered.

“Where do you come from?”

"From Frisco" 44

"What do you want?"

"To win the Princess Minnehaha. Answer this:

⁶⁸T T A A A A A A A A A \ / A A A A A A A A A \⁶⁹A S

"Well, what is it, anyhow?" asked the Wizard.

"Something that you'll find very prominently r

you and most other people own," replied the suitor.

"Are the letters printed in the book in this form?" inquired the Wizard, getting a bit scared, and trying to gain time.

"In this style and order, yes; but there are other letters and words between them. Come, shall I have the princess?"

The Wizard took five minutes, and gave it up. Dick won the princess, and in the bounteousness of his heart invited all the Knights and Ladies of the Round Table to visit him and see who was wiser than the Wizard.

It is needless to say where you can find answers to the foregoing questions. Of course those that demand animals' names have plays upon either the meaning or pronunciation of those names. The nicknames were once generally applied. Where names of persons are wanted there is, as you so rarely need be told, a double meaning to those names as, General Wood, were the name used—might be referred to as the soldier, that everybody wears in winter, etc. The verses are riddles—and very clever ones. In questions 1, 2, 3, 42, 44, etc., explain briefly the meaning or origin of the numbered word or words. All who have not passed their 15th birthday are asked to send an answer. Grown people may help you find solutions. Make a list of the questions by numbers, giving each a number. Then, when you have finished, write down the answers to the story. Fasten your sheets together. Write your name at the top of the first sheet. Mail answers on May 10, to HANCK'S ROOMED TAVERN, New York—no other address is needed—and put the words Puzzle Answer in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope. Answers, with prize awards, will be announced as early as possible, and the prizes forwarded at once.

The prizes are: To the best, \$10 in money, and \$15, also in money, divided among a few other best solvers. Excellence consists in correct answers and correct spelling, but does not refer to penmanship.

Lost Diamond Prize Awards.

THE "Lost Dime" puzzle proved an ideal contest. It was a trifling difficulty, to be sure, but it had so much information in it that nobody who failed of a prize had his or her labor for naught. One solver, who lives in Pennsylvania, found all the answers save one, and got the first prize. Another solver, who lives in New York, found all the answers save one, and secured the second prize, which in this case is made \$3. His name is Eugene T. Hawkins. The balance of the prize money is divided among the following eight contestants, \$1.50 to each: Saïda N. and Frank T. Hallett, of Rhode Island; John Morton Espey and Elizabeth M. King, of Pennsylvania; James L. Stigmet, A. M. H. S. of Iowa; Russell M. Kane, of New York, and J. Lawrence Hyde, of the District of Columbia.

A wide range was allowed in the answers. Indeed, any answer was accepted that could be found in the story, and for which authority was furnished or could be found. All were treated alike in this, and the contest rendered slightly easier for all. Here are answers by numbers :

1. Grammar; Logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music.
2. Charles Parlane Browne: *Artemus Ward*. 3. School; academy.
4. Edmund March Blunt. 5. Robert Burns. 6. "Do Nothing!"
- Louis Fifth. 7. Eliza Cook. 8. On the Threshold. 9. George Gale. 10. Peter Bang. 11. Andrew Bell. 12. Red tape. 13. Alce French (*Ocelot* "Thaet"). 14. Adolphus Bastien. 15. Skin and bone. 16. William Mahone. 17. Eliza; *Macbeth*, at the scene. 17. Allan Woodmont; *Black House*. 20. Cats. 21. Balls; from the coat of arms of the Medic family, the money launers of Florence; origin of the three gilt balls over a pawnbroker's shop. 22. John Knox. 23. The Hermit of Niagara Falls; drowned while bathing. June, 1831. 24. Private theatricals. 25. Harriet Beecher Stowe. 26. Josiah Gilbert Holland. 27. Helen Hunt Jackson; vicinity. 28. John Fallstaff. 29. Elizabeth. 30. Steppes. 31. Thomas Hood. 32. Sir Charles. 33. Task; William Cowper. 34. Gilbert White. 35. Roger Lough. 36. Thomas Day. 37. Francis Scott Key. 38. Lucy Stone. 39. Mary Berry. 40. Joanna Keorton Bloch. 41. William Black. 42. James Rains. 43. *House of Seven Gables*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 44. Edward Bird. 45. Captain Robert Gray. 46. William and Mary. Williamsburgh, Va., 1693. 47. Salmon P. Chase; carpet, appropriate. 48. Charles Smaguzin; *Sketches*. 49. Sir Thomas More; *Utopia*; statement made by Andrew Gales said to be a *Tale of a Tub*, by John the Baptist. 52. Midway Knight. 52. John Bright; Robert Peel.

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Writing to the Round Table.

SOMERSET EAST, CAPE COLONY, SOUTH AFRICA.

I am going to tell you about Somerset East, the South African town in which I live. It is snugly situated at the foot of a large and pretty mountain called the Bush-berg. There are a good many kloofs or deep ravines in it which are filled with bushes. The mountain is a very fine place for picking. At the top of each kloof there is a steep precipice, over which there is a small waterfall. The town is supplied by the water of one of these kloofs. It is conducted by pipes to the town. At one time the mountain was inhabited by leopards, but they have been driven away. There are a good many bucks and monkeys which live in the kloofs.

I should have told you at first that this mountain lies to the north of the town. To the south is the Fish River. It is only a small river, and has hardly any water in it except in the rainy season. Now that I have told you something about Somerset East, I will tell you something about myself. I am fourteen years of age. My chief sports are playing football and cricket. I am also very fond of shooting, fishing, and swimming. I am also greatly interested in collecting stamps. I have a good many varieties in an album, and would be very glad to exchange stamps with any one who would write to me.

GEORGE D. CHARLIS.

Please tell us about your fruits, and at what season of the year they are ripe. Also about plants, flowers, and birds common with you.

Round Table Chapters.

Here are records of more Chapters:

No. 679.—The Will Carleton, of Downsville, Wis. John Cassidy, Downsville.

No. 680.—The Captain Charles King Chapter, of St. Louis, Mo. It is an international corresponding Chapter, and would like members from all foreign countries, especially from India, the West Indies, Japan, China, and Africa. The initiation is a coin or stamp that equals five cents in United States money. Dues are five cents for three months, in advance. It would like to enroll Captain Charles King as an honorary member, with his consent. The president is Henrietta B. Walker, of Hendersonville, N. C. Walter Kruckman is vice-president, and Arnold Kruckman is secretary and treasurer, care of Missouri Pacific Telegraph Department, Sixth and Locust streets, St. Louis.

No. 681.—The G. A. Henry Chapter, of Cleveland, O. Officers are P. A. Goodwin, president, and Amos Falkner, secretary. Other members are Louis Falkner, Harry Harding, Robert Matthews. Rear 7 Eagle Street, Cleveland.

No. 682.—The Belvidere Chapter, of Daretown, N. J. Joseph S. Cook, Margaretta E. Paulding, Albert D. Paulding, Charles E. Richman. Other members are Sara C. Clayton, Josephine S. Paulding, and James W. Richman.

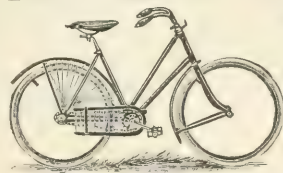
No. 683.—The Granite State Literary Society, of Concord, N. H. John Leighton, Margarita Rollins, Edith Freeman, Charles Hood, Morton M. Cheney, president, 31 North State Street.

No. 684.—The "I. H. N." Chapter, of Winchester, Mass. Pearl Saunders, Edith Richburg, Marion Simmonds, Cassie Macdonald. It meets semi-monthly, at the homes of the members, and its object is to help others and have a good time. Chapter address, 25 1/2 Myrtle Street.

No. 685.—The Phoenix Amusement Chapter, of Appleton, Wis. Officers are Benjamin Barrett, Charles Hattersly, and George Stansburg. Its object is the cultivation of literature and social amusement. It would like to correspond with other Chapters. 791 Lawrence Street.

No. 686.—The Lincoln Chapter, of Toledo, O. R. E. Richardson, 519 Congress Street.

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Table of Contents.

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1
Jocko nakes a bolt for the woods to escape a cruel master.



2
Finds a nice box which is just the place to hide in;



3
But soon discovers his mis-take, to the delight of Uncle Silas, who finds his trap sprung.



4
And bags what he thinks a fine buck rabbit.



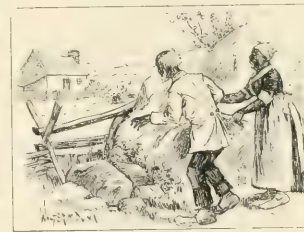
5
Visions of a savory stew present themselves as he takes poor Jocko homewards,



6
Which are about to be realized, when Jocko



7
Makes a second bolt for liberty,



8
And so did Silas and Chloe.

UNCLE SILAS'S ENCOUNTER WITH THE EVIL ONE.

CONSOLATION.

MAMIE (crying). "Oh, Tommie, my doll fell in the fire and got all burnt up! The prettiest one I had, too!"

TOMMIE (just in from school). "Don't cry, Mamie. Philosophy says matter can't be destroyed. Your doll is here yet, only it's not in the same form."

PAINTED TO MATCH.

"Our library is a lovely room," said Robbie. "It's painted green."

"That's to match your papa, I guess," said Fred. "My papa says he's the greenest man he knows."

A NEW BUSINESS.

"What does your daddy do for a living?" asked Benny, whose father is an author.

"He's a stockbroker," said

Johnny. "What's yours?"

"He's a pen-wiggler," said Benny.

MOLLIE'S APPEAL.

"I do wish you'd read to me, grandmamma," said Mollie. "I don't care much for the stories, but your voice is sweeter'n mer-lasses."

A WISH.

I wish I lived in Topsytown, Where things are always upside down;

I'd love it much, for then, you see,

Too much mince pie 'd be good for me.

WALLIE'S JOKE.

"Just see that baby putting that little iron car in his mouth. What do you suppose he thinks it is?" asked the visitor.

"Guess he's heard it's a chew-chew car," said Wallie.

THE TROUBLE.

"I hate a sore throat," said little Jack. "They're very nice to keep you home from school, but they're horrid when you come to swallow buckwheat cakes."

"Well, Jimmieboy, I see your papa has put you in a book."

"He tried to," returned Jimmieboy, "but I guess he didn't get me all in. I'm too big."

AN EXPLANATION.

"I wonder why it is that most little boys don't want to go to bed when the time comes?" said Mr. Simpkus.

"Guess it's because they don't know enough," said Willie. "Now I like to go to bed because I go right to sleep, and I have heaps of fun dreaming I'm a pirate or a giant killer—and it's safe as a church, because even if you get killed you're alive again in time for breakfast."

GETTING AT THE FIGURES.

JIMMIEBOY is studying arithmetic, and has done very well so far. The other day his father took him in his lap, and giving him a squeeze, said, "Dear little boy, you don't know how much I love you."

"Yes, I do," said Jimmieboy; "I love you \$2,600,000 worth. You weigh three times as much as I do, so you love me three times as much as I do you. That's \$6,000,000 worth."



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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, MAY 7, 1895.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



HEROES OF AMERICA.

"MAD ANTHONY" WAYNE AT STONY POINT.

BY THE HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



ONE of the heroic figures of the Revolution was Anthony Wayne, Major-General of the Continental line. With the exception of Washington, and perhaps Greene, he was the best General the Americans developed in the contest; and, without exception, he showed himself to be the hardest fighter produced on either side. He belongs, as regards

this latter characteristic, with the men like Winfield Scott, Phil Kearny, Hancock, and Forrest, who revelled in the danger and the actual shock of arms. Indeed, his eager love of battle and splendid disregard of peril have made many writers forget his really great qualities as a General. Soldiers are always prompt to recognize the prime virtue of physical courage, and Wayne's followers christened their daring commander "Mad Anthony," in loving allusion to his reckless bravery. It is perfectly true that

Wayne had this courage, and that he was a born fighter; otherwise he never would have been a great commander. A man who lacks the fondness for fighting, the eager desire to punish his adversary, and the willingness to suffer punishment in return may be a great organizer, like McClellan, but can never become a great General or win great victories. There are, however, plenty of men who, though they possess these fine, manly traits, lack the head to command an army; but Wayne had not only the heart and the hand but the head likewise. No man could dare as greatly as he did without incurring the risk of an occasional check; but he was an able and bold tactician, a vigilant and cautious leader, well fitted to bear the terrible burden of responsibility which rests upon a commander-in-chief.

Of course at times he had to learn some rather severe lessons. Quite early in his career, just after the battle of the Brandywine, when he was set to watch the enemy, he was surprised at night by the British General Grey, who attacked him with the bayonet, killed a number of his men, and forced him to fall back some distance from the field of

action. This mortifying experience had no effect whatever on Wayne's courage or self-reliance, but it did give him a valuable lesson in caution. He showed what he had learned by the skill with which, many years later, in 1794, he conducted the famous campaign in which he overthrew the Northwestern Indians at the fight of the Fallen Timbers.

Wayne's favorite weapon was the bayonet, and, like Scott, he taught his troops until they were able in the shock of hand-to-hand conflict to overthrow the renowned British infantry, who had always prided themselves on their prowess with cold steel. At the battle of Germantown it was Wayne's troops who, falling on with the bayonet, first drove the Hessians and the British light infantry; and at Monmouth it was Wayne and his Continentals who first checked the British advance by repulsing the bayonet charge of the guards and grenadiers.

Washington, the great leader of men, was prompt to recognize in Wayne a soldier to whom could be entrusted any especially difficult enterprise, which called for the exercise alike of intelligence and of cool daring. In the summer of 1780 he was very anxious to capture the British fort at Stony Point, which commanded the Hudson. It was impracticable to attack it by regular siege while the British frigates lay in the river, and the defenses were so strong that open assault by daylight was equally out of the question. Accordingly, Washington suggested to Wayne that he try a night attack. Wayne eagerly caught at the idea. It was exactly the kind of enterprise in which he delighted. The fort was on a rocky promontory, surrounded on three sides by water, and on the fourth by a neck of land, which was for the most part mere morass. It was across this neck of land that an attacking column had to move. The garrison was six hundred strong. To deliver the assault Wayne took nine hundred men.

The American army was camped about fourteen miles from Stony Point. One July afternoon Wayne started, and led his troops in single file along the narrow rocky roads, reaching the hills on the mainland near the fort after nightfall. He divided his force into two columns, to advance one along each side of the neck, detaching two companies of North Carolina troops to move in between the two columns and make a false attack. The columns themselves consisted of New Englanders, Pennsylvanians, and Virginians. Each attacking column was divided into three parts; a forlorn hope of twenty men leading, which was followed by an advance-guard of one hundred and twenty, and then by the main body. At that time commanding officers still carried spontoons and other old-time weapons; and Wayne, who himself led the right column, directed its movements spear in hand.

It was towards midnight when the Americans began to press along the causeways toward the fort. Before they were near the walls they were discovered, and the British opened a heavy fire of great guns and musketry, to which the Carolinians, who were advancing between the two columns, responded in their turn, according to orders; but the men in the columns were forbidden to fire. Wayne had warned them that their work must be done with the bayonet, and their muskets were not even loaded. Moreover, so strict was the discipline that no one was allowed to leave the ranks, and when one of the men did so an officer promptly ran him through the body.

No sooner had the British opened fire than the charging columns broke into a run, and in a moment the forlorn hopes had plunged into the abatis of fallen timber which the British had constructed just without the walls. On the left the forlorn hope was very roughly handled, no less than seventeen of the twenty men being either killed or wounded; but as the columns came up both burst through the timber and swarmed up the long sloping embankments of the fort. The British fought well, cheering loudly as their volleys rang, but the Americans would not be denied, and pushed silently on to end the contest with the bayonet. A bullet struck Wayne in the head. He fell, but struggled to his feet and pushed forward, two of his officers supporting him. A rumor went among the men that he was dead, but it only impelled them to charge home more fiercely than ever. With a rush the troops

swept to the top of the walls. A fierce but short fight followed in the intense darkness, which was lit only by the flashes from the British muskets. The Americans did not fire, trusting solely to the bayonet. The two columns had kept almost equal pace, and they swept into the fort from opposite sides at the same moment. The three men who first got over the walls were all wounded, but one of them struck the British flag. The Americans had the advantage which always comes from delivering an attack that is thrust home. Their muskets were unloaded, and they could not hesitate; so, running boldly into close quarters, they fought hand to hand with their foes and speedily overthrew them. For a moment the bayonets flashed and played; then the British lines broke as their assailants thronged against them, and the struggle was over. The Americans had lost a hundred in killed and wounded. Of the British sixty-three had been slain and very many wounded, every one of the dead or disabled having suffered from the bayonet; for Wayne's troops did not fire at all. A curious coincidence was that the number of the dead happened to equal exactly the number of Wayne's men who had been killed in the night attack by the English General Grey.

There was great rejoicing among the Americans over the successful issue of the attack. Wayne speedily recovered from his wound, and in the joy of his victory it weighed but slightly. He had performed a most notable feat. No night attack of the kind was ever delivered with greater boldness, skill, and success. When the Revolutionary War broke out the American armies were composed merely of armed yeomen, stalwart men of good courage, and fairly proficient in the use of their weapons, but entirely without the training which alone could enable them to withstand the attack of the British regulars in the open, or to deliver an attack themselves. Washington's victory at Trenton was the first encounter which showed that the Americans were to be feared when they took the offensive. With the exception of the battle of Trenton, and perhaps of Greene's fight at Entaw Springs, Wayne's feat was the most successful illustration of daring and victorious attack by an American army that occurred during the war; and, unlike Greene, who was only able to fight a drawn battle, Wayne's triumph was complete. At Monmouth he had shown, as he afterwards showed against Cornwallis, that his troops could meet the renowned British regulars on even terms in the open. At Stony Point he showed that he could lead them to a triumphant assault with the bayonet against regulars who held a fortified place of strength. No American commander has ever displayed greater energy and daring, a more resolute courage, or readier resource, than the chief of the hard-fighting Revolutionary Generals, Mad Anthony Wayne.

ONE BRAVE BOY OUT OF A THOUSAND.

ROBERT BAIN recently prevented a serious accident in Public School No. 23, at Marion, near Jersey City. There were sounds of panic from the room beneath his class-room, and no one can tell how many children might have been injured but for his cool head and quick thinking. He did what any bright American boy should have done, but what scarcely one boy in a thousand would have done.

The two lower floors of the Marion Public School are occupied by the classes of the Primary Department, and the top floor is occupied by the Grammar Department. The building is heated by steam. One of the radiator valves was broken off the other day. While waiting for a chance to repair the break, the janitor carefully turned off the steam at this radiator, and fitted a tight wooden plug in place of the broken valve. Some very foolish person, either for the sake of a joke or from a habit of meddling with things without asking leave, turned on the steam. The radiator was in one of the class-rooms of the upper primary floor—that is, the middle floor of the building.

The wooden plug was shot out of the radiator with a re-

port like a pistol shot at a quarter past ten o'clock in the morning. Every child in the room rushed screaming toward the sliding-door leading to the stairway. So fierce was the impetus of the crowd that the door was twisted off its tracks and turned half-way around. Miss Agnes Carlen, the teacher, was unable to control the children, for they had swept past her before she really understood what had happened. She stood helpless, half fainting, fearing that the heavy sliding-door would fall and crush her pupils. Meantime great clouds of steam came hissing from the radiators.

With a great clattering of many feet the frightened boys and girls swarmed down the stairway, looking for places of safety. Forty of them ran out into the school-yard, but forty more were kept in-doors by Miss Searle, the principal of the Primary Department, and her aids. At the moment of the explosion and panic the boys and girls of the Grammar Department on the top floor were almost panic-stricken. They heard the loud report beneath them, the hissing of steam, the screams, and the swift trampling feet. Every one was scrambling up from his desk, when Robert Bain jumped out into the aisle, and cried:

"Keep your seats! There's no danger if you stay where you are!"

Those words stopped the rush like magic. Seeing Bain's coolness and courage, all the others were ashamed to show themselves cowards. It was not so much the words he uttered as his manner in saying them that swayed the crowd. His tone not only showed that he was not frightened, but the order rang out sharply and confidently, as if the boy knew he would be obeyed. A few moments later Miss Emma Johnson, the teacher in charge of the class, learned all about the accident on the floor below, and told the children of it. There was, of course, no possible danger of panic now.

What would have happened if young Bain had not spoken at the right moment? Very likely the children would have rushed out, like Miss Carlen's pupils, before they could be checked. A steep stairway lay before them, and probably many of them would have been badly hurt, if not killed, in the wild downward flight. An accident somewhat like this, in the Greenward Avenue Public School in New York many years ago, had the most serious consequences.

Robert Bain is fourth sergeant in one of the two calet companies of the Marion Public School. He was very happy, but also full of blushes, when Mr. Du Rie, the principal of the school, complimented him before all his friends. If every boy who reads of his brave act will make up his mind to keep cool in any panic near him, he will have paid the best possible compliment to Robert Bain.

THE TROLLEY BIKE OF 1900.

BY N. FREDERICK CARRYL.

"A LETTER, Uncle Tom! From the New Jersey Consolidated Traction Company, as sure as I live. Now we can start any minute."

"Right you are, my boy," said the brisk old gentleman of close on sixty.

Joe heaved a big, contented sigh—not considered a very healthy proceeding, by-the-way—and made a short speech. "Uncle Tom," said he, "it may surprise you a little to hear that father has decided he must stay home and attend strictly to business for at least a month. By that time my vacation will be at an end. Now I have set my heart on this trip, but who can I get for a comrade?"

"Well, Joe, what do you say to the idea of taking your old uncle along?"

"Why, Uncle Tom, you dear man, you are the very next best to father. My! What a jolly time we will have!"

Joe's father and I had arranged it so that he could stay at home, believing, as well he might, the boy was safe in my hands.

Since all traction companies are owned by States (and, of course, subdivided into counties), it is a comparatively easy

matter to get permits to use the company's trolley-wires, have your meter inspected, locked, and dated.

The universal application of electricity to the bicycle, tricycle, and other road vehicles—not by batteries, which are still too heavy or short-lived for long trips, but by the trolley-wire and connecting track—is of very recent date. Minor difficulties still exist, and should anything serious happen, I am mechanic enough to hope to repair damages.

Our machine was a very simple affair—after all is said and left unsaid. At first glance it looked not unlike an ordinary tandem—as in fact it was, but with a very much wider tread forward, where the electric motor was handily placed and most effective in operation. The treadles remained connected, but could be operated in the forward direction only. Coasting, with the pedals as foot-rests, whether going down hill or driven at high speed by the motor, was thus possible and easy. The electric head-light was supplied from the same source as the motor, viz., the trolley overhead wire. Of course we had a kerosene lamp to use when disconnected from the street current. Since 1896 the overhead trolley has been abolished in large towns and cities in favor of the underground method of electrical connection, while the overhead system is still used (as so much cheaper for long distances) in the country, between towns and all distant points.

We used a light bamboo pole, built up of five three-foot sections, to reach the overhead wire. Inside was the connecting wire leading to the starting, stopping, or reversing switch, thence to the motor. Another wire, leading from the motor, passed through a light hinged shaft, upon the end of which was a two-foot metal wheel, thus completing the circuit with the rail. The current passed through a reduction coil before reaching the motor, and was thus brought down to the proper resistance at which the motor was built to run, otherwise a burned-out apparatus would be the certain result.

This was not the first time I had handled the *Fleetwing*, having made any number of short trips, none exceeding a hundred miles. Joe's route was: Starting at Jersey City, New Jersey, we were to cross the State, and keep as near directly West as the trolley-wire would take us, taking in Chicago (now the first city in population in the United States) and other important Western cities, with Denver our turning-point.

Joe kissed his mother, gave his father's hand a hard shake, jumped up behind me, and we were off. Look back once more, my boy; a mother's tearful eyes no longer see you, but your image is always in her heart!

We had been sadly mixed without our good map of all the trolley-roads. They cross and recross, and seem to shoot out in every direction in the eastern part of New Jersey.

On a good straight road at last, with a clean run of thirty miles before us! How we do spin! The motor hums not unlike a swarm of angry bees. For a bright June morning the weather seems a trifle cool. A light overcoat in summer? Well, just face a mild westerly wind, early in the morning, sitting quietly on an electrically propelled bike at, say, thirty miles an hour, and you will find an overcoat is not to be sneezed at, or, rather, some sneezing will result if you try to do without it.

Space will not permit to give you many details of our trip, which caused two weeks to pass so quickly. Mishaps we had, repairs to make, but the same machine was bringing us nearer home each minute. Two o'clock now; by six we are due in New York.

A Chicago chap we met him seemed rather smart and all that, had a contrivance for working an air-ship by trolley-wire. His scheme was to sail along near enough the ground to drop a trailer on the street wire, and so obtain a current to run his aerial machine.

"My son," said I, "how do you expect to make a complete circuit with but one wire?"

"That is part of my invention," said he.

Whether he made a success of it or not I have no means of knowing, but I liked the idea.

We crossed the Pavonia bridge from Jersey City to New York on time, had just reached the terminus when the Ex-



AT THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.

press Air-ship *Maxim* rose from the depot at Union Square and headed for Albany, looking very much like an immense shooting-star.

The railroads have had a severe setback since *Maxim* has perfected his aerial engines and light machinery. Freight they still carry, but railway passenger traffic has fallen off to a marked extent, even with trains running at one hundred miles per hour.

Who would care nowadays to spend an hour and a half in the cars between New York and Albany when the *Maxim* will do it in forty-five minutes!

Strange creatures, to me, these women. I have never married. Joe's mother wept when we left, and I am blamed if she is not crying this minute. "What!"

"You too, Joe? I—"

OFF WITH THE MERBOY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHAPTER III.

UNDER WATER.

"SN'T that interesting?" asked the Merboy when he had finished.

"Very," returned Jimmieboy.

"But I don't see how it proves that the Porpoise knew any more than the Professor. Did he know why men have chins and why boys are noisy?"

"I don't suppose he did," returned the Merboy; "but even if he didn't his ignorance wasn't any

greater than that of the Professor, while the Professor had to admit that there wasn't anything he could tell the Porpoise that the Porpoise hadn't heard before. That proved that the Porpoise knew quite as much as the Professor did; and the fact that the Porpoise knew how to get the Professor home while the Professor didn't, showed that the Porpoise knew more than he did. That simply proves what I have already said, that sea creatures know more than land

creatures — even Porpoises, and they know less than any other kind of fish."

"It looks true," said Jimmieboy. "But I hardly believe it, though."

"Well, you'd better," retorted the Merboy. "Why, people of your kind say themselves that fish is good for their brains. Why should this be so if fish weren't what I've said they are?"

"That's so!" Jimmieboy answered, convinced at last. "But it seems queer."

"That's because you don't understand it," said the Merboy, patronizingly. "If you were a fish you'd understand it, but being a boy you can't be expected to. It's simple

enough. You people on land are kept so busy all day long earning your living that you don't have time really to study. On the other hand, we sea people don't do anything but swim about all day and think. Didn't you ever notice me up there in the aquarium lying perfectly motionless in the water with my eyes gazing off on both sides of me with a far-away look in them?"

"Often," said Jimmieboy. "And I've wondered every time what you really were doing. Were you always thinking at those times?"

"Always," said the Merboy. "Always studying out something."

"And did you ever find out anything?" queried Jimmieboy.

"Yes," said the Merboy. "I've found out everything; but," he added, hastily, "don't ask me to tell you everything now because these Dolphins are a little skittish, and I've got to keep my mind on them or we'll be upset."

Here one of the Dolphins, to show how skittish he could be when he tried, stood erect on his tail, and then took a header deep down into the water, and in a moment Jimmieboy found himself clinging in alarm to the Merboy's arm.

"Don't do that!" cried the Merboy, "or you'll surely upset us."

"I was afraid he'd drag us under," panted Jimmieboy, releasing his hold.

"Drag us under?" repeated the Merboy. "Why, my dear boy, we are under. We've been driving under water for ten minutes now. In ten more we shall be on the ocean's bottom."

Jimmieboy pressed his lips as tightly together as he possibly could. If, as the Merboy had said, he was under water and headed directly for the bottom of the sea, he was not going to run any risks by opening his mouth and getting it full of sea-water, which he knew from experience was not the pleasantest-tasting stuff in the world. He was a cautious boy too, Jimmieboy was, and he had a distinct recollection of having heard his father warn a friend of his at the sea-shore one summer's day not to open his mouth too widely when he was in bathing, for fear he might take in the ocean at a gulp, which would be a dreadful thing to do.



"Don't make such fearful faces," said the Merboy, noticing Jimmieboy's efforts to squeeze his two lips into one. "You'll frighten the whales."

"Mwime mfwaid ngetting mwater in m' mouf," mumbled Jimmieboy.

"Excuse me," said the Merboy, looking at him as if he thought he was crazy. "I never studied that language, and I don't know what you are trying to say; open your mouth and speak English."

"Mwime mfwaid," mumbled Jimmieboy again, meaning to say "I'm afraid."

"Whoa!" cried the Merboy, reining in his Dolphins. "Now look here, Jamesboy," he added, severely, as the carriage came to a stop, "I won't take you any further if you don't stop that. My relatives down here have been very anxious to meet you, because I've written to them several times telling them all about you; but I can tell you just one thing. If you are going to make faces like that, and talk with your lips tight closed and your voice way down in your boots, not to mention the horrible language you are using, they won't have anything to do with you, and they'll think I got you out of a circus instead of at your home. What's come over you all of a sudden, anyhow?"

Poor Jimmieboy didn't know what to do. He had no wish to offend the Merboy or to frighten whales or to prove unpleasant to the Merboy's friends, but he also did not care to get a mouthful of salt water.

Fortunately at this moment a Porpoise, who was on duty as a policeman in that neighborhood came swimming up, attracted, no doubt, by the somewhat angry tones of the Merboy.

"What's the matter here?" he said, frowning with his left eyebrow and using his right eye to look pleasant, for if everything was all right he wanted to look pleasant, while the frown was for use in case there was danger of a disturbance.

"Nothing, Mr. Policeman," answered the Merboy, nodding familiarly at the Porpoise. "I am afraid my little friend here isn't feeling very well, and I was only trying to find out what the trouble was."

"He does look kind of queer like, doesn't he?" said the Porpoise, gazing at Jimmieboy's lips. "He looks to me as if he were trying to swallow his teeth. Is he taken this way often?"

"Never saw him like this before," said the Merboy, anxiously. "It's something new for him to keep his mouth shut up so tight, and I can't understand it."

"Perhaps—" the Porpoise began; "but no," he added, "I was going to say I'd arrest him for being disorderly, for he certainly is out of order, but I'm afraid the judge would fine me. I lost my last month's pay for arresting a shark by mistake. Some shark swallowed a whole school of whitebait last week, and as the teachers of the school complained about having their business ruined I had to arrest some one. These sharks are all alike, you know, and I got

hold of the wrong one, and the judge let him off and made me pay the damages. I'm afraid we couldn't make out a case against this young man."

"No; and we shouldn't try it if we could," said the Merboy. "I don't want to get him into trouble. He's my friend."

"Well—say," said the Porpoise. "I'll tell you how we can find out what's the matter. There's a bureau of information about two hundred and thirty fathoms up the street. They know everything there. You might drive up there and find out what ails him."

"That's a good idea," said the Merboy. "Who is in charge of the bureau?"

"Nobody. It just lies there at the side of the street. You'll find the most interesting information in the top drawer. You can't miss the bureau, because it's the only one in the ocean, and it has brass knobs on it, and a brush and comb on the top of it. So long."

"Good-by," said the Merboy, as the Porpoise with another curious glance at Jimmieboy swam away. Then the Mer-

boy, turning the Dolphins' heads in the direction of the bureau, started them along. "I shall feel very badly if this is a case of lockjaw," he said to himself. "His parents would drive me out of the house, and I don't think I'd be likely to get as nice a place anywhere else."

"M-nwi a-went wot wock-waw," mumbled Jimmieboy.

"Don't say another word or you'll drive me crazy," returned the Merboy. "This is simply awful as it is, but when you talk it's worse than awful, it is horrid. Ah, I

fancy this must be the bureau," he added, drawing up alongside of a beautiful piece of furniture that stood at the road-side and looked very much like a bureau. "Hold the Dolphins, Jimmieboy, and I'll get out and see if there's any information to be had in regard to your case."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISS APPOLINA'S CHOICE.

BY AGNES LITTLETON.

Part XX.

MISS APPOLINA BRIGGS was somewhat of a power in the Reid family. She was a cousin of the fathers of Millicent, Joanna, and Peggy, their fathers being brothers, and for many years when they were boys she had made her home with their parents. She now, however, had a house of her own.

She was very wealthy, very aristocratic, and very eccentric. Kind-hearted and charitable, she preferred to do good in her own way only.

A month or two ago Miss Briggs had informed her relatives that she intended to pass the summer in England, and that it was barely possible that she would ask one of her young cousins to accompany her. Which should be the



"IS HE TAKEN THIS WAY OFTEN?" ASKED THE PORPOISE.

fortunate one she should not decide until a week before the date fixed for sailing. That would be time enough, she said, for no preparations would be necessary. All the girls' wants could be supplied on the other side.

This proposition sounded very attractive, for Cousin Appolina was generous even though she was so peculiar, and there was no doubt that in addition to having the pleasure of the trip, a well-stocked wardrobe would fall to the share of the lucky recipient of her favor.

As Peggy had said, there was not much probability that she would be the one honored. She had a habit of making all sorts of speeches in Miss Briggs's presence which did not please the good lady at all. And yet no one knew. It would be just like Cousin Appolina's unexpectedness if she were to veer suddenly around and decree that Margaret, as she always called her, should be the one to go to England.

Consequently, suspense and excitement ran high in the Reid family, and in the intervals of study, fair work, and poetry-making there was much discussion as to which of the three should be Miss Appolina's choice.

She herself had gone to Washington for a few weeks, and the family breathed more easily for a time. When so much depended upon it the girls were greatly afraid of doing something to offend their cousin, which might very easily happen, and in that case she would sail alone with her maid!

In the mean time preparations for the fair continued, and at last the day arrived. Millicent, having convinced herself that this would be the best means of securing the recognition of her powers as a poetess that she wanted, the recognition which had hitherto been denied her by unfeeling editors, had been reeling off verse by the yard.

Each poem had been printed in the form of a little fancy booklet, at considerable expense to the author, it is true, but the girls had plenty of pocket money, and Millicent had eased her conscience with the thought that her object was charity as well as recognition, and each copy that was sold would bring in twenty-five cents to the fair. She had raised the price since the poems came home—she had no idea that they would look so attractive, she said. They would be sure to sell.

Peggy had helped her with a readiness that would have appeared suspicious if Millicent had not been too much absorbed in sentiment to notice it. She had accompanied her cousin to make arrangements for having the poems printed, and had inspected them on their return, and now the morning upon which the fair was to open she offered to carry the box which contained them to an office in the neighborhood, and have them sent to Sherry's, where the fair was to be held, by a district telegraph boy.

"It is much better than ringing for a messenger-boy to come to the house," she said, "for then no one can find out in any way who 'Pearl Proctor' is. I shall be on hand when the box arrives so that I can hear what people say, but you had better not come until afterwards, Mill, for your face would be sure to give it away."

The fancy articles, including Miss Briggs's slippers, had already been sent.

Joanna went to school, longing for the morning to pass that she might get to the fair herself. She and one of her friends were to manage the "fish pond," while Millicent was to be an aid at the flower-table, and Peggy would assist in selling some of the fancy articles.

Peggy left the package at the office, and then hailed a car, that she might not fail to reach the fair in time to witness its arrival. She looked forward to having some rare sport. She only wished that she could take some one into her confidence, for it is always so much more fun to laugh with a comrade than to laugh alone. However, a laugh is valuable at any time.

So thought Miss Peggy as she made her way along Thirteenth Street in her new spring hat and gown, her eyes dancing with anticipation.

The poem on Cousin Appolina had been tacked into the box along with the rest, but very much underneath. In that way Peggy felt confident that it would escape observation at the fair, and yet be among the poems to give Millicent a shock when they came back.

"For of course no one is going to buy those silly things," said Peggy to herself; "and I hope it will be a good lesson to Milly. Such conceit as hers in regard to that poetry I never saw, and it ought to be taken down."

She found the rooms in a state of disorder. Various fashionable dames who had the fair in charge were running about in a vain attempt to bring some degree of order out of the confusion, and Peggy's coming was hailed with delight.

"Oh, Peggy Reid! Just the person I want. Peggy, dear, do hold the end of this scarf while I fasten it here."

"Peggy, just see if you can find the tack-hammer."

"Peggy, you have just come, and can see things with a fresh eye. Tell me the effect of this drapery."

But notwithstanding all these calls upon her, Peggy managed to be conveniently near the door when a messenger-boy appeared, bearing a box addressed, in a printed hand, to Mrs. Pearson, who had charge of the fair. Peggy took the box, dismissed the boy hastily, and carried it to Mrs. Pearson.

"Something else? Oh, do open it, Peggy! I am so busy," exclaimed that lady, precisely as Peggy hoped she would do. She opened the box—that which she herself had so carefully tied up not long before.

On the top lay a type-written card, which read, "Sent by one of the congregation, who hopes that they may bring twenty-five cents apiece." Beneath were a number of little booklets.

"Why, Mrs. Pearson, do look! Somebody has sent some poems to sell," cried Peggy, in tones of great surprise. "A member of the congregation, and they are signed 'Pearl Proctor'! Who in the world can it be?"

Several people gathered about.

"How very funny! One of the congregation? Who do you suppose it is? I wish I had time to read them," said Mrs. Pearson. "They are certainly a novelty at a fair. Twenty-five cents she values them at? The lady is modest. But take care, girls," she added, in a warning whisper, approaching two young women who were laughing immoderately over one of Pearl Proctor's productions, "you must be careful! No one knows who wrote them, and the person may be in the room watching us at this very minute. It will never do to hurt her feelings."

"Oh, but, Mrs. Pearson, if you could only read this! It is the funniest thing I ever read, and the best part of it is, it isn't meant to be at all."

"Never mind, don't laugh, I beg of you! How did they get here, Peggy?"

"A messenger-boy brought them," returned Peggy promptly, feeling very glad that Millicent was not here to see the effect they produced. She was almost sorry that she had urged her to send them. After all it seemed a shame to make fun of the poor dear.

"Well, do be careful, girls," said Mrs. Pearson, as she moved away.

An hour or so later Millicent herself walked into the rooms. She looked very lovely, for her beautiful golden hair had twisted into little curls and waves, the morning being somewhat damp, and there was an unusual sparkle in her dreamy blue eyes. It was very exciting to have one's poems actually for sale.

The first thing that met her gaze was a large sign placed above a small table. Upon the table lay the array of booklets, while the sign read thus:

"A NOVELTY! POEMS BY PEARL PROCTOR.

A MEMBER OF THE CONGREGATION.

Twenty-five Cents Each."

She did not have sufficient courage to walk boldly up with the air of a stranger and inspect the wares thus offered for sale, so she turned aside and began to talk to some of her friends, asking what she could do to help.

"My dear," said Elsie Pearson, flying up to her, and speaking in a whisper, "I am so glad you have come! I must tell you the greatest joke in the world. Somebody has sent a lot of poems to the fair to sell! Did you ever hear

of anything so delicious? Mamma says we ought not to laugh, for the person who wrote them may be in the room, but it is too awfully funny not to laugh the least bit, and I know you are safe."

Millicent smiled stiffly. "Are they funny poems?" she asked. "You seem to find them amusing."

Elsie would have noticed her tone if she had not been so excited and in such haste.

"They are not meant to be," she said, aloud, as she moved away. "That is the best part of the whole thing."

Millicent, left alone, felt as if she could cry with pleasure. How perfectly outrageous it was in that odious Elsie Pearson to talk in such a way! The only comfort was that Elsie was anything but intellectual, and would not know good poetry when she saw it. She would probably fail to see any beauty in Tennyson.

Peggy had watched this conference from across the room; and she now came quickly over to her cousin. "Look out, Mill," she said in a low tone, "you will have to be awfully careful that no one catches on. If I were you I wouldn't stay so near the poetry table."

Peggy, already deeply regretting her joke, wished to spare her cousin as much as possible. But her good intentions were frustrated by Mrs. Pearson.

"Millicent," said that lady, "we have had some new wares sent in; something I never saw before at a fair. Poems, my dear. Just think of it; and by a member of the congregation! We can't imagine who wrote them, and of course they are perfect trash" (this in a low voice), "but we will have to do our best to sell them, so I want you to take charge of that table. You won't mind clanging, I know. And try not to let the people laugh at the poems. They are absurd, I know, judging from one I picked up. It was about a moth or an ant or something. I am not sure that it was not a Croton bug," and with a laugh at her own wit Mrs. Pearson led Millicent to the poetry table, and established her behind it.

It was now twelve o'clock, the hour at which the fair was to be opened to the public.

Two or three hours later the sale was in full swing. A great many people came, for it was in every respect a fashionable function, and it was considered quite the thing to be seen there. People bought largely also of every variety of article—except poetry. That seemed to go a-begging.

There was always a crowd about the table, but no one felt inclined to purchase. The little booklets were picked up, read, dropped again, with laughter and comments, until Millicent felt that she would gladly sink through the floor.

Even her own mother came, criticised, and moved on, with a whispered question to Millicent as to what member of the congregation could have been so conceited and so senseless as to do such a thing as this.

Millicent's head ached, and tears filled her eyes, and she thought the climax had been reached when Elsie Pearson, picking one up at random, said, laughingly:

"Just listen to this, Milly! It is the gem of the whole collection. I can't help it if the 'member of the congregation' does see me. She deserves to be made fun of." And Elsie in a whisper read the following:

"TO THE MARCH WIND,

"Loud and shrill, loud and shrill,
List to the wild March wind!
And the heart of the mariner trembles
As he sails his rudder behind.

"My dear, the 'member' is a little mixed! Does she mean the mariner sails behind the rudder, or the rudder sails behind the mariner? Did you *ever*, Millicent? I don't believe she knows which part of a ship the rudder is. And this is the second verse:

"And the bell on the bleak beach bellows.

(There's alliteration for you. Fancy a bell bellowing!)

And the fog-horn lifts its voice,
And the mariner goes to an early grave,
He has no other choice.

"Oh, Milly! isn't it funny? Why don't you laugh?"

"I am laughing," said Millicent, in a hoarse voice; "it makes me perfectly hysterical," and she hid her face for a moment in her handkerchief. Fortunately Elsie was at that moment called away.

Millicent found to her cost, as the afternoon wore on, that the climax had not been even then.

Joanna had come late to the fair, detained by school and luncheon until four o'clock. She had found no one at home, not even her mother, but she had heard from the maid a piece of news which caused her heart to bound with excitement and consternation.

Cousin Appolina had returned very unexpectedly from Washington!

Joanna decided that she must tell Millicent as soon as she reached the fair, so that the slippers might be removed at once. It would be better to be on the safe side, although it was extremely improbable that Cousin Appolina would visit the fair the first day of her return.

But just as Joanna came out of the front door Miss Briggs herself drove up in her carriage, and learning that no one was at home in either of her relatives' houses, but that all had gone to the fair, concluded to betake herself there also, and forthwith invited Joanna to get in and drive with her to Sherry's.

Joanna, nothing loth, accepted the invitation, feeling rather glad on the whole that her cousin had returned in time, for she would be sure to spend her money freely, and Joan was greatly interested in the success of the sale. And, alas! she forgot all about the worsted slippers!

They presented their tickets, and entered the room just as Millicent had buried her face in her handkerchief upon hearing the remarks of Elsie Pearson. When she emerged therefrom the first thing that met her astonished gaze was the tall and never-to-be-forgotten form of Cousin Appolina Briggs, and her heart sank with apprehension. For a moment the works of her unappreciated genius were forgotten. Her one thought was "slippers!"

"Oh, that I had never sent those horrible slippers!" she said to herself despairingly. "It will be just my luck to have her see them, and would serve me right, too, for having given away a present. Yes, she is going that way! Oh, if I could only make Peggy or Joan come here! They could go and buy the slippers before she gets there."

But Peggy and Joan were not forth-coming. The latter, full of business, had lost no time in retiring behind the screen which formed the "fish-pond," and was already baiting the hook with ardor, and queerly shaped packages, and Peggy had not yet seen her cousin, and supposed her to be safe at Washington.

But Miss Briggs was not one to remain long unnoticed. She was of commanding height and noble breadth. When she entered a room the rest of humanity seemed to grow smaller by comparison. Her voice was deep and had a penetrating quality which caused it to be heard at an unusual distance, and the gold lorgnette, without which she was never seen, and which she was in the habit of raising constantly to her short-sighted and somewhat prominent eyes, flashed and glittered in the light.

Truly Miss Appolina's was a presence calculated to make itself felt. And Peggy felt it, and she heard the voice, and a tremor that seemed like fear filled her naturally courageous heart. She looked at Cousin Appolina, and she looked at the poetry table. There was yet time. Leaving abruptly a customer who was on the verge of making an important purchase, who only needed a word of advice from Miss Peggy Reid as to which was the prettier, a centre-piece embroidered in yellow, or a table-cloth done in greens, she flew to the side of Millicent.

"The poems!" she gasped. "Have any of them sold?"

"Not one," said Millicent, "but oh, Peggy; there is Cousin Appolina!"

"I know," returned Peggy, breathlessly, as she turned over the booklets. "I know! That's just it!"

"But the slippers, Peggy! Go and get them. I don't dare."

"The slippers! They are nothing to the poetry. Oh, where is it?"



"IS NOT MILLICENT CAPABLE OF SPEAKING FOR HERSELF?"

And she tossed the poems hither and thither, looking first into one, then into another.

"Oh, where is it?"

"What do you mean, Peggy? Don't waste time over the poetry. Do please go and buy those slippers! Give any price. There, she is getting to that table now! It is too late!"

There was a lull in the noise at that moment, and Miss Briggs's clear deep tones could be distinctly heard by the two culprits.

"I want a pair of knit slippers. I make a great many myself, but I never seem to have any for my own use. How much are these red and gray ones? A dollar and a half? Give them to me, please, and never mind about the change. I have not examined them thoroughly, but if they do not suit me I will give them away."

It was too late. She had bought her own slippers. Millicent hoped that the gold lorgnette would be smashed to atoms before the lady reached her home; that her spectacles would lose themselves; even that the world would come to an end before Miss Appolina found an opportunity to examine those red and gray worsted slippers. That she would recognize them Millicent felt no doubt, for they were knit in a fashion peculiar to herself, the two colors forming a little plaid.

Meanwhile Peggy had tossed about the poems with no

result. She had only succeeded in bringing to the top those that had hitherto lain in safe insignificance at the bottom.

Now she stood by the table as if turned into stone, and awaited the approach of an avenging fate. The day of practical jokes was over for her.

She knew, she felt absolutely confident, that just as surely as Cousin Appolina had chosen the slippers of her own make, just so surely would she pounce upon the poem that Peggy had written about her.

Miss Briggs drew near.

"Well, girls!" she said, in her great deep voice, the gold lorgnette raised to her eyes—"well, girls, you did not expect to see me back so soon, did you? Washington became insupportable. Too many odious-looking people. I could not endure it. What have we here?" staring at the sign, "Poems by Pearl Proctor, a member of the congregation?" And who may she be? Proctor—Proctor? I don't remember the name in New York. Proctor is a Boston name. Who is it, Millicent?"

Millicent trembled.

"I—I—" she faltered.

"You!" thundered her cousin.

"Never! What do you mean?"

"Milly didn't mean to say that," interposed Peggy. "She was probably going to say she couldn't tell who it is. It is an assumed name, we suppose, Cousin Appolina."

"Is not Millicent capable of speaking for herself?" inquired Miss Briggs, severely. "Since when did she lose the power of speech?"

The girls shook in their shoes, and held their peace.

"What are these things?" continued this terrible person, picking up the poems disdainfully, and again putting her lorgnette to her eyes: "Ode to a Firefly," "Sonnet on the Caterpillar," "Some Lines to a Beggar Child." Faugh! Who is the fool that

is guilty of all this?

But—but—what have we here?" It had come, then! For this is what Miss Appolina read, but not aloud:

"Who is a dame of high degree?

Who's always scolded little me?

Who is a sight strange for to see?

Miss Appolina B.

"Who cannot with her friends agree?

Who loves to feed on cakes and tea?

Who prides herself on her pedigree?

Miss Appolina B.

"Who'll soon set sail across the sea?

Who will not take her cousins three?

Who is an ancient, awful she?

Miss Appolina B."

Miss Briggs looked from one to the other of the girls. The hum of the fair went on.

"I will buy all of these poems," she said in a voice which filled their souls with terror; "count them, and tell me the amount. And I wish to see you both to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

Wondering, Millicent obeyed.

Peggy turned and fled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XIX.

A BATTLE WITH WOLVES.

THE remainder of the journey up the Tananah was uneventful, but so long that the new year was well begun ere the sledge party left it and turned up the Gheesah branch, which flows in from the east. An Indian guide, procured at the last village by the promise of a pound of tobacco for his services, accompanied them on their four days' journey up this river, and to the summit of the bleak wind-swept divide, five hundred feet above timber-line. This gave the dogs a hard pull, though Jalap Coombs insisted upon lightening their load by walking; nor from this time on would he again consent to be treated as an invalid.

The summit once passed, they plunged rapidly down its farther side and into the welcome shelter of timber fringing a tiny stream, whose course they were now to follow. Their guide called it the Tukh-loo-ga-ne-lukh-nough, which, after vain attempts to remember, Phil shortened to "Tough Enough." Jalap Coombs, however, declared that this was not a "sarcasm" to the names of certain down-East streams among which he was born, and to prove his assertion began to talk glibly of the Misquamenish, the Keejinkoopie, the Kashagawigamog, the Kahlweambejewagamog, and others of like brevity, until Phil begged him to take a rest.

That night, while the camp was buried in the profound slumber that followed a day of unusually hard work, and the fire had burned to a bed of coals, the single long-drawn howl of a wolf was borne to it with startling distinctness by the night wind. As though it were a signal, it was answered from a dozen different directions at once. The alert dogs sprang from their snowy beds with bristling crests and hurled back a challenge of fierce barkings; but this, being an incident of nightly occurrence, failed to arouse the tired sleepers.

Within a few minutes the dread howlings had so increased in volume that they seemed to issue from scores of savage throats and to completely encircle the little camp. It was as if all the wolves of the forest, rendered desperate by famine, had combined for a raid on the supper of provisions so kindly placed within their reach. Nearer and nearer they came, until their dark forms could be seen like shadows of evil omen flitting among the trees and across the open moonlit spaces.

The dogs, at first eager to meet their mortal foes, now huddled together, terrified by overwhelming numbers.

Still the occupants of the camp slept, unconscious of their danger. Suddenly there came a rush, an unearthly clamor of savage outcry, and the sleepers were roused to a fearful awakening by a confused struggle within the very limits of the camp and over their recumbent forms. They sprang up with yells of terror, and at the sound of human voices the invaders drew back, snapping and snarling with rage.

"Timber wolves!" shouted Serge. "Your rifle, Phil! Quick!"

Emboldened by this re-enforcement, the dogs advanced to the edge of the camp space, but with low growls in place of their former defiant barkings.

Phil was trembling with excitement; but Serge, steady as a rock, was throwing the No. 4's from the double-barrel and reloading with buckshot, at the same time calling to Chitsah to pile wood on the fire, and to the other Indians not to fire until all were ready. Jalap Coombs seized an axe, and forgetful of the bitter cold, was rolling up his sleeves, as though he proposed to fight the wolves single-handed. At the same time he denounced them as pirates and bloody land-sharks, and dared them to come within his reach.

"Are you ready?" cried Serge. "Then fire!" And with



"NOW," CRIED SERGE, "ALL MAKE A DASH TOGETHER!"

a roar that woke the forest echoes for miles, the four guns poured their contents into the dense black mass, that seemed just ready to hurl itself for a second time upon the camp.

With frightful howlings the pack scattered, and began to gallop swiftly in a wide circle about the fire-lit space. One huge brute, frenzied with rage, leaped directly toward the camp, with gleaming eyes and frothing mouth. Ere a gun could be levelled, Jalap Coombs stepped forward to meet him, and with a mighty swinging blow his heavy axe crushed the skull of the on-coming beast as though it had been an egg-shell. Instantly the dogs were upon him, and tearing fiercely at their fallen enemy.

With the first shot Phil's nervousness vanished, and as coolly as Serge himself, he followed with levelled rifle the movements of the yelling pack in their swift circling. At each patch of moonlit space one or more of the fierce brutes fell before his merrying fire, until every shot of his magazine was exhausted.

"Now," cried Serge, "we must scatter them. Every man take a firebrand in each hand, and all make a dash to gether."

"Yelling," added Jalap Coombs.

"Yes, yelling louder than the wolves themselves."

The plan was no sooner proposed than adopted. Musky, Luvluk, big Amook, and the rest, inspired by their master's courage, joined in the assault, and before that fire-bearing, yelling, on-rushing line of humanity and dogs the gaunt forest raiders gave way and fled in all directions.

The whole battle had not lasted more than five minutes, but it resulted in the death of nineteen wolves, six of which were despatched by the sailor-man's terrible axe after the fight was over, and they, more or less wounded, were slinking away toward places of hiding. But the dogs found them out, and they met a swift fate at the hands of Jalap Coombs.

As he finally re-entered the camp, dragging the last one behind him, he remarked, with a chuckle: "Waal, boys, I ruther guess our boat's 'high line' this time, and I'm free to admit that this here wolf racket beats most kinds of fishing, for genuine entertainment, unless it's fishing for sharks, which is exciting at times. I'm pleased to have met up with this school, though, for it's allers comforting to run across fresh proofs of my friend old Kite Roberson's know- ingness. He useter say consarnin' the critters, Kite did, that wolves was sharks and sharks was wolves, and that neither of 'em warn't no fit playthings for children, which it now seems to me he were correct, as usual."

"He certainly was," replied Phil, who, leaning on his rifle, was thoughtfully regarding the shaggy beast that Kite Robinson's friend had just dragged into camp. "But aren't these uncommonly big wolves? I never knew they grew so large."

"They don't generally," answered Serge; "but these are of the same breed as the great Siberian wolves, which, you know, are noted as being the largest and fiercest in the world."

"I don't wonder now that the dogs were frightened," continued Phil, "for this fellow looks twice as big as Amook—and he's no puppy. But, I say, Serge, you're aw awfully plucky chap. As for myself, I must confess I was so badly rattled that I don't believe I should have even thought of a gun before they were on us a second time."

"If they had made a second rush, not one of us would be alive to talk about it now," remarked Serge, soberly; "and it was only the promptness of our attack that upset their plans. In dealing with wolves it is always safest to force the fighting; for while they are awful bullies, they are cowards at heart, like all bullies I ever heard of."

"Captain Duff, for instance," said Phil, with a reminiscent smile. Then he added, "Anyhow, old man, you got us out of a bad scrape, for it isn't every fellow who would know just how to deal with a pack of wolves, especially when awakened from a sound sleep to find them piling on top of him."

"I don't believe it was quite as bad as that," objected Serge. "I expect only the dogs piled on top of us when they were driven in. By-the-way, did you know that four of them were killed and several others badly hurt?"

"No, I didn't," cried Phil, in dismay. "What ones are killed?"

"Two from my team, one from yours, and one from Chitsah's."

"Oh, the villains!" exclaimed the young leader. "Another victory like that would cripple us. Do you think there is any danger of them coming back?"

"Not just now; but I shouldn't be surprised to hear from them again to-morrow night."

"All right. I'm glad you mentioned it. Now we'll see if we can't have an interesting reception prepared for them."

"Pizen?" queried Jalap Coombs, who had lighted his pipe, and was now complacently watching the skinning of the dead wolves, which had been undertaken by the three Indians.

"Worse than that," answered Phil, significantly.

By the time the Indians had finished their task and breakfast had been eaten the usual starting-hour had arrived. Two of the wolf-skins were allotted to the guide, who was to leave them at this point, and he set forth on his return journey with them on his back. Rolled in them were the single dried salmon, which would form his sole sustenance on the journey, and the cherished pound of tobacco, for which he had been willing to work so hard. In his hand he bore an old flintlock musket, that was the pride of his heart, not so much on account of its shooting qualities, which were very uncertain, as by reason of its great length. It was the longest gun known to the dwellers of the Tananah Valley, and consequently the most valuable, for the Hudson Bay Company's method of selling such guns was to exchange one for as many marten, fox, or beaver skins as could be piled from stock to muzzle when it stood upright.

"I hope the wolves won't attack his camps," remarked Phil, as they watched the lonely figure pass out of sight on the back trail.

"Him no camp," declared Kurilla.

"But he must. Why, it's a four days' journey to his home."

"No. One day, one night. Him no stop. Wolf no catch um. Yaas."

And Kurilla was right, for the Indian would push on over mile after mile of that frozen solitude without a pause, save for an occasional bite from his dried salmon and a handful of snow to wash it down, until he reached his own far-away home.

CHAPTER XX.

CHITSAH'S NATURAL TELEPHONE.

SEVENTEEN green wolf-skins formed a heavy sledge-load, especially for the weakened dog teams, but fortunately Jalap Coombs's feet were again in condition for walking, and snow on the river was not yet deep. So it was determined to carry them at least for the present. On the evening following that of the encounter with wolves, Phil, leaving the work of preparing camp to the others, unpacked the Eskimo wolf-traps of compressed whalebone that he had procured at Makagamoot. He had twenty of the ingenious little contrivances, and wrapped each one in a strip of frozen wolf meat that he had saved and brought along for the purpose. When all were thus prepared he carried them about a quarter of a mile from camp, and there dropped them at short intervals in a great circle about it. He knew the dogs would not stray that far, since their experience of the night before, and so felt pretty certain that the traps would only find their way to the destination for which they were intended.

The first blood-chilling howl was heard soon after dark, and a few minutes later it was apparent that wolves were again gathering from all quarters. Then the anxious watchers caught occasional glimpses of dim forms and sometimes of a pair of gleaming eyes, that invariably drew a shot from Phil's rifle. Still, the wolves seemed to remember their lesson, or else they waited for the occupants of the camp to fall asleep, for they made no effort at an attack.

As time passed, the wolf tones began to change, and defiant howlings to give place to yelps and yells of distress. Soon other sounds were mingled with these—the fierce

snarlings of savage beasts fighting over their prey. The traps were doing their work. Those wolves that had eagerly gulped them down were so stricken with deadly pains that they staggered, fell, and rolled in the snow. At the first symptoms of distress others sprang upon them and tore them to pieces, at the same time battling fiercely over their cannibal feast. So wolf fed wolf, while the night echoed with their hideous outcries, until finally the survivors, gorged with the flesh of their own kind, slunk away, and after some hours of bedlam quiet once more reigned in the forest.

So Phil's scheme proved a success, and for the remainder of that night he and his companions slept in peace. At daylight they visited the scenes of wolfish feasting, and found everywhere plentiful evidence of what had taken place; but this time they gathered in neither rugs nor robes, for only blood stains and bones remained.

For another week did the sledge party journey down the several streams that, emptying one into another, finally formed the Conehill River, or, as the gold-diggers call it, Forty Mile Creek, because its mouth is forty miles down the Yukon from the old trading-post of Fort Reliance. As the first half of their long journey drew toward a close they became anxious as to its results and impatient for its end. When would they reach the settlement? and could they get there before their rivals who had followed the Yukon? were the two questions that they constantly asked of each other, but which none could answer.

Phil grew almost despondent as he reflected upon the length of time since they left old Fort Adams, and gave it as his opinion that the other party must have reached Forty Mile long since.

Jalap Coombs was firm in his belief that the other party was still far away, and that his would be the first in; for, quoth he: "Luck allers has been on my side, and I'm going to believe it allers will be. My old friend Kite Roberson useter say, speaking of luck, and he give it as his own experience, that them as struck the best kinds of luck was them as worked the hardest for it, and ef they didn't get it one way they was sure to another. Likewise he useter say, Kite did, consarnin worriments, that ef ye didn't pay no attention to one 'twould be mighty apt to pass ye by; but ef ye encouraged it by so much as a wink or a nod ye'd have to fight it to git red of it. So, as they hain't no worriments here in sight, what's the use in 'sarching for 'em?"

As for Kurilla, whenever his opinion was asked, he always grinned, and returned the same answer:

"You come pretty quick, mebbe. Yaas."

So each day of the last three or four brought its fresh hope; at each succeeding bend of the stream all eyes were strained eagerly forward for a sight of the expected cluster of log huts, and each night brought a disappointment.

At length one evening, when Phil, who had pushed on longer than usual, in an effort to end their suspense, was reluctantly compelled by gathering darkness to go into camp, Chitsah suddenly attracted attention to himself by running to a tree and pressing an ear to the trunk. As the others stared a smile overspread his face, and he said something to his father, which the latter instantly interpreted.

"What?" cried Phil, incredulously. "He thinks he hears the sound of chopping?"

"Yaas," answered Kurilla. "Axe chop um white man. Plenty. Yaas."

"I too can hear something," exclaimed Serge, who had imitated Chitsah's movements, "though I wouldn't swear it was chopping."

"Hurrah! So can I!" shouted Phil, after a moment of intent listening at another tree. "First time, though, I ever knew that the public telephone service was extended to this country. The sound I heard might be a train of cars twenty miles away or a woodpecker somewhere within sight. No matter. If Chitsah says it's chopping, it must be, for he ought to know, seeing that he first heard it with the aid of the tree-telephone. So let's go for it. We can afford to travel an hour or two in the dark for the sake of meeting the white man who is swinging that axe."

"Of course we can," replied Serge.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Jalap Coombs.

"Mebbe catch um. Yaas," added Kurilla, sharing the general enthusiasm.

An hour later, as they rounded a projecting point, Phil uttered an exulting shout. A cluster of twinkling lights shone dead ahead, and our travellers' goal was won.

"Let's give them a volley," suggested Serge. "It's the custom of the country, you know."

So the guns were taken from their deer-skin coverings, and at Phil's word of command a roar from double-barrel, flintlock, and Winchester woke glad echoes from both sides of the broad valley, and from the rugged Yukon cliffs beyond. Then with cheers and frantic yelpings of dogs, the sledge brigade dashed on toward the welcoming lights.

"Hello the camp!" yelled Phil, as they approached the dark cluster of cabins.

"On deck!" roared Jalap Coombs, as though he were hailing a ship at sea.

"Hello yourself!" answered a gruff voice—the first hail in their own tongue that the boys had heard in many a week. "Who are you? Where do you come from? And what's all this racket about?"

"White men," replied Phil, "with dog-sledges, up from Yukon mouth."

"Great Scott! You don't say so! No wonder you're noisy! Hi, boys! Here's the first winter outfit that ever came from Yukon mouth to Forty Mile. What's the matter with giving them a salute?"

"Nothing at all!" cried a score of voices, and then volley after volley rang forth, until it seemed as though every man there must have carried a loaded gun and emptied it of all six shots in honor of the occasion.

Men came running from all directions, and before the shooting ceased the entire population of the camp, some three hundred in number, were eagerly crowding about the new-comers, plying them with questions, and struggling for the honor of shaking hands with the first arrivals of the year.

"Are we really the first to come up?" asked Phil.

"To be sure you are. Not only that, but the first ones to reach the diggings from any direction since navigation closed. But how did you come? Not by the river, I know, for when I heard your shooting 'twas away up the creek."

"We came by the Tananah and across the Divide," answered Phil. "There is another party coming by way of the river, though."

"Hark to that, boys! One train just arrived and another coming! I tell you, old Forty Mile is right in it. Daily express from all points; through tickets to Europe, Arup, and Arrap; morning papers and opera-houses, circus and theatres. Looks like the boom had struck us at last. But say, stranger, what *is* the news from below?"

"New steamer on her way up the river, with saw-mill, mining machinery, and best stock of goods ever seen in Alaska," replied Phil, quick to seize the opportunity, and anxious to make his business known while he still had the field to himself. "We have come from her, and are on our way to San Francisco to send up a new stock for next season. So we have only stopped to take your orders and find out what will be the most acceptable."

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd, wild with excitement. "Send us a brass band," shouted one. "In swaller-tails and white kids," added another. "What's the matter with moving the Palace Hotel up here?" suggested a third.

"Come, fellows, let up," cried the man who had been the first to welcome the new arrivals, and whose name was Riley. "We mustn't keep these gentlemen standing out here in the cold any longer. I reckon they're hungry, too, and wondering why we don't invite 'em to grub. So, men, just come into my shebang and make yourselves at home. There isn't much to it, but such as it is it's yours, so long as you'll honor yours truly."

"No, come with me," cried another voice. "I've got beans, Boston baked, fresh from the can." "I've got molasses and soft-tack," and "I've just made a dish of scouse," "Come with us," shouted others.

"No, you don't!" roared Mr. Riley. "They're my meat, and they are going to bunk in with me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TYPICAL AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

ANDOVER.

BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS GRAVES.

ABOUT one hundred and sixteen years ago a small school was started in a carpenter's shop on Andover Hill. This little school of about twelve boys was the origin of the great Phillips Academy, which now numbers about five hundred. Its founder was a certain Judge Samuel Phillips, a prominent young lawyer and statesman in Massachusetts during the Revolution. Besides giving much of his own money to the school, he enlisted the aid of some of his relatives, all of whom were very rich for those days, and soon had them so much interested in founding schools that his uncle, John Phillips, started a similar one in Exeter, New Hampshire, and named it Phillips Exeter Academy.

The little academy in Andover did not long hold its sessions in a carpenter's shop. It was soon provided with a good building by its wealthy founder; and, with an energetic principal and a fine set of boys, many of whom afterwards became famous men, the school flourished at once, and became widely known.

The location of the school has been shifted about on Andover Hill, for its buildings were several times burned down. One of them, the Science Building, is said to have

been set on fire by a boy in revenge for having been severely disciplined. Tradition says that he is still living. If he should risk coming to Andover now, and could see the fine new Science Building which replaces the one he destroyed, I venture to say that his conscience would be immensely relieved.

The present Gymnasium is the old school-house which Oliver Wendell Holmes attended in his boyhood, and which he has immortalized in his poem read at the centennial celebration in 1878:

"The morning came. I reached the classic hall.
A clock face eyed me, staring from the wall.
Beneath its hands a printed line I read—
'Youth is Life's Seed Time;' so the clock face said.
Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed,
Sowed their wild oats, and reaped as they had sowed.
How all comes back—the upward slanting floor,
The masters' thrones that flanked the master's door,
The long outstretching alleys that divide
The row of desks that stands on either side,
The staring boys, a face to every desk,
Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque."

The life at Andover is more like college life than at most schools. The boys have their rooms in private boarding-houses, or small dormitories on and near the Hill. Here they do all their studying during day study hours, and here they must be at eight o'clock in the evening, for at a quarter before eight the academy bell begins to toll warningly until five minutes before the hour, when it rings rapidly. This means that every boy not within walking distance of his home must run, and woe to him who is discovered lingering on the street after eight!

Of course many of the teachers acquire great reputations as eagle-eyed detectives or lightning sprinters, and traditions are not dead yet of the hot races that have taken place between belated youths and some sprinting instructor. Sometimes this pursuer is a real teacher, but often he is only a boy theatrically made up to represent some dignified teacher, and who is out for a little exercise. I can remember one genuine race, when the culprit was discovered skylarking around the enchanted grounds of the "Fem. Sem." His pursuer, though a heavy man, and with the worst record in the faculty as a sprinter, maintained a most lively pace, and the race never ended until our young friend was dragged, panting and very much scared, from under his bed.

Besides these boarding-houses there are the famous English and Latin "Commons." These are ranged in rows at each end of the campus or playground. The houses, which resemble factory cottages, are not beautiful architecturally; but boys do not care for that usually. These rooms are very cheap, and are primarily meant for boys who cannot afford the greater luxury of private boarding-houses. Yet



A "FOOTBALL" COACH.

they are very comfortable, and, from the greater independence and pleasant dormitory life, many richer fellows are found there.

The life in these Commons is quite like college life. In front of each row is a low fence, where, as at Yale, fellows gather of a warm evening and sing songs and have a good sociable time generally. Each boy must care for his own room; and every Friday noon an inspection of rooms is made by the faculty, so that beds are made up and clothes put away once a week at least.

The day's work at Phillips begins at 8.10 in the morning, when, after much tolling and rapid ringing of the old bell, the whole five hundred boys assemble for prayers in the great Academy Hall, where hang the portraits of teachers and benefactors and founders of a century back. Recitations are held during the day until half past four, when all hands turn out for a good time. Every tennis-court and ball-ground is immediately more than occupied. The first teams begin to practise on the campus, the athletic team gets to work on the track, and bicyclers start off in



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND ACADEMY HALL

ticket, and eight or ten yards of blue and white ribbon with which to decorate his cane, hat, and button-hole. After the morning recitation the whole school, supported by half the town of Andover and certain extraordinary mascots, board the special train for Exeter, gay with flags and ribbons, and noisy with tin horns. Even the cars and engine are draped with blue.

After reaching Exeter a rush is made for the campus, and a mad scramble for seats ensues. Those who are fortunate enough to belong to the secret societies have positions on gayly decked coaches. With Andover men massed on one side of the field and Exeter men on the other, an alternate contest of cheering at once takes place, like the Greek choruses of old. While waiting for the athletes to appear, the excitement is intense. For real genuine excitement a Harvard-Yale contest is a dull affair compared with an Andover-Exeter game.

When you are sixteen years old or less, and at Phillips, you don't care for close games. You want to see your own side make all the runs or touch-downs possible, and although cheering of opponents' errors is strictly against school courtesy, yet the more points your own team makes, and the poorer the other plays, the more you feel like yelling and waving your cane and slapping your friend on the back and congratulating yourself that you went to Andover instead of Exeter.

Such a contest as this was the baseball game of '87. About the seventh inning a mysterious-looking wagon containing something covered with a canvas drove rapidly across the field and disappeared in the woods behind. This



AN ANDOVER ROOM.

all directions. Others stroll off for a walk to Indian Ridge, or the old railroad, or Sunset Rock, or Allen Hinton's. Allen Hinton is the famous ice-cream man. No one can make better ice-cream than he. Besides his fame as an ice-cream maker, he is the greatest fox-hunter for miles around, and his stories of fox-hunting and his experiences in the war are something worth hearing.

Then "Chap's" is a great meeting-place for those who like eating better than exercise. Here boys have drunk soda-water and eaten candy and griddle-cakes, and ruined their digestions for years and years. The benches and stalls are so thickly inscribed with names that it is difficult to find room to carve a new one.

Andover has always been noted for its fine athletic teams. The great rivalry between Exeter and Andover has brought the standard of athletics up very high, so that college Freshman teams are usually beaten by the Phillips boys, and even the Yale and Harvard varsity teams often have no easy task in overcoming them.

For many years the great events of the school year have been the football and baseball games with Exeter. For weeks before the game the chief topics of conversation are the chances of victory and the prospects of this and that man for the team. As the day for the game draws near, the excitement increases. Crowds watch the daily practice, and under appointed leaders work up new cheers or practise on the old ones, so that those who do not belong to the teams have at least a chance to beat Exeter at yelling.

Finally the great day arrives. Every man in school who owns or can borrow a couple of dollars has his excursion



THE PRESENT GYMNASIUM.
Where Oliver Wendell Holmes went to school.

strange appearance was soon forgotten in the interest of the game; but the wagon bore the instruments of the Andover Brass Band, who were concealed in the woods, and whom a loyal citizen had hired in case of victory. At the end of the game, when all Andover was tearing madly on the field and bearing off the victors on their shoulders, the band appeared on the scene in full blare. Every one fell in behind them, helping them out with tin horns and cries of "Left, left, left, the Exeter men got left!" And each year some new feature like this is introduced.

Then ensues the usual scene after a victory. The entire wild procession moves to the depot, followed by the chagrined and more or less angry Exeter men. At the depot, after some friendly scuffling and snatching of canes and colors for souvenirs, and deafening cheering on the part of everybody, the special train moves away for Andover, long before stripped of its blue colors, to supply those who have failed to bring a ribbon for themselves.

On the train the expressions of joy do not cease. Every brakeman or conductor who ventures inside a car is immediately put up for a speech. The brakemen often object, and smash their red lanterns about on the heads of small boys, who do not mind it in the least. When Andover is reached, all, tired and hoarse, but happy, make for their boarding-houses for a rousing supper and a little rest before the time-honored celebration in the evening. At half past eight this celebration takes place, and all sally forth, armed with tin horns of huge proportions. Study hours never count on celebration nights.

According to tradition, the members of the victorious team are drawn about in a barge by a rope long enough for the whole school. They are hauled about to the houses of the faculty. Each teacher is lustily cheered by his popular nickname, and then called forth to make a speech. After the round of the faculty houses, the whole mob, not a whit less noisy for all its exertions, retire to the campus. In less than twenty minutes a mass of oil-barrels and fence rails miraculously appears, and is heaped to the size of an ordinary barn. After a bath of kerosene oil a famous fire is set going. All join hands around the fire. The captain of the team is mounted on the shoulders of two sturdy friends. Every one gathers himself together for one last shout, and around they whirl in a wild weird dance. Then the fire begins to die down; it is getting toward midnight; the faculty begin to flit warningly about; all tired and scarcely able to talk, go quietly home, and the great celebration is over.

This is a sample of what takes place after a victory. After defeat the town in the evening is silent as the grave, and the depression for several days is quite appalling. In these games feeling often runs high, but such things as fights are very rare. At such times Andover and Exeter men speak disrespectfully of each other, but the chances are that one's best friends at college may be these very opponents, and perhaps one likes them all the better for having once done them an injustice.

But Andover does not go in for athletics alone. In their studies the boys are so well trained that at college they usually take high position in their classes without any difficulty whatever. For those who are inclined to literary pursuits there is the *Phillipian* to try for. It is issued twice a week, and it is considered a great honor to become a member of the editing board. Then there is the *Mirror*, every month, which contains literature of a more solid character. Besides these there are yearly publications which offer prizes for drawings. The Philomathean Society, which has held meetings for seventy years, is the debating society. Those who are sensible enough to join this, and practise speaking before a crowd, receive a training that helps them wonderfully all their lives. This society and a flourishing branch of the Y. M. C. A. are powerful influences in the school. What with the different prize speakings, the glee and banjo clubs, the track-athletic and tennis teams, and numberless other organizations, every boy has a chance to distinguish himself.

Sunday is a delightful day at Andover. The afternoon stroll with one's best friend in the beautiful country around is perhaps the pleasantest experience in the week. Boys

are obliged to attend church twice on Sunday, but few of them object to this compulsory attendance, for the services are conducted in turn by the professors of the Theological Seminary, all of whom are very distinguished and interesting men, who never fail to interest their hearers.

The Theological Seminary is situated near the school, and as is always the case, the men are closer students and more devoted to their work than are the members of the Academy proper. That does not mean, however, that they do not join the latter in their social and athletic life. Once they had a baseball team that could completely demolish the Phillips nine. Their pitcher, a famous Yale player, was said to be the only man in the country who could deliver a "snake" curve.

Near Phillips Academy also is situated the Abbot Female Academy. This is a large girls' school. No uninvited boy is allowed on these sacred premises, and all intercourse between the two schools is forbidden. Nevertheless, the stories of midnight serenaders and of encounters with Pat, the Fem. Sem. policeman, would fill a volume.

Every Andover man loves his school, not only for the fun and scrapes that he had there, but for the good that he has received from it. Many of his strongest friendships were formed there, and much of his success at college and in after-life has depended on the associations made at school, while those who have not gone to college feel that they gained at Andover an education by no means scanty.

A REVENGEFUL WHALE.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

THE ship was under a cloud of canvas. Old Handsome lay on his side away forward near the knight-heads, where the rhythmic rise and fall of the bows lulled him like the rocking of a cradle.

"Say," he drawled, in a lazy voice, "the old ship looks very gay in the sunset, doesn't she?"

"Waal," said Farmer Joe, "she dew look right peert. But all the same I don't see no use o' wastin' a whole dog-watch a-lookin' at her."

"Who arst yer to?" said another sailor.

"Waal," continued Farmer Joe, "what I'm a-thinkin' of is that Handsome ort to tell us some more o' his whalin' experiences."

Handsome uttered a feeble moan of protest. But the seamen gathered around him and persisted.

"Well, well," he said at length, "hold on a minute till I overhaul my recollection-lockers. Let's see; where was I? Oh yes; I'd got to where I was lost from the *Ellen Burgee*, and was picked up by the whaler *Two Cousins*. Well, that was a rum sort of a go. You see the Captain of the *Two Cousins* was very glad to get us, because he was short-handed, some of his men having deserted at the last port. So we agreed to work in with his crew until our own ship was sighted, when he was to put us aboard of her. Of course we never had any sort of a notion that it was going to be six months before we got back to the *Ellen Burgee*. Say, of all the wearing, tearing things that can come to a man in this world there's nothing more exasperating than waiting for whales. We pretty nearly went crazy aboard the *Two Cousins*, for it was two weeks before the masthead let go the mighty welcome yell,

"There she breaches!"

"The skipper he jumped into the rigging and took a squint, and the next minute he shouted:

"There she blows—one—two—three! Three good whales. Lower away lively, you shipkeepers!"

"Our crew had been put in one boat, because the Captain agreed that we'd do better working together, and of course he knew we wouldn't run away, because there wasn't any place to run to. Well, we lowered away and off we went under oars, because the whales were dead to windward, and not so very far away either. We had gone about half the distance, when the boat-steerer said,

"There goes flukes."

"Which meant, of course, that the whales had sounded.

There was nothing to do except to wait for them to come up again. They staid down a pretty long time, which proved that they were big ones, and then they came up half a mile dead to leeward of us. We set our little boat sail, there was a fairly good breeze, and we went dancing over the waves toward the whales at a good pace. The first mate of the *Two Cousins* had the weather-gage of us, and he had the smallest whale. The one we were heading for was a regular old leviathan.

"Get in your sail," whispered the boat-steerer.

"It was done with great caution.

"Now a good stroke, starboard, to pull her round."

"We were now in a position to go up to his whaleship without being seen; so the boat-steerer says:

"Now, lads, give way with a will. Jump her; jump her!"

"We dashed our oars, and the boat sprang forward.

"Now!"

"The iron was thrown with a whiz, and as quick as a flash—yes, as quick as a mouse could dart into his hole—the whale went down into the sea. The line ran out of the tub fast enough to make you dizzy. All of it sudden—how, I never could tell—there was a kink in the line, and it fouled for a second in the bow chock. Such a thing meant destruction to the boat, and as quick as thought I, being bowman, grabbed the axe and cut the line.

"Blast you!" yelled the boat-steerer; "what did you do that for?"

"Do you want to be towed under?" I said. "I should think we'd had enough towing."

"Well," says he, cooling down a bit, "there's a fine whale gone off with a good iron in him."

"The other boats did not have much better luck than we had, seeing that their whales got frightened and began to run. They chased the brutes for two hours, and couldn't get anywhere near them. Then it commenced to get late, and the ship hoisted the wail—"

"What's that?" asked Farmer Joe.

"That's the boat recall in a whaler," answered Hand-some; "and when it went up we had to go back to the ship, where we were jawed by the Captain, and made fun of by the rest of the crew. Still, we didn't mind that so very much, because, you know, it's pretty likely to be turn about in a whaler, and you can't ever tell when an accident is going to happen to the oldest hand. It was three days before we saw a whale again. I was on lookout, and I caught sight of a spurt of spray away down to leeward. I was hardly sure of it at first, but the next second the whale rose on a sea, and I caught the flash of the sun on his shiny wet back. So I bawled away as usual,

"There blows!"

"Only one?" yelled the Captain.

"That's all, sir," says I.

"Well," says he, "we'll make sure of him, anyhow."

"So he gives orders to lower away three boats. These boats were to spread out in running down on the whale, so that if he sounded he might come up so near one of the outside ones as to give it a chance to go on before he could recover from his surprise. Well, we had the outside berth on the port side, and the mate of the *Two Cousins* he had the middle. The orders were to keep abreast in sailing down, and by easing and trimming sheets, according as we went ahead or not, we managed to do it pretty neatly. We had got down within two hundred and fifty yards of the whale, when he began to swim ahead. He didn't seem to go very fast, but he managed to keep us all about the same distance astern of him. All of a sudden our boat-steerer says,

"I know him!"

"Get out!" says I; "how can you know a whale?"

"But I tell you I do," says he, "and if you had any sense you'd know him too."

"How would I?" asks I.

"Don't you see the harpoon sticking out of him?"

"I looked pretty hard, and, sure enough, there was a harpoon, with a line drifting from it.

"That's my iron!" says the boat-steerer.

"Get out," says I.

"I won't," says he.

"How do you know it's yours?" says I.

"Because I made it myself, and I know my own work even when I see it afloat on a whale's back away off in longitude and latitude something or other."

"Then it's the same whale!" says I.

"Right!" says he. "It's the whale I struck the other day, and which got away because you went out and cut the line."

"It would be a pretty good joke on the whale," says I, "if we could get close enough to him to catch hold of the end of the line."

"It would," says he, "and we could begin again where we left off yesterday."

"Shall we try it?" I asks.

"Of course," says he.

"He's stopped swimming ahead," says I.

"Then we'll soon be close to him," says he.

"But if he don't swim ahead the end of the line'll sink," says I.

"And we'll go on and heave a new iron into him," says he, "and so we'll get him anyway."

"Well, we sailed on, and occasionally the whale would swim ahead a little, and then again he'd stop, and we'd gain on him. By-and-by we got pretty close, and the boat-steerer says:

"Let's make a dash now and make fast to him with the new iron."

"With that we got the oars out, and with a jump and a snort we sent the light boat boiling ahead. Now in all my life I never saw anything quite as smart as that particular whale. The minute we began to go ahead, so did he. But we were so close that old Bacon, the boat-steerer, made up his mind that he could catch him.

"Pull hard, lads!" he says; "pull hard! We're gaining on him at every stroke."

"And now it came to be a regular race between us and the whale, which was altogether out of the nature of things. The whale, if he'd been scared, ought to have sounded. We thought of that afterward, but we didn't think of it then. The other boats' crews didn't think of it either, for they were pulling hard too. But owing to the whale's starboarding his helm a little we were much the nearest to him. All of a sudden I happened to look over the side of the boat, and blow me if I didn't see the end of the harpoon-line dragging along in the water! Quick as a wink I let go of my oar and grabbed that line. The next second I had it in the boat, and had a turn around the loggerhead.

"We're fast!" says I.

"Bully for you!" says Bacon.

"Hurrah!" says the rest of the crew.

"Then Bacon he sort of half stood up and waved his cap to the other boats, and pointed to the harpoon and line. They waved back at us and laughed. Then Bacon says,

"Now I'm fast I don't hardly know what to do, because the whale is just as cool as though he'd never been struck."

"At that minute, as luck would have it, the whale seemed to find out what had happened, and he ups flukes and sounds. He didn't stay down very long, and when he came up Bacon says,

"Now's our time. We'll go right in and give him the lance."

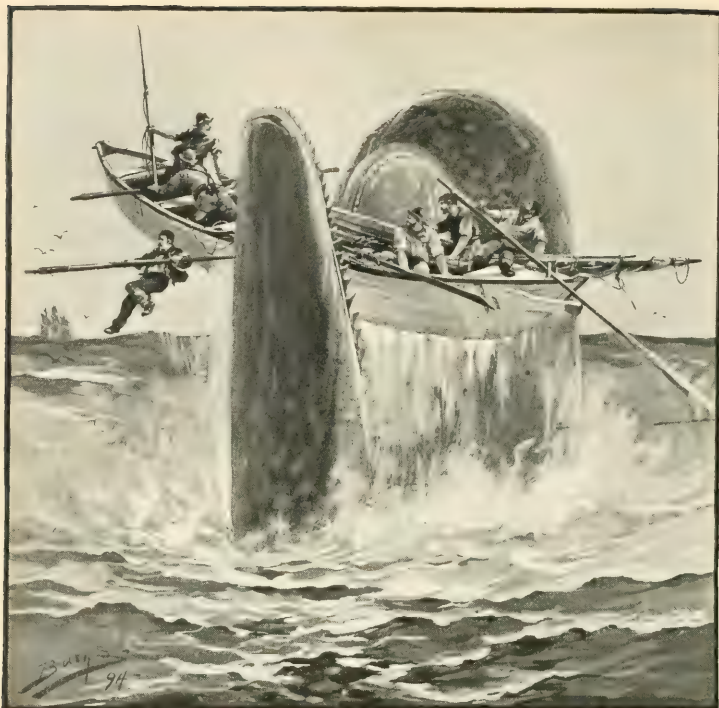
"We bent our backs to it and dashed the boat ahead; but it was not to be our luck to kill just then, for just as Bacon stood up with the lance the whale hove his tail into the air and brought it down on the water with a report like a cannon. At the same instant he sounded again.

"He's a regular demon!" says Bacon; "but we'll get him yet."

"In a few minutes he came up again and lay perfectly still. Once more we pulled up on him, and Bacon got ready to throw the lance. Again the whale sounded. Down, down he went till the line was all out. And then he didn't stop.

"Great Scott!" yells Bacon, "he's trying to tow us under!"

"Without a second's hesitation he grabbed the axe and



SUDDENLY TWO GREAT WALLS SEEMED TO SHOOT UP OUT OF THE OCEAN.

"Too late; and it wouldn't have done any good anyhow. He moved his jaw a little, and the sides of the boat bent in and creaked like paper. With wild yells we all threw ourselves out of the boat, for in another minute some of us would have been in his throat. He snapped his jaws together, crunching the boat into kindling-wood. Then he threw himself end over end, going down head first, and lashing out with his great flukes. Poor Bill Johnson got a crack that broke one of his legs, and if it hadn't been for Bacon, he'd have drowned. The other boats came dashing down to our rescue, the boat of the first mate of the *Two Cousins* leading the way. She was nearest to us, and the mate was shouting words of encouragement, when all of a sudden his cries changed to shouts of fear. The next instant we saw the waters split

cut the line. It was lucky he was so quick, for the bow of the boat had been pulled down till the water was flowing over the gunwales. Another second and we'd all have been in the water. Again the whale came up and lay perfectly still, with the tantalizing harpoon fast in his back.

"Now we'll not fool with that any more," said Bacon, the boat-steerer, "but we'll go on and put in a new iron."

"We made a good approach, and got up within heaving distance. Bacon stood up, and was just going to let fly, when Mr. Whale went down again.

"Well, that's the most exasperating brute I ever met," says Bacon, "and I'll never leave him till I see him dead."

"I don't suppose a whale down under the sea can hear what a man in a boat says, and I guess he wouldn't understand it if he did; but that whale acted as if he knew a heap. The first thing we knew, the stroke-oar, who was leaning over the side of the boat, let out a yell and dashed his oar into the water.

"Pull for your lives!" says he.

"We didn't need any second invitation of that kind. We all dipped our oars, but it was too late. Suddenly two great dark walls seemed to shoot up out of the ocean, one on each side of the boat. The boat itself was lifted bodily out of the water, bending and straining as if it was made of straw. Looking over the sides, our blood just stood still at the sight. The whale had come up under us straight up and down, as if he was a-standing on his tail. He had opened his terrible cave of a mouth, and had snatched the boat in it, and now he was holding the little vessel and us in it a good fifteen feet above the water, while he sort of rocked back and forward like a child playing with a doll.

"Give him an iron in his beastly snout!" yelled one of the men.

wide open, and the whale came up, back first, with a crash right under the boat. Boys, I hope I may never see South Street again if he didn't drive the harpoon that was still sticking in his back right through the bottom of her. There she was pinned fast to his back.

"Give him your lance!" yells Bacon, who was swimming and holding up Bill Johnson.

"What! And be killed in his flurry?" shouted the mate. "Not much!"

"With that he grabs the spars of his boat, throws them overboard, and jumps after them, followed by all his crew. At the same instant the whale lashed out with his flukes again and went down, taking the boat on his back. This time, as good luck would have it, he didn't hit any one. But we were all thoroughly terrified, for we knew now that the brute was in a temper, and that he knew what he was doing. Meanwhile the ship was bearing down on us, and we had hopes of being saved. The third boat, too, was pulling up, but we had not much hopes of her, for we expected to see the whale attack her. And, sure enough, he came up a few yards away, without the mate's boat on his back, and waited for her. When she was close to us he seemed to utter a snort as he plunged down and made for her. The steerer of the boat was a cool hand, and he swung the boat off with a powerful stroke just as the whale came up and tried to smash her with his flukes. Curiously enough, the brute seemed to think he'd done for her, for instead of coming back to take another shot, he sounded, and we never saw anything more of him. Five minutes later we were all safe in the third boat, and soon afterward we were aboard the ship. But, I tell you, I don't care to have any more dealings with a whale that's bent on revenge and seems to know just who it was that hit him."

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

IF THE WEATHER IS FAIR next Saturday there ought to be some records broken in the Interscholastic games, both at the Berkeley Oval and at Eastern Park. The Oval's straightaway track is one of the fastest in the country, and with the conditions in his favor Washburn should win the 100 in 10½. Hall could take the event if he would train, but he seems disinclined to put forth his greatest exertions, and so will probably dispute second place with Moore. In the Juniors for the same distance Wilson will pretty surely score five points for Barnard. Syme's injury to his foot may prevent him from competing in any of the many events for which he is entered, but if he recovers and gets into condition again before Saturday he will doubtless be heard from in the 220 and the low hurdles. He ought certainly to win the latter, with Harris behind him. In the 220 Vom Baur will push his schoolmate, if he runs; but I should not be surprised if Vom Baur staid out and reserved his strength for other work. Wilson ought to win the Junior 220, if his first heat and the two 100 heats don't tire him. Stratton will have a place. The quarter-mile seems to be an easier riddle than most of the other events on the card. Irwin-Martin will undoubtedly take first place, Syme second (if he has recovered from the effects of his spiking), and Meehan third. Another reasonable certainty is the high jump. Baltazzi is sure to take the event for Harvard School, while Pell and Wenman will struggle for second place, both being of about equal skill, with possibly a slight advantage in favor of Pell. Irwin-Martin could win the half-mile if he ran, but I do not think he will answer the call in this event. I understand he will only enter the 440 and the hammer, and consequently Pier may pretty safely be counted on to win, with Iuman and Vom Baur in the places.

TAPPEN AND BLAIR WILL HAVE A CHANCE to decide, in the presence of competent judges, which one of them can run the fastest mile; and although Blair deserved the prize at the Sachs games, I think Tappen will lead in the interscholastics. The mile walk, in all probability, will rest between Ware and Hackett; and if Powell can keep his seat in the bicycle-race, the order in that event should be Powell, Ehrlich, Mortimer. But Powell may reasonably be counted on to slip or trip or break something, and so Harvard School stands a chance of getting five points there instead of three. Cowperthwait did 20 feet 4 in the broad jump at the Trinity games, and ought to win the event Saturday; but Beers will doubtless cover 20 feet; and I expect to see Batterman do better than 19, with Pier close behind him. Between Batterman and Irwin-Martin for the hammer it is hard to decide, but I am inclined to give the preference to the former. He will have to do better than 106 feet to win, but I doubt if Irwin-Martin can throw 105. Ayers should take third place, and he will doubtless get second in the shot, with Bigelow ahead of him, and Batterman behind. The remaining events on the programme are the pole-vault, which lies between Hurlbert and Simpson, and throwing the baseball, which will be taken by Ayers. He will have to better his last year's record of 325 feet, however, for Zizinia threw 330 feet in practice last week, and Elmer's arm is in good condition. It looks now as if four schools were certain of scoring twenty points or more each. These are Barnard, Berkeley, Harvard, and Catler. Barnard's chances of success will greatly depend on Syme's condition, for he is their chief point-winner; and if he fails, then Berkeley will make a strong bid for the championship.

AT EASTERN PARK the performances will not be so good as at Berkeley Oval, but several of the Long Island records will no doubt be considerably bettered. The most

promising candidates for the 100 are Underhill and Stevenson. Litchfield is good at that distance, but he will doubtless be reserved for the hurdles and the broad jump. In that case Stevenson may be counted on to win. Stevenson will contest the 220 with Underhill and Jewell, and will probably take the 440. It will be a hot struggle for the places among Goetting, Jewell, Foster, and Grace. As the new rule shuts Bacchus out of the half-mile, Campbell, Bowden, and Goldsborough will make a close race. If Bedford does not save himself for the mile, he ought to be heard from; and he will undoubtedly take the long-distance event, Romer and Beasley in the places. If Berger, who won last year, is allowed to compete, he is a pretty sure winner for the bicycle, and he will be followed closely by Roehr. Fo-mey ought to be prominent in the pole vault, and if in condition, should win. Jewell and Streeter will push him. Barker and Gunnison have been doing good work in the high jump, but the event will probably go to Watt or Duval. I expect to see Munson take the shot, with Badger and Milne in the places. Herrick and Litchfield are the best men for the hurdles, and the latter should easily win the broad jump. Munson and Bishop ought to rank second and third. The Junior 100 will be decided among Richards, Rionda, Robinson, and Liebman. These men are a good deal of an unknown quantity. As the mile walk is a new event, no safe or just prediction can be made.

SOME OBJECTION MAY BE MADE by President Sykes, of the N.Y.I.S.A.A., to Ehrlich's riding in the bicycle-race Saturday, but Ehrlich has just as good a right to compete as any of the rest. If any protest is made it will be based on the fact that Ehrlich attended the College of the City of New York last year, and as a member of the sub-Freshman class competed in the Intercollegiate games last spring. But Section 2 of Article X. of the constitution of the N.Y.I.S.A.A. expressly provides that any boy having been a member of the sub-Freshman class at C.C.N.Y. is not debarred from competing in games of the association provided he is under age and a member of some school. This year Ehrlich is at the Harvard School. By



BARNARD SCHOOL TRACK-ATHLETIC TEAM.
Winners of the N.Y.I.S. Championship in 1894.

riding in the Intercollegiates Ehrlich classed himself with college men, possibly without having any right to do so. That was a question for the I.C.A.A. to settle last year. At the present time, however, Ehrlich is a *bona fide* student at the Harvard school, he is within the age limit required by the I.S.A.A., he has never "attended any college," in the sense conveyed by the rules of the I.S.A.A., and he has

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

never been in business. It seems therefore that he should be allowed to ride without protest, so long as there is no direct legislation affecting the case.

BASEBALL IS IN A MUCH MORE flourishing state of activity in New England than it is in New York, although the N.Y.I.S.B.B. League games have been under way here for two weeks or more. The championship season began in Boston on April 25th, and will close on June 7th, when the Cambridge High and Latin nine meets the English High-school team. The C.H. and L. has held a leading position in the league ever since the organization was started seven years ago, and the team has never finished lower than in third place, and in four of the six seasons has taken the pennant. This year the work of the players is well up to the standard set by their predecessors, except that the batting is weak. The team work is fair, and Stearns has good control of the ball, but little speed. The English High-school also came into the league at the start, and has played a close second to C.H. and L. ever since. Ward, who has been a member of every football and baseball team since he entered school in 1891, has made an efficient Captain since the resignation of Dakin, and will play in the box. He has speed and good curves, but he is liable to lose control of the ball when touched up for consecutive hits. The strength of the Roxbury Latin nine lies in Morse, the pitcher; but as Captain Ever is the only player left from last year, he will have all he can do to mould his material for effective team work. Just at present the Hopkinson team is weak. There is plenty of good material at hand, however, and as Joe Upton, the old Harvard player, is coaching the boys, it is possible that at the end of the season unexpected strength will be developed. The Somerville High nine is somewhat of an unknown quantity too. That school has always been unfortunate in interscholastic athletics, never having finished higher than fourth place in baseball. Last year every one expected to see S.H.-S. win the series, after they had defeated the Harvard Freshmen by a large score, but at the end of the season Hopkinson was the only team in the league that had failed to defeat them. As to the Boston Latin, there is a noticeable improvement over the standard of former seasons, and if the students will only show interest in baseball work, and support those who are striving to win glory for them, such encouragement cannot fail to result in higher achievements.

ON THE WHOLE, THE MEMBERS and supporters of the N.E. I.S. Association should feel well satisfied with the league's attainments. It has certainly succeeded in the purpose for which it was formed—that is, to train players for the Harvard Varsity nine. This year no less than seven of the Crimson's players, including Captain Whittemore, are graduates from the interscholastic ranks. Whittemore was a B.L.S. player in 1891, and led the league in batting. On the several Harvard class teams there is an aggregate of twenty-five or thirty men who got their early experience in the league. To encourage sharp work in interscholastic baseball the Boston A.A. has this year offered a silver cup as a trophy to be played for during a term of five years.

YALE IS JUST AS MUCH interested in interscholastic baseball in her neighborhood as Harvard is in Boston and Cambridge, and in 1891 offered to the Connecticut Interscholastic League a cup which was to stand for three years, and which has now become the property of the Hartford Public High-school by virtue of its successes in 1891, 1892, and 1894. The Connecticut I.S. League has sent many prominent athletes to Yale, some of the best known of whom are Corbin, who captured the 89 eleven; Williams, who made the 151 seconds high-hurdle record at the Berkeley Oval in '91; Cady, who is a star in the same event, but who failed to come up to Yale's expectations in the international games with Oxford in London last summer; and Gallaudet, who stroked the victorious crew at New London in 1893. The field meeting of the Conn. High-school A.A. on the Charter Oak track at Hartford next month promises to be one of the most interesting contests of the interscholastic season.

IN BROOKLYN THERE IS CONSIDERABLE dissatisfaction in certain quarters over the recent ruling of the L. I. I. S. A. A.,

which debars from competition in Saturday's games any student who ever attended collegiate exercises at the Polytechnic Institute. Hitherto the law has always been against any one who might have entered college and returned to school; but the prohibition was never exercised against students of Poly. Prep., who, from the nature of their preparatory work, took certain courses in the collegiate department of the Institute. The new amendment specifies that boys who do not spend twelve hours a week in school recitations, or who have been in business or at college and have returned to school, shall not be allowed to compete in scholastic events. Poly. Prep., the Latin School, and Bryant & Strattons vigorously opposed the adoption of this rule, because each one of them has candidates for interscholastic honors who are affected by the new legislation. A moment's thought will show that the question at issue is a very simple and a very clear one. A boy is either at school or he is not. That is one of the elementary propositions of logic. If he is at school, he should enjoy all privileges in interscholastic athletics. If, on the other hand, he takes certain courses at school and others at college, the determination of his standing should rest on whether or not he enjoys, in other respects, the privileges and advantages of a college man. If he is catalogued as a collegian and is otherwise admitted to collegiate functions or performances, he should be strictly excluded from everything scholastic. Furthermore, if a boy has left school for business or for college, he should not be allowed to compete in scholastic sports if he fails in his attempts or ambitions and returns, whether to the original school or to another. The new law will put a stop to this inducing of athletes to attend certain institutions—a practice we hear a great deal about, but the proof of which is difficult to obtain. Still, where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, and, on the whole, I am inclined to believe that the new rule will tend toward the purification of interscholastic sport.

THE SEVERE RAIN-STORM of April 13th served greatly to mar the success of the first out-door meeting of the season, held under the auspices of the Columbia College Union. By the time the final heat in the bicycle was due, the track was only fit for a boat-race, and consequently this event was postponed. The field events were contested under difficulties, the earth being so wet and soggy that creditable performances in the jumps were of course impossible. I was surprised to see Simpson drop to third in the pole-vault, but this weakness was undoubtedly due to the bad weather. The feature of the Sachs School games on the 15th was the inexperience of the judges. There being no referee it did not take long for things to get pretty well muddled up. When the mile run was adjudged to Tappen of Cutler's, there was plenty of loud talking. Tappen led to the last lap, when he was passed by Blair of Barnard, whom he fouled. Blair, nevertheless, beat him out, but the judges awarded the race to Tappen. This decision caused a great deal of dissatisfaction, and no end of disputing and protesting. The judges showed a certain amount of indecision and lack of firmness, and the matter ended altogether unsatisfactorily. The games, on the whole, were a perfect example of bad management.

THE BERKELEY SCHOOL GAMES on the 20th offered no particularly notable feature except in the matter of timing the winners. There was a strong sentiment shown on the part of the officials to record the smallest figures possible. Moeran was put down for 16½ in the high hurdles. I know he did not cover the distance in any such time, because I stood at the finish line, and held my watch on him, and caught him at 16½. In most of the school games there is too much of a desire exhibited for record-making, and the cry of "run for time!" is constantly heard. My efficiency as a timer may be inferior, but it is certainly impartial. It remains to be seen whether Powell can ride in 2m. 32½ sec., as he is said to have done at the Cutler games on the 24th. His former record was 2m. 36½ sec.

THE BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES of the N. Y. I. S. B. B. A. began two weeks ago, but I regret to chronicle a lack of

general interest on the part of the schools in the games thus far. It is too early yet to judge of the relative strength of the various nines, but it looks as if the strongest teams had been placed in the first section, and so the winner of that series may safely be looked upon as the probable holder of the championship for 1905. In Brooklyn there seems to be more enthusiasm in baseball matters, and good work is being done. Poly. Prep. will undoubtedly develop a strong team, and, under the captaincy of Stevenson, ought to earn the privilege of representing the Long Island League at Eastern Park, on June 8th, unless they succumb to St. Paul's, Garden City. In Hall, the latter have a strong pitcher, and the fielding of the entire team is good. St. Paul's, however, has no excuse for not making a strong bid for first place.

IT LOOKS AGAIN THIS YEAR as if Exeter and Andover would allow their childish differences to interfere with the annual baseball game which used to be considered one of the most important events of New England scholastic sport. Both schools may have had very good reason, at the time the breach between them occurred, to sever temporarily all relations. I don't care to enter into the merits of the controversy at present. But to allow the squabbles of one generation of school-boys to be handed down and cherished by succeeding classes—like a Kentucky feud—is unmanly, and decidedly unsportsmanlike.

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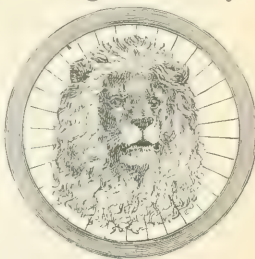
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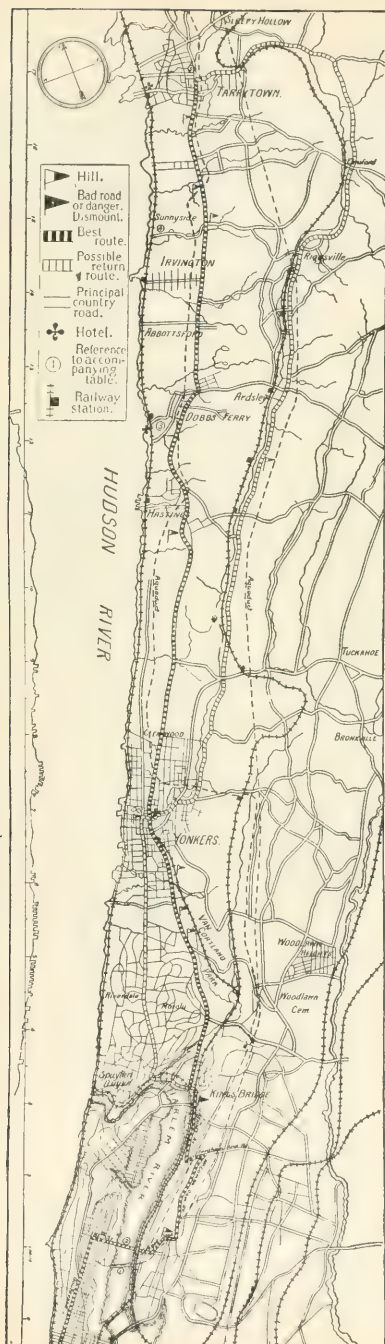
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This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject, besides inquiries regarding the League of American Wheelmen, so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Bicycling Department.

THE MAP THIS WEEK is a road map from New York city to Tarrytown, and return. The reader will notice at the bottom of the Tarrytown route map that the route begins at 155th Street and the Boulevard.

THE BEST ROUTE NOW open to a wheelman is to turn, as described last week, from Broadway into 181st Street, and go over a bad bit of road until he reaches Washington Bridge (2). On crossing the bridge turn sharply to the left and go down Featherbed Lane, which is anything but a featherbed road. There is a short winding hill as the road turns eastward into Macombs Dam road. The latter is in a somewhat better condition than Featherbed Lane, but it is irregular, narrow, and hilly. It is short, however, and the rider should turn into Fordham Landing road sharp to the left, going down an incline until he reaches Sedgwick Avenue. Here he turns to the right northward, follows Sedgwick Avenue for a few hundred yards, and then takes the left-hand fork where Sedgwick Avenue turns to the right. The left-hand fork is Bailey Avenue, and a somewhat long hill may tempt him to coast. On the whole, it is wiser not to do so, however, as there is an extremely bad piece of road at the bottom, where it is wiser to dismount and walk two or three hundred yards.

AFTER THIS THE WHEELMAN takes the first important turn to the left, goes down a sharp incline and across two railway tracks. This is a bad place, and should be taken slowly and with great care. Immediately after crossing the track he comes into the Kingsbridge road, which is the turnpike road to Albany. This is macadamized and in excellent condition, and the run from there into Yonkers is a delightful one. As he passes Van Cortlandt Park there are three or four long slight ascents, which, though they do not look in the distance to be very difficult, are so long that I would advise him to take them slowly. He will know when he is approaching Yonkers by striking the asphalt pavement, which runs into the middle of the town. The road through Yonkers is direct, passing by the main square of the town, where the Getty House is the best place to stop, and where bicycles are repaired, though Yonkers is not by any means half the Tarrytown trip. Nevertheless, a short stop may be made at Yonkers and another at Dobbs Ferry, which roughly divides the journey into three parts.

THE ROAD FROM YONKERS to Hastings is almost straight, and in capital condition, as, indeed, is most of the road up to Tarrytown. About a mile from the Getty House the wheelman passes through Glenwood. Two and a half miles out of Glenwood he should turn to the left at the fork in the road, and keep on one mile to Hastings. There is a piece of hilly road before running into Hastings. On leaving Hastings he should keep to the left and run into Dobbs Ferry, a half-mile distant. If the wheelman will take the time and turn to the left as he enters the town, he will be shown upon inquiry the house of Judge Beach (3), which is the same old manor-house in which Washington signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1783.

RETURNING FROM JUDGE BEACH'S house to the main road again, the wheelman passes north out of Dobbs Ferry, and after travelling a half-mile, turns to the right, runs a quarter of a mile further and turns to the left, and the road is then direct to Irvington. It will well pay him to take the road following the valley down towards the Hudson westward, and stop a moment to see "Sunnyside" (4), the home of Washington Irving. Pulling back to the main road again up a hill, the wheelman will find the road from here to Tarrytown, about two miles in length, well supplied with hills.

NOTE.—Already published, Map of New York city, No. 809.



THE
PUDDING
STICK

"TELL me, with what books I read when I was a little girl?" Molly E.—asks the question. Why, I am delighted to answer you, Molly. I am very fond of the little girl I used to be a long time ago. I can see her now, merrily going to school, day after day, along a river road bordered by tall willow-trees, crossing a bridge, and reaching a pretty little school-house, with windows giving on the pleasant life of a river, which all the year round was beautiful in the children's eyes, and which is very dear in their memories.

WHEN I WAS fifteen somebody gave me *Leatherstocking* and *The Last of the Mohicans*, and these introduced me to Cooper, whose stories I found entertaining and full of a feeling of out-door life. But for sheer pleasure in a book there never was anything so lovely as the experience I had, when about ten, in reading Mrs. Sherwood's stories. You girls do not know much about them, but there were *The Fairchild Family*, and *Little Henry* and *his Bear*, and a thrilling tale, the name of which I have forgotten, all about a very naughty girl who went to live

I TRUST NONE of you will ever be so impolite as I was when I went to visit my girl friends. I blush to think of it now, after many years; but, do you know, if they had a new book, I simply seized upon it, and never stopped till I read it through, so that as a guest I was of no use, never waking from my trance until I had finished the last page of the treasure. Finally one of my friends, Jenny V. G., devised this plan, and carried it out successfully: When she expected me to visit her for a week, she living in the country and I in town, she simply *hid* all the books which she knew I had not read, and never brought them out till I had gone home again.

You see, my dears, I was not a pattern for you to imitate. There was not a paper in existence in my childhood worthy of being compared with the **ROUND TABLE**; but at our school we wrote a weekly paper, contributed to it ourselves, and made a half-dozen copies to pass around. I began being an editor quite early in life.

Margaret E. Langster

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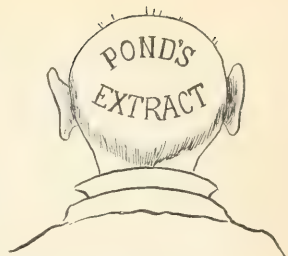
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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Varying Farm Life.

I live on a farm twenty-four miles from New York city, but am fond, as you may see from my letter, of reaching out beyond the farm and farm life and making inquiries about other things. I collect stamps, and have some old coins, one, a 1730 piece, which I found in the field one day while cultivating corn. I am sixteen years old. Could you tell me how to make an induction coil for taking shocks? Could you also tell me how to make a blow-pipe? I am thinking of making an electric telegraph. Could you give me some points on it? I have the Morse telegraph alphabet, but don't understand it or know how to use it.

There is a game to be played when there are many to play it. Each one is provided with a slip of paper and a pencil. There are three persons who are in the secret—a confederate, the clairvoyant, and medium. Each one writes a word or short sentence on the paper. The clairvoyant seats herself before the writers, and the medium rubs her forehead with a handkerchief to put her in a trance. Then the medium collects the papers, takes any one of them (except the blank one, which must be left till last), and puts it on the clairvoyant's forehead. She makes up a sentence, which sentence must be claimed by the confederate, who really wrote nothing. Then the clairvoyant takes it from her forehead to see if she was right. Of course she reads it, and when the next paper is put on her forehead relates what she read on the preceding slip, greatly to the amusement and often the surprise of the writer.

Do you want some riddles?

WERT NYACK.

H. A. KRECHMAR.

You cannot make an induction coil save at considerable expense, and even then it is not as good as the one you may buy for less money. Apply to any dealer in electrical supplies.

A blow-pipe is simply a small pipe or tube a few inches long and bent at a right angle very near one end. Insert one end in your mouth, the bent end in a gas or even lamp flame, and blow gently. The effect is a flame many times hotter than the still flame.

You can make a telegraph key. Make a walnut or oak base four by eight inches. Erect two uprights in the center, one inch apart and two inches high. Put between them a wood lever six inches long. In one end of the lever insert a common screw, and from the base raise a metal contact—a common nail will do—about two inches back of the uprights. Any metal surface, as two brass buttons, will do for the screw and nail to "click" against, a hand-pin may be made from the end of a common spool. This key, of a good pattern, may be bought for \$2, in brass. You can get along without a "sounder." Get some practical operator to show you about the alphabet. Do not try to learn it from instruction books. If you do you will be sure to learn at the same time many faults. We want good riddles—new, not old ones.

* * *

Costa Rican Country Life.

Costa Rica, or, translated into English, "rich coast," is the most progressive of the Central American republics. The people are very home-staying, that is, they do not like to travel, as do the English and Americans. They all seem to like their country, and rightly too, for there are few prettier lands or more delightful climates. It is very mountainous, but not many very high peaks. All the way from the port at Limón to San José, the capital, there is grand scenery. Passing along on the train up a steep grade one looks back and wonders how the road-builders ever got up. In some places along on the mountain-sides, as the train passes, you can pick ferns out of one window and out of the other can see the valley far below, with little houses that look as if built for dolls. In some of these places it is very dangerous, and the train has to go very slowly.

Arriving in San José and just leaving the station you can see the city lying below you. A little to the left, and at about the middle, you can see the large round dome of the cathedral, and a little way back the large red roof of the new theatre. To the right lie the new school building and the Plaza de Toros. Entering more into the city one is surprised and pleased at the numerous pretty parks that are scattered all through it. San José is called the "Little Paris," as here you can see the Spanish beauties dressed in the latest Parisian styles. Sunday afternoon is the time when the señoritas take a promenade in the Parque Central, where the music is playing and all is gay.

Let us leave the city life and people and look at the poor folks of the country, who toil that all these city people may be comfortable. The average country people can neither read nor write, because until quite a recent date schools have not been general. Although they cannot read or write, most of them have very intelligent faces, and are well informed about their position. The houses of these people are very mean structures, built of only rough boards lapped over and nailed. The roof is of sugar-cane leaves, or, at the best, tiles made out of mud and clay baked. Inside the houses there are rarely more than two rooms, neither of them having other floor than the bare ground. The cooking range is only a platform covered with sand. There are three stones to set the kettles on. The smoke wanders off through the roof or door, for as a rule there are no windows. The furniture is not very extensive, and consists of a table and one or two "taburetes" (chairs covered with the skin of an ox).

In every house you enter you will find some corner or shelf whereon is placed some image or saint. The picture of their patron saint is hung on the wall. The house is as free to the chickens, pigs, and dogs as to the people themselves. The pigs run around, picking up what can be found to eat on the floor, and then crawl away under the bed or table and sleep the sleep of the pig.

The people are generally strong and healthy. Their food consists, year in and year out, of rice and frijoles (black beans), and the great Costa Rican bread called tortilla. A tortilla is dried hulled corn ground on a stone and made into a sort of pancake, which is laid amongst the ashes and baked. When one has learned to eat it, it is very good. The people are not such thieves as they have been represented to be by many. To be sure, they will steal food, eggs, vegetables, and firewood, but nothing more. I have known a mill to be open for over three months, with valuable tools lying around, but never a one missing. The people are very polite, and when passing one in the road they always say adios (good-by), or buenos dias (good-day). The men all carry a large knife suspended at the belt, but it is for such use as we make of a pen or pocket knife.

SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA.

SIR L. E. TOWER.

* * *

The Helping Hand.

A friend of the TABLE and of the School Fund wrote recently to Jules Verne, telling him about Good Will Farm, and asking him for a letter to be sold to that American admirer who would bid highest for it. The great novelist readily responded, and the letter, wholly in Mr. Verne's own hand, is now in our possession. Of course it is in French, but here is a translation of it:

Mexico, 45, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—I hasten to reply to your letter, which is inspired by such a touching idea. I should be happy if these few lines, which you request, could contribute, in some slight degree, to the success of your charitable undertaking. I believe that I have in your country many friends, unknown but sincere, judging from the letters I receive. This will afford me an opportunity to pay my tribute of gratitude to them, and I beg you to accept, with my entire sympathy, the assurance of my sincere regard.

JULES VERNE.

The TABLE much appreciates the gentleman's kind act, and warmly thanks him. The original of the letter is to be used in an exhibition of other similar letters, and at the close of that exhibition will, with some other rare manuscripts, including one by James Russell Lowell, kindly given to the Fund by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, and original letters by Sir Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, Alexander Hamilton, Charles Dickens, William M. Thackeray, Louis XV. of France, and Emperor Napoleon I. and others, all belonging to the Fund through the kindness of its friends, be offered for sale to the highest bidder.

Our Fund grows slowly. Have you helped it along yet? We reprint the Mite for your use. Any one of any age may contribute. Write plainly that no errors may be made in the Honor Roll.

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If you use this Good Will Mite, simply pin it to your letter, in order that it may be made a part of the same. It is suggested that you attach the sheet firmly to the Mite, that it may not be separated from the letter. Write plainly, and avoid errors on the Honor Roll.

* * *

Want Corner.

John Famer, 925 Main Street, Stevens Point, Wis., wants to trade pressed flowers and to correspond about botany. G. Edward Harrison, room 708, Fidelity Building, Baltimore, is interested in amateur journalism and wants samples. Similar requests are made by Claude Reno, 399 Chew Street, Allentown, Pa., who wants to contribute essays and funny paragraphs; and by F. R. Pyne, 717 Grove Street, Elizabeth, N. J., who wants to join a Chapter that publishes a paper and that trades stamps. Bert Segal sends money for a badge, but sends no address.

We should like to oblige Lantie V. Blum by telling the TABLE about his store, but cannot well do so. Josephine Monilton Shaw sends a diagram about the familiar bird-cage and bird illusion. She also sends "Kink" answers which are correct. She may write again.

This Department is devoted to the interest of stamp collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

THE NEW STAMPS of Mexico were given to the public on April 2d, there being thirteen adhesives in the set, of which two are here illustrated. Four of the designs represent



L. Dorr.—The United States stamps of current issue break when folded, because the paper is brittle. The thirty-cent State Department stamp is sold at \$4, the fifteen-cent Justice at \$3.

EDWARD TATNALL.—The Hartford die of the United States Centennial envelope has a double line under the word "Postage." The Philadelphia die shows only a single line.

E. P. Tamm.—The blue Special Delivery stamp was brought out again after the orange color was retired from use. It is the same plate as formerly used, and is practically the same stamp as was issued before the orange color.

A. S. S.—The stamps used at the period of the celebrated "Stamp Act" were for the collection of revenue. The stamp dealers may be able to supply them, but it is hardly probable.

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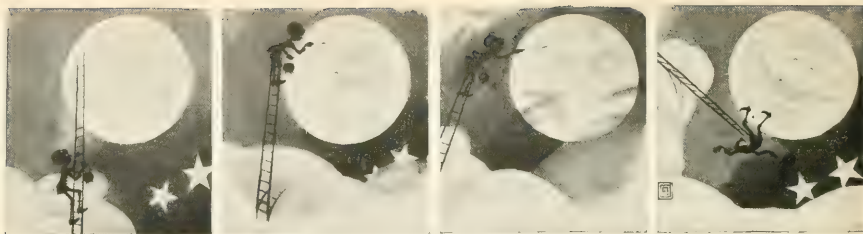
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which is sent free on application to the Publishers, there are found dozens of the best things in the World, which are well worth committing to memory; and they who know most of such good things, and appreciate and enjoy them most, are really among the best educated people in any country. They have the best result of Education. For above Contents, with sample pages of Music, address

Harper & Brothers, New York



SISTER SUE'S DREAM ABOUT BROTHER TOMMY.

AN IRON PLUM.

THE London coster has become a very interesting character, and many songs, and good ones too, have been written about his virtues and his weaknesses. Some of these street vendors have made fortunes, and have retired to live the balance of their days in ease. One of these retired gentlemen was interviewed not long ago by a London newspaper, and in the course of the talk he showed how some of them had managed to grow rich so speedily.

"The costers wot sold plums made the money," he said, "an' a bloomin' big part of it came from wot they calls the iron plum. A fair take in that was. You wouldn't have known it from a real 'un—colored just the same, and with a good bloom on it. Course you took care to keep it close at hand, and at your side of the heap you was selling from. 'Come and have lumping weight,' says you, and you popped the iron 'un in among the others, and wallop went the scale, with p'r'haps no more than half a p'und instead of a p'und in.

"All you had to do was to take just one—the one, as being rather too much of a good thing in the way of overweight, just as you were handing the plums to the customer, and the trick was done. It was bowled out, though, in a run sort o' way before it had been in use long enough to do any of 'em so much good. I had a pitch in Leather Lane at the time, and it being plum season, I was working the bullet, as we used to call it, and so was the woman who kept the stall next to me. There used to be a beadle sort of chap to keep order in the lane, and he was always uncommon handy at spotting the finest fruit on a man's barrow and whipping it into his mouth without so much as asking for it. Course you couldn't say anything against it, or you might set up his back against you. So one day he was coming round as usual, and he spies that particler fine black plum on the woman's stall, and before she could prevent it he had hold of it. I s'pose it was her pouncing on him so quick confused him, and prevented him feeling the extra weight of it. 'Don't take that 'un, Mr. Grabbum,' she said; 'it isn't ripe. Let me pick you out a ripe 'un.' But old Grabbum be only grinned and winked, and popped it into his mouth. But he didn't keep it there long. He made one bite at it, and then he began to dance and splutter, which, being an uncommon thing for a beadle to do, soon brought a crowd round him. But it was wuss than we had first thought it was. We didn't know that the greedy old warment had false teeth, but he had, and he broke 'em all to shivers along with the iron plum, which fell with such a whack on the pavement that there was no mistaking what it was made for."

A SMALL BOY'S ANSWER

AT a country school in England it is said that one of the examiners in a general exercise wrote the word "dozen" on the blackboard, and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. He was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following sentence, "I dozen know my lesson."

A STUPID BUTLER.

SPANISH people seem to suffer from the stupidity of some of their servants as much as we do in America, if the following story, which appeared in a Madrid journal, is true. It seems that a lady ordered her butler one morning to tell all visitors that she was not at home. At night, when enumerating the persons who had called during the day, he mentioned the lady's sister, when his mistress exclaimed: "I told you, man, that I was always at home for my sister! You ought to have shown her in."

Next day the lady went out to make a few calls, and during her absence her sister came to the house.

"Is your mistress at home?" she asked the butler.

"Yes, madam," was his reply.

The lady went up stairs, and looked everywhere for her sister. On coming down stairs she said to the butler, "My sister must have gone out, for I could not find her."

"Yes, madam, she has gone out, but she told me last night that she was always at home for you."

STRUCK TOO SOON.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE at one time contemplated an invasion of England, and so certain was he of success that he had a medal struck in Paris in honor of the event. Only one specimen has been left to posterity, because at the failure of the bold enterprise he expressly ordered the medals and dies to be destroyed. On one side is the Emperor's half-length portrait, on the reverse is the image of Hercules stifling the giant Antæus in his arms. On the top are the words, "Descente en Angleterre," and underneath, "Frappé à Londres" (Struck in London). This remarkable bit of coinage is said to be still preserved in the Paris Mint.

AN INDEPENDENT BARBER.

HERE is an entertaining story about a Frenchman who was too proud to do things which were against his principles. The story is vouched for as an actual fact by the man to whom the incident happened. While travelling in Europe he stopped overnight at Caen, and noting that his hair was unduly long he went to have it cut by the local barber. He told the barber to take off very little, but before the scissors had been at work many seconds he noticed a favorite lock fall on to the calico jacket in which he had been arrayed. Whereupon he reproved the barber for not following his instructions, upon which the man observed, in mingled tones of reproach and dismay,

"Monsieur must permit me to do my work in the way which seems best to me; and what is more, I shall take off some more."

"Not at all," said the traveller; "I tell you I want very little taken off, and must insist upon your doing as I direct you."

The barber, however, was not to be put down in this way, and said, "Monsieur, it is possible that this is how things may be done in England, but here in France we are not slaves. I shall cut off as much as I please."



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HEROES OF AMERICA.

THE FIGHT AT HAMPTON ROADS.

BY THE HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



NAVAL battles of the civil war have an immense importance, because they mark the line of cleavage between naval warfare under the old and naval warfare under the new conditions. From the days of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, for two centuries and a half, the fighting at sea was carried on in ships of substantially the same character—wooden sail-

ing ships, carrying many guns mounted in broadside. with the same weapons and under much the same conditions.

But in the civil war weapons and methods were introduced which caused a revolution greater even than that which divided the sailing ship from the galley. The use of steam, the casing of ships in iron armor, and the employment of the torpedo, the ram, and the gun of huge calibre, produced such radically new types that the old ships of the line became at one stroke as antiquated as the galleys of Hamilcar or Alcibiades. All of these new engines of war were for the first time tried in actual combat, and some of them were for the first time invented, during our own civil war, and the first occasion on which any of the new methods were thoroughly tested was attended by incidents which made it one of the most striking of naval battles.

Howard, Drake, Blake, Tromp, De Ruyter, Nelson, and all the other great admirals, and all the famous single-ship fighters—whose skill reached its highest expression in our own navy during the war of 1812—commanded craft built and armed in a substantially similar manner, and fought

In the Chesapeake Bay, near Hampton Roads, the United

States had collected a fleet of wooden ships; some of them old-style sailing vessels, others steamers. The Confederates were known to be building a great iron-clad ram, and the wooden vessels were eagerly watching for her appearance when she should come out of Gosport Harbor. Her powers and capacity were utterly unknown. She was made out of the former United States steam-frigate *Merrimac*, cut down so as to make her fore and aft decks nearly flat and not much above the water, while the guns were mounted in a covered central battery with sloping flanks. Her sides and deck were coated with iron, and she was armed with formidable rifle guns, and, most important of all, with a steel ram thrust out under water forward from her bow. She was commanded by a very gallant and efficient officer, Captain Taittnall.

It was March 8, 1862, when the ram at last made her appearance within sight of the Union fleet. The day was calm and very clear, so that the throngs of spectators on shore could see every feature of the battle. With the great ram came three light gunboats, all of which took part in the action, harassing the vessels which she assailed; but they were not factors of importance in the fight. On the Union side the vessels nearest were the sailing ships *Cumberland* and *Congress*, and the steam-frigate *Minnesota*. The *Congress* and *Cumberland* were anchored not far from each other; the *Minnesota* got aground, and was some distance off. Owing to the currents and shoals and the lack of wind no other vessel was able to get up in time to take part in the fight.

As soon as the great ram appeared out of the harbor she turned and steamed steadily toward the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*, the black smoke rising from her funnels, and the great ripples running from each side of her iron prow as she drove steadily through the still waters. On board of the *Congress* and *Cumberland* there was eager anticipation, but not a particle of fear. The officers in command, Captain Smith and Lieutenant Morris, were two of the most gallant men in a service where gallantry has always been too common to need special comment. The crews were composed of veterans, well trained, self-confident, and proud beyond measure of the flag whose honor they upheld. The guns were run out, and the men stood at quarters, while the officers eagerly counted the approaching ironclad.

The *Congress* was the first to open fire; and as her volleys flew, the men on the *Cumberland* were astounded to see the cannon-shot bound off the sloping sides of the ram as haildrops bound from a window-pane. The ram answered, and her rifle shells tore the sides of the *Congress*; but for her first victim she aimed at the *Cumberland*, and, firing her bow guns, came straight as an arrow at the little sloop of war, which lay broadside to her. It was an absolutely hopeless struggle. The *Cumberland* was a sailing ship, at anchor, with wooden sides, and a battery of light guns. Against the formidable steam ironclad, with her heavy rifles and steel ram, she was as powerless as if she had been a row-boat; and from the moment when the men saw the cannon-shot bound from the ram's sloping sides they knew they were doomed. But none of them flinched. Once and again they fired their guns full against the approaching ram, and in response received a few shells from the great bow rifles of the latter. Then, forging ahead, the *Merrimac* struck her antagonist with her steel prow, and the sloop of war reeled and shuddered, and through the great rent in her side the black water rushed.

She foundered in a few minutes; but her crew fought her to the last, cheering as they ran out the guns, and sending shot after shot against the ram as the latter backed off after delivering the blow. The rush of the water soon swamped the lower decks, but the men on the upper deck continued to serve the guns, and fired them until the deck was awash, and the vessel had not ten seconds of life left. Then, with her flags flying, her men cheering, and her guns firing, the *Cumberland* sank. It was shallow where she settled down, so that her masts remained above the water. The glorious flag for which the brave men aboard her had died flew proudly in the wind all that day, while the fight went on, and throughout the night; and next morning it

was still streaming over the beautiful bay, to mark the resting-place of as gallant a vessel as ever sailed or fought on the high-seas.

After the *Cumberland* sank, the ram turned her attention to the *Congress*. Finding it difficult to get at her in the shoal water, she began to knock her to pieces with her great rifle guns. The unequal fight between the ironclad and the wooden ship lasted for perhaps half an hour. By that time the commander of the *Congress* had been killed, and her decks looked like a slaughter-house. She was utterly unable to make any impression on her foe, and finally she took fire and blew up. The *Minnesota* was the third victim marked for destruction, and the *Merrimac* began the attack upon her at once; but it was getting very late, and as the water was shoal and she could not get close, the ram finally drew back to her anchorage to wait until next day before renewing and completing her work of destruction.

All that night there was the wildest exultation among the Confederates, while the gloom and panic of the Union men cannot be described. It was evident that the United States ships-of-war were as helpless as cockle-shells against their iron-clad foe, and there was no question that she could destroy the whole fleet with ease and with absolute impunity. This meant not only the breaking of the blockade, but the sweeping away at one blow of the North's naval supremacy, which was indispensable to the success of the war for the Union. It is small wonder that during that night the wisest and bravest should have almost despaired of the Union.

But in the hour of the nation's greatest need a champion suddenly appeared, in time to play the last scene in this great drama of sea warfare. The North, too, had been trying its hand at building ironclads. The most successful of them was the little *Monitor*, a flat-decked, low, turreted ironclad, armed with a couple of heavy guns. She was the first experiment of her kind, and her absolutely flat surface, nearly level with the water, her revolving turret, and her utter unlikeness to any pre-existing naval type, had made her an object of mirth among most practical seamen; but her inventor, Ericsson, never despaired of her. Under the command of a gallant naval officer, Captain Worden, she was sent South from New York, and though she almost foundered in a gale she managed to weather it, and reached the scene of the battle at Hampton Roads at the hour of the nation's sorest need.

Early the following morning the *Merrimac* again steamed forth to take up the work she had so well begun, and to destroy the Union fleet. She steered straight for the *Minnesota*; but when she was almost there, to her astonishment a strange-looking little craft advanced from the side of the big wooden frigate and boldly barred the *Merrimac's* path. For a moment the Confederates could hardly believe their eyes. The *Monitor* was tiny compared to their ship, for she was not one-fifth the size, and her queer construction and odd look made them look at their new foe with contempt; but the first shock of battle did away with this feeling. The *Merrimac* turned on her foe her rifle guns, intending to blow her out of the water, but the shot glanced from the thick iron turret of the *Monitor*. Then the *Monitor's* guns opened fire, and as the great balls struck the sides of the ram the plates started and her timbers gave. Had the *Monitor* been such a vessel as those of her type produced later in the war the ram would have been sunk then and there; but as it was her shot was not quite heavy enough to pierce the iron walls. Around and around the two strange combatants hovered, their guns bellowing without cessation, while the men on the frigates and on shore watched the result with breathless interest. Neither the *Merrimac* nor the *Monitor* could dispose of its antagonist. The ram's guns could not damage the turret, and the *Monitor* was able to dexterously avoid the stroke of the formidable prow. On the other hand, the shot of the *Monitor* could not penetrate the *Merrimac's* tough sides. Accordingly, fierce though the struggle was, and much though there was that hinged on it, it was not bloody in character. The *Merrimac* could neither destroy nor evade the *Monitor*. She could not sink her when she tried to, and

when she abandoned her and turned to attack one of the other wooden vessels the little turret ship was thrown across her path, so that the fight had to be renewed. Both sides grew thoroughly exhausted, and finally the battle ceased by mutual consent. Nothing more could be done. The ram was badly damaged, and there was no help for her save to put back to the port whence she had come. Twice afterwards she came out, but neither time did she come near enough to the *Monitor* to attack her, and the latter could not move off where she would cease to protect the wooden ships. Tactically it was a drawn battle, neither ship being able to damage the other, and both ships being fought to a standstill; but the moral and material effects were wholly in favor of the *Monitor*. Her victory was hailed with exultant joy throughout the whole Union, and exercised a correspondingly depressing effect in the Confederacy, while every naval man throughout the world who possessed eyes to see saw that the fight in Hampton Roads had inaugurated a new era in ocean warfare, and that the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, which had waged so gallant and so terrible a battle, were the first ships of the new era, and that as such their names would be forever famous.

A HINT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

IF only you'll think of it, dearie,
When people are vexing and rude,
And be pleasant for two,
When one's scolding at you,
You will conquer the contrary mood.

If only you'll think of it, dearie,
When a certain troublesome elf,
With peace in his shoes,
And a look of the blues,
Comes calling upon you himself—

If only you'll think of it, dearie,
And laugh, like the sun, in his face,
He will scamper away;
You'll be happy all day;
And I'd like to be in your place.

A CHINESE ENTERPRISE.

WE are all more or less interested nowadays in China and the Chinese. They are a curious people, and their customs are so different from those of other nations that to us, who are proud of being civilized, they sometimes seem quite ridiculous. What civilized nation would provide a regular home for beggars, for instance—not as a matter of charity, for all civilized people do that, but purely in the line of business? Yet the Chinese do this, if the following story told by a German newspaper is true. According to this journal, the *Kleine Chronik*, a joint-stock company in Peking erected some years ago a large building termed *Ki-mao-fan*, or hen-feather-house. It is to be used as a night refuge for the begging population of the Celestial city. A mouster-feather-bed covers the whole floor of one of the largest rooms. Old and young, all are admitted without distinction. Each settles down for the night as comfortably as he can in this ocean of feathers. At first each sleeper received a small blanket, but it was found, subsequently, that these blankets very soon disappeared, being probably appropriated by the servants of the establishment, so an enormous common blanket, full of round holes through which the beggars at rest on the feathers can thrust their heads for air, was made, large enough to cover the floor of the whole room. In the day-time this general blanket is drawn up to the ceiling by ropes and pulleys, and at night, when all the company are in their places, it is let down, and then the beggars have to look sharp to get their heads through one of the holes lest they run a good chance of being suffocated. The same in the morning, they must be careful to draw their heads out of the hole at the first stroke of the tomtom, when the blanket is again lifted from the huge nest lest they be drawn up to the ceiling and hanged.

THE FORGOTTEN GUNS.

BY EARLE TRACY.

BASCOM and Captain Lazare's boy Narcisse were diving near the croaker bank.

"Bet you I can stay under twice as long as you can," Bascom said, as he and Narcisse balanced on the edge of a row-boat. "One—two—three—jump!"

There was a sharp smack as both boys hit the water at the same instant, and then the ripples gurgled over them. The black head of Narcisse came up again very soon, and he puffed and blew. He was a big, thick-set, older boy than Bascom, but short-winded and inclined toward laziness. He had time to turn on his back and catch his breath at leisure before Bascom reappeared. "I was studyin' me 'bout goin' down aftah you," he drawled.

But Bascom did not answer until he had rested a minute with one hand on the gunwale of the boat. He was very white. "I—beat—you," he panted at last. "I—told you—I would." His breath was coming back to him in big draughts that he could scarcely swallow.

"Yo' can beat me a-pullin' right now if yo' want to," Narcisse offered as they climbed into the boat.

Bascom was glad enough to take the oars. He was breathing again, and he would rather do anything than keep still. He wanted to shout and clap his hands and jump, but he did not wish to excite the curiosity of Narcisse. The hot afternoon sun poured generously over them and dried their bathing-suits into every-day clothes.

A sound of hammering came from one of the schooners at anchor near the landing. "I hear Captain Tony," Bascom said. "I reckon I'll get out here."

"I didn't guess you'd pass by de little *Mystery*," Narcisse answered, with a good-natured grin. All Potosi was used to Bascom's devotion to the boat which he and Captain Tony had won by bringing it safely through the great Gulf storm the year before. Narcisse was no sooner out of sight, however, than Bascom forgot even the *Mystery* in the excitement it had been so hard to suppress.

"Cap'n Tony," he cried, fairly stammering with eagerness—"Cap'n Tony—I—I—found a buried cannon on the croaker bank!"

"W-w-what?" said Captain Tony, wondering.

"It's all crusted up with barnacles, but I know it's a cannon," Bascom insisted. "I felt all round it, and inside of it too."

Captain Tony lifted his cap a little and then drew it down over his eyes again incredulously. "I guess it can't be true," he said at last. "I have never hear me 'bout any cannon sunk in de bay, an' I know all de story of ole time."

Bascom was prancing up and down in a perfect fever of impatience. "It munt have been ever so long ago, the pirates or the Spaniards," he said. "An' if there's a cannon there must 'a' been a ship sunk there, an' if there was a ship there must be a treasure, an' we're not a-goin' to say nothin' to nobody, but we're a-goin' to fish it all up!"

Captain Tony put a hand on Bascom's shoulder to keep him from squirming. "Yo' boy," he said, with the warm-hearted indulgence he always felt for the young waif who had become his business partner, "I doan think me dat if dere is a cannon dere it will run off—not dis evenin'; an' faw de treasure, it was without doubt mo' easy to remove. Mos' likely it'll run away good w'ile ago."

"Well, I'm goin' to look an' be sure," Bascom said. "We must get the cannon, any ways, and have her on the *Mystery*."

The Captain chuckled. "Us'es 'll raise sail," he said, "an' jus' run out befo' de breeze dies down." They might more easily have roved, but Tony and Bascom seldom went anywhere without the *Mystery*, except on land.

When Narcisse was rowing leisurely toward his father's point on the back bay, he saw the little *Mystery* put out from shore and presently cast anchor at the croaker bank, and he put two and two together clumsily.

"Might a' known Bascom would'n' drown hisself 'kake de

faw fin," he meditated. "He has snah foun' somethin'." He rested on his oars and pondered quite a while. "If Bascom has foun' somethin', I don't see why I didn' fin' it too. Maybe I did. My han' touched bottom, an' I recollect I felt somethin' me. Bascom think he snah't not to have tell, but I did not tell either, me;" and suddenly Narcisse set to rowing.

After Bascom dropped anchor on the croaker bank, Captain Tony poised himself and dived. Bascom waited for his reappearance, with hands clinched. Tony did not stay under as long as the boy had, but he was almost as excited as soon as he came up.

"I didn' fin' 'em at de firs'," he panted, "but dere are two at de leas'. I put my han' on dem. It mus' have been a great ship, but I do not know 'bout her. It mus' be ver', ver' ole, de mos' ole of all."

"How can we get 'em up?" gasped Bascom.

"Ah," said the Captain, "dat will be de tronb'. It will take a win'l ass an' grapplin'-irons an' mo' men. It will be de question if it pay."

"Couldn't us'es do it by ourselves?" Bascom pleaded. His whole little self-dependent life had strengthened his tendency to look out for himself. The more there were to work for the treasure the more there would be to share it.

"No," said the Captain. "Tek a pile of men to raise dose cannon."

"Then," put in Bascom, eagerly—"then le's ask Captain Lazaré an' Narcisse to help. Me an' Narcisse was here together when I found 'em."

The Captain knit his brows and looked up the bay. "I guess dat a good idea," he said. "Lazaré prett' sharp, but dey wou'd be much chance faw anythin' but straight w'ok. I see dey's a-raisin' sail on de *Alphonse*."

"I'll row across an' speak to him when he passes," said Bascom.

But there was no need; Lazaré's schooner headed toward them from the first. As it came slowly about and anchored close to theirs Captain Tony gave Bascom a swift, inquiring glance, but Bascom shook his head. Then he shouted cheerfully,

"Ho there!"

"It strange dat yo' are jus' wheah we come," Lazaré said. "Did Bascom fin' it too?"

"Find what?" said Bascom, on his guard.

"At de bottom, w'en yo' was divin'," continued Lazaré, coolly. "Narcisse he fin' somesing, an' I tought me I bettah jus' to come an' see w'at to do 'bout it."

"Narcisse didn't find nothin'," Bascom exclaimed, hotly. "He didn't stay under a second. If he thinks he found anythin', what color was it, an' how did it feel? Was it dead? An' where did it come from?"

"I didn' want to drown mysef like yo'," Narcisse answered. "I was faw gettin' home and tellin'."

"No you w'a'n't," cried Bascom, fuming. "You know you wa'n't-a-studyin' about nothin'. You didn't look like yo'ud ever seed anythin' in your life."

"De way is," said Lazaré, "dat de one was jus' as big a fool as de odder. Dey both come 'long pertendin', instead of talkin' it ovah like men an' agreein' to share it. Have yo' been down yet, Tony, to see w'at yo' tink?"

"Yes," said Tony; "I been down. Us'es was sayin', Bascom an' me, dat maybe yo'-all like to go in wid us raisin' dose cannon." Bascom pulled his sleeve, and he went right on. "Dere may be a little money in sellin' 'em faw a show, an' den Bascom he say he want one on de *Mystery*."

Bascom looked relieved, and Narcisse disgusted, but there was nothing to gather from Captain Lazaré's face.

"Dat was w'at I tought," he said. "Dere ain't nosing goin' on, an' anysing we can make is dat much ahead."

It was in this spirit that work was begun the next day. Not a word was said about the possibility of treasure, yet every one knew that they were treasure-hunting. In these haunts of the old pirates children were brought up on legends of buried gold. But Bascom became perfectly absorbed in the guns. They could not be accounted for. No one in all the country remembered seeing or hearing of the

wreck of a war-vessel in the bay. Nothing like that had happened during the war; the bay was too shallow for any modern ships. Its shoals were what had made it so attractive to the pirates, but the fate of all the pirate boats was known, and none had ever been lost there, nor had they ever sunk a victim inside the islands. Everything pointed to the old discoverers, the Spaniards and the Frenchmen. Bascom, who had taken small interest in the history of that or any other region, began to cram his mind eagerly with everything in the shape of legend or record or theory until the early days of the coast were at his fingers' ends.

The bay was thick with boats to watch the raising of the first gun. It had taken a long time to get the grappling-irons fastened. There was not a suit of diving armor to be had, and the men were obliged to go down again and again before they could pry the gun far enough out of its hard bed of shells to be grasped. When at last they felt it yielding to the windlass there was a big cheer, and then a breathless pause. The gun came on deck coated with shells and almost choked with barnacles and rust. Bascom flung himself atop of it and began to scrape. The others crowded over him. But there were no distinguishing marks. What he could disclose of the gun's surface showed it to be of some alloy similar to bronze. It was simply formed, and though not like any modern gun, neither Bascom with his new knowledge, nor any one else who saw it, could find anything by which to guess its age. Of all the queer things that from time to time had made their appearance in Pontonoe Bay it was the most mysterious.

"You should sell it to some big musenn," said a New Orleans man who had come aboard from his row-boat.

"They'll have to pay us'es our price before they gets it," Bascom said; "things don't come so cheap that have been laid by and saved so keeful for hundreds and hundreds of years."

"They are mo' of them down there," began Captain Lazaré, whose gray hair was wet and clinging to his hard old head from diving to superintend. "Le's not be a-wastin' time, boys."

"I would bring up everything there is in the way of wreckage," added the gentleman; "it may help to identify the guns."

But nothing that was ever said or found threw any light. The fragments of worm-eaten timber which they brought up seemed to have been rudely hewn, and riveted with wooden pegs for bolts. It was old, old, old—and there the story ended.

On the day that they were raising the sixth gun, the last they ever found, Bascom and Narcisse went down as usual. Bascom had been under longer, and was just about to rise when the hook under the lifted end of the cannon was repelled by something hard. He dug down, and his hand felt what was unmistakably the corner of a chest. Narcisse caught sight of the motion and put his hand in too, then he sprang up, pushing Bascom down with his foot while he rose.

"I foun' a chest!" he gasped, coming up. "I foun' the treasure!"

"Wheah? How big?" cried Lazaré, and they crowded round the boy. But some one noticed the blank water and raised another cry.

"Where's Bascom?"

Captain Tony drew one deep breath, thrust his hands above his head, and sprang into the water. Narcisse stood still a moment, his eyes big with horror, then he followed overboard.

It seemed a breathless age before the Captain reappeared and lifted Bascom's limp head above water. A dozen hands pulled them on deck and fell to work on Bascom.

"He'll come out," prayed the Captain through his teeth; "he got to come out. My boy - Bascom—"

Narcisse climbed up the schooner's side, but no one noticed him, and he hung in torture outside the group surrounding Bascom.

"He'd run his arm under de end of de cannon and de grappin'-hook," Captain Tony was saying, "an' dey had settle back onto him, an' he had not the strength lef' to

pull out. I doan' understand how it could have settle on him like dat; but he will come out. He got to come out."

Narcisse, hearing all this, sneaked away into the cabin. He had had no wish to hurt Bascom even when he pushed him down; it was just the temptation to be ahead for once.

At last there was a step down the ladder. Captain Tony came and sank onto the bench opposite. He did not see Narcisse; he was talking to himself, and his voice trembled. "My little pa'd-nah," he said; "he was so wil' 'bout dat treasure—an' proud 'bout dem ole cannon. T'ink of dat little chap weath'rin' de big sto'm wid me. He was the stuff—"

Narcisse reached over and clutched timidly at the Captain's leg. "Ain't dere—no chance—lef'?" he begged.

Tony started, and gazed at the boy and tried to speak, but his voice broke into a sob. He reached over and patted Narcisse. "He—he comin' out," he said. "He be all right. I couldn' get long widout him."

Narcisse shrank back again, the better part of him ashamed to receive Tony's kindness. A moment later he crept past and went on deck. A few of the men still hovered around Bascom, who lay on the deck, very white, very sick, very washed-looking, but open-eyed and breathing. Most of them, however, were busy again at the windlass, and were just hauling up the last gun. It had to be lifted before the treasure could be gotten out, but no time was given to it after it was landed on the deck. Only Bascom, who, in spite of his weakness, wanted to be where he could watch the raising of the treasure, was brought and pillowed on it, an old tarpaulin being folded over to keep him from feeling the shells.

The chest had been so deeply bedded under the gun that it was the hardest of all to raise; but at last it began to come, and Bascom struggled up from his gun to watch it swing, dripping, to the deck. It was wooden, oblong in shape, and very heavy; the edges were worn off and crumbling.

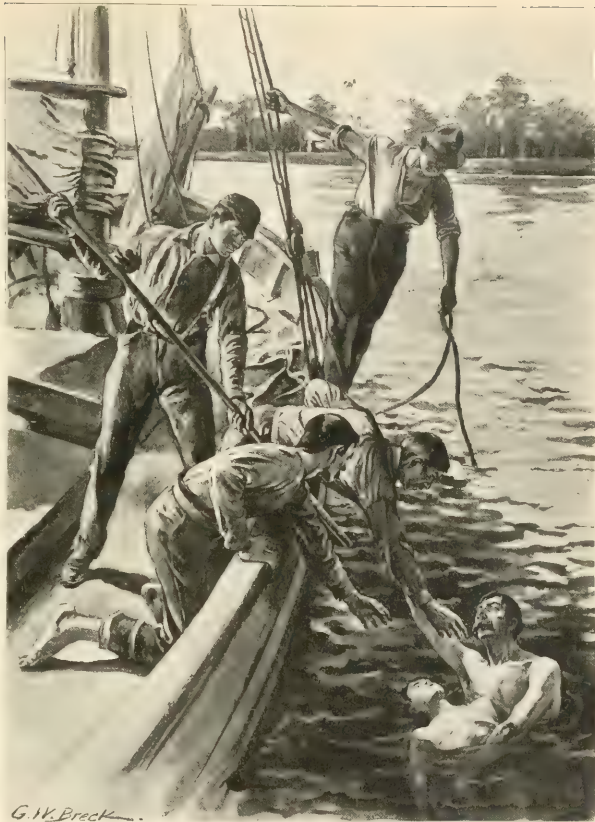
"If it hadn' been covered so deep it wouldn' have keep so well as it has," said Captain Lazaré, waving the other men back, but trying not to look eager or excited.

Captain Tony bent over it with him. "I doan' see the fastenin'," he said. "I guess we cut into him. It will be ver' easy at dis end." And he began chipping where the wood was most decayed.

It was the only thing to do, and yet, as the men stood with gaping mouths waiting for the lid to yield, Bascom felt a new ache at his heart to see the uncouth relic damaged. A great chunk of it gave way, and every one bent forward. Still there was nothing to be seen but wood. Lazaré caught the axe from Tony's hand and gave the thing a mighty blow that sent a dull rent through it. He pried it apart with the blade and laid it open. He had split in two a block of solid wood.

"It—it was one of the old gun-carriages!" cried Bascom, and sank back upon his austere pillow.

Captain Tony lifted his cap a little, and then pulled it down over his eyes again. Stooping, he measured the two



THE CAPTAIN REAPPEARED AND LIFTED BASCOM'S HEAD ABOVE WATER.

sections of wood. Then, turning to Lazaré, he asked, "Is it a fair divide?"

Lazaré covered his feelings with a comical shrug, but Narcisse and both the crews looked whipped with disappointment, and eyed the innocent old block resentfully. Bascom motioned to have it brought alongside his gun.

"I don't see," he said, afterward, "what better an old party like that could have done, comin' from so far, than to bring his comforts with him instead of presents for folks he didn't know."

Bascom never told what Narcisse had done to him under water, and the gun that had had a share in it was used to keeping its own counsel. It and its comrades were left in his care, and when he saw that they would be awkward ballast on the *Mystery*, they were piled together on Tony's beach to wait a purchaser. The faith which Bascom had had in them staid with him, although public interest in them died out, and they were forgotten again. But Bascom was always working with them, and polishing them, and talking to them when he had the time.

"It's queer how you all staid there so quiet, and waited hundreds an' hundreds an' hundreds of years—just for me," he said to them. "I wisht I could only find out where you come from, and what you're calculatin' for me to do. You didn't come for nothin', I make sure of that."

But the guns with all their sleeping possibilities of voice lay still.

MISS APPOLINA'S CHOICE.

BY AGNES LITTLETON.

Part XXX.



THE next morning at ten o'clock two frightened and trembling maidens presented themselves at the door of Miss Briggs's house on Madison Avenue. It was all out of order, to be sure, for them to be calling at such an hour, for it was the time appointed for their lessons, and yesterday had been a holiday also on account of the fair; but

Miss Briggs's word was to a cer-

tain extent law in the family, and governesses and masters were asked to defer their coming.

The mothers of Millicent and Peggy had little idea as to why their cousin wished to see them, for neither girl dared to confess her atrocious deed. In fact, Millicent herself did not know of Peggy's poem. Peggy was putting off the evil moment as long as possible, when she should be forced to give an account of what she had done.

She was really very much ashamed of herself. She had lain awake, half the night thinking of what a rude, unladylike, childish trick she had been guilty.

"From first to last it has been silly," she groaned. "It was perfectly hateful of me to make Milly send her poetry and turn her into a laughing-stock, even though no one knows it was she who wrote them, and it was ridiculous for me to put that one in about Cousin Appolina. And it isn't very funny, either. I might have made a better one while I was about it. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I hadn't been born a joker! I'll never get to England now, not for years and years, for papa declares he won't take me himself until I have finished school. And when he hears about this, for, of course, Cousin Appolina will tell the whole family, what *will* he say! Oh, oh! Unfortunate wretch that I am!"

Thus Peggy, Millicent, in the mean time, across the street, was in a no less unhappy frame of mind.

"What can it be?" said she to herself. "Cousin Appolina could not have found out then about the slippers, for she seemed to be in a very pleasant mood when she came to the poetry-table. What in the world made her buy all the poems? She must have come upon one that she liked, or one that she didn't like, that made her buy them all. Probably that she didn't like, but which one, I wonder?"

But as I have said, they rang Miss Briggs's door-bell, punctual to the moment. James, the melancholy footman, seemed even more solemn than usual as he ushered them up the stairs to the door of Miss Briggs's library.

"Miss Reid and Miss Margaret Reid," he announced, in a sepulchral voice, and withdrew, leaving them to their fate.

Miss Briggs sat at her desk writing. She gave the girls a cold good-morning, and motioned them to be seated. She continued to write, and her quill pen travelled briskly across the page, scratching loudly. Millicent's heart sank. The slippers were placed in reproachful prominence upon the top of the desk. The poems were not to be seen.

After some minutes' silence, broken only by a deep-drawn sigh from Milly, a warning cough from Peggy, and the scratching of the quill, Miss Briggs turned in her chair and faced them. She removed the spectacles which she had worn when writing, and raised her lorgnette. The girls thought that no stern judge in the days of witchcraft could have appeared more formidable. She scrutinized them piercingly, coldly, judiciously. Then she spoke.

"I have asked you to come to me, young ladies, that some small matters may be cleared up. Who wrote that poetry? It was not the slippers entirely, then. It was 'To a Pearl in an Oyster-shell'; and Peggy would go to England. Millicent's eyes were on the ground, the color came and went in her cheeks, her head drooped.

"I did," she faltered.

"Just as I thought. No one but you, you silly scrap of sentiment, would be guilty of writing such trash. It is now

consigned to its proper destination;" and she pointed to a large scrap-basket which the girls had not before noticed, and which was filled to overflowing with the ill-fated booklets. "I have looked through them all, and find nothing but harmless trash, with one exception. As you may suppose, it is this one;" and from under some papers on her desk she drew another.

"I suppose it is the sonnet to 'A Pearl in an Oyster-shell,'" gasped Millicent. "I am sorry, Cousin Appolina, that it went in. I—"

"Pearl in an oyster-shell? Nonsense! What do I care about pearls in oyster-shells? Do not try any of those evasions with me; they are of no use. I am shocked, pained, astonished that one of my own kith and kin, the daughter of my cousin Van Aspinwall Reid, should have been guilty of such—such—well, words fail me! such gross impertinence!"

Millicent forgot her misery, and stared at Miss Briggs in astonishment. "I don't know what you mean, Cousin Appolina, unless it is the slippers."

"Slippers! Yes, you may well allude to the slippers, but the next time you send my gifts to be sold pray be more careful. I drew one of them on my foot this morning and felt the crunch of paper in the toe. I examined the paper, and found it to be this."

Miss Appolina rose and held a small white card toward Millicent. This is what was written upon it:

"For Millicent, with love and good wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, from her cousin, Appolina Briggs."

"I notice that the check which I sent with the slippers was carefully removed. *That* did not go to the fair," added Miss Briggs, grimly, as she again seated herself.

Millicent burst into tears. All this time Peggy's mind was busy. A terrible temptation stared her in the face. No one seemed to suspect her of having written the lines about her cousin; if she did not confess it, who would know it?

After all, it would do no further harm to Millicent's prospects if Cousin Appolina continued to think that she wrote them, for she would not be chosen to go to England now under any circumstances on account of the slippers.

Should Peggy remain quiet and let it pass? Not a creature but herself knew what she had done, and it would be easy enough to continue to hide it.

"Cousin Appolina," said Millicent, finding her voice at last, "I am so sorry! You see, I hadn't worn the slippers, for the ones you gave me before are still as good as new, and I had nothing to send to the fair, for I don't do any fancy-work, and I thought—perhaps—you wouldn't mind. I didn't notice the paper."

"Evidently not; but what if the shoes had fallen into other hands than mine? What if— But all this amounts to nothing compared with your positive outrageousness in writing those lines about me and sending them to be sold."

"Cousin Appolina, what do you mean?" cried Millicent. "I didn't mean you."

"Mean me?" repeated Miss Briggs, in wrath. "To whom, then, were you referring? Is there *another* Miss Appolina B.?"

"I can't imagine what you are talking about, honestly, Cousin Appolina, but I really did not mean that you were the pearl in the oyster-shell. I wrote it about some one else."

"Pearl in the oyster-shell! Do not dare to mention that pearl or that oyster-shell again. I am tired of hearing of them both. And do not pretend that you do not understand me, Millicent. You are not so stupid as all that, though I must say you were extraordinarily dull of comprehension when you sent those verses to the fair, and it was astonishingly like you to do it, too. No, this is what I am referring to. Now, what have you to say for yourself?"

She thrust the unlucky booklet at her cousin, and began to walk the floor.

Millicent read the verses:

"Who is a dame of high degree?
Who's always scolded little me?
Who is a sight strange for to see?
Miss Appolina B.

"Who cannot with her friends agree?
Who loves to feed on cakes and tea?
Who prides herself on her pedigree?
Miss Appolina B.

"Who'll soon set sail across the sea?
Who will not take her cousins three?
Who is an ancient, awful she?
Miss Appolina B.

"Who else would have written that about the 'cousins three?' thundered Miss Briggs, as she walked. "And, besides, you have already confessed that you are the author of the rhymes. What more is needed? As for my pedigree, is there a better one in all New York? I may be ancient and I may be awful, but at least I am aristocratic. Cakes and tea forsooth! You have had the last cakes and tea you will ever have in my house. Margaret!"—suddenly stopping in front of Peggy—"Margaret, I have decided that you shall be the one to go abroad with me. I have made up my mind to that, now that Millicent has confessed that she wrote the poetry. Yesterday I was in doubt as to which one of you had written it, so I requested you both to come to me, but in the mean time I have read the other poems, and even before Millicent acknowledged it, I knew that they had emanated from no pen but hers! I no one else could have been capable of such trash. We will sail, Margaret, on the 1st of June."

Still, Peggy held her peace. She would wait and see what Millicent said. Millicent, too, was silent. At first her astonishment upon reading the verses deprived her of the power of speech. Who in the world could have written them, and how did they get among her poems at the fair? She felt stupefied; but slowly a glimmering of the truth dawned upon her.

She knew that the author of the lines was either her sister or her cousin.

It did not seem like Joan to do it, and yet it was not possible that it could have been Peggy or she would boldly confess it now. It must be Joanna. Whichever it was, Millicent would not speak. The innocent had suffered for the guilty before this. There was no chance whatever of her being chosen for England on account of the slippers, therefore she would not spoil the prospects of the others. She could suffer for two offences as easily as for one.

She rose, placed the verses upon Miss Briggs's desk, and stood before her relative.

"I am very sorry," she said; "I did not know those verses were there. I—I—apologize with all my heart. May I go now?"

"Yes, you may go, and do not come to the house again until you at least appear to be more ashamed of your conduct. You are absolutely unrepentant, I see. Go! Margaret, my dear, I should be glad to have you stay and talk over our trip."

Millicent left the house feeling as if she were walking in a dream. What could it all mean? Of course it was Joan. What a strange thing for the child to do! And how cleverly she had hidden it!

When she was told of the transaction at the fair, of how Cousin Appolina had bought all the poems, she had only laughed and thought it a good joke, and was glad that Millicent's poetry was appreciated. And she went off to school that morning as light-heartedly as possible. Her last words had been:

"I hope you will get through all right with Cousin Appolina, Milly darling, and I hope she hasn't found out about the slippers, and that you will be the one to go to England."

And yet it must have been Joan, for Peggy would certainly have confessed had it been she.

Millicent walked slowly homeward. "The French teacher was awaiting her, and her singing master was to come di-

rectly afterward, but her lessons did not receive very close attention that day.

In the mean time Peggy was left with her cousin.

"I am astonished at Millicent," said Miss Briggs, as the door closed. "I always suspected that she was silly, but I never supposed she could be impertinent. I shall not mention it in the family, Margaret, and I shall be obliged to you if you will not either. I would not for the world have either her father or yours know what—what she has said about me."

Still, Peggy was strangely silent. She was glad that it was not to be told. She had less compunction about not confessing if the family were not to know it. Now they would merely think it a whim of Cousin Appolina's that she was the one chosen for the voyage.

She did not enter with great heartiness into the plans for the summer, and Miss Briggs soon dismissed her.

"But come in again at five o'clock and have some 'cakes and tea,'" she said, with great meaning. "My poor cakes and tea! Oh, it was outrageous! I shall never pardon Millicent."

So Peggy went home, or rather to her uncle's house, for the girls shared the school-room there. After lessons were over, and they were left alone together, Peggy broke the silence.

"Did you write those lines to Cousin Appolina, Mill?"

"No; of course not, Peggy. It must have been Joan."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes; and I feel dreadfully about it. Not so much because I will lose the trip, but because she has been so deceitful. I can't understand it. To think, too, of your being the one to go, after all."

"But why didn't you tell Cousin Appolina that you didn't write it?"

"It wasn't worth while. I knew it must have been either you or Joan, and I thought if you did it you would say so. If Joan did it—well, Peggy, I didn't want to. I feel dreadfully about Joan's having done it. I shall talk to the child, and— But I can't bear to think she did it, and I would rather have Cousin Appolina think it was I than little Joan."

"You are very generous," said Peggy.

"No, I am not. I shouldn't be the one to go, anyhow. Of course the whole thing is terribly dishonorable, but I must save Joan."

Peggy said nothing for a long time. Then she asked, "What time does Joan get home to-day?"

"Not until late, for she is going to lunch with one of the girls, and then to the Dog Show with her."

"Well, I must go home. I'll see you again before the day is over." And Peggy departed to her own house. "What a good girl Millicent is," she thought. "I have laughed at her and made endless fun of her for her poetry-making, I have thought she was stupid over her lessons, and not half as bright or as much to be admired as myself, and here she is ten times more generous, ten times more honorable, ten times better than I am in every way. I am a wretch, a conceited, deceitful, mean, stuck-up, and everything else that is horrible wretch. But I don't want to give up and tell Cousin Appolina that I did it."

At twenty minutes of five that afternoon Peggy again appeared in Millicent's room. An odor of smoke filled the air, and Milly seemed to be wrestling with the tongs and some burning paper at the fireplace.

"What are you doing?" asked Peggy, much surprised.

"Building a fire this warm day?"

"I—I am burning my poetry," replied Millicent, struggling with her tears as well as with the tongs. "I am never going to write another line. Every one laughed so that I don't believe there is much real poetry in it, and I am never, never going to write again. What a horrid smell that m-morocco c-cover makes!"

Peggy would have laughed had she been in a happier frame of mind. As it was, she said, solemnly: "Open the window and leave the room to air off, Mill. I want you to come out with me. I am going to Cousin Appolina's."



MISS APPOLINA'S CHOICE.

"But I can't go there, Peggy. You know she told me not to come again."

"You must, Milly. You really must. I will be responsible for it. I can't go alone. You *must* go with me."

Finally Millicent put on her hat, and for the second time that day the two set forth for their cousin's house.

Miss Briggs was in her drawing-room. The tea tray had just been placed before her, the celebrated cakes reposed in the old silver cake basket conveniently at hand, the man had left the room, when again the Misses Reid were announced.

Miss Briggs looked up and raised her lorgnette.

"You have made a mistake," she said. "I am not at home to Millicent."

"Yes, you are, Cousin Appolina!" cried Peggy, rushing forward and causing a bronze Hermes to totter as she brushed past it—"yes, you are more at home to Milly than you are to me. For she didn't write them, Cousin Appolina. She didn't write the lines about you. I have brought her with me to hear me confess. She is as innocent as—as that piece of statuary. I wrote the verses. I did!"

For a moment there was an alarming silence, but Peggy, having once begun her confession, courageously continued.

"I did it to frighten Milly. I put it in the box, but 'way underneath, for her to see when the poems came home. I thought it would be such fun to watch her when she read it, and found it had been to the fair with the others. Of course it was just my luck to have you find it, but it was a silly, foolish thing to do, just as it was perfectly horrid of me to make Milly send her own verses to the fair. That was my fault, too. I urged her to do it just to get some fun out of it, and I didn't get a bit.

"Then this morning, when you thought Milly had written them all, and she didn't say anything, I thought I would let it pass, for I wanted dreadfully to go to England, and I knew that her chances were over on account of the slippers. Well, I was *firm* about it for an hour or so, and then I found how generous Milly was to say nothing, and she thought Joan had done it, and was going to scold her, and— Oh, well, I don't think it pays to deceive! I never was so unhappy in my life as I have been to-day. Milly, you dear old soul, say you forgive me!"

During this long speech Millicent had time to think the matter over. Her chief feeling was one of thankfulness that it was not Joanna who had done this thing. And Millicent had a sweet nature and never harbored anger very long.

Of course it was a dreadful thing for Peggy to have done, but her cousin knew how dearly she loved a joke, and though it had been wrong for her to deceive Miss Briggs and herself this morning, she had not kept it up long, and it was easy to see that she was sorry enough for it now.

So when Peggy asked her to forgive her, Millicent's answer was a warm kiss.

"And have I nothing to forgive?"

It was Miss Briggs who put the question.

"Yes, of course you have, Cousin Appolina! I am terribly sorry that I ever did such a thing. It was rude, impertinent, everything that was bad. I hope you will forgive me. Of course it is all true, but I needn't have said it."

"True?"

"Why, yes. You know you are a dame of high degree, and you have always scolded me, and in your winter bonnet and big fur cape you were—er—well, a sight rather strange for to see. And it is perfectly true you are soon going to set sail across the sea and you won't take us all three, and sometimes, you know, Cousin Appolina, you don't agree very well, especially with me. And you do love cakes and tea, but so do I, so that isn't anything. And you say yourself you pride yourself on your pedigree."

"And no one has a better right. But there is one line that you have left out. You called me an *ancient, awful* *she!*"

Peggy panted.

"I know," she said, slowly, "that was dreadful, but—but it is partly true. I suppose you can't truthfully call yourself very young, Cousin Appolina, and sometimes you can be very awful."

Another pause.

"You may both go home," said Miss Briggs.

And they went.

On the 1st of June Miss Appolina Briggs sailed for England, accompanied by her maid and by her young cousin, Joanna Reid. And Millicent and Peggy stood on the wharf and waved them a sad farewell.

THE END.

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNKOE.

CHAPTER XXI.

A YUKON MINING CAMP.

THE supper provided by the hospitable miners was a good one, and heartily did our travellers enjoy it; but while they are appeasing the extraordinary appetites that they acquired somewhere in the Alaskan wilderness, let us take a look at this most northern of American mining camps.

To begin with, although it is at the junction of Forty Mile Creek and the Yukon River, it is not in Alaska, but about twenty miles east of the boundary in Northwest Territory, which is one of the sub-divisions of Canada. The most recent name of this camp is "Mitchell," but all old Yukon miners know it as Camp Forty Mile. At the time of Phil Ryder's visit it contained nearly two hundred log cabins, two stores, including the one that he established in the name of his friend, Gerald Hamer, two saloons, both of which were closed for the season, and a small cigar factory. Although the winter population was only about three hundred, in summer-time it is much larger, as many of the miners come out in the fall and return before the 15th of June, at which date, according to Yukon mining law, every man owing a claim must be on the ground or it may be "jumped."

Forty Mile is what is known as a placer camp, which means that its gold is found in minute particles or "dust" in soft earth, from which it can be washed in sluices or rockers. Into one of these a stream of water is turned that sweeps away all the dirt and gravel, allowing the heavier gold to sink to the bottom, where it is caught and held by cross-bars or "rifles."

Although gold has been discovered at many points along the Yukon and its branches, the deposit at Forty Mile is the richest yet worked, and has paid as high as \$300 to a man for a single day's labor; \$12,000 worth of gold was cleared by one miner in a three months' season, and a \$500 nugget has been found; but most of the miners are content if they can make "ounce" wages, or sixteen dollars per day, while the average for the camp is not over \$8 per day during the short season of that arctic region.

Sluices can only be worked during three or four months of summer-time; then come the terrible eight or nine months of winter when the mercury thinks nothing of dropping to 60° or 70° below zero, and the whole world seems made of ice.

Strange as it may appear, the summer weather of this region is very hot, 85° in the shade, and 112° in the sun being frequently reached by the mercury. During the summer months, too, the entire Yukon Valley is as terribly infested with mosquitoes as is any mangrove swamp of the tropics. Thus the hardy miner who penetrates it in his search for gold is made to suffer from one cause or another during every month of the year.

In spite of the summer heat the ground never thaws to a depth of more than five or six feet, below which it is solidly frozen beyond any point yet reached by digging. Under the dense covering of moss, six to eighteen inches thick, by which the greater part of Alaska is overspread, it does not thaw more than a few inches. Consequently the most important item of a Yukon miner's winter work is the stripping of this moss from his claim in order that next summer's sun may have a chance to thaw it to working depth.

There were no women nor children at Forty Mile, and there were few amusements, but there was plenty of hard work in both summer when the sun hardly sets at all, and in the winter when he barely shows his face above the southern horizon. Besides the laborious task of moss-stripping, the miner must saw out by hand all lumber for sluices and rockers. He must build his own cabin and fashion its rude furniture, besides doing all of his own house-work and cooking. He also expects to do a certain amount of hunting and trapping during the winter months, so that his time, unless he be very lazy, is fully occupied. But lazy men are not apt to reach Forty Mile, for the journey from Juneau, in southern Alaska, which is the largest city in the Territory, as well as the nearest outfitting point for the diggings, is so filled with peril and the roughest kind of



"WHY, MATEY, DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE OLD BRIG 'BETSY'?"

hard work as to deter any but men of the most determined energy.

At Juneau, Yukon travellers provide themselves with an outfit of snow-shoes, sledges, tents, fur clothing, provisions, and whatever else seems to them necessary. Starting in the early spring they proceed by boat to the Chilkat country, seventy miles distant, and to the head of Chilkoot Inlet. From there they set forth on a terrible mountain climb over snow many feet in depth, where they are in constant danger from avalanches, and cross the coast range by a pass that rises 3000 feet above timber line. On the opposite side they strike the head-waters of the Yukon, which they follow through a series of six lakes, sledging over their still ice-bound waters, and rafting down their connecting links, in which are seething rapids, dark gorges, and roaring cañons, around which all goods must be carried on men's backs. After some 200 miles of these difficulties have been passed, trees must be felled, lumber sawed, cut, and boats constructed for the remaining 500 miles of the weary journey.

As it would not pay to transport freight by this route, all provisions and other supplies for the diggings are shipped from San Francisco by sea to St. Michaels, where they are transferred to small river steamers like the *Chimo*, and so after being many months on the way, finally reach their destination. By this time their value has become so enhanced or "enchanted," as the miners say, that Phil Ryder found flour selling for \$30 per barrel, bacon at 35 cents per pound, beans at 25 cents per pound, canned fruit at 60 cents per pound, coarse flannel shirts at \$8 each, rubber boots at \$18 per pair, and all other goods at proportionate rates. Even sledge dogs such as he had purchased at Anvik for \$5 or \$6 each were here valued at \$25 apiece.

In view of these facts it is no wonder that the news of another steamer on the river bringing a saw-mill to supply them with lumber, machinery with which to work the frozen but gold-laden earth of their claims, and a large stock of goods to be sold at about one-half the prevailing prices, created a very pleasant excitement among the miners of that wide-awake camp.

On the day following his arrival, and after a careful survey of the situation, Phil rented the largest building in the place, paying one month's rent in advance, and giving its owner an order on Gerald Hamer for the balance until the time of the *Chimo's* arrival. This building had been used as a saloon, and was conveniently located close by the steamboat landing facing the river. Into it the sledge party moved all their belongings, including the seventeen wolf-skins, which now formed rugs for their floor as well as coverings for several split-log benches. Serge and the two Indians at once started up the river with the sledges for a supply of firewood, which was a precious article in Forty Mile at that time, leaving Phil and Jalap Coombs to clean the new quarters and render them habitable; while the latter, with a sailor's neat deftness, attended to this work, Phil busied himself with a pot of black paint and a long breadth of cotton cloth. At this he labored with such diligence that in an hour's time a huge sign appeared above the entrance to the building and stretched across its entire front. On it, in letters so large that they could be plainly read from the river, was painted the legend, "Yukon Trading Company, Gerald Hamer, Agent."

This promise of increased business facilities was greeted by a round of hearty cheers from a group of miners who had assembled to witness the raising of the new sign, and when Jalap Coombs finished tacking up his end one of these stepped up to him with a keen scrutiny. Finally he said, "Stranger, may I be so bold as to ask who the best friend you ever had?"

"Sartin you may," replied the sailorman, "seeing as I'm allers proud to mention the name of old Kite Roberson, and likewise claim him for a friend."

"I thought so!" cried the delighted miner, thrusting out a great hairy paw. "I thought I couldn't be mistook in that bigger-head, and I knowed if you was the same old Jalap I took ye to be that Kite Roberson wouldn't be fur off. Why, matey, don't you remember the old brig *Betsy*? Have you cleann forgot Skiff Bettens?"

"Him that went into the hold and found the fire and put it out, and was drag up so high dead from smoke that he didn't breathe nateral agin fur a week? Not much I hain't forgot him, and I'm nigh about as glad to see him as if he were old Kite hisself!" exclaimed Jalap Coombs, in joyous tones. Then he introduced Mr. Skiff Bettens, ex-sailor and now Yukon miner, to Phil, and pulled him into the house, and there was no more work to be got out of Jalap Coombs that day.

Phil had also been recognized. That is, Mr. Platt Riley had asked him if he were the son of his father, and when Phil admitted the relationship, told him that he had a father to be proud of every minute of his life. Didn't he know? For hadn't he, Platt Riley, worked side by side with Mr. John Ryder prospecting in South Africa, where every ounce of grit that a white man had in him was bound to show itself? "To be certain he had, and now he was proud to shake the hand of John Ryder's son, and if there was anything John Ryder's son wanted in that camp why he, Platt Riley, was the man to get it for him."

So our sledge travellers found that even in that remote mining camp, buried from the world beneath the snows of an arctic winter, they were among friends. This, coupled with all that they had undergone in reaching it, made it seem to them a very pleasant and comfortable place in which to rest awhile.

And it was necessary that they should stay there for a time. They must cultivate friendly business relations with the miners on Gerald Hamer's account, and find out what class of goods were most in demand; for never until now had Phil realized the responsibility with which he had been entrusted. He must prepare a full report to send back by Kurilla and Chitsah, who could not be tempted to venture any further away from their homes. The dogs must be well rested before they would be fitted for the second and most difficult half of the long journey. Above all, Phil felt that, as representative of the Yukon Trading Company, he must be on hand to meet the agents of its old-established rival, and defend his far-away friend from the false reports they were certain to spread concerning him.

He wondered why Goldollar and Strengel did not appear, and dreaded to meet them; but at the same time longed to have the disagreeable encounter over with as quickly as possible. So many times each day did he gaze long and fixedly across the broad white plain of the Yukon. At length, on the eighth day after their arrival at Forty Mile, his eye was caught by some moving black dots that he felt certain must be the expected sledges.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NEW ARRIVAL AT FORTY MILE.

THE man known as Strengel was probably as great a rascal as could be found in all Alaska. His sole object in shipping aboard the steamer *Norsk* at San Francisco had been to make his way, by fair means or foul, to the Yukon gold fields, of which he had gained extravagant ideas. On the night before the *Norsk* left St. Michaels he stole from the chests of several of his shipmates such small sums of money as they contained, slipped into a canoe, and deserted the ship. He remained in hiding until she sailed, and then, claiming to have been discharged at his own request, offered his services to Gerald Hamer in exchange for a passage to Forty Mile. This proposition being accepted, and Strengel regularly shipped as one of the *Chimo's* crew, he made a secret proposal to the old company through one of its clerks, who happened to be Simon Goldollar, to so delay and cripple Gerald Hamer's expedition, that he should be forced to abandon it. In attempting to carry out this programme he was foiled by Phil Ryder's quick wit and prompt action.

Making his way back to St. Michaels, after Phil set him ashore at the Pastolik wood-yard, Strengel fell in with Jalap Coombs, and, in company with Goldollar, so managed the money affairs of that unsuspecting sailor that he was unwittingly made to defray all their expenses to Forty Mile, though he only expected to accompany them a short distance up the river. Strengel's sole object was still to

reach the gold fields; while Goldollar was intent on winning a reputation for himself by forestalling Gerald Hamer at Forty Mile, and at the same time inflicting what injury he could on Phil Ryder. From the outset they agreed to rid themselves of Jalap Coombs at some point so far up the river that he must necessarily remain where they left him for the rest of the winter. They learned at Nulato that the *Chimo* was frozen in at Anvik, but took care that this information should not reach Jalap Coombs, whom they soon afterwards so cruelly deserted.

As they travelled beyond the point where they left him, the well-mated pair had such frequent and bitter quarrels, that when Simon Goldollar fell seriously ill, Strengel did not hesitate to rob him of what money he carried and desert him at a native village near the abandoned trading-post of Fort Yukon. Before doing this he discharged the Indians who had come with them from Nulato, and sent them back, telling them that he should remain with his sick friend until he recovered or died. As soon as they were gone he engaged other natives, and set out for the diggings that had for so long been the goal of his desires.

He planned to enter Forty Mile under a new name, and as a traveller from one of the interior Hudson Bay trading-posts, who was ignorant of the lower Yukon, its people, and its happenings. He was confident that Jalap Coombs would never appear to contradict him, and almost equally certain that Simon Goldollar would never reach Forty Mile. If by a miracle he should recover from his illness he was helpless to continue his journey before the boats came up in the summer, by which time the man who had robbed and deserted him would be lost to sight amid the season's rush of prospectors. In the mean time he had plenty of money to live on until he should meet with an opportunity for making a strike of some kind.

Thus it was that on a pleasant day of late January Mr. Strengel approached the mining camp of Forty Mile, riding comfortably in Jalap Coombs's own sledge, with a light heart, and no intimation of aught but an agreeable reception by its citizens. But in all his carefully worked out plans he had made several miscalculations.

It had never occurred to him that there was any other route than the one he had followed by which this point might be reached from the lower river. Nor did he believe it possible that any word of Gerald Hamer's expedition could have come up the river unknown to him. Finally, his gravest mistake lay in supposing the population of this camp to be of the same lawless class as is to be found in most Western mining camps, and believing that here he should meet only with as great rascals as himself. In this he displayed great ignorance of Forty Mile, which was wholly in the hands of honorable old-time miners, who had framed a simple set of laws for the regulation of their isolated little community that they were determined should be respected. They had chosen one of their own number as Judge, and from his decisions they allowed no appeal. They had also elected a Marshal, whom they loyally assisted in the discharge of his duties. Several lawless characters had already been driven from the camp, and many others warned not to venture within its limits.

As Forty Mile had received warning of the expected coming of Goldollar and Strengel, and had learned many interesting things concerning the previous history of these gentlemen, their arrival was eagerly anticipated. Thus, upon Phil Ryder's announcement that sledges were coming up the river, an expectant throng was quickly gathered at the landing.

Mr. Strengel fired several shots from his rifle as he drew near, and was surprised that his salute was not answered in kind. He was, of course, gratified to observe the sensation that his approach was creating, and undertook to arouse some enthusiasm among the silent spectators by yelling: "Hurrah for Forty Mile! Hurrah for the diggings! Hurrah for our side!" Then, as his sledge reached the bank, and he sprang out, he cried, in tones meant to convey hearty good-fellowship:

"How are you, boys? You bet I'm mighty glad to see white men again after camping with a lot of low-lived Injuus for more than two months. You see, I've just come

down from Pierre's House in the Porcupine. My name's Bradwick, and—"

Here the speaker's fluent words seemed suddenly to fail him, his face turned pale, and his eyes were fixed in a bewildered stare. He had caught sight of the Yukon Trading Company's sign.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, recovering himself with an effort. "Seeing the name of an old friend who's long since dead kinder give me a turn. But, as I was saying—"

"Yes, you were just about to tell us what had become of Goldollar," interrupted Mr. Platt Riley, who had received word from Phil that the new-comer was Strengel.

"Goldollar?" stammered the stranger, at the same time starting as though he had been shot. "Goldollar?" he repeated, reflectively; "I don't know the name; never heard it before in my life. I think I mentioned that I'd just come down from Pierre's House on the Porcupine, and hadn't seen a white man since leaving there. There wasn't no one of that name at Pierre's House when I left. What do you mean? Who is Goldollar, anyhow?"

"He's a feller that we heard was coming up from below with a dog train," replied Mr. Riley, deliberately, at the same time gazing full in Strengel's face. "And we didn't know but what you and him might have met up and concluded to travel together."

"How could you hear of him?" inquired the new-comer. "I didn't know there was any way for news to reach Forty Mile in the winter."

"Oh, we might have heard by mail, or telegraph, or seen it in the daily papers, or a dozen other ways. Anyhow, we did hear it, and that another feller was along with him. So of course when we saw you coming up the river—"

"You didn't hear that the other fellow's name was Bradwick, did you?" interrupted the stranger.

"No, that wasn't the name. It wasn't so good a name as that."

"Well, then, you didn't hear that I was coming with him; for Bradwick is my name, and I don't know nothing about any Goldollars, though I hope to find out something about them right here in these diggings," replied Mr. Strengel, boldly, and with attempted jocularity. "Now, seeing that I'm tired, and cold, and hungry," he added, "supposing we adjourn to some place that's warmer than out here in the snow, and better suited for making acquaintances."

"All right," replied Mr. Riley. "We don't know much about Goldollars ourselves, but we'll try and teach you all we do know, and at the same time put you in the way of meeting acquaintances. As you say, though, this is a cold place for talking, so I suppose you might as well come up to my select family boarding-house for the night, seeing as it ain't overcrowded just at present. Then in the morning we'll look round for a place that'll suit you better."

So the new-comer walked away with Mr. Platt Riley, while the spectators of this interesting meeting chuckled and winked significantly, and remarked:

"Ain't the Judge a honey cooler, though? He ain't the kind that'll bang a man first and try him afterwards. Not much; that ain't his style. Fair play's his motto, and turn the rascals out every time."

It is needless to say that during the interview just described Phil, Serge, and Jalap kept themselves out of sight.

All that evening a constant stream of visitors flowed in and out of Mr. Platt Riley's cabin. Each wore an expression of expectancy and suppressed mirth, and each bowed gravely without trusting himself to speak when introduced to Mr. "Bradwick." It was also to be noticed that none of them shook hands with him; when he complained of this to his host he was gravely informed that hand-shaking was not one of the customs of the camp.

On the whole, his impressions of Camp Forty Mile were so unpleasant, that he fully determined to get his dog teams in motion the very next day, and push on further up the river. It was only upon the urgent request of Mr. Platt Riley that he consented to delay his departure long enough to attend a public meeting of the greatest interest to all Yukon miners, that was to be held first thing in the morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RABBITS.

THEIR CARE, AND HOW TO BUILD THEIR HOUSES.

BY E. CHASE.

THE first rabbit I had I put in a wooden box. Not knowing anything about his habits, I nailed laths over the front to keep him in. The next morning I was very much surprised to find that bunny had gnawed his way out, and was busily engaged in eating up my last rose-bush.

The next house I built for him was against the back-yard fence. In front of the house I tacked wire netting, and in addition made a yard for him in which to run about, taking good care to cover over the top, so "brer rabbit" could not escape by jumping out. I thought I had him secure this time, but when I was at school he burrowed out under the fence, and ate up all the neighbors' flowers. My first week's experience was certainly very trying on my pocket-book.

Rabbits make very interesting pets if one knows how to take care of them. The house shown in the accompanying diagram proved to be a very serviceable one. It is divided into two "rooms," and has a small run attached. The floor of the house should be provided with sliding pans, which will make clearing an easy matter. In order to keep all dampness from the house it is necessary to raise it a few inches from the ground. In winter—that is, in very severe weather—it would be best to carry this house in-doors. In

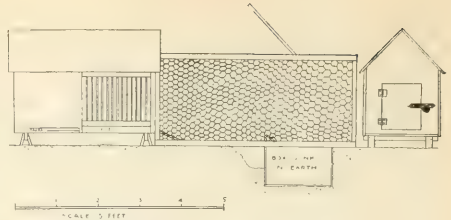


DIAGRAM OF THE HOUSE AND YARD.

order to keep the rabbits from burrowing out, it is necessary to drive down stakes, about two feet long, close together, all around the yard. A box sunk in the earth at the further end of the yard, with an opening so that bunny can go in and out, is a luxury that he will greatly appreciate.

For feeding rabbits, give them oats, corn, all kinds of greens, carrots, raw sweet-potatoes, tea-leaves (after they come from the teapot), and milk. I have heard it said that rabbits do not drink, but this is a mistake, as I have had over sixty rabbits at a time, and never knew of one that did not drink.

It is considered best to keep the buck away from the doe until the young are a month old, as he is apt to trample them. The number of young varies from four to eight. They are born without fur, and their eyes are shut. It usually takes ten days for them to open their eyes and get their coats. The first little fellow who ventures from the nest is regarded to be the smartest one of the litter.

I have only been able to discover three species of rabbits—the Angora, with long silky hair; the lop-eared, with very long ears which drag on the ground; and the common rabbit, with which most of us are familiar.

Rabbits are very good barometers in their way. Before a storm they will become unusually frisky. Although the sky may be clear, if you see your pets kicking up their long hind-legs you may make up your mind there will be a shower within a few hours.

A noted French scientist recently experimented with the different small animals as to which could stand the greatest amount of cold. He decided that the rabbit could, for he locked one up overnight in a cake of ice, and the next morning the rabbit hopped out, feeling very well, and with a tremendous appetite. In spite of this notable gentleman's discovery, I have had three valuable rabbits frozen stiff during a siege of cold weather.



LOP-EARED RABBITS AT HOME.



IN COLUMN OF COMPANIES.



THE MAJOR



THE MAJOR AND HIS OFFICERS.



THE DRUMMER.



"RIGHT FORWARD, FOURS RIGHT!"

KNICKERBOCKER GRAYS.

BY ANNE HELME

"IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR."

THE clear tones of the bugle sound through the big arsenal, and there is a rush of small gray-clad boys carrying guns to their proper places. Again it sounds attention! Assemble! And a long line is formed of apparently motionless statues. Then comes the roll-call. As in the regular army, the First Sergeant in command calls out the name. His voice is not stentorian, and neither are the answers, but there is a very effective military tone and ring to them, and answering every purpose. The orders are given by the different boys in command—First, Second, and Third Corporal, First, Second, and Third Sergeant, First, Second, and Third Lieutenant, Sergeant-Major, Color-Sergeant, Captain, Adjutant, and Major.

To one who is not conversant with the manual of arms, the commands given are somewhat bewildering; but so well trained are the boys that they answer, and some with military precision, and present arms and carry arms in a delightful manner, eminently military, not always satisfactorily, for the small boys in command have sometimes to repeat their orders, and occasionally Captain Hoyt, the officer in command, and also an officer of the United States army, has to enforce the orders in a more far-reaching voice and authoritative manner.

The Knickerbocker Grays is a private organization in-

tended to instruct the sons of New-Yorkers in the knowledge of drilling. It is managed by several ladies, who give their personal supervision to it. The class meets twice a week during the winter season in the arsenal of the Seventy-first Regiment, at Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue. The ages are limited, no boy under seven being allowed to enter. The uniform is gray, with black trimming, and all the military rules as to the number of straps, epaulettes, and accoutrements are rigidly adhered to. The boys learn to march well, although it is a comical sight to see some of the very small boys carrying their muskets and making superhuman efforts to keep time. Perhaps the pathetic note in the picture adds the finishing touch in the little drummer-boy, who, clad in the same uniform, drums with might and main. He is paid to drum, but there is a look of pride and delight in his profession which quite prevents any thought of pity at the contrast in his lot to those of the boys of his own age who go into the drill merely for the sake of occupation and amusement.

The boys love Tuesday and Friday afternoons, and although the stimulus of the medal given to the one who does not miss a single drill has something to do with the wonderful attendance, still it would be difficult to keep the boys away even without having the prize to look forward

to. To answer to the name in roll-call is counted necessary, and many a boy who has been far too sick to go to school or study finds it quite possible to be on hand to answer to his name, even if, after a few marches around the armory, his legs do get tired and he has to be excused.

Promotion is eagerly looked forward to, and there is an immense amount of pleasant rivalry over who shall be promoted to be Sergeant, Corporal, and the other officers. The Color-Sergeant carries the colors around with a most heroic disregard to fatigue, while the four boys who make up his body-guard look at him most admiringly, and not in the least enviously. Round and round the hall they go, while the notes of the drum rattle out the time to keep. The officers give their commands, and the companies go from right to left as they are bidden. The officers look very stern, and the soldiers themselves seem thoroughly impressed at the importance of their duty, although the boy nature will crop out at times, and there are occasionally ebullitions of sheer good nature and animal spirit which would hardly do in the regular army. Of course each boy intends fully to be a soldier, and if a war should break out it is to be feared that a number of young recruits would insist upon being of service to their country.

The awkward squad is as amusing as all awkward squads always are, but is only to be seen at the commencement of the winter. It is composed entirely of beginners, who have to attain a certain degree of efficiency before they can be put with the others. But as the American boy is very imitative, he soon learns, and at the end of the term it would be difficult for any one to pick out the boys who had only belonged for one winter. The Captains and Lieutenants are fine, manly-looking fellows, and their plumed caps and glittering accoutrements are extremely becoming. They have a full sense of the dignity of their position, as why should they not have, when promoted from the ranks, step by step, to the proud office which they now hold? They have not bought their commissions, but have earned them by good, conscientious work. The boy who shirks, fools, and carries on has the mortification of staying a private, while his comrade goes steadily upward. The two officers in charge, Captain Hoyt and assistant, have, the boys complain, regular lynch eyes, and sometimes find out trifling acts that are not compatible with military discipline, much to the surprise of the fellows themselves. When a boy is promoted, his promotion receives no end of congratulation and applause from his fellow-soldiers, and it is doubtful if a prouder moment can come in any man's life than comes to the boy when he is put in command of the Knickerbocker Grays.

There is considerable emulation among the different companies. The Grays, by-the-way, are divided into four companies, A, B, C, and D, and each officer endeavors to have his company the best of all. And we owe to the boy who is insubordinate. However, cases of real insubordination are extremely rare, for the boys soon catch the spirit of true military life, and realize that the commands given must be obeyed at once and without any question. It is contended, and with reason, that one of the best features of the drill is this very spirit of discipline, which every mother knows is one of the most difficult things in the world to inculcate in boys.

The first movements of the regiment are quite picturesque. After the roll-call the First Sergeant in command calls out "Count fours!" in other words dividing off four boys at a time; if they are more than make even fours, the Second or Third Sergeant takes the extra boys and reports with them to the Color-Sergeant, who takes them for his guard. "Right four, fours right," is then called, and the boys take their positions. The First Sergeant faces about and salutes his Captain. When the Captain has returned his salute, the Sergeant takes his post two paces behind the company. Now is heard the tread of feet, and the Captain to whose company the colors belong commands "Carry arms! Present arms!" Then the Color-Sergeant and the body-guard march in front of the company, and the Color-Sergeant takes his place two paces to the left of the Third Sergeant, who is on the left guard of his company—and the drill begins.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

DO I ever have the blues? Why, Lottie, what a question to come from a girl of sixteen? Am I to infer that you do, at your age, with the world a blaze of beauty, and your feet so light and your heart so young that you ought to go skipping instead of walking, if only you dared to let the gladness of your life overflow.

But girls do have the blues, insists Gretchen, at my elbow; and she adds that they have reasons enough: that they are not always understood, that they have fancies and thoughts which they cannot always explain, that, in short, girls are not always as happy as they look.

GRANTING that this may be true of some girls, what are they to do? As a person not subject to these disagreeable visitations, I can speak with the sort of authority the doctor has when he enters the room of a patient. The doctor need not have a fever in order to prescribe for it. In fact, he will prescribe more successfully if he be well himself. The blues make the person suffering from their presence extremely uncomfortable, and her discomfort in a subtle way acts upon others, so that nobody is quite cheerful in her neighborhood. People who are "blue" are quite often cross as well, and are unable to accept pleasantly the ups and downs of every day. Now, when you think of it, you must admit that it is a very humiliating experience to be cross, for cross people are disagreeable, and none of us wishes to be that.

THE best way to get rid of the blues is not to own that they have you. Put on your hat and go for a walk. Call on a friend and take her the piece of music you are to try together, or the book you have just finished, which you would like to lend her. Do something kind for somebody, and stop thinking about yourself. The greatest waste of time in this world, dears, is to think too much about one's self. Mrs. Browning gives the right idea in her poem, "My Kate," where she says,

"'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her."

DON'T laugh at me, girls, when I tell you that half the low spirits one hears of springs from a very prosaic source. That pound of chocolates, that rich pudding, that piece of frosted cake, all of them very delicious, but all very indigestible, are to blame, in most instances, for a young girl's depression. Try what Emerson called "plain living and high thinking," and see how cheery life will become.

ONE of my girls writes that she had a vexatious little problem. She has been accustomed to correspond freely with one or two friends—boys of her own age—and "people tell her it is wrong." My dear child, pray explain whom you mean by "people," and what they have to do with it?

Of course you do not write letters to any one without your mother's approval, and I suppose your mother reads your letters, that you love to share all those you receive with her, and that you show her those you write. If you do this, nobody else is concerned. A girl should write no letters, and should receive none, which she is not only willing but very glad to show to her mother. When she has had the great misfortune to lose her mother, then her aunt, or her elder sister, or some kind matronly friend should be her confidante. It makes no difference to whom she writes, if only she does it openly, and with the sympathy, advice, and loving approval of those who are older than she, and able to guide her.

Margaret E. Langster.

OFF WITH THE MERBOY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BUREAU OF INFORMATION.



JIMMIEBOY took the reins in hand, and the Merboy sprang lightly out of the carriage, and by means of his tail wiggled himself to where the bureau stood. He opened the top drawer, and from where he sat Jimmieboy, who was watching him with a great deal of interest, could see that it was divided up into sections, in each of which lay a dozen or more large envelopes, each fat

with contents of some kind or another.

"I guess this must be the information I want about your lockjaw," said the Merboy, picking up an envelope. "Yes," he continued, as he took great slips of paper out of it. "It is. This envelope tells how to take spots out of carpets. Ha! ha! Listen to this: 'To remove an ink stain from the parlor carpet, take a pair of shears and cut out the spotted part.' That's good advice. Here's another telling how to start a fire. It says: 'First build your fire, and then procure a match. Any kind of match will do except one that has already been used. Light the match and apply the burning end to the kindling. If the kindling ignites, the fire is started. If it does not, light another match and apply the burning end to the kindling. Keep this up until the kindling does ignite!'"

As the Merboy finished reading this a great commotion was heard in the water directly overhead, and looking up Jimmieboy saw a huge whale rushing headlong down toward him. At first he was a little frightened, but as the whale drew nearer and smiled pleasantly at him his fear for some reason or another disappeared entirely.

"Hallo, Merby," said the Whale. "What are you doing?"

"I am after information," returned the Merboy, shaking the extended flipper of the Whale.

"So am I," returned the Whale. "I'm in great trouble."

"Indeed?" said the Merboy. "What's the matter?"

"I got into a fight with some whalers in the Arctic Ocean, and one of 'em threw a harpoon at me, and it stuck in my back. I want to get it out, but I don't know how. Which drawer has information for Whales in it?"

"I don't know," replied the Merboy. "I'm trying to find out what's the matter with Jimmieboy here. I'm afraid he's got lockjaw, but the only thing the bureau has told me so far is how to take spots out of carpets and start fires."

"What nonsense!" said the Whale. "Let me try it, will you? I'm suffering like everything."

"Certainly," said the Merboy, standing aside. "There isn't any special hurry about our case."

The Whale smiled gratefully and grabbed up an envelope. Opening it he extracted a slip of paper, and read:

"To make a good peach pie get ten ripe sliced peaches, a tin plate, and enough dough to cover first the bottom of the plate and the top of the peaches. Put the whole into a hot oven and cook until done."

"Ho!" laughed the Merboy.

"This bureau's a nuisance," said the Whale. "The idea of telling a sea-monster with a harpoon in his back how to make peach pie."

Here he selected another envelope. This one contained a slip which read: "It is not polite to sneeze in company. If you like to sneeze, and are going out to an evening party, contrive to do all your sneezing before you go. If during the evening party you feel a sneeze coming on, rub the bridge of your nose, or press the middle of your upper lip with your forefinger, and the desire to sneeze will disappear."

"Nice advice to give a Whale," sneered the monster. "Where is my upper lip I'd like to know, or my forefinger for that matter? If I don't catch the right answer this

time I'll hit that bureau with my tail and knock it all to pieces."

The Whale made one more effort. This time the slip he took out read, "If your teeth ache go to the dentist and have them pulled."

"That's a little nearer right," said the Merboy.

"I don't see how," retorted the Whale. "I haven't a toothache. I have a backache. Shall I go and get my back pulled?"

"No," said the Goldfish, "but perhaps you could get the harpoon pulled."

The Whale's face wreathed with smiles.

"That's so," he said, eagerly. "Wonder I didn't think of that before. It's a good idea. The bureau is some use after all - though if it hadn't been for you, Merby, I'd never have discovered it."

"Oh, yes you would," said the Merboy. "After you had thought it over a little while you'd have seen what was meant. Information isn't any good unless you think about it a little."

"Well, I'm obliged to you just the same," said the Whale, backing off. "It's pretty hard to think when one has a harpoon in his back. I suppose you don't know where I can find a dentist, do you?"

"No, I don't," said the Merboy. "I've never had occasion to use one."

"Oh, well, I suppose there are such things, and so I'll set about finding one. Good-by," said the Whale, and off he started in search of a dentist.

"He's a very dull creature," said the Merboy, returning to the bureau. "He never thinks much even when he hasn't a harpoon in his back. Now for our trouble again. This envelope looks as if it might tell us."

Again was the little fellow doomed to disappointment. All the information contained in this envelope related to the killing of potato-bugs, and the best way to keep mosquitos from biting.

"This is the worst failure of a bureau of information I ever saw, or else I don't know how to manage it," he said. "Suppose you try it, Jimmieboy. You may have better luck."

Jimmieboy dropped the reins and alighted from the carriage. Walking to the bureau he opened the second drawer and found it full of books. They were very handsome books on the outside, and if one could judge from their titles they were attractive inside too. One of them, for instance, was named *The Porpoise of the Mediterranean*, or *A Minnow's Adventures on the Coast of Africa*. Another was labelled *Poems of A. S. Swardfish*. Another was called *Jellyfish Jingles*, a title which so interested Jimmieboy that he opened it and read some of them. In a minute he threw his head back and laughed loudly, opening his mouth as widely as possible in his mirth. He was so amused that he couldn't keep his lips closed.

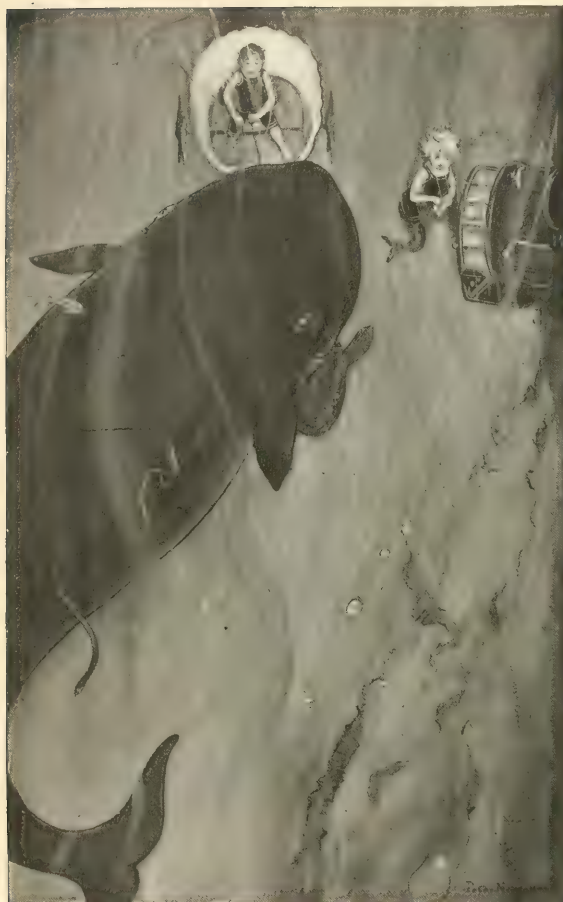
"Listen to this," he said; "it's called 'The Unfortunate Tale of the Pollywog:'"

"The small sea-toad he climbed a tree
One windy summer's day,
And through the water chanced to see
A pollywog grown gray;
Whereat he cried, 'Oh, Pollywog,
Come tell me, sir, I pray,
How is it you are not a frog
And yet have grown so gray?'"

"'Because,' the Pollywog replied,
His visage turning pale;
'Because,' and here he deeply sighed,
And sadly wagged his tail;
'Because,' he added, as the tide
Grew wavy in the gale;
'Because I shed but tears; I've tried
But cannot shed my tail.'"

"That's pretty good," said the Merboy, with a smile, noticing with a great deal of relief that Jimmieboy had at last opened his mouth. "Are there any more?" he added, just to see if Jimmieboy's cure were final.

"Yes," said Jimmieboy. "Here's one about 'A Sad Sea-Dog:'"



JIMMIEBOY SAW A HUGE WHALE RUSHING DOWN TOWARD THEM.

"Oh, the sad sea-dog he has no fin,
And he never moves, they say.
He sits as still as a piece of tin,
And he's never known to smile or grin,
Or to wipe his tears away.

"His chief delight is to bark and growl,
And to yelp and screech and snap;
He does not mind if the wild winds howl,
He never will stir for fish or fowl,
And cares not what may hap.

"He shakes his flippers and wags his jaws,
Delights in the awful gale,
He breaks each one of the ocean's laws,
And no one lives that can make him pause,
From sharks to the mammoth whale.

"And it's all because a fisherman—
A man with a great green eye—
Mistook him once for his black-and-tan,
And whistled to him, and called him 'Fan,'
In the days long since gone by.

"When a sea-dog's name is Anthony
Montgomery Varian,
'Tis apt to sour his spirit to be
Miscalled as upon that day was he
By a mean land name like Fan!"

"I should think so," said the Goldfish. "It's like being christened Algeron at church and being known as Petie in school."

"I don't wonder he sulked," said Jimmieboy.

"Nor I," said the Merboy. "But, say, Jimmieboy, you are cured of your lock-jaw, aren't you?"

"Dear me, I forgot!" said Jimmieboy. "I wasn't going to open my mouth under water at all."

"Why not, pray?" asked the Merboy.

"For fear of swallowing the ocean," replied Jimmieboy.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Merboy. "Why, you couldn't swallow a drop of it, much less the whole of it, the way I've fixed it. Is that all you were doing—just holding your mouth shut?"

"That's all," said Jimmieboy.

"Well, well! The idea!" said the Merboy. "You ought to have known better."

"Well, I didn't," said Jimmieboy, glad to find that it was not really necessary to keep his mouth closed.

"Apparently not—and it took the bureau of information to cure you. That's a very useful bureau."

"Very," said Jimmieboy. "I'd like to go through some of the drawers if we have time. Have we?"

"Lots," said the Merboy, taking the brush on the top of the bureau and fixing his hair with it. "We have ten times as much time as there is really."

"How can that be?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Well, never mind now," said the Merboy. "But some time you ask your papa how long a dream a boy can have who is asleep only ten seconds. You will be surprised at what he tells you. I once had a dream lasting forty years in a nap that was less than a minute long. So go ahead. You have plenty of time, and I dare say you will find lots of valuable information in the bureau. I will be back in a few minutes."

"You aren't going to leave me, are you?" asked Jimmieboy.

"No. I'm only going to drive the Dolphius around to the stable. I'll be right back."

The Merboy entered the carriage again and drove off, while Jimmieboy turned his attention to the bureau of information. As he turned, his eye caught sight of two little drawers that he had not noticed before on either side of the mirror which surmounted the bureau. He tried to open the right-hand drawer, but found it locked. The left-hand one opened easily, and in it Jimmieboy found a little golden key. This, as it turned out, was the key to the other drawer, and which, no sooner had the key turned in the lock, slid out as though pushed by a spring, and from it jumped the funniest little old man Jimmieboy had ever seen, hardly taller than his thumb, and dressed from head to foot in beautiful garments of silver and gold. In his left hand the little old man carried a jewelled staff, and his right hand he extended to Jimmieboy, as much as to say,

"Why, howdy do? I'm very glad to see you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

ALTHOUGH THE NEW YORK ATHLETES will by no means have a walk-over at the Berkeley Oval next Saturday, when the N. Y. I. S. A. A. and the L. I. S. A. A. contend for the Intercity championship in track athletics, they will certainly carry off the honors of the day, and they ought to do it by a good score. New York has better material this year than has Brooklyn, and the schools here have been devoting more time and energy to field sports than their rivals have across the Bridge. In fact, the Long-Islanders have shown a certain lack of interest in the Intercity contest which of itself is sufficient to betoken defeat. The relay race between the New York and Brooklyn Interscholastic teams was to have been run off at the Wilson and Kellogg games on April 27th, and a large number of enthusiasts gathered at the Oval to witness the sport in spite of the heavy downpour of rain. The hours passed, however, and no Brooklyn racers appeared. Not even a word of explanation came, and the race had to be postponed. It was thought at first that the Brooklyn team did not come over on account of the storm, but I learned the next day that the reason of its non-appearance was due to the fact that there was no team to come. Not enough candidates had applied at the Brooklyn trial heats for the managers to choose four capable runners. The very least these managers could have done, under the circumstances, would have been to notify the New York Interscholastic authorities of this fact. Young sportsmen, as well as older ones, should remember that one of the first considerations among amateurs is to fulfil engagements that have been entered upon, or if this is found to be impossible, to give ample and timely notice to their opponents of their inability to do so.

WHILE IT IS GRATIFYING to see such active interest displayed by the New York schools in out-door sport, it is also to be regretted, as I have had occasion to say before in this department, that so much of this interest should be turned in one direction. The New York school-boys have taken up track and field sports to so large an extent that baseball has suffered materially this spring, and tennis has practically been dropped. Such a state of affairs must surely bring evil results. It is a condition that cannot last long, but while it does last it works considerable harm. The genuine interests of field sports are not advanced by excessive indulgence. It is best to encourage every game that the season favors, and to attempt to do well in all branches of sport than to excel in but one. Such an excellence can be but ephemeral. In New England the school-boys are wiser in this respect. They endeavor to develop themselves in all branches. Only a few days ago Mr. D. S. Sanford, principal of the Brookline High-School, told me that from statistics he had prepared he had learned that twenty per cent. of the boys at the High-School play football, fifteen per cent. play baseball, fifteen per cent. take part in track athletics, and forty per cent. (of the boys and girls) play tennis. Fifty per cent. take part in no athletic games at all. From what I have observed in and around Boston I should judge that the athletic efforts of most of the other New England schools are distributed in a similar ratio. And yet, with only fifteen per cent. of the boys indulging in track athletics, they manage to make pretty fair records!

IN BROOKLYN BASEBALL has not been allowed to suffer neglect because of track athletics, and so the race for the Long Island championship promises to be interesting. The teams are evenly matched with but one or two exceptions. Pratt Institute has no nine in the field, and Bryant & Stratton's is practically out of the race, having already been defeated a number of times. The St. Paul's team has

a decided advantage over most of the other nines in the Association in that it is mainly composed of experienced players, most of whom were members of last year's nine. Hall is pitching well, and has good support. The Brooklyn High's team is made up wholly of raw material, with the exception of Captain Brum, but the men are working hard, and will do well before the season closes. One good feature in this year's High-School athletics is the barring out of all questionable candidates, the two forfeited championships of last year having evidently proved a salutary lesson. The Brooklyn Latin has one of the strongest nines in the league, and will probably make a strong bid for the pennant. Captain Litchfield is playing good ball at third, and both Goodwin and Seven are doing good work at short-stop and first base respectively. Hall, of last year's Poly. Prep. team, is pitching, and Watt, formerly of Bryant & Stratton's, is catching.

THE ADELPHI ACADEMY has turned out a better set of players than it had last year, and promises to make a good record. The team is made up pretty much of new material, but the men are working hard. Jewell and Simpson alternate in the box, with Forney as back-stop. Byers at first and Graff at third are capable players. Poly. Prep. is laboring under the disadvantage of an unfavorable faculty—a group of honest gentlemen who have not yet caught up with the fact that athletics have come to stay, and are, in moderation, a part of every educational system. As the



W. T. LAING. N. W. HARKELL.
ANDOVER ACADEMY'S TWO RECORD RUNNERS.

school officers take no interest whatever in the sport, the players are working along as best they can under these adverse circumstances, and they are fortunately getting good support from their fellows. The authorities have gone

further than being passive in their attitude toward athletics by ruling that Stevenson, the Captain of the nine, shall only play in league games. This is all very well if Stevenson neglects his studies for baseball, but as far as I am able to learn, such is not the case. Dunne is pitching fairly well, but to be successful he must get better control over the ball. Noyes, who is acting as substitute Captain, is putting up a steady game at second, and McKay is doing well at first. The other players are new. The out-field is weak, but the team work at times is fairly good, and the men certainly have a spirit and energy which are commendable.

EVEN A CASUAL OBSERVER cannot fail to notice how much more is done for interscholastic sport in New England than in New York and its vicinity. Not only do Harvard and Yale universities take an active interest in the work of the young men whom they expect to gather into their own ranks, but even the Boston Athletic Association, which cannot hope to derive any material benefit from its exertions, offers cups and medals for interscholastic events, and does all that is possible to aid and advise the Boston school-boys. It seems to me that the New York Athletic Club could do worse than follow the B.A.A.'s good example. As far as I know, the N.Y.A.C. does nothing in the interest of school sports. To be sure, my indefatigable friend Evert Wendell performs enough good service as referee at scholastic contests to make up for many of the club's shortcomings; but Mr. Wendell does this purely as a lover of sport, and not as a representative of the club. Many of the best athletes of the N.Y.L.S.A.A. are members of the N.Y.A.C. They ought to get together in the near future, and, with the aid and advice of Mr. Wendell, endeavor to get the managers of the N.Y.A.C. to show more active interest in the exceedingly good work now being done by the schools.

IN BOSTON, all the Interscholastic Committee meetings are held in the B.A.A. club-house on Exeter Street, and every winter the club holds an in-door meeting for the especial benefit of the thirty schools that compose the New England League. The silver cup which the B.A.A. has offered this year to be played for five years by the school baseball teams is a fine trophy, and cannot fail to act as an incentive to the young players of the league. Harvard's work for the schools is even more active. Seven years ago the university was instrumental in forming the New England L.S.B.B.A., and in 1891 it organized the Interscholastic Lawn Tennis Association, whose fifth annual tournament was held on Jarvis Field, Cambridge, May 4th and 6th, with an entry list of over fifty names. The prizes offered each year are a gold medal or a cup to the winner, a racquet to the runner-up, and a championship banner to the school whose team scores the largest number of points. This year the cup is a handsomely engraved piece of silverware in the shape of a pitcher with one handle. As a general thing, I do not believe in medals and cups as inducements to young men to enter into amateur sports. The pure love of the game should be sufficient to call out their best efforts. But there is no doubt that interest in their early efforts, expressed in some such material way by associations of older players is a good thing, and it is certainly a strong incentive to a general participation in athletics for many boys who might otherwise be too indolent or too disinterested to discover and develop their own capabilities. This once done, however, there is no school-boy who is not enough of a true sportsman not to keep on, regardless of any possible material advantages or rewards. The mere title of champion is the most precious prize to be won in any field.

THAT HARVARD'S EFFORTS for the promotion of tennis in the New England schools have been successful there is no doubt. At the first tournament, held in 1891, R. D. Wrenn, now the national champion, then in the Cambridge Latin School, was the winner, and he helped earn the pennant for his school. The following year Malcolm Chace met Clarence Budlong in the Interscholastic finals, and, after a hot match, Chace took first, and carried the banner to the Uni-

versity Grammar School of Providence. Budlong won in 1893, but only after a hard struggle with Ware, of the Roxbury Latin, who came up again in 1894 and carried off all the honors, including the championship banner for the school making the highest number of points. Ware's second victory in the finals last week entitles him to a position among the leading young players of the country, and I have no doubt that he will win at Newport in the Interscholastic tournament this summer.

JARVIS FIELD AFFORDED a beautiful sight while the tournament was going on last week. There were twenty-two courts in use during the preliminary rounds, and a goodly number of spectators stood around to watch the players. I was most interested in Ware's work, and gave most of my attention to his play. He was in three matches the first day, and won them all. He first met Edwards, who is a strong player, and who made him do some sharp work in the second set. Ware is particularly good on hard drives, and it is really inspiring to see him smash the ball at the back line, and come within a few inches of it every time. But Henderson was lively, and returned many of the champion's swiftest drives; he would have made a better showing if he had been more accurate in his placing. Later Ware defeated Bartlett and Seaver, both in two straight sets, three of which were love sets. Fitz showed great improvement in form over last year, and reached the semi-finals. He is a rising young player, and will be heard from next year. On Monday, the 6th, Ware played in the semi-finals and the finals and won the cup. Newton High took the pennant offered for the school winning the greatest number of points.

ARRANGEMENTS ARE BEING MADE to bring about a meeting between the track-athletic teams of Phillips Andover and Worcester academies. As yet no date has been set for the games, but if the two schools can come to an understanding on certain minor points, it is probable that they will be held at Worcester during the week previous to the big Interscholastic meeting at Cambridge in June. The games will be most interesting, for both the Worcester and Andover academies have strong teams. Readers of this department will remember that the Worcester Academy took second place, with 144 points, at the in-door meeting in Boston last March, and Andover won the Interscholastics in June last year. The programme of the dual games will be the same as the Intercollegiate order of events, and only three candidates will be entered from each school. Worcester's best sprinter, Clark, has been ill, and will not run again this year, and so Senn or Barker of Andover will have a better chance for the 100 and 220. Barker, however, is inclined to be indolent, and is not careful or regular in his training. Laing of Andover is pretty sure to win the mile. He won that event in the Interscholastics last June in 4.32½, but as he is twenty-one years old this year, he is debarred from competing on Holmes Field in June. This I.S.A.A. rule would not affect his status in the Worcester-Andover games, however, and Laing will there try to lower his record. Holt will take the shot event for Andover, and Malby, his schoolmate, will probably get second. Holt should also win the hammer throw. Lorraine of Andover will do no better than to secure a place in the 440, which will be won by Judd of Worcester, if he runs. But Judd may reserve himself for the half-mile, which he is sure to take. As Andover has no good men in the jumps, Worcester should get 10 points or more there, and Johnson of Worcester will easily take the pole vault, having a record of 10 feet 8 inches. Barker will give Hine a close race over the low hurdles, and may win. Hine took the event at the Interscholastics last year. These dual games will be an excellent thing for the advancement of the sport, and I hope some of the other large schools, situated at a distance from one another, will take up the idea and arrange similar meetings.

A FIELD MEETING of Pacific Coast amateurs was held at the Olympic Club Grounds, San Francisco, April 20th, and the school-boys who entered made a very good showing.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

The games were held for the benefit of the University of California team, now in the East, and the young athletes of the A.A.U. compared very favorably with the men who have come on to joust with Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania. Jackson of the Oakland High-School won the mile run in 4 min. 38½ sec., with Brown of the University of California second. Brown led in the last lap until the stretch, when Jackson spurred and won by the very narrow margin of ten inches. Jeuks, O.H.-S., won the quarter in 52½ secs. by ten or twelve yards, with two university men, Barnes and Parkhurst, behind him. Cheek, the captain of the O.H.-S. team, got second in the broad jump, covering 21 feet, and cleared 10 feet 2½ inches in the pole vault. McConnell, O.H.-S., cleared 5 feet 3 inches in the high jump, and took second in the event. The Pacific Coast scholars may well be proud of these achievements in a competition with men so much older and more experienced than themselves.

THE GRADUATE.



The Department has awarded in the above named young women, and the Editor will be pleased to receive a copy of the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

AILSIE BOND came to see me on last Saturday afternoon, and I noticed at a glance that something was wrong. I knew it by her very step and her look. Ailsie is one of my darlings, such a bright, brave girl, always just where one expects to find her, the sweetest, dearest, sunniest of companions. But she was under a cloud last week. Let me add that she is sixteen years old, and a school-girl.

"I AM SO HOMESICK," she said, sitting in her favorite corner of the lounge, with her elbow resting on a cushion. "Here I've kept up for months working hard and learning ever so much, and feeling every day that father and mother are so good in sparing me to stay away so long, and in giving me these advantages, and now, when the last school term of the year is almost ended, examinations coming on, and then so soon home, sweet home and a long vacation, I can't stand it. I want my mother. I want to sleep in my own little room. I want to hug the baby. I want to count the silver, and dust the parlor, and keep the library in order, and run to meet my father when he comes home from the office. Oh, I know it is silly!" she said, laughing and crying both at once, "but I can't help it. I'm homesick, and I'd rather have the toothache. It wouldn't hurt any more."

THERE WAS NO USE in arguing with dear Ailsie, so I comforted her as best I could. You girls who are away at school know all about it. The homesick hours must come, and you wouldn't be really home-loving girls if you didn't have them. But if one never went away from home, she couldn't have the joy of going back there, and being met at the station by her big brother, and having father and mother welcome her, and the little ones show how much they had grown in her absence, even the cat and dog show-

ing their delight that one they had missed was with them again. Poor puss, and poor collie and terrier, I often wonder at their dumb wonder and speculation as to what has become of their friends when somebody in the house goes off and stays away a long while. They cannot talk, but they purr or wag their tails, and all but laugh when the friends return. Yes, girls, brace up, as your brothers say. A half-hour at home will console you for the homesickness you suffer from when absent. Keep up your courage, and at the worst remember that

"The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow will have passed away."

THE WOODS are perfect dreams of beauty in these May days, and what with the dogwood blossoms shining in starry splendor, and the laurel getting ready to bloom, and the orchards drifting their pink-and-white blossoms on the softly caressing winds, the world is a beautiful place. Be on the look-out for exquisite things and you will surely find them. It is a pity to go blindly through so much splendor. Use your eyes and observe; every day will show you something new.

DID YOU EVER NOTICE how cunningly some birds hide their nests, weaving them of twigs just the color of the ground, and then sitting on their eggs almost in your

sight, yet so unobtrusively that you discover them only by accident? The little sociable wrens, less timid and more friendly, build their nests by the very house door, and are not afraid to let you have a peep at their pretty housekeeping. Birds are interesting neighbors to my mind.

ANNA C. ASKS WHAT you must have at an afternoon tea. You may have anything you choose, sandwiches, small cakes, salads, ices, candies, and, of course, tea served with cream and sugar, or with thin slices of lemon and sugar. But you must have, or, rather, you need only have, if you wish, tea and very thin, daintily served slices of bread-and-butter. The idea of afternoon tea is merely a light refreshment about five o'clock in the afternoon, when you may have a few moments' pleasant chat with the family and your friends, and when what you eat and drink is a delicate accompaniment to the conversation. Among the most acceptable sandwiches are those made with a crisp green lettuce leaf between thin slices of bread-and-butter, the lettuce salted and sprinkled with vinegar, or of very dainty brown bread with cottage cheese thinly spread on the two inner sides.

Margaret E. Langster.

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Round Table will please mention the paper answering advertisements contained therein.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclism, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject, besides inquiries regarding the League of American Wheelmen, so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Bicycling Department.

THE MAP THIS WEEK marks out one of the several different ways of going from New York to Stamford, Connecticut, or any of the points along the way. A good ride for an ordinary bicycle-rider who is not out to cover distance, but wants to reach a certain point, stop for dinner and return, is to go from Fifty-ninth Street to Portchester, which is about twenty-five miles, making in all a fifty-mile run. This route may be extended if the rider is looking for a longer distance, as far as Stamford, which is perhaps about thirty-two miles from 110th Street. The road is an uncomfortable one to ride over until the rider is well out of the city, but after that it is reasonably good, except for the hills before going into New Rochelle, and before going into Mamaroneck.

THE RIDER SHOULD ENTER Central Park at Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue; thence diagonally over to the Eastern Drive, leaving the Park at its northern end; up Lenox Avenue to 128th Street; then east to Third Avenue, and then across the Third Avenue Bridge. Half a block north of the bridge turn to the right on the southern Boulevard; follow the southern Boulevard east to Union Avenue, something more than a mile, with Belgian block pavement all the way. At Union Avenue it is well to leave the southern Boulevard, because the macadamized road is so full of holes, and otherwise in very bad condition. Go on Union Avenue about one-half mile north over mud ruts, and come out upon Westchester Avenue. Here the rider has sixteen blocks of Belgian block pavement eastward. After this comes a badly macadamized road, which has several descents and short sharp hills for about three blocks to Fox Street; thence go on a fairly good road, improving all the way, to the village of West Farms, where you cross the Bronx River and come out on the old Boston Post Road. From here the road is macadamized and is very good, and the rider should keep to it all the way to Stamford. Or he may turn right just out of Brouxdale and go down to New Rochelle through Westchester, Baychester, etc. In either case the road is the same after leaving New Rochelle.

THERE ARE MANY LITTLE HILLS between Pelham Bridge and New Rochelle, the longest being in Neptune Park, just south of New Rochelle village. The road is macadamized and in excellent order. There is a steep descent about four blocks long as you approach Larchmont Manor, with a corresponding hill to climb as you enter the village. There are three hills, each about three blocks long, between Larchmont Manor and Mamaroneck, the road being macadamized all the way. North of Mamaroneck the road is macadamized and kept in excellent condition as far as Rye. The road from Rye, thence around the north of Portchester, thence to bridge at Bryan River, sharp turn to right here, and thence to Greenwich, is a well-kept macadam. The rider may stop at Greenwich, if he choose, but the run to Stamford to the north of Coscob at the head of Coscob Bay is a good one. The country is rolling rather than hilly. There are no specially steep hills in this district.

AT NEW ROCHELLE A STOP may be made at the Huguenot House, after a run of fourteen miles. By taking the turn to the right indicated on the map just before entering Portchester, instead of turning sharp to the left and following the bicycle route, the rider may run into Portchester and stop at the Irving or the West End Hotel, while at Stamford the Stamford House is in the centre of the town, and furnishes a suitable stopping-place for the end of the journey.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810.



STAMPS

This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

SINCE THE FINDING of the variety in the twelve-cent stamp of the United States, illustrated a short time ago, the collectors have been industriously seeking for varieties in the other values in the same series, and not without results, as two varieties are now mentioned in other stamps, one of them being the seven-cent of the 1872 issue, and the other in the current two-cent stamp.

The first variety discovered is shown in the accompanying illustrations, these showing the lower left-hand corners of the seven-cent stamp. In Fig. 2 a very fine line will



be noticed around the two points of the bulb, these being absent in the other variety. As the seven-cent stamp is somewhat scarce, young collectors will hardly be in a position to sort a number over to look for the variety.

THE OTHER VARIETY which has been found is shown in the two cuts given, these representing the triangular ornaments in the upper corners of the current two-cent stamps. In the ordinary or common variety the lines run across the ornaments, while



in the new variety the lines stop at the frame of the triangles, thus causing them to show clearer. As there are a great number of plates used for printing the two-cent values, the new variety will probably be found in profusion, and it is interesting to hunt for them.

A RECENT DESPATCH from Washington stated that the Attorney-General had given it as his opinion that foreign postage-stamps were securities, and therefore came under the law in relation to counterfeiting. This opinion, it would seem, would stop the using of stamp cuts of any kind in this country, but the publishers have as yet taken no notice of the matter.

THE FOUR, five, and fifteen cent values of the United States 1890 issue have been found in an unperfected state.

IN THE FIRST ISSUE of United States envelopes, in giving the various dies of the three-cent value the catalogue gives the width of the labels in millimetres as showing the dies. The label is the space at top of stamp enclosing the word "Three," and in measuring you take from each side of the label, in some dies the label being curved, and in some it is straight on the ends.

LOUIS A. DYER.—There is no half-penny English postage stamp of a dark blue color. A complete catalogue of all stamps can be had of any dealer for about fifty cents. All English stamps issued between 1868 and 1887 had letters in the corners. The first stamp on the sheet was lettered A. B. in the upper corners, B. A. in the lower corners. The next stamp was lettered A. C. in the upper, C. A. in the lower, and so on. In addition each plate had a separate number.

R. F. J.—We cannot give addresses in this column. Apply to any stamp dealer if you do not find a satisfactory advertisement in the advertising columns of this paper.

F. SMITH.—The two stamps described by you are very rare Confederate locals. The New Orleans is worth from \$2 to \$5, according to the color of the ink and paper. You do not describe it sufficiently to determine whether it is the regular issue or one of the red on blue paper. The other stamp is the Mobile black, sold by dealers at \$40 each. You are to be congratulated.

A. K.—Yes. All United States stamps are increasing in value.

K. C. B.—The 1833, 1845, 1847 United States cents are sold by dealers at from five to fifteen cents each, according to condition. There is one 1838 cent in which this date is struck over the date 1836. That is a rare coin, and is worth \$6.

FRED W. COOK.—The Cape of Good Hope stamps made in 1861 are woodcuts made for an emergency. The one penny blue and fourpenny red of this issue are "errors," and are worth \$250 each.

ALBERT CARRIER.—The value of the two locals which are catalogued at \$35 and \$30 respectively, which you wish to sell, depends largely on their condition. This department cannot tell what a dealer ought to give for them. If one dealer will not buy at your price, perhaps another will, but remember dealers expect to do, and in fact, must make a profit.

M. B. W.—The United States Internal Revenue stamps on the back of old photographs have no value as a rule. Many millions were used every year for a long time. This is especially true of the one-cent stamps, except the one marked Playing Cards.

THE SECOND SUMMER.

many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.—[Adv.]

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100 all different, China, etc., 10c; 5 Saxony, 10c.; 40 Spain, 10c; 6 Tunis, 14c; 10 U. S. Revenue, 10c. Agents, with 50c com.; '95 list free. CRITTENDEN & BORGMAN CO., Detroit, Mich.

POSTAGE DUES.—50c. and 30c., at 70c. each; the pair for \$1.25. Diamond Stamp Co., Germantown, Pa.

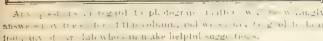
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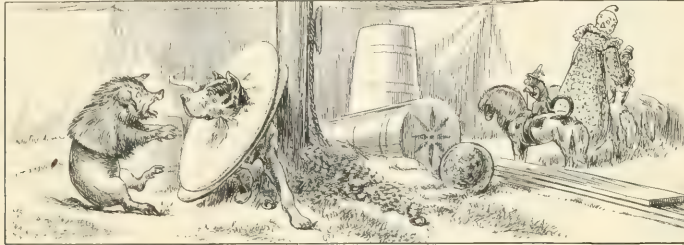


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OPENING OF THE CIRCUS SEASON.

AN ACT "NOT DOWN ON THE HILLS."

IT DIDN'T WORK.

It isn't always safe for a small boy to take his father's jokes and games too seriously. This was shown very plainly at one time by the experience of an Englishman and his son upon a railway journey which they took together. While the little fellow was gazing out of the open window his father slipped the hat off the boy's head in such a way as to make his son believe that it had fallen out of the window. The boy was very much upset by his supposed loss, when his father consoled him by saying that he would "whistle it back." A little later he whistled, and the hat reappeared. Not long after the little lad seized upon his father's hat, and flinging it out of the window, shouted, "Now, papa, whistle your hat back again!"

A DAINTY FOR ELEPHANTS.

If there is anything in the world that an elephant loves better than a peanut it is an orange, and if any boy who reads this wishes, when he goes to the circus, to give the massive creature an especial treat, instead of paying five cents for a bag of peanuts to put in the elephant's trunk, let him purchase for the same money one good-sized orange, and present that to the small-eyed, flat-eared monster. A number of years ago, in a book which was called *Leaves from the Life of a Special Correspondent*, Mr. O'Shea, the author of the book, gave the following description of an adventure he had with a herd of elephants. Said he: "A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants, and I took him along with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry whilst accompanying me in the stable, but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents, and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had twenty-five. I walked deliberately along the line, giving one to each. When I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned, and was about to begin the distribution again, when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8 he might imagine he was being cheated, and give me a smack with his trunk—that is where the elephant falls short of the human being—so I went to the door and began at the beginning as before. Thrice I went along the line, and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had

to get back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze focussed on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and ate it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing."

ARITHMETIC.

MAMMA. "Suppose you have four apple-dumplings, Willie, and you eat three, then what do you have?"
WILLIE. "Nightmare."

IN MEMORIAM.

My broken soldiers, made of lead,
Are buried in the garden bed,
And lovely flowers o'er them play,
For this is Decoration day.

TOMMY'S PROGRESS.

MAMMA. "You may open your school report, Tommy, and tell me how you have been doing this week."
TOMMY. "Oh, here is the highest mark, mamma, a 1."
MAMMA. "And what is that for, Tommy?"
TOMMY. "Days absent, 1."

JOHNNY'S COUNTING.

JOHNNY. "Mamma, I can count all the way up to twelve."
MAMMA. "And what comes after twelve, Johnny?"
JOHNNY. "Recess."

AN APPEAL.

"PAPA," said Jennie, climbing upon her father's knee, "don't you think that 'stead o' ten cents a week you could give me fifteen?"
"Well, I don't know, my dear," was the answer. "What do you want of the extra five cents?"
"I thought my dollie was old enough to have a 'lowance, and I want to give it to her."

A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION.

"I KNOW how Columbus made that egg stand up," said Willbur. "He had it hatched first."



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



HEROES OF AMERICA.

THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY THE HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



ORRIBLE though the civil war was, heartrending though it was that brother should fight against brother, there remains as an offset the glory that has accrued to the nation by the countless deeds of heroism performed by both sides in the struggle. The captains and the armies who after long years of dreary campaigning and bloody, stubborn fighting brought the war

to a close have left us more than a reunited realm.

North and South, all Americans now have a common fund of glorious memories. We are the richer for each grim campaign, for each hard-fought battle. We are the richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right, and by those who no less valiantly fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good because of the

infinite woe and suffering, and because of the splendid ultimate triumph. We hold that it was vital to the welfare not only of our people on this continent but of the whole human race that the Union should be preserved and slavery abolished; that one flag should fly from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande, that we should all be free in fact as well as in name, and that the United States should stand as one nation, the greatest nation on the earth; but we recognize gladly that South as well as North, when the fight was once on, the leaders of the armies, and the soldiers whom they led, displayed the same qualities of daring and steadfast courage, of disinterested loyalty and enthusiasm, and of high devotion to an ideal.

The greatest general of the South was Lee, and his greatest lieutenant was Jackson. Both were Virginians, and both were strongly opposed to secession. Lee went so far as to deny the right of secession; while Jackson insisted that the South ought to try to get its rights inside the Union, and not outside; but when Virginia joined the

Southern Confederacy, and the war had actually begun, both men cast their lot with the South.

It is often said that the civil war was in one sense a repetition of the old struggle between the Puritan and the Cavalier; but Puritan and Cavalier types were common to the two armies. In dash and light-hearted daring Custer and Kearny stood as conspicuous as Stuart and Morgan; and, on the other hand, no Northern general approached the Roundhead type, the type of the stern religious warriors who fought under Cromwell, so closely as Stonewall Jackson.

He was a man of intense religious conviction, who carried into every thought and deed of his daily life the precepts and the convictions of the faith he cherished. He was a tender and loving husband and father, kind-hearted and gentle to all with whom he was brought in contact. Yet in the times that tried men's souls he showed himself to be not only a commander of genius, but a fighter of iron will and temper, who joyed in the battle, and always showed at his best when the danger was greatest. The vein of fanaticism that ran through his character helped to render him a terrible opponent. He knew no such word as falter, and when he had once put his hand to a piece of work he did it thoroughly and with all his heart. It was quite in keeping with his character that this gentle, high-minded, and religious man should early in the contest have proposed to hoist the black-flag, neither take nor give quarter, and make the war one of extermination. No such policy was practical in the nineteenth century and in the American Republic; but it would have seemed quite natural and proper to Jackson's ancestors, the grim Scotch-Irish who defended Londonderry against the forces of the Stuart King, or to their forefathers, the Covenanters of Scotland, and the Puritans who in England rejoiced at the beheading of King Charles the First.

In the first battle in which Jackson took part, the confused struggle at Bull Run, he gained his name of Stonewall from the firmness with which he kept his men to their work and repulsed the attack of the Union troops. From that time until his death, less than two years afterwards, his career was one of brilliant and almost uninterrupted success, whether serving with an independent command in the Valley, or acting under Lee as his right arm in the pitched battles with McClellan, Pope, and Burnside. Few generals as great as Lee have ever had as great a lieutenant as Jackson. He was a master of strategy and tactics, fearless of responsibility, able to instill into his men his own intense ardor of battle; and so quick in his movements, so ready to march as well as fight, that his troops were known to the rest of the army as the "foot cavalry."

In the spring of 1863 Hooker had command of the Army of the Potomac. Like McClellan, he was able to perfect the discipline of his forces and to organize them, and as a division commander he was better than McClellan; but he failed even more signally when given a great independent command. He had under him 120,000 men when, toward the end of April, he prepared to attack Lee's army, which was but half as strong.

The Union army lay opposite Fredericksburg, looking at the fortified heights where they had received so bloody a repulse at the beginning of the winter. Hooker decided to distract the attention of the Confederates by letting a small portion of his force, under General Sedgwick, attack Fredericksburg, while he himself took the bulk of the army across the river to the right hand so as to crush Lee by an attack on his flank. All went well at the beginning, and on the 1st of May Hooker found himself at Chancellorsville face to face with the bulk of Lee's forces; and Sedgwick, crossing the river and charging with the utmost determination, had driven out of Fredericksburg the Confederate division of Early; but when Hooker found himself face to face with Lee he hesitated, faltered instead of pushing on, and allowed the consummate general to whom he was opposed to himself take the initiative.

Lee fully realized his danger, and saw that his only chance was to attempt, first to beat back Hooker, and then to turn and overwhelm Sedgwick, who was in his rear. He consulted with Jackson, and Jackson begged to be allowed

to make one of his favorite flank attacks upon the Union army; attacks which could have been successfully delivered only by a skilled and resolute general, and by troops equally able to march and to fight. Lee consented, and Jackson at once made off. The country was thickly covered with a forest of rather small growth, for it was a wild region, in which there was still plenty of game. Shielded by the forest, Jackson marched his gray columns rapidly to the left along the narrow country roads until he got square on the flank of the Union right wing, which was held by the Eleventh Corps, under Howard. The Union scouts got track of the movement and reported it at headquarters; but the Union generals thought the Confederates were retreating; and when finally the scouts brought word to Howard that he was menaced by a flank attack he paid no heed to the information, and actually let his whole corps be surprised in broad daylight. Yet all the while the battle was going on elsewhere, and Berdan's sharpshooters had surrounded and captured a Georgia regiment, from which information was received which showed definitely that Jackson was not retreating, and must be preparing to strike a heavy blow.

The Eleventh Corps had not the slightest idea that it was about to be attacked. The men were not even in line. Many of them had stacked their muskets and were lounging about, some playing cards, others cooking supper, intermingling with the pack-mules and beef cattle. While they were thus utterly unprepared Jackson's gray-clad veterans pushed straight through the forest, and rushed fiercely to the attack. The first notice the troops of the Eleventh Corps received did not come from the pickets, but from the deer, rabbits, and foxes which, fleeing from their covert at the approach of the Confederates, suddenly came running over and into the Union lines. In another minute the frightened pickets came tumbling back, and right behind them came the long lines of charging, yelling Confederates. With one fierce rush Jackson's men swept over the Union lines, and at a blow the Eleventh Corps became a horde of panic-stricken fugitives. Some of the regiments resisted for a few moments, and then they too were carried away in the flight.

For a time it seemed as if the whole army would be swept off; but Hooker and his subordinates exerted every effort to restore order. It was imperative to gain time, so that the untouched portions of the army could form across the line of the Confederate advance. Keenan's regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry, but four hundred sabres strong, was accordingly sent full against the front of the ten thousand victorious Confederates. Keenan himself fell riddled by bayonets, and the charge was repulsed at once; but a few priceless moments had been saved, and Pleasanton had been given time to post twenty-two guns, loaded with double canister, where they would bear upon the enemy. The Confederates advanced in a dense mass, yelling and cheering, and the discharge of the guns fairly blew them back across the works they had just taken. Again they charged, and again were driven back, and when the battle once more began the Union re-enforcements had arrived.

It was about this time that Jackson himself was mortally wounded. He had been leading and urging on the advance of his men, cheering them with voice and gesture, his pale face flushed with joy and excitement, while from time to time as he sat on his horse he took off his hat and, looking upward, thanked Heaven for the victory it had vouchsafed him. As darkness drew near he was in the front, where friend and foe were mingled in almost inextricable confusion. He and his staff were fired on at close range by the Union troops, and, as they turned, were fired on again, through a mistake, by the Confederates behind them. Jackson fell, struck in several places. He was put in a litter and carried back; but he never lost consciousness, and when one of his generals complained of the terrific effect of the Union cannonade he answered, "You must hold your ground."

For several days he lingered, hearing how Lee beat Hooker, in detail, and forced him back across the river. Then the old Puritan died. At the end his mind wavered,

and he thought he was again commanding in battle; and his last words were, "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade." Thus perished Stonewall Jackson, one of the ablest of soldiers and one of the most upright of men, in the last of his many triumphs.

THE SHIP WITHOUT A LIGHT.

BY EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD.

"WELL, my boy, what can I do for you?"

It was in the Custom-house, and the Chief was sitting at his desk opening a letter. A boy of perhaps sixteen was standing awkwardly at the door. He was dressed rather roughly, and the Customs Inspector thought it would be a good idea to despatch the boy's business before he read the letter, which he had by this time drawn from the envelope.

"Well?" he repeated; but the boy still hesitated, and glanced uneasily across the room towards a tall lady, who was standing at the window with her back towards him.

"Anything very particular?" the officer went on, with a touch of annoyance.

"I guess I'd like to speak to you alone."

The lady evidently heard him, for without speaking she hurriedly drew her veil down over her face, and noiselessly left the room by a door which he had not noticed before. The boy caught a glimpse of her face as she turned, and gave a little start, he hardly knew why. It was a strange face.

"Now, then, we are quite alone, what have you to say? It's growing late."

"I wanted to speak to you, sir, about something I saw last night out in Puget Sound. I thought you ought to be told about it."

"Yes?"

"A boat, sir, that I think is smuggling opium in from the British Columbia coast."

"What is your name?"

"Thomas Walton. I'm a fisherman."

"What makes you think the boat is smuggling opium?"

"Because she passed down the channel about two o'clock last night and carried no light."

"What sort of a craft?" asked the customs officer, with a peculiar look.

"I should think she was a sailing sloop, sir—I couldn't see nowadays plain."

"When did you say?"

"Last night."

"Tell me all about it. Where do you live?"

"At my father's ranch on Padilla Bay; he's dead, and I live with my mother and sister there. I fish during the salmon season."

"Were you alone last night?"

"No; an Indian boy and myself have a boat between us; it was Jo saw her first."

"Well?"

"We were tacking across the channel, and it was very dark. We had just come about, and suddenly I heard a swish in the water and felt something a yard or so off sweeping by. I couldn't see what it was at first. It seemed to pass in the air. Jo heard it too, and we were both pretty scared. A minute after it was light for an instant and we got sight of her, a few yards to windward of us, bending under her sail. Jo pointed her out to me, and the next moment she seemed to disappear. We got into port this afternoon very late with our fish, and as soon as I could I came to tell you."

"How many times have you seen this—this ship without a light?"

"Just the once. We don't carry a light ourselves, or we mightn't have seen her this time."

"Where was this?"

"To the south of Fidalgo Island."

"In the outer channel?"

"No, right below the slough, to the inner side of the island and the main shore."

"Where did the boat seem to come from?" the Inspector asked, looking straight in the boy's face.

"Well, we couldn't exactly be sure; but Jo seemed to think that she had come from the slough—that was what set us to thinking she must be a smuggler."

"Have you told anybody about this?"

"No."

"Don't. How about this Indian boy, this Siwash?"

"He hasn't said a word about it to any one. I made him keep it quiet till I had told you."

"Sure no one else knows?"

"No one; at least no one but the man in the outer office here."

"What did you tell him for?" the Chief asked, with sudden vexation.

"He wouldn't let me in till I told him what I wanted; he said you were busy."

At this moment the door opened and a man in uniform entered.

"Ah," he said, glancing at the boy, "he's told you, then. Had we better put any confidence in the tale? I've been speaking to the Captain of the *Madrona* about it. He is in the outer office now. He seems to think there is something in it."

"You may go now," said the Chief, with a preoccupied look, to the boy; "you had better go right home, and next time carry a light yourself. Good-evening."

"I am sorry you let the boy go," the deputy began, as the door closed; "we may need him for evidence. But here's the Captain."

A tall gentleman, in the uniform of the United States navy, entered the room at this moment. "I've been having a word with your salmon-fisher," he said, "and I think he's telling the truth. I'll catch them to-night when they're getting back north, and give them more light in Puget Sound than they will find altogether convenient. Where was it he saw them now?"

"I don't think the boy said," the deputy answered. "Did he tell you?" and he turned to his superior.

"Yes, he did, now I recollect."

"Was it in the main channel, or below the slough to the inside of the island?"

"In the outer channel; it was too large a boat to get through the slough."

"Why, I thought he said it was a sailing sloop," mused the Captain, turning to the deputy.

"So did I."

"No; the boy told me distinctly," the Chief replied, "that it was a much larger vessel, and that she passed him in the outer channel; though candidly, as to her carrying no light, we must remember that boys sometimes have wonderful imaginations."

"Then we'll keep the main channel;" and the Captain left the room.

Down among the ships in the harbor a small boat was moored. It had all the unmistakable signs of being a fishing-boat, and a youth with a large round face of a heavy brown mahogany color was sitting lazily at the edge of the wharf, when Thomas Walton made his appearance. They both got into the boat and pushed from the dock. It was growing quite dusk. The harbor lights were already lit.

"You told them, Tom?"

"Yes."

"What did they think?"

"I hardly know. I wish now I hadn't gone near them at all."

"Didn't they treat you white?"

"I don't know."

"You don't?"

"Well, they didn't seem to believe what I said, anyway. And there's something else I don't like the looks of."

"What else?"

"Oh, nothing much. I think I was followed down to the wharf. Look over there. Can you see? Is that a man or a woman in that boat there—the one that just came around the stern of the *Umatilla*?"

"A man."

"No, the other. You can't see now. She got down low

the moment she saw me looking at her. Give her another haul. There; that'll do." The last remark referred to the sail which the Indian had hoisted as Tom was speaking.

"Why, Jo, where did that boat go?" he continued a moment afterward, looking back among the shipping.

The skiff was gone.

A couple of hours later they were cutting across Puget Sound before a fresh wind, with the slap and drench of the rising waves against their bows. The timbered uplands were darkly visible a mile or so ahead, and Tom called out to his companion in the bow:

"I say, Jo, I'm going to tack for the inner channel, and wait in the slough. I have been thinking this thing out, and I've got an idea in my head. I didn't tell the man at the Custom-house about the landing at the rocks."

"You didn't?" came a sleepy voice from the darkness.

"No; I was too confused at first, and afterwards I thought I would, anyway."

A mile up this narrow channel, or slough, as shallow places of the kind are called on the Pacific coast, there was a small bay, almost hidden by the vast overhanging fir-trees. On one side the shore was steep and rocky, but on the other there was a small strip of very convenient beach, where the boys had landed three or four times to mend their seine. The last time they had been there, Jo, in the spirit of exploration, had pushed his way into the thick woods, and a little way back had come upon a faint trail, which, after making a detour, they found led up to the steep rocks on the other side of the little bay. They never took the trouble to follow it inland.

"Place where the lumbermen land," Jo had remarked upon this occasion, pointing to the trunk of a cedar near the edge. There was a slightly worn place in the bark where a ship's rope had been fastened.

Afterwards they had remembered that the island was part of an Indian reservation, where no lumberman had any right to touch the timber.

Until the incident of the night before they had, however, given this no thought. But it had occurred to Tom then that the mysterious trail in the uninhabited island might possibly have some connection with the strange vessel.

"What are the customs officers going to do?" Jo asked.

"From the little I could hear I expect that the *Madrona* will keep watch for the smugglers in the open waters of the Sound. The slough won't be guarded at all, in that case, and I'm going to wait here till towards morning; then, if nothing passes, we can put into the bay, and see if there are any signs of anyone having been on the trail the last few hours."

"Not likely."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that—at all events we'll wait here through the night, and see if anything does happen."

"But if it isn't an opium smuggler at all; if it's a—"

"A what?" Tom asked shortly, familiar with the other's superstitious nature.

"Have we the gun?" said Jo, changing the subject.

"I don't know."

"Yes, it's here," answered the Indian, rummaging for it among a lot of odds and ends at the bow. "I wonder if it's."

"Don't bang it off into me to find out if it is."

Some hours after midnight the boat of the boys was standing in for the little bay spoken of. They had waited further up the slough, but Tom, who of the two was the one who had kept awake, had heard nothing pass. It was still quite dark.

Jo suddenly started.

"Say, did you see that? There—there it is again!"

The boys looked upwards, and a great white bar of light, like a comet, swung across the sky above them. Then it swung slowly back again, faltering here and there, and appearing to rise and fall in certain places.

"It must be the *Madrona's* search-light," said Tom, "and they are right soon of here."

They still had a full view of the open waters of Puget Sound.

"They seem to be coming this way," muttered the Indian; "there it goes again!"

As he spoke, an intensely bright cone of light leaped forth suddenly into the darkness, and moved from place to place along the high rocky shores.

"I'm glad it isn't as dark as it was last night," Jo said, as they rounded the point, and glided onward noiselessly upon the calm black water. "Do you see anything in the bay?"

"No; drop the sail," Tom whispered, and he steered the boat slowly through the suspicious inlet. It was quite dark in the shadow of the gigantic trees. As the bow grated gently on the sand, Jo stepped out, followed at once by his companion.

The next moment they were both appalled by an unexpected sound. It was the soft flap of a sail. As their eyes grew more accustomed to the gloom of the thick forest trees, they could see dimly a vessel of considerable size, moored to the very rocks they had been thinking of. It was the mysterious ship of the night before. It awed them too, to see it lying so near to them with its white sails all spread, and yet not a sign of life upon it. There was something weird about it all, and Tom could hardly prevent the Siwash boy from making an immediate retreat.

They continued to listen for some moments, but all remained still upon the vessel and upon the shore.

"I wonder is there any one aboard of her?" Jo said in an undertone.

"Keep still!"

In spite of this warning, Tom was himself the first to break the silence.

"Perhaps they've abandoned her."

"Then where can they be?"

"Do you want to know real bad?" asked Tom.

"Yes."

"Well, you're good at following a night trail; just you follow that one back into the island, and you'll stand a fair show of seeing where they are."

This was humor, and Jo grinned appreciatively.

"Where is the gun?" Tom asked, presently.

"I have it; what are we going to do?"

"We're going to get that sloop out into the Sound, and sail her up to the city dock at daybreak. I'll show those customs inspectors."

"They'll say you're the smuggler."

"Well, I'm going to risk it."

"Perhaps they're aboard now—aspick."

"Keep the gun ready, then!"

The boys were making their way towards the sloop along the narrow strip of sand yet uncovered by the flood tide, but as they spoke, they stopped with one accord, for they heard a sound from the trees near by.

"Gongar?"

"No," whispered the Indian, "a man!"

"Stand very still, then, and watch what happens."

They could hear the branches being pushed aside softly, and dull footfalls upon the forest moss.

Presently two dark shapes emerged upon the neighboring rocks. They were talking rapidly, but the boys could not catch what they were saying.

The *Madrona* was moving to the south of the island, and standing in towards the mouth of the slough. One of the new-comers saw the search-light.

"They'll be upon us in half an hour," Tom could hear him say; "we must steer around the point, and get up the slough, where a vessel of such deep draught as theirs cannot follow us. We'll be done for if we stay here."

The voice seemed familiar, but the boy was too excited to give the fancy a second thought. What he saw, only too plainly, was the easy way in which the supposed smugglers could make their escape, and, laying prudence aside, he instantly called out in what he intended to be a very commanding voice,

"Aho! there! you can't go aboard till you say who you are, and what you are doing here."

Hardly were the words spoken when Tom saw a bright red flash, and was almost stunned by a loud report. He heard the crash of a rifle bullet through the branches behind him, and heard the echoes running along the opposite shores, growing fainter and fainter in the distance.



"A MINUTE AFTER IT WAS LIGHT FOR AN INSTANT AND WE GOT SIGHT OF HER."

The shot was instantly returned, and there was a quick sharp cry from the rocks. He turned and saw Jo at his side, lowering the gun from his shoulder.

The next moment he heard a rustle in the trees near him, and hardly thinking of the peril in which he was throwing himself, he turned in swift pursuit. He struck the trail almost at once, and still heard the same odd rustle a short distance ahead of him.

He guided himself as well as he could in the darkness, often stumbling over the bared roots, or grazing his head against the low cedar branches. At times he stopped to listen. It soon became evident that he was catching up.

The pale light of the early morning was beginning to show dimly through the trees. The person ahead tripped once or twice, and Tom knew that he was now almost at hand. The unseen fugitive appeared to be moving with great difficulty. A moment later the boy heard a heavy fall a few yards in front of him, and running hastily forward was suddenly met by a woman!

At this mishap, speaking for the first time, she uttered a harsh sound in a deep voice which there was no mistaking.

It was a man then, and not a woman, after all, Tom thought, and in his heart he blessed the smuggler's awkward disguise, which had allowed him to catch up.

But the smuggler, in the mean time, had drawn his revolver, and was on the point of aiming it mercilessly at the unarmed lad, when the latter, watching his motions with difficulty in the uncertain light, snatched quickly at his hand. The weapon was thus turned at random as the trigger was pressed, and Tom, deafened by a sudden report, drew back as the revolver flashed in his face.

The disguised man fell to the ground. The boy watched

him for a moment, but he lay there quite still in the shadow.

A feeling of fear swept through the boy's heart, and he hurried back to the shore to call for help. The man might not be dead. He was surprised to find what a long distance it was back. He had not, in his first excitement, thought he had gone more than a couple of hundred yards.

As he drew near to the water's edge he heard the sound of a number of voices. The day was beginning to break. Coming out on the shore, he saw the *Madrona* lying at the mouth of the slough with the thick smoke wreathing from her funnel.

On the rocks near by several men in uniform were standing in a group about some object upon the ground. With a strange presentiment the boy made his way around the shore and joined them. What he saw there was a man lying upon his face. He did not need to see the features to recognize who it was.

It was the Chief of the Customs Department.

"Where have you been, Tom?"

The boy turned around at these words, and saw the Captain of the *Madrona*. The sight of his bluff honest face made the boy feel himself again; and reminded him, too, of his errand, which he had forgotten for the moment.

"I followed the man dressed up like a woman who was with him," Tom answered, excitedly; "he's a mile back in the woods now—I want to take a surgeon along, for I think he's killed. I caught at his hand with it in, and it went off somehow—the revolver, I mean—and I think it killed him—but I didn't mean to; I couldn't see."

"I'll go back with you at once—who did you say it was?"

The boy told what had happened as they hurried back through the trees.

"That must be Tee Ling."

"Who?"

"Tee Ling; you've heard of him—the most notorious opium smuggler on the coast—I see it's a trail."

"Yes, at the way. So it's a Chinaman, then?"

"Of course. There's not a more detestable scoundrel among all the Chinese in America. He has a den some place on the British Columbia coast, and probably we'll unearth his southern headquarters within a mile or so of where we stand. He dresses as a woman simply as a disguise. He has a hundred of them. You've had a terribly narrow escape from him, my dear boy."

"I saw him at the Custom-house last night, when I was reporting what I had seen."

"Where—in the office?"

"Yes."

"Who would have thought it! We knew that the Chinese gang were working into the hands of one of our men, but we never thought it could be into his. There it is, a man's sin will always find him out in the end! What's the matter?"

"I—I feel kind of sick like. I guess I'm sort of a coward, but the thought of him lying there dead that way! I suppose a man like you get's used to it, but I—it makes me—"

"You needn't be ashamed to own to a feeling of humanity, my boy; no good man ever gets used to death or crime, though good men sometimes have to see a deal of both."

"Here is the place; but—oh!"

"Yes, Tee Ling has wisely departed, I see. I expected as much, for Tee Ling is very sagacious. It's just as well we didn't bother about the ship's surgeon. Besides, he is too good a Chinaman to take our medicine, much less the dose of medicine the United States has ready for him. He's wanted in Frisco, you know."

"Well, I'm mighty glad he's alive, all the same," Tom remarked, in a tone of great relief. "I was dreadfully afraid he was dead, and I—I never killed anybody!"

"We will be sure to catch him during the day, nevertheless, for he can't get off the island, unless he disguises himself as a brown bear, and I'll tell the boys to shoot all the brown bears."

Tom laughed at this mild drollery, and they returned to the shore without seeing any trace of the Chinaman.

A lieutenant was standing on the deck of the smuggler's sloop. "There's ten thousand dollars' worth of gun opium aboard of her, Captain."

"Yes, and very likely double that amount more hidden some place in the island. Tom, what do you set your fortune at?"

"I guess about a hundred dollars would be more than I would ever know what to do with."

"What extravagant ideas you have! I think we will be able to suit you, though. Something like a hundred times over at the very least."

"Why, how do you mean?"

"Mean? Simply that this is to a great extent your find." We heard your gun, and our suspicions were aroused at once. If it hadn't been for your nerve in the first place they would have got away. Are you willing to be fired at twice for nothing?"

One of the *Madrona's* men came up before the boy could answer, if, indeed, he had any answer to make, and whispered a few words to the Captain.

"Alive, is he?" the Captain exclaimed. "Get a stretcher and take him aboard at once or he may die yet of his wounds. Perhaps that would be the best thing he could do; but that's not for us to say."

To a boy of Tom's generous and manly nature it was a great relief to see the unconscious Customs Inspector carried aboard the *Madrona*; but he said nothing.

The Captain was silent also for a long time. Presently his attention was attracted by something unusual on the beach, and, dismissing an unpleasant train of thought, he broke out: "What have you there, men?"

Four of the *Madrona's* men were seen at this moment coming around the point on the shore with a very unwilling prisoner.

"There!" said the Captain. "I told you we would have him before the day was out. The lost are found, and the dead are alive, sure enough. Where did you get him?" he hailed, in a louder voice.

"Hiding on the shore."

"I'm afraid Tee Ling is getting childish," the Captain commented, in a voice aside to Tom, "if he is going to venture down to the water when things are as hot as they are now."

The men, who seemed to be having a great deal of difficulty, came nearer, and Tom called out in surprise,

"Why, it's Jo."

"Jo?" echoed the Captain.

"Yes; that's not Tee Ling; it's Jo."

"Who's Jo?"

"Why, the Siwash Indian who fishes with me. Hello there, Jo! Where in the world have you been?"

Jo's face was a pale fawn color with fear, but he did not answer.

"Let him go, boys," the Captain said, smiling. "It's all right. He's not the one we are after."

"It's all right, Jo," Tom repeated; but the latter, though now at liberty, was still silent and very serious. There were many cloudy thoughts shaping in his bewildered mind. He had expected to be sent to prison for being a smuggler, and hanged for shooting a man. It was difficult for him to get rid of these ideas on short notice.

Indeed, it is hardly probable that he ever clearly understood the strange turn which events took in the next few hours.

At any rate he was not heard to utter a single word for two whole days.

TURNING A TRIPLE SOMERSAULT.

WHATEVER you do, don't join a circus," said John, the new stableman. He was sitting on top of a feed barrel in the barn with a pipe in his mouth, and his deliberate manner bore conviction that he knew what he was talking about. The boys had always wondered where John had learned so much about this big world and its ways, and it was only a few days previous to the present occasion that Joe had admitted having at one time in his career travelled for a year with a circus. Then nothing would do but that he should tell the boys all sorts of circus stories. To-day the conversation had turned on triple somersaults.

"That feat has been accomplished mighty few times," said John, dogmatically, "and I know all about it. I saw John Worland do it in New Haven in 1884, and he told me the whole history of the act, and of the many men who have tried to do it. The first man to attempt to turn a triple somersault was a performer in Van Amburgh's circus, in Mobile in 1842. He broke his neck. W. J. Hobbes made the attempt in London in 1845, and was instantly killed. The next one was John Amoor. He had been successfully turning a double, and was the original in accomplishing it over four horses. He tried to do a triple at the Isle of Wight in 1859, turned twice, landed on his forehead, and broke his neck. Sam Reinhart, while travelling with Cooper and Bailey's circus, became dissatisfied with the double somersault feat, and was anxious to do a triple. He did it at Toledo in 1870, making a high leap, turned twice and a half, alighted on the broad of his back, and was disabled for some time. Billy Dutton accomplished the feat at Elkhorn in 1860, but he never made another attempt. Bob Stickney did it while practising in a gymnasium in New York, but he alighted on a blanket, and never succeeded in landing on his feet. Frank Starks tried to turn three times in Indianapolis, but he fell on his head and died soon afterwards. The only man, living or dead, that ever accomplished the feat successfully, was John Worland, the man I saw. He threw a triple somersault six times from a spring-board. The first time he attempted it was at St. Louis in 1874, with Wilson's circus. He made three trials, twice over five horses, landing on his back. At the third attempt he landed on his feet.

"The next time he tried it was also at St. Louis in 1876.

He landed on a mattress in a sitting posture. He did it again at Eau Claire, in 1881, and at La Crosse a few days later. On this occasion all the members of the company made affidavits to the fact. The last time he accomplished the feat was when I saw him at New Haven in 1884. It was at the Forepaugh show, and the Mayor of the city and many newspaper men were present. First a performer ran down the board and turned a single somersault; then another man followed and turned a double; after which Worland ran down the board and threw a triple somersault, landing on a bed on his feet as straight as an arrow.

It has seldom occurred that any man has done a triple somersault before a circus audience after due announcement, but there is no doubt about Worland's act. It was duly announced by the ring-master, and hundreds of people saw him do it. For years he practised the double, and never would turn a single, so that when he attempted a triple he did not run as great a risk as others who attempted the feat. But, nevertheless, boys, don't join a circus, and never try the triple."

BOYS AND GIRLS OF NEW YORK STREETS.*

A DAUGHTER OF THE TENEMENTS.

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

IN one of the Roosevelt Street buildings called "back tenements," because they are built in the spaces which were once the back yards of the buildings in front of them, when those buildings, years ago, were occupied by single, well-to-do, and sometimes fashionable, families, Gabriella Moreno was born. Her parents were not the poorest, by any means, of those who lived in that neighborhood, for her father, Antonio Moreno (he was called "Tony" by all his English-speaking acquaintances) was the proprietor of a fruit-stand, and did quite a prosperous business. In fact, among the Italians of that neighborhood it was somewhat a mark of rank to own a fruit-stand instead of a fruit "push-cart." Tony Moreno had been a push-cart fruit peddler for years, but some time after his only child was born he became the proprietor of a little stand near the entrance of the Tivoli Theatre on the Bovey. Part of the space his stand occupied was a broad entranceway which had formerly been used as one of the entrances to the theatre, but which was now closed for that purpose. Tony was one of the first Italians to settle in the neighborhood of Cherry Hill, which is near Roosevelt Street, and his knowledge of and influence over those of his countrymen who followed him there made him useful to Mr. Kean, the proprietor of the Tivoli, who was also in the business of politics.

That was the way Tony came to have the privilege of running a fruit-stand in front of the Tivoli. His profits were so great that he and his wife and Gabriella were able to keep their one tenement room, and it was a large one, all to themselves, without taking in two or three boarders, as most of their neighbors did, to help pay the rent. This made Tony one of the aristocrats of the neighborhood, and when it became known that Gabriella had a cot to sleep on, instead of sleeping on the floor, as the children of other families did, the neighbors looked up to Tony more than ever before as a man of high standing and solid position.

Gabriella's little friends, however, were in the habit of calling her "proud" and "stuck-up" on this account. When she was six years old Gabriella was sent to Miss Barstow's Mission School, where many other little Italian children also went, to learn to speak and read and write in English. Most of the children left the school when they were eight, and very few remained there after they were nine years old; for at that age their parents thought them old enough to help at home, to care for the younger children when both parents were away at work, and even to learn to do sewing for the big clothing factories. Gabriella would have been taken away, too, had it not been for Miss Barstow, who went to talk with Tony and his wife. She told them that Gabriella was one of her best scholars, and it would be to their interests, as well as their daughter's, to let her remain at school until she was well enough edu-

cated to do something better than sew on coarse clothing for wages which would never support her decently. This pleased Mrs. Moreno, who was ambitious for her pretty child, but Tony grumbled a good deal.

Gabriella was old enough, he said, to help earn bread, as the other children of her age did. Had not her father and mother worked since they were six years old? he asked. Then why should their child be kept in idleness only to learn things out of books which were well enough for the rich, but did the poor no good?

Miss Barstow was more interested in Gabriella than in any other child of the tenements she had ever known, for the girl was really unusually bright and pretty, and she was determined to keep her longer in the school. She knew that Tony had his stand at the Tivoli by Mr. Kean's permission, and to Mr. Kean she went for aid.

Miss Barstow's fashionable friends would have been surprised to learn how often she went to Mr. Kean for aid and advice, and to know how often he gave his aid, and how valuable his advice always was.

Mr. Kean smiled when Miss Barstow asked him if he could not help her keep Tony's daughter in school, and said, with rough politeness,

"Yes, I guess so, miss."

What he did was simply to shortly order Tony to do just what Miss Barstow wanted, if he knew what was good for him; and Tony obeyed without question, as did every one else in that part of the city who received orders from Mr. Kean.

That was the way Gabriella remained in the school until she was past twelve years old, and until the time her mother, who helped Tony at the fruit-stand, was taken sick. Then Gabriella took her mother's place, but she too became ill, and Tony had to close his fruit-stand part of each twenty-four hours, which caused that very penurious Italian great misery of mind, for his was what is known as an "all-night" stand, and he bitterly lamented his loss of trade during the hours of closing. Gabriella, under the careful nursing of Miss Barstow, soon became well and strong again; but the mother did not, and that was the reason it became necessary for the girl to take her place at the stand part of the time, dividing with her mother the hours when Tony went home to eat and sleep.

Miss Barstow knew that if she interfered further to keep Gabriella off the street and at school she might, with Mr. Kean's aid, succeed in doing so; but her knowledge of tenement-house life made her realize that such action would make the girl's home life unhappy. So she let her favorite scholar go without protest, intending, however, to keep as close a watch over her as she could, and to regain her for her school later, if she found that the girl's mother became strong enough not to need Gabriella's help.

Gabriella's "watches" that is, the time she was on duty at the fruit-stand—were always in the day-time, and Miss Barstow would stop there frequently to speak to her on her way to the Mission House. She did this to keep track

* The previous articles published in this series are "A Street-Wait's Luck," No. 792, "Danny Cahill, Newsboy," No. 808, "A Messenger-Boy's Adventure," No. 809.



"WELL, JUST CHARGE DIS ONE," HE SAID, SEIZING A BANANA AND STARTING TO RUN.

of the girl, and to leave her a book now and then. These were the only happy moments in the poor girl's life. She had learned to love Miss Barstow, and to care very much for books and other things Miss Barstow had interested her in, which now seemed far removed from her life, except when they were recalled by these visits from her teacher.

Every day now she went to the fruit-stand on the Bowery in the morning to relieve her father. There it was her duty to keep the stacks and pyramids of fruit in order, to dust them, to replace with fresh fruit from the boxes underneath the stand the pieces which she sold, and to keep a sharp look-out against the nimble hands of thievish youngsters. Every piece of fruit was carefully counted by Tony before he went off the watch, and when he returned Gabriella had to account for every sale and every missing piece.

One day Gabriella stood by the side of the stand, thinking how much happier her life had been when she went each day to the Mission School. She was wondering, at the same time, where she could have ever before seen the smartly dressed boy who stood in the doorway of the theatre office smiling at her. Somehow he was associated in her mind with Miss Barstow, yet where and when, if ever, she had seen him before was as indistinct in her mind as the memory of a dream. For several days she had seen him standing there, and from the first she had the impression that she had seen him somewhere else. She could not place him; he was much better and more stylishly dressed than any of the boys she had ever seen about her home or the school. He always had a friendly nod and smile for her, and she nodded and smiled in return; and although they had never spoken, she had never given up trying to think where, if anywhere, she had seen him besides there in front of the theatre.

As he stood there this day, looking somehow as if he owned the Bowery, a rough young fellow loafed up to the stand and asked, in an impudent manner,

"Say, sis, how much are dese bananas?"

"A cent each," answered Gabriella.

"Well, just charge dis one," he said, seizing a banana and starting to run.

As Gabriella began to cry out for the thief to stop, the smartly dressed lad in the doorway flew out like a skye

terrier after a rat. He had headed off the loafer with such surprising quickness that the latter was more amazed than frightened when the boy demanded of him to give up the stolen fruit. This demand only made the fellow laugh. The laugh soon came to an end, though, because Danny Cahill—for that was the name of the smaller boy—had not forgotten any of the quick and fierce methods he had learned to use in fighting larger boys when he had been a street arab. It was a very short struggle, and almost before the frightened Gabriella knew what was happening Danny

was standing before her smiling, and her tormentor was skulking away, well thrashed for his meanness.

Danny's victory had been complete; he had not only vanquished the enemy but recovered the stolen property; and as he put the banana carefully back on the stand he said, good-naturedly,

"It's all right, little girl; what are you crying for?"

Gabriella stopped crying, and answered, "Because if that boy had got away with the banana, and I did not have a penny for it, my father would have whipped me."

Then to the great astonishment of Danny, Gabriella took a banana from the stand and offered it to him. Danny laughed outright at this, and exclaimed:

"Den if you haven't a penny t' show for de banana, your father will whip you just de same wedder de banana is stolen or you give it away to me. Won't he?"

Gabriella laughed too, now, and said, "Yes, but I'm willing to take a whipping for you, because you whipped that boy for me."

But Danny said he guessed he would rather pay for the fruit, and they were laughing and chatting over the adventure in the most friendly way when Miss Barstow came up. They told her the story, and she seemed greatly pleased. She told Gabriella that Danny was the boy who had helped take care of her and her mother the first night they were both sick with the fever.

"Then it was there I saw you before," Gabriella said to Danny, with delight. "I was not sure whether I had really seen you or just dreamed that I had."

"Well, you were doing a heap of dreaming dat night, sure," Danny answered.

"But you were a messenger-boy then," Miss Barstow said to Danny. "How is it you happen to be here and not in your uniform?"

"Oh, I'm Mr. Kean's office-boy now," answered Danny. "I'm to be his clerk when I'm big enough."

This information seemed to give as much satisfaction to Miss Barstow as it did to Danny.

"I like that," Miss Barstow said, "for now Gabriella will have some one to look out for her when she is on watch."

"Dat's right; as long as I remember how t' fight she will. Sure," Danny replied, earnestly.

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LAW IN THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

THE latest comer to Camp Forty Mile was not particularly anxious to attend the public meeting to which he was invited by Mr. Platt Riley. Still he thought it better to do so rather than run the risk of offending his host, who was evidently a man of influence in the diggings. His overnight reflections having convinced him that this camp was not such a place as he had expected, and also that he might find greater safety elsewhere, his first act in the morning was to order his Indian drivers to harness the dogs, and be prepared for a start within an hour.

Kurilla, who was with them under instructions not to lose sight of them, grinned when he heard this, for he had picked up an inkling of what was going on, and felt pretty certain that the order need not be obeyed.

When Mr. Riley's reluctant guest entered the store of the Yukon Trading Company, in which, on account of its size, the meeting was to be held, he fully intended to take a back seat, and slip out as soon as he could do so unnoticed. The place was so filled with miners, however, that there were no back seats, and, to his surprise, the crowd pressed aside as he and Mr. Riley entered, so as to leave a passage to the farther end of the room. A moment later, without knowing just how it had been done, he found himself seated beside Jalap Coombs's friend, Skiff Bettens, who obligingly made a place for him. He noticed with some curiosity that twelve men were seated on benches directly opposite to him, while all the rest of the crowd were standing. Between him and these men was an open space, at the upper end of which were a table and a chair raised on a rude platform.

To this platform Mr. Platt Riley made his way, and seating himself in the chair, rapped on the table for silence. Then, rising, he said:

"Gentlemen of the jury and fellow-citizens, this court is now open for business, and I as its Judge, elected by your votes, am prepared to administer justice in accordance with your laws, and such verdicts as may be rendered by your jury."

"It is a court," thought Strenzel, with a shiver.

"The case to be tried this morning," continued the Judge, "is one that touches the pocket, the life, and the honor of every miner in the Yukon Valley; for the prisoner at the bar is indicted on three separate counts as a thief, a murderer, and an unmitigated scoundrel. He has come into our camp under a false name and with a false story, after having attempted the destruction of a steamer that is bringing goods and machinery, of which we are greatly in need.

"He is charged with robbing and leaving helpless in the wilderness a man whom we all know and respect, and also with robbing and deserting while seriously ill his own companion who was on his way to visit us in behalf of our old-established trading company."

Strenzel listened to these terrible words with an ever-increasing paleness and visible agitation. Finally, clapping a hand to his face as though seized with a sudden illness, he started to rise and leave the room.

"Sit down," ordered Skiff Bettens, in a low tone, at the same time jerking him back to his seat. Then the man knew that he was indeed a prisoner.

"To prove these serious charges," continued the Judge, "I am about to call several witnesses. At the same time the prisoner will be given the privilege of cross-questioning them and of pleading in his own behalf. Mr. Philip Ryder."

At this summons Phil advanced from the farther end of the room, and the prisoner regarded him with undisguised amazement.

After answering the usual questions regarding his per-



"THAT'S A LIE!" SHOUTED THE PRISONER, HOARSELY.

sonality and business, Phil was asked if he knew the prisoner.

"I do," he answered.

"What is his name?"

"I understand that he now calls himself Bradwick; but a few months ago he went by the name of Strengel."

"That's a lie," shouted the prisoner, hoarsely.

"Silence!" commanded the Judge. "Now, Mr. Ryder, tell the jury what you know concerning the accused from the time of your first meeting with him up to the present."

This Phil did as briefly as possible, and when he had finished the prisoner sprang to his feet, his face black with rage, and exclaimed: "Why should this fellow's story be believed rather than mine? Who knows anything about him, or even who he is? He was picked up in Bering Sea, drifting about in a stolen canoe. At St. Michaels he was known as a thief and a brawler. I happen to know that he has been locked up in a Victoria police station, and I demand that his evidence be thrown out."

"That will do, sir," said the Judge. "I happen to know this young man and his family so well that I am willing to vouch for him if necessary. Do you wish to question him? No. Then we will proceed. Mr. Serge Belcofsky."

Serge, of course, identified the prisoner as Strengel, and corroborated Phil's story in every detail.

"This ends the testimony on the first charge," announced the Judge, when Serge had finished and the prisoner sullenly declined to question him. "In proof of the second charge, that of robbery and desertion, I call as a witness Mr. Jalap Coombs."

As the ex-mate of the *Seamew* advanced to the stand the prisoner stared at him as though he were a ghost, nor could he imagine by what miracle this witness had reached Forty Mile in time to appear against him.

Jalap Coombs told his story in his own picturesque language, but in a perfectly straightforward manner, and without the slightest hesitation.

When he finished, the Judge questioned him very closely as to the amount of money given him by Mr. John Ryder, and the prices paid for various articles of his outfit at St. Michaels.

As a defense against this charge the prisoner claimed that Jalap Coombs had not been deserted by Simon Goldollar and himself, but had voluntarily turned back, and that the dogs they had left with him had run away to follow them much against their wishes. He also stated that they had taken the dogs and sledge back to the place where they last saw Jalap Coombs, but that they could not find him.

"They were not his dogs, anyway, Judge," he continued, "nor did he furnish any of our outfit, except a few provisions, most of which he traded to the Indians on his own account. This man Coombs was a sailor, supposed to be a deserter from some ship, and was loafing around St. Michaels half starved when we picked him up. He claimed to have some friends on the river who would help him, so we brought him along out of charity."

"May I toot a horn, Judge?" asked Mr. Skiff Bettens, rising as the prisoner concluded his remarks.

"Certainly you may, Marshal."

"Waal, I only wanted to say that I've known Mr. Jalap Coombs off and on for a good many years, and in all that time I've never known him to tell a lie nor yet do a mean thing. Moreover I'm willing to stake my life on his honesty again that of any living man, for a better sailor, a squarer man, and a truer friend never trod a deck."

This sincere tribute so affected the simple-hearted sailor-man that he could only stare open-mouthed at the speaker as though he were talking in some mysterious language, though in after-years he often referred to this as the proudest moment of his life. The remainder of the audience greeted the Marshal's little speech with an outburst of applause which the Judge was finally obliged to check.

"Letting charge number two rest with the testimony taken," said the Judge, when quiet was restored, "we will take up charge number three, which is the most serious of all. We have already learned that the accused, under the name of Strengel, passed old Fort Adams about a month

ago, bound for this place in company with a man named Goldollar, who appears to be a pretty tough character himself, though that of course has nothing to do with this case. The accused at that time had little or nothing of his own, either in the way of money or outfit, while Goldollar appears to have been well fixed with both. Now this man turns up in this place alone under the name of Bradwick, telling a story about having come up the Porepine, that he has since admitted to be false, and in possession of the outfit formerly owned by Mr. Coombs and Simon Goldollar. Of course, under the circumstances, the question naturally to be asked is what has become of Goldollar?"

"He got sick of the trip and turned back from Yukon," explained the prisoner, sulkily.

"Yes, we've heard he took sick," replied the Judge; "but whether he turned back, or was left to die in an Indian rancheria is another question. Mr. Coombs, will you please take the stand again?"

This time Jalap Coombs testified that he had carefully examined the outfit brought into camp the night before by the prisoner, and found it to contain the same number of sledges, the same number of dogs, and the identical articles, with the exception of a certain quantity of provisions that had composed it at old Fort Adams.

"We will now call on one other witness," announced the Judge, and the prisoner started as though he expected to see Simon Goldollar himself appear on the stand. What he did see was one of his native drivers from Fort Yukon, with Kurilla to act as interpreter.

"Do you admit Injun testimony in this court?" he asked.

"Certainly we do," replied the Judge.

"If I'd known that," he muttered, "I'd have bought a dozen or so to testify on my side."

The Indian's testimony was to the effect that this white man had left another white man in a native hut at Fort Yukon so sick that all the Indians thought he would die.

"Of course I can't buck again Injun testimony," growled the prisoner; "but I say it's a lie, all the same, and don't prove nothing."

"There is one thing that we must not neglect," said the Judge. "Marshal, you may search the prisoner."

The latter struggled furiously, but was overpowered and held by strong hands while the Marshal searched his pockets. From these were produced a number of articles, including a wallet, which the Judge opened, spreading its contents on the table before him.

"Do you recognize anything here?" he asked of Jalap Coombs.

"I can identify this as having been in Goldollar's possession," answered the mate, picking up one of the articles that had dropped from the wallet, and holding it so that all might see.

Both Phil and Serge uttered exclamations of amazement, for the object thus exhibited was nothing more nor less than the mysteriously carved and almost forgotten fur-seal's tooth that had exerted so great an influence upon their fortunes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

REAPPEARANCE OF THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH.

"What do you know about this thing?" asked the Judge of Jalap Coombs, taking the fur-seal's tooth from him and examining it curiously.

"I know that there were an old Eskimo at St. Michaels what were shipped by Goldollar to go with us to Nulato as dog-driver. He wore this bit of ivory hung about his neck, and seemed to set a heap by it. One time when he were looking at it I heard Goldollar say that by rights it belonged to him, seeing as he got it from some native, and it were afterwards stole from him. He didn't say nothing to the Husky about it, but when we got to Nulato he give him so much liquor that in the morning the old chap couldn't be woke up. Goldollar fooled round him a while, and then saying he'd have to give up the job of wakin him, left him, and ordered the teams to pull out. I afterwards seen Goldollar take that very identical tooth outen his pocket several times and look at it like it were a diamond or some sitch, and heard him tell Strengel that any man as owned

it would surely have luck. It didn't seem to bring him none, though. Leastways no good luck, for he hain't had nothing but bad luck sence."

"Was it your impression that you could win good luck by stealing this tooth?" inquired the Judge of Stengel.

"I didn't steal it," answered the prisoner, sullenly.

"How did you get it, then?"

"Goldollar give it to me."

"Where did you leave Goldollar?"

"At Fort Yukon."

"Was he in good health when you last saw him?"

"I refuse to answer any more questions," replied the prisoner, realizing how deeply he was committing himself.

"Very well," said the Judge. "I think you have already told enough to give us a pretty fair idea of the particular kind of a scoundrel you are. So, if you have nothing more to say, I declare this case closed and in the hands of the jury. Gentlemen, the court awaits your verdict."

As there was no room to which the jury could retire they put their heads together and consulted in whispers, during which time Phil told the Judge what he knew about the fur-seal's tooth, together with the legend of good and bad luck supposed to accompany its possession. The spectators of the trial buzzed like a swarm of angry hornets.

In a few minutes the jury ended their conference and resumed their places. Then, as order was restored, the foreman, standing up, announced that they were unanimous in finding the prisoner guilty on all three of the charges preferred against him, and recommended that he be so punished as to afford a warning to others of his kind who might be contemplating a visit to the Yukon diggings.

"Hang him!" cried some one in the crowd.

"Shoot him!" shouted another.

"Drive him out of camp, and set him adrift like he done to Jalap Coombs," suggested a third.

"Silence!" roared Judge Platt Riley, standing in his place and gazing sternly about him. "You forget, gentlemen, that this is a court of law, and though, maybe, it isn't run with all the frills of some, it's bound to be respected. Likewise, it proposes to pronounce its own decisions. In regard to the prisoner now awaiting sentence, he has been proved by the testimony of reputable witnesses, and by his own admissions, to be a liar, a traitor, a dog-stealer, which in this country is the same as a horse-thief in the States, and a robber of his travelling companion under circumstances that make him at the same time come pretty near to being a murderer. For such as he hanging would be none too severe. But we have never yet hanged a man in Forty Mile, and we don't want to begin, if we can help it. The prisoner has expressed a desire to learn something of our methods of working these diggings, and we promised to teach him. He has also remarked that moss-stripping was a job well suited to convicts. So be it. Prisoner at the bar, stand up and receive your sentence."

When the wretched man, who had fancied himself in a country where he could commit any crime without fear of punishment, had been assisted to his feet by Marshal Bettens and a volunteer deputy, the Judge said:

"By a fair trial, according to Yukon law, you are convicted of crimes such as this community does not allow to go unpunished. On account of them you are hereby sentenced to strip moss from the several claims of this camp during every working hour of every working day from now until such time as the first steamer reaches here from the lower river and is ready to return. Then you will be allowed to work your way on her to St. Michaels, where may the Agent have mercy upon you.

"In the mean time, when not at work, you will be closely confined in the camp lock-up, under guard of the Marshal, who shall be entitled to your services for two days in every week for his trouble. On other days he will hire you out to any miner who has moss to be stripped, and who will pay for your keep during such time as you may work for him."

This unique but just sentence was greeted with a murmur of approval from the spectators; but this was quickly silenced by a frown from the Judge, who continued:

"All the property that you brought into this camp, including money and outfit, excepting your personal clothing, is

hereby confiscated, to be disposed of as follows: One team of dogs, one sledge, and half the cash found in your possession shall be restored to Mr. Jalap Coombs, from whom you helped to steal them. The remainder of the money, after the Indian drivers who came with you have been paid, and one dog team shall be devoted to the relief of Simon Goldollar, who, though he seems to be a pretty bad lot, is still a white man, and so must not be allowed to perish if it can be helped. The third dog team shall become the property of Marshal Bettens in place of a fee for his services. The remainder of the property, provisions, and so forth shall be devoted to the support of the prisoner during such times as he is working for the Marshal. Mr. Bettens will now remove his prisoner, and I hereby declare this court adjourned." This ended Mr. Stengel's prospects in Forty Mile, and when, some months later, a boat arrived from the lower river, he thankfully departed from Camp Forty Mile mentally vowing never to return.

After consulting with Phil, Serge, and Jalap Coombs, Mr. Platt Riley, who objected to being called "Judge" outside of court, decided to entrust Simon Goldollar's rescue from the Indian village in which he had been left to Kurilla and Chitsah, who were persuaded by a liberal payment to return home that way. Another Indian was hired to accompany them as far as Fort Yukon, and bring back word to Forty Mile of their success.

Phil wrote and sent him a letter, in which he apologized for having accused him of stealing his money or the fur-seal's tooth, Jalap Coombs having told him the facts concerning these things, and hoped he would return to St. Michaels in safety. Long afterwards he learned that Simon Goldollar did make his way down the river, aided by Kurilla and Chitsah, and was sent on by Gerald Hamer from Anvik to St. Michaels. There he was discharged from the company's employ on account of the failure of his expedition, and finally left Alaska in the same ship that bore ex-convict Stengel from its shores. An amusing feature of it all was that both these rascals attributed the ill success of their undertakings to the unlucky influence of the fur-seal's tooth.

This industrious bit of ivory which exhibited such a fondness for interfering with the affairs of men and boys, as well as such activity in rapid travel and change of ownership reposed for several days in Mr. Platt Riley's vest pocket, where it had been unconsciously thrust and forgotten. Finally, tired of being thus neglected it worked a hole through the pocket and fell to the floor. From there it was snapped up by Mr. Riley's favorite dog, who lay at his feet, and doubtless imagined it to be a choice morsel provided for him by his indulgent master. A moment later the Judge was aroused from a reverie by the frantic struggles of his dog, who seemed on the point of strangulation. When he succeeded, by prompt effort, in removing the obstruction from the animal's throat, and, with a feeling of superstitious amazement, discovered its nature, he started at once for the store of the Yukon Trading Company, determined to be rid of the uneasy object as quickly as possible.

It so happened that none of the three occupants of the premises was at home, nor were they to be seen in any direction. They had been preparing for departure, and many articles ready for packing on the sledges lay scattered about the room. Among these was a fur sleeping-bag, on which Mr. Riley's eye no sooner rested than he thrust the magic tooth into it, and shook it to the very bottom.

"There!" he exclaimed, "they are sure to take it with them; one of them will find it sooner or later, and maybe it will bring him good luck. At any rate I hope it will."

So on the morning of the 5th of February, although the thermometer registered 48° below zero, the little party set forth from Forty Mile with three sledges and seventeen dogs. Above the first sledge fluttered a small flag on which appeared the magic letters "U. S. M.," signifying that Phil had undertaken to deliver a large packet of letters, the first mail ever sent out from Forty Mile in winter.

The entire population of the camp was assembled to see them off; and amid a round of hearty cheers the sledges dashed away up the Yukon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



STORIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

"**I** LEFT his lodging some time ago, and has not been heard of since—a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of Knickerbocker. . . . Any information concerning him will be thankfully received."

Such was the curious advertisement that appeared in the *Evening Post* under the date of October 26, 1809, attracting the attention of all New York. People read it as they sat at supper, talked of it afterward around their wood fires, and thought of it again and again before they fell asleep at night. And yet not a soul knew the missing old gentleman, or had ever heard of him before. Still, he was no stranger to them, for he was a Knickerbocker, and every one was interested in the Knickerbockers, and every one felt almost as if a grandfather or great-grandfather had suddenly come back to life, and disappeared again still more suddenly, without a word of explanation.

For some time nothing more was heard of Diedrich Knickerbocker, and then another advertisement appeared in the *Post*, saying he had been seen twice on the road to Albany. Some time again elapsed, and finally the landlord of the inn at which he had been reported to have stopped gave up hope of ever seeing his guest again, and declared that he should sell the manuscript of a book that Mr. Knickerbocker had left behind, and take the proceeds in payment of his bill. People were really excited about the fate of the old gentleman, and one of the city officials was upon the point of offering a reward for his discovery, when a curious thing happened. It was found that there was no old gentleman by the name of Knickerbocker who had wandered away from his lodging; that there was no inn at which he had lived, and no manuscript he had left behind, and that, in fact, Mr. Knickerbocker was simply the hero of a book of which the author took this clever means of advertising. The book claimed to be the true history of the

discovery and settlement of New York, and began with an account of the creation of the world, passing on to the manners, customs, and historical achievements of the old Hollanders who settled Manhattan Island. Here we read of the golden reign of the first Dutch Governor, Wouter Van Twiller, who was exactly five feet six inches in height and six feet five inches in circumference, and who ate four hours a day, smoked eight, and slept twelve, and so administered the affairs of the colony that it was a marvel of prosperity. Next we hear of Governor Keift, of lofty descent, since his father was an inspector of windmills, how his nose turned up and his mouth turned down, how his legs were the size of spindles, and how he grew tougher and tougher with age, so that before his death he looked a veritable mummy. And then we see the redoubtable Peter Stuyvesant stomping around on his wooden leg, which was adorned with silver reliefs, furious with rage, menacing the British fleet which has come to take possession of the town, threatening vengeance dire upon the English King, and still cherishing his wrath with fiery bravery when the enemy finally occupy the old Dutch town and proceed to transform it into an English city.

The book was read with amazement, admiration, or interest, as the case might be. Some said it appeared too light and amusing for real history; others claimed that it held stories of wisdom that only the wise could understand; others still complained that the author was no doubt making fun of their respectable ancestors, and had written the book merely to hold them up to ridicule. Only a few saw that it was the brightest, cleverest piece of humor that had yet appeared in America, and that its writer

had probably a career of fame before him. The author was Washington Irving, then a young man in his twenty-seventh year, and already known as the writer of some clever newspaper letters, and of a series of humorous essays published in a semi-monthly periodical called *Salmagundi*.

Irving was born in New York on the 3d of April, 1783, and was named after George Washington. New York was then a small town, beyond the limits of which were orchards, farms, country-houses, and the high-road leading to Albany, along which the stage-coach passed at regular times. There were no railroads, and Irving was fourteen years old before the first steamboat puffed its way up the Hudson River frightening the country people into the belief that it was an evil monster come to devour them. All travelling was done by means of sailing vessels, stage-coaches, or private conveyances; all letters were carried by the stage-coach, and every one cost the sender or receiver twenty-five cents for postage. The telegraph was undreamed of, and if any one had hinted the possibility of talking to some one else a thousand miles away over a telephone-wire, he would have been considered a lunatic or, possibly, a witch. In fact, New York was a quiet, unpretentious little town whose inhabitants were still divided into English or Dutch families, according to their descent, and in



IRVING AS A STAR.



IRVING LISTENING TO THE OLD TALES OF THE MOORS.

whose households were found the customs of England and Holland in full force. Irving's father was a Scotch Presbyterian, who considered life a discipline, who thought all amusement a waste of precious time, and who made the children devote one out of the two half-weekly holidays to the study of the Catechism.

Forbidden to attend the theatre, Irving would risk his neck nightly by climbing out of his window to visit the play for an hour or so, and then rush home in terror lest his absence had been noted and his future fun imperilled, and many a night when sent early to bed he would steal away across the adjacent roofs to send a handful of stones clattering down the wide old-fashioned chimney of some innocent neighbor, who would start from his dreams to imagine robbers, spooks, or other unpleasant visitors in his bed-chamber. He was not particularly brilliant in his studies, but he distinguished himself as an actor in the tragedies which the boys gave in the school-room; at ten years of age he was the star of the company, who did not even lose respect for him when once, being called suddenly upon the stage through a mistake, he appeared with his mouth full of honey-cake, which he was obliged to swallow painfully, while the audience roared at the situation. Afterward when he rushed around the stage flourishing a wooden sabre he was not a tragedian to be trifled with. His favorite books were *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Arabian Nights*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and all stories of adventure and travel. The world beyond the sea always seemed a fairyland to him; a little print of London Bridge and another of Kensington Gardens that hung in his bedroom stirred his heart wistfully; and he fairly envied the odd-looking old gentlemen and ladies who appeared to be loitering around the arches of St. John's Gate, as shown in a cut on the cover of an old magazine. Later on his imagination was also kindled by short excursions to the then wild regions of the Hudson and Mohawk valleys. Years afterward we find the remembrance of these days gracing with loving touch the pages of some of his choicest work.

At seventeen Irving left school and began to study for the bar. But his health, which had always been delicate, made it necessary for him to take a long rest from study,



SUNNYSIDE.

and he accordingly left America for two years of travel abroad. It was after his return home that he brought out his *Knickerbocker history*, a work which made him so famous that when he returned to England some time afterwards he found himself very well known in the best literary circles. The results of this second visit are found in the volumes comprising the *Tales of a Traveller*: *Bracebridge Hall*; *Geoffrey Hamlyn's Sketch-Book*, and other miscellany, in which occur charming descriptions of English country life, delightful ghost stories, the famous description of an English Christmas, and the immortal legend of *Rip Van Winkle*. One of Irving's most interesting chapters in this collection is that of his visit to the haunts of Robin Hood, whose exploits had so fascinated him as a boy that he spent his entire holiday money in obtaining a copy of his adventures. *Abbotsford* is an account of a visit that Irving paid to Sir Walter Scott. It is a charming revelation of the social side of Scott's character, who welcomed Irving as a younger brother in art, became his guide in his visits to Yarrow and Melrose Abbey, and took long rambling walks with him all around the country made so famous by the great novelist. Irving recalled as among the most delightful hours of his life those walks over the Scottish hills with

Scott, who was described by the peasantry as having "an awful knowledge of history," and whose talk was full of the folklore, poetry, and superstitious that made up the interest of the place.

In the evening they sat in the drawing-room, while Scott, with his great hound, Maida, at his feet, read to him a scrap of old poetry, or a chapter from *King Arthur*, or told some delightful bit of peasant fairylore like that of the black cat which, on hearing one shepherd tell another of having seen a number of cats dressed in mourning following a coffin, sprang up the chimney in haste exclaiming, "Then I am king of the cats!" and vanished to take possession of his vacant kingdom. From this time on Irving's life was one of constant literary labor for many years, all of which were spent abroad. His works on the history of Spain, the companions of *Columbus* and the *Alhambra*, were compiled during his residence in Spain, where he had access to the national archives, and where he became as familiar with the life of the people as it was possible for a stranger to become. After seventeen years' absence Irving returned to America, where he was welcomed as



IN THE SCOTCH HILLS WITH SCOTT.

one who won for his country great honors. He was the first writer to make American literature respected abroad, and his return was made the occasion of numerous fêtes given in his honor in New York and other cities.

He now built Sunnyside on the Hudson, the home that he loved so dearly, and which will ever be famous as the abode of America's first great writer.

His principal works following the Spanish histories were *Astoria*, the history of the fur-trading company in Oregon, founded by the head of the Astor family; *Captain Bonaventure*, the adventures of a hunter in the far West; *The Life of Goldsmith*, and the lives of *Mohammed and his Successors*. He returned to Spain as ambassador in 1842, and remained four years.

In the *Legends of the Conquest of Spain* Irving tells the story of the conquest of Spain by the Moors, as related in the old Spanish and Moorish chronicles. The whole story is a brilliant, living picture of that romantic age. The Spanish king goes to battle wearing robes of gold brocade, sandals embroidered with gold and diamonds, and a crown studded with the costliest jewels of Spain. He rides in a chariot of ivory, and a thousand cavaliers knighted by his own hand surround him, while tens of thousands of his brave soldiers follow him, guarding the sacred banners emblazoned with the cross. The Moorish vanguard, riding the famous horses of Arabia, advance to the sound of trumpet and cymbal, their gay robes and snowy turbans, and their arms of burnished gold and steel glittering in the sunshine which reflects in every direction the sacred crescent, the symbol of their faith. The surroundings are equally picturesque and romantic. The famous plain of Granada, adorned with groves and gardens and winding streams, and guarded by the famous Mountains of the Sun and Air, forms the foreground to the picture, while in the distance we see the gloomy mountain passes, the fortified rocks and castles, and the great walled cities, through which the Moors passed, always victorious, and never pausing until their banners floated from every cliff and tower.

Irving remained some months in the Alhambra, living over again the scenes of Moorish story, and so catching the spirit of the lost grandeur of the old palace that his descriptions read like a bit of genuine Arabian chronicle, which had been kept safe until then in the grim guardianship of the past.

The chapters of the *Alhambra* are also full of delightful legends, the fairy tales which time had woven around the beautiful ruin, and which the custodians of the place related gravely to Irving as genuine history. It calls up a pleasant picture to think of Irving sitting in the stately hall or on his balcony, listening to one of these old tales from the lips of his tattered but devoted domestic while the twilight was gathering, and the nightingale singing in the groves and gardens beneath. He himself said that it was the realization of a daydream which he had cherished since the time when, in earliest boyhood on the banks of the Hudson, he had pored over the story of the Granada.

In his work, *The Conquest of Granada*, Irving relates the story of the retaking of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella. So sympathetically and graphically does Irving describe the fortunes of this war that he must ever remain the historian of the Moors of Spain, whose spirit seemed to inspire the beautiful words in which he celebrated their conquests, their achievements, and their defeats.

In the *Chronicle of Wolfer's Host* Irving follows in imagination old Diedrich Knickerbocker into the famous region of Sleepy Hollow, where much of the material for the celebrated Knickerbocker History was said to have been collected. This chronicle, it was claimed, was written upon the identical old Dutch writing-desk that Diedrich used, the elbow chair was the same that he sat in, the clock was the very one he consulted so often during his long hours of composition. In these pages old Diedrich walks as a real person, and Irving follows him with faithful step through the region that he loved so fondly all his life.

Everything here is dwelt upon with lingering touch. The brooks and streams, the meadows and cornfields, the orchards and the gardens, and the groves of beech and chest-

nut have their tribute from the pen of one who found their charms ever fresh, who sought in them rest and happiness, and who came back to them lovingly to spend the last days of his life in their familiar companionship.

Irving died in 1859, and was buried at Sunnyside; in sight of the Hudson whose legends he had immortalized, and whose beauty never ceased to charm him from the moment it first captivated his heart in his boyhood days.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Amateur Photographers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject to far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Camera Club Department.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, NO. 1.

THE ACTION OF LIGHT ON THE SENSITIVE PLATE.

THE process of making photographs has been made so simple by modern science that the most of us make our picture by intuition—that sort of sixth sense by which we know just how long to expose a plate, when to take it from the developer, when it is fixed sufficiently, etc., etc. Although we can give no scientific explanation of our methods, and know little or nothing how the chemical changes are produced which result in the finished photograph.

It is not at all necessary to know the process of making a sensitive plate, but it is quite necessary to know something of the action of light on the plate in order to make a good picture. A photographic negative is formed by the chemical action of light admitted through a lens or even a tiny hole, into an otherwise light tight box, and striking a glass plate, film, paper, or celluloid, coated with sensitive silver salts. The part of the light that affects this coating is the blue rays.

The rays of light may be separated by the prism into a band of five different colors—red, yellow, green, blue, and violet. Three of these colors—the red, yellow, and blue—are called the primary colors, for any color or shade desired may be obtained by blending and mixing them in different proportions. These three primary colors have each a separate power. The red rays possess heating power, the yellow rays possess illuminating power, and the blue rays chemical power. The blue rays are called actinic, and when we speak of actinic light we mean the blue rays which produce the chemical change in the sensitive plate. The effect of these actinic rays may be seen in other things besides the sensitive plates. The fading of carpets, draperies, and clothing, the tanning or browning of the skin, etc., are due to their action.

After the sensitive plate has been exposed in the camera to the chemical action of the blue rays, the change which has taken place is invisible to the eye, and in this state is called the latent image, because it is dormant or hidden. In order to preserve this chemical change in the silver salts the sensitive plate must be washed or soaked in a solution which will form an opaque compound with the part of the salt which has been acted upon by the light. As it is necessary to have a light to watch the process and stop it when it has been carried far enough, we must have a light free from actinic or blue rays. We therefore darken the room and use a red light, for the red rays have little or no actinic power.

As we watch the chemical change which takes place in the sensitive plate when covered with what we call the developer, we notice black patches appear here and there on the plate. These are the places which have been exposed to the strongest actinic rays. All bodies radiate or reflect light, some more than others. A piece of yellow silk may appear to the eye lighter in color than a piece of blue silk, but when the two pieces are photographed it will be found that the yellow photographs much darker than the blue

silk. This is because the yellow silk does not reflect actinic rays, while the blue does, and therefore the sensitive plate is more strongly affected by the light reflected from the blue than from the yellow silk. The yellow-colored silk possesses the illuminating power which causes it to make a room look bright and sunny, while the blue silk possesses the chemical power which affects the sensitive salts.

If the sensitive plate has been exposed to a landscape, the strongest actinic rays come from the blue sky, and as the chemical used to develop or bring out the image affects the part which has been exposed to the strongest light most quickly, the result in the negative is the opaque deposit which covers all that part of the plate exposed to the light from the sky. After the image has appeared on the plate it must undergo another process to make it permanent. It must be placed in a chemical solution which shall dissolve the silver salts from the parts unaffected by the actinic rays. Where the actinic light has been the strongest the glass will be covered with a black deposit, and where the light has not reached the plate with sufficient force the salts will be dissolved and the glass will be clear, while the high lights, the shadows, and the half-tones will show just how much each object reflected actinic rays.

We manage our cameras, but the sun is the real workman. What he does is well worth learning, for it enables us to tell beforehand just what kind of a negative we shall have after we have exposed a sensitive plate to his influence.

ROUND TABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXCHANGE CLUB.

Our suggestion of forming a photographic exchange club, or travelling photographic exhibit, meets with the warm approval of many of our members. Next week we shall give directions for beginning and carrying on our club. We give the names and addresses of members who will act as representatives. Ernest P. Fredericks, Arlington, New Jersey; Samuel J. Castner, 3729 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Walter G. Sill, 511 Central Avenue, East Orange, New Jersey; Andrew Phillips, Nunda, New York; C. Roy Baker, 315 W. Dry Street, Salem, Ohio; William J. Tobey, Washington, Kansas; William C. Davids, Rutherford, New Jersey.

CONSTANT READER asks: "1. Is it possible to photograph from a moving vessel, and how? 2. Can I take photographs of microscopic specimens with an ordinary camera, and will you please describe the method? 3. How can I photograph monuments so that they will not show black in the picture? 4. What make of plates is the quickest? 5. How can I photograph a mantle-piece in a hall without using a flash-light? The light is rather dark." 1. One can easily photograph objects from a moving vessel by using quick plates and clearing the exposure instantaneous. Successful snap-shots, but not artistic pictures, have been and can be made from moving trains. 2. An article will soon be published on microphotography for amateurs. The process requires too long a description for the space devoted to queries. 3. A cloudy day—not heavy clouds—is the better time for photographing monuments. A rather slow plate and a short time exposure will give better detail, and render the monument or figure with correct color value. Use orthochromatic or nonhalation plates. 4. The rapidity of the plate is marked on the box. Some brands of plates are marked with the sensitometer number, like the Stanley, Carbutt, Seed, etc., and others are marked with a letter like the Cramer. The sensitiveness of the Stanley, which is marked "Sens. 50," and the Cramer "C" plate is about equal as to rapidity. 5. If you cannot use a flash-light for the mantle, try a long exposure by lamp light. Place the lamp, which should give a clear, brilliant light, so as to illuminate the wood-work without giving strong shadows. If one lamp is not sufficient to light the whole surface, take two, but place them so that the light from each comes from the same direction. A reflector back of the lamp helps the lighting. A shallow tin pan, if bright, makes a good reflector if the genuine article cannot be obtained.

LADY GRACE S., Vails Gate, N. Y., asks for the name of a book giving full instructions in photography for beginners. "Every camera maker furnishes with each camera sent out a book giving simple instruction for using the camera, and directions for developing plates. This would be a sufficient guide for the beginner, and if rules are followed one can obtain very good negatives. There are many books published on photography which would be helpful after a while, but the beginner will find the directions which come with the camera all that are needful at first. With this number we begin publishing what will be a series of papers for beginners in photography. Technical terms will be explained, formulas for work will be given with explanations of what each chemical is expected to do. Prices of chemicals for each formula will also be added. It is intended to make these instructions as simple as possible, and if Lady Grace will watch this column she will find in it we hope just the help she needs."

OFF WITH THE MERBOY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHAPTER V.

THE WIZARD.



JIMMIEBOY grasped the old man's hand, and for a few moments was silent. He was so astonished that he could do nothing but gaze upon his new acquaintance in wonder. The little old man seemed very much pleased at Jimmieboy's apparent wonderment, for he smiled broadly and said,

"Thank you, sir."

"You are very welcome," murmured Jimmieboy, "but I don't know what for. I didn't know that I had done anything for you to thank me for."

"Yes, indeed, you have," returned the little old man, letting go of Jimmieboy's hand, and dancing a lively jig upon the broad marble top of the bureau. "You have done two things. You have released me from a long imprisonment, for one thing, and for another you have looked at me in a manner which proves that you think me a most interesting person. I like freedom better than anything in the world, and next to that I like being an interesting person."

"And were you really shut up in that little drawer so that you couldn't get out?" asked Jimmieboy, beginning to feel very glad that fortune had led him that way, and so enabled him to help the little old man out of his trouble.

"Yes," answered the other. "I've been locked up in that drawer there for nearly fifty years."

"Fifty years!" ejaculated Jimmieboy. "Why, that's longer than I have lived."

"No, not quite," said the little old man. "They were dream years, and a dream year isn't much longer than a day of your time; but they have seemed real years to me, and I am just as grateful to you for unlocking the drawer and letting me out as I should have been had the years been three hundred and sixty-five days long each."

"Why should any one want to lock you up in a drawer?" asked Jimmieboy. "Were you naughty?"

"No," said the old man. "I never did a naughty thing in all my life, but they locked me up just the same—just as if I had been a poor little canary-bird."

"Who did it?" queried Jimmieboy. "They must have been very wicked people to treat you that way."

"They were. Awfully wicked," said the little old man. "They were wickeder than they seem, because really, you know, they intended that I should stay locked up there forever and ever."

"But how did they come to do it?" asked Jimmieboy.

"It's a long story," answered the little old man. "But if you want me to, I'll tell it."

"Do," said Jimmieboy.

"Very well, then, I will," said the little old man. "But not here. It is too wet here. We'll go inside the drawer ourselves, where we can be dry and comfortable, and we'll take the key in with us and lock ourselves in so that nobody can interfere with us. Will you come?"

"I don't see how I can," said Jimmieboy, looking down at his own body and then pointing to the drawer. "Don't you see I am two or three dozen times too big to get in there?"

"That doesn't make any difference," said the little old man with a laugh. "For I am a wizard, and I can make you large or small, just as I please. If you will say the word I'll make you so small you couldn't see yourself with a magnifying-glass."

Jimmieboy thought a moment, and concluded very wisely, I think, that he would rather not be so small as that.

"I don't like to lose sight of myself," he said.

"Very well, then," said the other. "Suppose I make you just about my size? How would that do?"

"I'd like that very much," replied Jimmieboy, kindly.

"I think you are an awfully nice size."



JIMMIEBOY PUTS ON THE LAST COAT.

Again the little old man smiled with pleasure. "You are the pleasantest boy I know," he said; "and you will find out before long that it is worth while to make friends with old Thumbhi, Lord High Wizard of the Sea, and Court Jester to the King of the Waves."

"Are you all that?" said Jimmieboy, pleased to discover that his new-found friend was a person of so great importance.

"Yes indeed," answered Thumbhi. "I am all that, and half a dozen things more. In fact, I am so much that if we had a million dream years together I couldn't even begin to tell you all that I am. But come. Are you ready to be made smaller?"

"Yes," said Jimmieboy, a little nervously. "What do I do first?"

"You must put on a coat I give you," replied the wizard. "It will be a little small for you, perhaps, but you can get it on."

The wizard opened one of the bureau drawers, and took therefrom a coat, in which Jimmieboy hastened to array himself. It was, as the old man had said, a little small for him, but he managed to get into it, and after wearing it a minute or two he found it quite comfortable.

"Now take it off," said the wizard, taking a second coat out of the drawer, "and put this one on."

Jimmieboy took off the coat. "Is this larger than the other?" he asked, as he began to put the second coat on.

"No; it is a trifle smaller," replied the wizard. "That's my scheme. You keep putting on coats that are smaller than the one you have just taken off. You stay in them until they fit you comfortably, and finally when you get the last one on you will be small enough to get into the drawer."

"That's a fine plan," said Jimmieboy.

Then he went through the process of changing coats, each new coat being a little smaller than the other, until he had tried on at least fifty of them, when for the first time since he began he caught sight of himself in the glass.

"My!" he cried, in pleased astonishment. "I'm hardly any bigger than you are."

"That's so," replied the little old man. "One more coat, and we can get you into the drawer."

Jimmieboy put on the last coat. A little bit of a thing it was, hardly larger than a doll's overcoat, and, if the truth be told, awfully tight; but, as with all the others, it soon became as comfortable as any coat he had ever worn, and then, looking at himself in the glass once more, Jimmieboy observed that he was actually no larger than Thumbhi.

"It didn't hurt much, did it?" asked Thumbhi.

"Not a bit," said Jimmieboy. "It was as easy and pleasant as could be."

"That's the great thing about my tricks," said the wizard. "They never hurt anybody. It would be a good thing if all tricks were that way. Tricks that hurt people are mean, and I don't have anything to do with them, and if you will take my advice you won't either."

"I'll take anything you'll give me," said Jimmieboy.

The old wizard laughed heartily at this. "Most boys would," said he, "but you are the first I ever met who was willing to take advice. The boys I've known have all been like little Sammy. Ever hear about little Sammy?"

"No," answered Jimmieboy. "What did he do?"

"Why," said the wizard, "Sammy is the boy the poet wrote about, saying:

"Sammy was a pretty boy,
Sammy was his mother's joy.
Sammy'd take

A piece of cake,
Sammy'd always take a toy.

"Sammy'd take a top to spin,
Pie with fruit and raisins in.
Sammy'd take

A piece of steak,
Sammy'd take his medicine.

"Sammy'd take a bowl of rice,
Sammy'd take a bit of spice.
Sammy'd take

A garden rake,
But he would not take advice."

Here the wizard stopped.

"Is that all?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Certainly," answered Thumbhi. "What more do you want?"

"Didn't anything happen to Sammy?" queried Jimmieboy.

The wizard was about to say no, but then he suddenly remembered that something always does happen to boys that refuse to take advice, so he said: "The poet never told us about that, but I think it probable that something did happen to Sammy. Very likely he went out skating on a mill-pound one summer day in spite of his father's warning, and got his feet so wet that he caught cold, and had to stay in bed while all the other boys went off on a picnic."

This seemed to satisfy Jimmieboy, and Sammy was dropped as a subject of conversation.

"Now let us go into the drawer," said the wizard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

IF THE SUCCESS OF A TRACK-ATHLETIC meeting is to be judged from the number of records broken, the two interscholastic meets of May 11th at Berkeley Oval and at Eastern Park will go down in the annals of school sport as the most notable occasions of the kind ever held. The con-

and steadily, and finished in good style. His effort was a strain on him, however, for he collapsed as soon as he had breasted the tape. For this reason he was probably not in his best form when he toed the scratch for the half-mile, but it is doubtful if he could have distanced Meehan even if he had been. Meehan proved himself to be in the pink of condition. Robinson, the old Yale runner who has been training him, told me at the start that Meehan had been trained to do the first quarter in 60 seconds, and as he passed the mark the watch showed just that time. He was leading then, and kept right on, with strong graceful strides until he finished, and broke the record by one second. Irwin-Martin did his best to pull up; but Meehan kept ahead easily, with a broad smile on his face, and appeared to be just as fresh at the finish as he had been at the start.



FINISH IN THE 100-YARD DASH.

testants in the N.Y.I.S.A.A. games left the records of only four events on the card standing at the same figure they showed when the programme was printed, and came so close to these that the entire schedule was in danger of being entirely overthrown. The management of the Oval games was as near perfection as can be hoped for where so many events and so many contestants have to be attended to; and although in Brooklyn there was considerable delay at one time on account of the non-arrival of the hurdles, yet things were kept moving as fast as possible, and the enthusiasm of the spectators helped to fill what might otherwise have been several tedious gaps. The Cutler athletes deserve the highest praise for the work they performed. They came on the field with Barnard and Berkeley strong favorites, and they went into every event with an earnestness and energy that were finally rewarded by victory. Cutler's score was $34\frac{1}{2}$ points, with Barnard second, having 30, and Berkeley third, with 27. Next year there will be a hot struggle between Barnard and Cutler for the final ownership of the cup, which will then be decided, unless some other strong team is developed, to come in and secure the trophy for a year's custodianship.

ALTHOUGH HALL WON THE second heat in the 100 in $10\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, with Moore behind him, he was unable to distance Moore when the final test came, and the Barnard man ploughed ahead and took the event. All the heats in the 100 were close and interesting, and no winner had an easy time of it in any case. In fact, all the sprints were contested in sound earnest. The quarter-mile furnished as pretty a race as any. Irwin-Martin kept along in the middle of the bunch until they were well opposite the grand stand on the far side of the field, when he pulled ahead strongly

increasing his lead, and although Mosenthal pushed him pretty hard, he finished strong, with the place men a couple of yards behind, and the field straggling as far back as the bend. Blair failed to come up to his promised form, and was at no time a factor in the race. The walk was practically a duel between Hackett and Walker. Hackett took the lead, and Walker stuck close to his heels, making several attempts to pass him. On the stretch Walker made one last desperate effort, and walked abreast of his opponent for several yards, while the judge of walking almost went frantic in his endeavors to keep the racers down to form. Neither broke, however, and Hackett won by a yard. Walker is still young for such strong work, but I am sure that he will be heard from within the next few years. The bicycle racers broke the interscholastic record of 2 min. $49\frac{3}{4}$ sec. in every heat, and Powell's final race, which brought the time down to 2 min. $34\frac{1}{4}$ sec., was a



FINAL HEAT IN THE 120-YARD HURDLES.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Event	N. Y. I. S. A. A. Records March 1, 1905	N. Y. I. S. A. A. Games, Berkeley Oval, New York, March 11, 1905		Long Island I. S. A. A. Games, Eastern Park, Brooklyn, May 11, 1905	
		Winner	Performance	Winner	Performance
100 yds.	10 3-8 sec.	Moore, Harvard	10 3-5 sec.	Stevens, B. L. S.	10 3-5 sec.
200 yds.	21 2-5 "	Leech, Cutler	21 1-5 "	Robinson, St. Paul's	21 3-5 "
400 yds.	52 4-5 "	Moore, Harvard	52 1-5 "	Stevens, B. L. S.	52 3-5 "
800 yds.	2 00 2-5 "	Leech, Cutler	2 00 3-5 "	Jewell, Adelphi	2 00 3-5 "
1600 yds.	53 "	Lawson-Martin, Berkeley	52 5-5 "	Bedford, B. H. S.	2 m. 13 3-5 "
3200 yds.	2 m. 51 5-5 "	Mackay, Condon	2 m. 4 1-5 "	Robinson, B. H. S.	5 " 12 "
6400 yds.	4 " 30 2-5 "	Taplin, Cutler	4 " 3 5-5 "	Hall, St. Paul's	8 " 37 "
12800 yds.	16 1-5 "	Hackett, Trinity	15 3-5 "	Gunnison, Adelphi	16 3-5 "
25600 yds.	34 1-5 "	Brown, De la Salle	34 3-5 "	Gunnison, Adelphi	29 4-5 "
51200 yds.	2 " 19 3-5 "	Savage, Rutgers	2 " 34 1-5 "	Recher, Poly. Prep.	6 " 29 3-5 "
102400 yds.	5 ft. 9 in.	Potts, J. Cutler	5 ft. 11 in.	Gunnison, Adelphi	5 ft. 4 1-2 in.
Running high jump	21 " 5 "	Baltazzi, Harvard	20 " 8 "	Jewell, Adelphi	30 " 3 1-2 "
Running broad jump	39 " 1 "	Cowperthwaite, Col. Gram.	40 " 3-8 "	Philips, B. & S.	9 " 7 "
Pole vault	39 " 1 "	Simpson, Harvard	40 " 3-4 "	Mason, Poly. Prep.	56 " 8 "
Putting 12-pound ball	110 " 3 1-2 "	Ayres, Condon	117 " 4 1-2 "	Mason, Poly. Prep.	100 " 11 "
Throwing 12-pound mallet	325 " 9 "	Irwin-Martin, Berkeley	325 " 4 "		
Throwing baseball		Zizina, Harvard			

beautiful contest. Ehrich pushed him hard all the way, and finished a strong second. A pleasing feature of the event was that only one collision occurred, and this was not serious.

THE BEST PERFORMANCE of the day, from an athletic point of view, was Baltazzi's high jumping. He was in good form, and won the event by clearing 5 ft. 7 in. Then he had the bar put up a quarter of an inch above the interscholastic record mark of 5 ft. 9 in., and cleared it, thus insuring for himself a record medal. The "take-off" was in bad condition, and had to be constantly rolled. There were also several bad holes along the runway. In addition to this, Baltazzi's right shoe split, and afforded him almost no support. Nevertheless, he felt that he could do even better than 5 ft. 9 1/2 in., and he had the bar raised to 5 ft. 11 in. He failed the first five times allowed him for a record try, but on the sixth he got a good start, cleared the holes, and found a solid spot to "take off" on, and cleared the stick as neatly and gracefully as he ever did at 5 ft. 5 in. He had never before, even in practice, done better than 5 ft. 10 1/2 in. Baltazzi goes to Columbia next year, and will be a factor in the intercollegiate if he keeps in his present form, which I have no doubt he will. I expect to see him go beyond 6 feet inside of two years. He will doubtless be one of the N.Y.A.C.'s representatives when the English athletes come over here this year.

THE RECORDS FOR THE OTHER field events, with the exception of throwing the baseball and the broad jump, were

broken. Ayres bettered the shot record almost by a foot, and Irwin-Martin, in spite of his hard work in the runs, threw 117 feet 4 1/2 inches with the hammer. A notable



THE MILE RUN.

feature of this event was that every place man in it surpassed the interscholastic record, the third man bettering it as much as 3 feet. This kind of work is most encouraging, and cannot fail to raise the standard of the contestants, and create a most beneficial competition. If a man knows he has got to break the record even to get third place, there will be good work done. Cowperthwaite, as I had anticipated, won the broad jump easily, but he should have gotten closer to the record than he did. He covered 20 feet 8 inches. One of the other exciting and unexpected features of the day was the semi-final in the Junior 100, when Leech left the field about ten yards behind. He will make a good man as his two easy victories over Wilson will attest.

A BETTER EXHIBITION of tennis than that offered by Ware, when he defeated Whitman in the final match on Holmes Field, Cambridge, last week Monday, could hardly be wished for. The Roxbury player was decidedly in championship form, and although he won in three straight sets—6-4, 6-3, 7-5—he had to play his level best, for Whitman was no easy victim. In the third set Ware showed what he was made of. The games were 5-2 against him, but he gathered himself together, played a cool, careful game, displaying excellent judgment at every point, and thus pulled out the next five games, and the set. It was exciting throughout. Whitman took the first game. His opponent got the second, and both were then playing as good tennis as they knew how, with the advantage temporarily in favor of Whitman. By keeping close up to the net he managed to fool Ware a good many times, at the same time saving himself from committing his great fault of banging the ball into the net. This Whitman invariably does when he stands back. Ware evidently knew his antagonist's style of play, for he gradually coaxed Whitman nearer and nearer to the back line, and then pounded the balls at him, with the 7-5 result. Ware will be seen at a number of tournaments this summer, and will no doubt bring a triumphal record back to



THE I. S. HIGH-JUMP RECORD.

Baltazzi, Harvard, clearing the bar at 5 ft. 11 in.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

SUMMARY OF POINTS MADE.

New York I. S. A. A.					Long Island I. S. A. A.				
School.	First.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Points.	School.	First.	Seconds.	Thirds.	Points.
Bedford	4	2	4	30	Adelphi	6	2	3	29
De La Salle	2	4	5	27	Brookhaven Institute	3	5	5	29
Columbia Grammar	1	0	1-2	5-1-2	Brooklyn, High School	2	2	1	20
Columbia Institute	0	0	0	0	St. Peter's	2	3	1	20
Condon	2	0	2	12	Brooklyn, Little School	2	2	2	18
Culver	4	4	2-1-2	34-1-2	Brooklyn & Stratton	0	2	1	7
De La Salle	1	0	0	5	Brooklyn Institute	0	0	2	2
Dreiser	0	2	0	6					
Dwight	0	0	2	2					
Halsey	0	0	0	0					
Hamilton Institute	0	0	0	0					
Harvard	2	2	0	16					
Trinity	1	0	0	5					
Wilson & Kellogg	0	1	0	3					
Woodbridge	0	0	0	0					
Yale	0	1	0	3					
Sachs	0	1	0	3					

Roxbury with him in the fall. He will play in the Western Championship Doubles at Chicago, in the Longwood open tournament, as well as in the Massachusetts championships held on the same courts; and he will enter the lists at Newcastle, Bar Harbor, Narragansett Pier, and Newport.

AT EASTERN PARK the Adelphi Academy athletes swept everything before them. Gunnison and Jewell proved to be surprises, the former winning three firsts and the latter two firsts and one second. The other members of the team seconded them so well, that Adelphi took the cup with 10 points more to their credit than their nearest rival, which was Poly. Prep. with 29. It is to be regretted that there was any hitch over the delivery of the hurdles, and at one time it seemed as if those two events would have to be omitted; but the sticks did come, and the races furnished some of the best sport of the day. The Junior 100 gave a close finish, and the 220 furnished an exciting contest. Stevens took it from Jewell, who had been counted a winner, but Jewell retrieved himself when he won the quarter handily, it being his first attempt at running that distance. Bedford was somewhat of a disappointment to his schoolmates, who expected him to take the mile for B.H.S. instead of allowing it to go to Adelphi, but he ran the half-mile in good time, and took second in the longer distance. The walk was most interesting too. Clark and Stars were fairly in lock-step behind Hall, and it was nip and tuck with the three until the tape was broken.

THE BICYCLE RACE, in which the Long Island record was lowered $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, was run under the rules of the L.A.W., and with the sanction of the L.A.W. Racing Board. This is the first school race to be so run. The final heat looked like a dead heat between Roehr and Hazeltine, and I have no doubt that if the two had set the pace earlier in the race the record would have been greatly bettered. In the pole vault Phillips beat his own record of 9 feet by 7 inches, and the hammer record was increased by over 24 feet. Mason threw 100 ft. 11 in. Some of the other records that were smashed were the mile run, which was lowered 21 seconds; Bedford brought down the half-mile record from 2 min. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. to 2 min. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.; Gunnison made the record in the high hurdles read 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. instead of 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The record for the 100 was broken three

times. In the final heat the time was 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. and in the second and third heats it was 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. and 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. respectively. Stevens made the best time.

THE ACCOMPANYING TABLE offers a comparison of the work done on the two tracks, and will serve as a record of the day's doings. Space prevents my inserting a comparative table of the interscholastic and intercollegiate records, but I shall do that at an early date, and the showing will by no means discredit the school athletes. The only difference between the New York and Long Island programmes is that the New Yorkers run a one-mile bicycle race, while the athletes on the other side of the Bridge cover two miles in that event. And they do not throw the baseball. They are right. The event is not athletic.

THE YALE INTERSCHOLASTIC TENNIS Tournament was held in New Haven on the same date as Harvard's in Cambridge, and although the entries were not so many from the Connecticut schools, the work of the players was excellent. The winner was J.P. Sheldon, of Hotchkiss Academy, who held the championship of Ohio before he came East to attend school at Lakeville. Sheldon's hottest matches were against Sage and Trowbridge, who was last year's champion. He defeated Sage in two sets, 7-5,

6-2, and overcame Trowbridge only after three stubbornly contested sets, 8-6, 6-2, 6-4. Last year Trowbridge did not compete at Newport, and it is Sheldon's intention now to follow his schoolmate's example. I hope he will change his mind, for it is to the interest of sport that the ablest players should meet, aside from the mere question of determining which one is actually the strongest.

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC RELAY RACES, held on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, April 20th, at the same time as the Intercollegiate relay races, developed the fact that the schools, in point of time, made almost as good a showing as the colleges. The best collegiate performance of the day was Harvard's defeat of the University of Pennsylvania in 3 m. 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The poorest winning time was made by C. C. N. Y.—3 m. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The fastest time by a school team was made by the Central High-School, which defeated the Manual Training School in 3 m. 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. The most interesting scholastic contest was between De Lancey and Episcopal Academy. Episcopal gained the lead in the first lap, only to lose it in the second, but regained it in the final quarter when only 75 yards from home. Here Ogelsby, spent with his hard run, could not go another step, and fell to the ground, leaving Knors to finish in a canter.

THE GRADUATE.

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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE



This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THE BICYCLE ROUTE this week is one of the pleasantest in the vicinity of New York city. It is the run across Staten Island. The reader should study the map of New York city published in No. 809, and find the best way in which to reach South Ferry. If he is a skilful rider, he may take the middle track of the cable-car (Broadway route), and follow that down Broadway; if not, he must come down towards South Ferry through the east side of New York. Arrived at South Ferry, take the Staten Island ferry-boat to St. George. On leaving the ferry at St. George

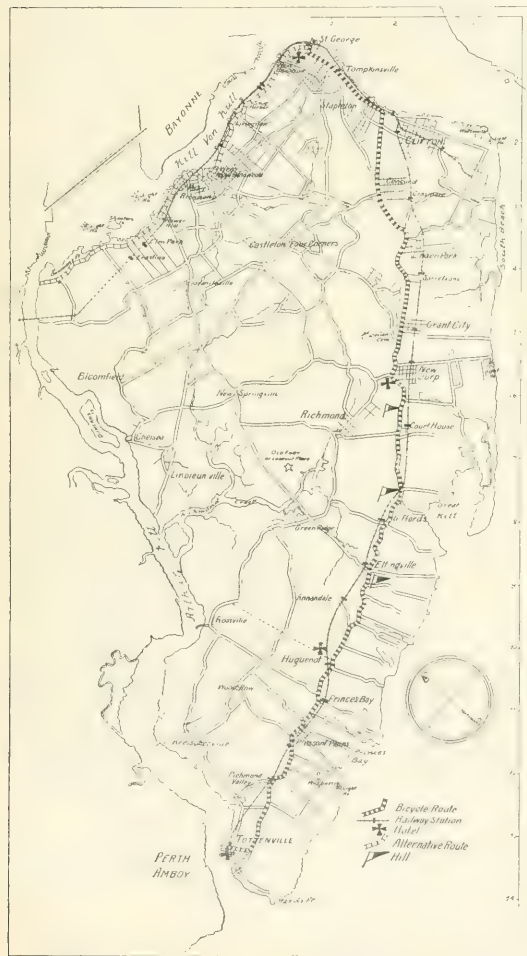
he should turn to the left, go up a rather steep hill, and take the third street to the left—that is, Stuyvesant Place and Avenue, and running along this southward take the third street to the right, and after going one block upon this turn to the left into Central Avenue. He should keep on Central Avenue until he reaches Tompkins Avenue, which is the first turn to the right; then, going southward on Tompkins Avenue, he should turn into Bay Street, and continue on Bay Street until he approaches Clifton, having passed through Tompkinsville and Stapleton. Just before reaching Clifton station he should turn right into Richmond road, and continue through Concord, Grassmere, Linden Park, Garretson, and Grant City, until just after leaving a large cemetery on the right, he runs into New Dorp.

AT THE BLACK HORSE TAVERN in New Dorp, which, by-the-way, is the only place to stop at, turn to the left into Amboy Road, pass the Court-house on the left; then about a mile farther on cross the railroad and run into Giffords. Another mile, and the rider passes through Ettingville.

This part of the road, from New Dorp through Ettingville, is more or less hilly, but the road here, as elsewhere for the entire route, is in excellent condition, and is macadamized. From Ettingville the rider passes through Annandale, Huguenot, crosses the railway again, continues on through Prince's Bay, thence to Pleasant Plains, crossing track again, and a mile further on enters Richmond Valley. He then keeps to the main road, which is the left-hand turn in Richmond Valley, and proceeds until he reaches the outskirts of Tottenville, where, turning sharp to the right, he enters Main Street, and may make a stop at the West End Hotel; but if he is going further (for this is the most direct route through New Jersey to the South), he may ride down to the Amboy Valley.

IT IS WELL worth the wheelman's while to continue on towards Clifton after leaving Stapleton, instead of turning to the right into Richmond road, and, continuing through Clifton, to run down to Fort Wadsworth, which is one of the important inner forts of the harbor, and commands a view of the Lower Bay. By keeping to this road after leaving Fort Wadsworth, and following it as it turns sharply to the right, he can run down towards South Beach, and join the Richmond road again just as he enters Linden Park. Furthermore, after leaving the Court-house, a mile or more beyond New Dorp, a road turns sharply to the right running up into the hills; and from Richmond, which is perhaps a mile and a half away, he may leave his wheel and climb up to the old Lookout, where once stood a fort of the Revolutionary War. The view from here commands most of the island and the Lower Bay, and is one of the best in the vicinity of New York city. There is a short ride over a good road from St. George along the northern boundary of Staten Island, running through New Brighton, Snug Harbor, Livingston, West New Brighton, Port Richmond, Tower Hill, etc., down to Bowman's Point; and it is possible for the rider to take this road, turning off at Tower Hill to the left, on the Port Richmond road, running across the island through New Springville and Green Ridge on to the Richmond road at Ettingville. This Port Richmond road, however, is hilly, and though in moderately good condition, is not to be compared with the Richmond road.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811.



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THESE are very busy days for some of you, because, as we all know, school examinations are just in advance. I was talking with a girl friend this morning, and she said she did not at all mind examinations, because she was very thorough with her work all through the term. She said, "By never slighting anything from the beginning of the term to the end, I find I do not have any harder work at the end than at the beginning." I wish that all young people—and, for that matter, older ones, too—would imitate her example. It is a good plan to be thorough with what we do, and to establish a reputation for being so among our friends, so that people may know that they can always depend on us. A lack of this quality of thoroughness often leads to very grave accidents. A ship has gone down before now in mid-ocean because of the unfaithfulness of somebody who had to do with its building, and from time to time tall houses fall and people are killed because architects or carpenters were unfaithful when constructing the rickety things, and allowed flaws to pass, and were contented with makeshifts. Our rule should be not to slight our work, but always to do it in the best possible manner.

THE habit of thoroughness in housekeeping leads one to keep rooms in good order and the table beautifully appointed. I know a girl who says that she takes great pains with her room whenever she thinks her aunt Mary is coming to see her, because Aunt Mary's sharp eyes discover every speck of dust, and observe any trifle that is in the least out of order. Aunt Mary is a bit of a critic, and her niece a little afraid of her comments.

In other words, the aunt has made a coward of the girl. I do not like the idea of being in bondage to anybody, whether an aunt or a stranger. It would seem to me a far better way to feel that one must answer to one's self, and that one would not feel satisfied unless she could look herself in the glass and say: "There, everything is done in the best possible manner, and you cannot find any fault with me to-day. Try to, if you dare!"

I WONDER whether you are particular to write notes of thanks very soon after receiving gifts or acts of courtesy? The value of a note of thanks is greatly increased by its being prompt. If some friend leaves a bunch of violets at your door, and you fail to acknowledge it until the flowers have faded, your thanks, when they do come, are tardy. When flowers are sent to those who are ill, they, of course, cannot repay the courtesy by a little note themselves, but some one in the family should do it for them. Your note of thanks should be very genial, showing that you are really pleased by the kind attention and the happier because of it. Do not be afraid to write warmly and cordially on such occasions. If stiff and formal you are unjust both to your friend and yourself.

SPEAKING of illness, it happens that some of you have to take care of those who are ill, and it is worth while to cultivate a way of moving lightly and quietly about a sick-room. One should never wear creaking shoes nor a rustling dress in a room where any one is ill. The nerves of people in illness are very acute and sensitive to every sound. A friend recovering from a long attack of typhoid fever told me that, while she was convalescent, she was nearly driven frantic by the fact that her nurse, writing notes in her room, used a pen which scratched on the paper. Even this little noise was most distressing to her in her weak state, and she said that when the same nurse began to sew by her bed she could hear the sound of the thread going through the muslin, and it seemed to her so loud and jarring that she could not bear it. I have known a person suffering from a severe headache in the third story of a house to be greatly distressed by noises in the kitchen, a long way below. You see, we cannot be too careful to be very gentle in our movements and quiet in our manner when we are with those who are not well.

C. S. M.—In reply to your inquiry concerning the best schools for studying designing in New York City, we should advise the School of Applied Design for Women, Twenty-third Street and Seventh Avenue, tuition \$50 a year, and Cooper Institute, Ninth Street and Third Avenue, tuition almost free. In Philadelphia, the Drexel Institute and the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, Thirteenth and Spring Garden streets. In Boston, the Museum of Fine Arts. Any of these schools is suitable for your purpose.

Margaret E. Langster.

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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Two Exciting Puzzle Contests Ended.

ENDEAVORING to favor the TABLE with an easy puzzle, since we said the questions were too hard, a flood of correct answers resulted in the Authors' Outer Contest, and, in accordance with the rules, a second contest had to be held. Here are correct answers to the original contest:

1. Moore—Moore. 2. Gay. 3. Yonge. 4. Lot's wife. 5. The millberry is said to have turned red because Phyllis and Keweenaw were the two trees. 6. The belief that Thibide had been devoured by a lion. 6. Bacon. 7. Hogg. 8. Ruskin. 9. Lemon. 10. Robinson Crusoe's main Friday. 11. Dickens. 12. Watkin. 13. Bange. 14. Theodore. 15. Butler. 16. Hawthorne. 17. Hawthorne. 18. February. 19. Reade. 20. Swift. 21. Howitt—How it. 22. Motherwell. 23. Scott—Scott. 24. Hood. 25. Lamb. 26. Johnson. 27. Lister. 28. Tennyson. 29. Spenser. 30. Alcock. 31. Howard. 32. Steine. 33. Cooper. 34. Smiles. 35. Hildstrand. 36. Goldsmith. 37. Shelley. 38. Borrow. 39. Steele. 40. Santa Clara.

A set of 35 new questions was prepared and sent by mail, to those who gave the foregoing correct answers. Thus the ties were played off, so to speak, unsuccessful contestants and outsiders being barred. Following are the questions and answers. In some cases the questions themselves are given, since they have not before been published. It was asked who wrote these:

1. "The Willowed Heart." Alford Pike. 2. "The Revellers." William Davis Gallagher, Mrs. Hemans; 3. "The Remarkable Wreck of the *Thomas Hake*." Frank C. Stockton. 4. "The House of the Future." Geo. W. Harris. 5. "The Tar Baby." Joel Chandler Harris. 6. "The Only Daughter." Harriett Campbell. 7. O. Holmes. Mrs. Henry Wood. 8. "The Sentimental Couple." Hon. Emily Eden. 9. "The Bozaz-Franchisees Hake." 10. "The Black-buck Cake." Henry Pickering. 11. "Adams and Liberty." Robert Treat Paine, Jr.

Four riddles were propounded:

1. The Ghost in Hamlet. 2. La Grippe.

10. Four of a kind, four of a name, Loving one who was called the same. Her star of good-luck went steadily down, She lost her life when she lost her crown; But they served her fondly till all was over, These four of a name, these faithful four.

—The Four Marys of Mary Queen of Scots.

25. We are born companions and nearly inseparable. We take interminable journeys together, travelling over almost uncounted distances, and always together, and take our vacations at the same time. We may be found in every civilized portion of the globe—useful alike in the king's palace, the peasant's hut, the soldier's bivouac, the laborer's ward, and the ship's cabin. Yet in some respects we are entirely different, for while I can adapt myself to every situation with perfect ease, my companion is very inquisitive in his ways, but together we bring order, comfort, and beauty wherever we go. After the labor of years and he is laid aside, my work remains to cheer and gladden many hearts, sometimes preserving family history which would otherwise be forgotten. And yet, marvellous to relate, we have neither hands, feet, head, nor body—Needle and Thread.

10. No. 12 to 15 are quotations from the poets, and their answers are: 13. Sir Walter Raleigh, on the snuff of a candle; 13. Pope; 14. The Serenade, of J. Perival; 15. War Song of Revolution, John Neal; 16. Youth and Age, Richard Dabney; 17. The New Roof, Francis Hopkinson.

Contestants were asked to name the works in which the following characters appear. Answers are here given: 1. Froth, *Never a Minute*; 2. Snailbow, *Merry Wives of Windsor*; 3. Godfrey Albewhite, *Moongone*, by Collins; 4. Edmund Gray, *Ivory Gate*, by Besant; 5. Gwendolen Harleth, Daniel Deronda, by George Eliot; 6. John Bull, *John Bull*, by Miss Malloy; 7. Grant Munro, *Shedlock Holmes*, by Doyle; 8. Christine Luddell, *Barriers Burned Away*, by Roe; 9. Princess Irena, *Prince of India*, by Walter Pater.

These questions were asked. Answers are here given after each:

1. A book which tells the heroine's name is not once mentioned. "Evelyn," "She." 2. "What famous character is it who, whether in doors or out, summer or winter, always keeps a glove on one hand?" "Hamel in Mrs. E. Field's *York*." 3. "What one was it who always offered his left hand to his friends because of the guilty deed done by the right?" "The Man in the Iron Mask." 4. "Name the fellow who, in a famous story, stands chewing the rust from his fingers. When he reaches home he will probably find his wife 'poisoned again' him." "Jerry Cutter." 5. A character in another book who was the first to ride on a car." "The Great Train Robbery." 6. "San Francisco." 7. "Willard Glazier, John C. Fremont, John Brent." 8. The book wherein one person calls upon another, and receives a reply, from the other, and the miles apart. "The Eve of St. Peter." 9. "Peter Bletcher."

In No. 33 it was found that authorities, equally credible, differed. Hence the question was dropped, and no matter what was the answer it was counted.

The prizes were \$25 divided, but \$10 to first. The amount awarded is slightly increased. The highest honor goes to George Peirce, who is a Pennsylvanian, aged 19. He answered correctly all but two of the questions. Second prizes of \$2 each go to Lois A. Dowling, of New York (Rochester), and John H. Campbell, Jr., of Pennsylvania (German town); and third prizes of \$1 each to the following: Harry Nelson Morey, New York; Henry S. Parsons, Massachusetts; John J. Clarkson, Helen J. Curley, and Martin Hougherty, Illinois; Charles A. Urner, Frank A. Urner, New Jersey; Pierre Feret, Louisiana; Edmund T. M. Franklin, Virginia; Katherine S. Frost, Massachusetts; Edith L. Warner and Edwin C. Sanders, Maryland; and Mac Steiner, Pennsylvania.

Some Questions for the Founders.

Now that Our Order has been so consistently honored as to have a great journal named for it, there arise a few questions for the Founders to vote upon. First, the Founders and all other members are asked to note that although the whole paper is named for their Order, that Order has not a less but a greater place in it, and, instead of a few pages being devoted to them, now the whole paper will seek to give them every thing necessary to their growth in that "goodly fellowship, worthy knowledge, and chivalry up to date" which form the grand basis of our union.

The questions to be voted on are these:

1. Shall we abolish or retain the eighteen-years-of-age limit?
2. Shall we have a new membership certificate?
3. Shall we have a new and different badge?

The reasons for bringing up these questions are: A great many lament the arrival of their eighteenth birthday, when they can no longer be members. They ask to remain in the Order, and suggest that all competitions be limited, as heretofore, to the eighteen-years-age limit. To the latter we agree, promising to always limit the age to eighteen years, as heretofore, and offering, if the Founders agree thereto, to have a competition for those above eighteen years. If it succeeds, to have competitions for both ages, as opportunity offers. What say you? Again, it is necessary to drop the name "Young People" from our certificate. In doing so why not have a handsomer one, and call it a "patent," which is a better name than "certificate." It may be printed in the Order's colors, yellow and blue.

New patents would be issued to all old members who cared to ask for them. Once more, what say you? Still again, our badge, adopted in the early history of the Order, has met some objections. It is five pansy leaves, bearing the letters "K. L. O. R. T." A Founder living in Winchester, England, described for us once, you remember, what is claimed to be the original Table used by King Arthur and his Knights of the Holy Grail, still preserved in Winchester Cathedral. This Founder suggests a badge that is a fac-simile of the top of this Table. He sends a picture of it, with the ancient names, etc. The letters "K. L. O. R. T." can be retained. It is necessary to have badges low in price, since many ought not to afford expensive ones, and therefore we shall need to retain silver for their material. It will be possible, though, to procure gold ones for those who specially order them. For the third question, we repeat, what is the Founders' pleasure?

Founders of the Order are the 5000 original members who have not passed their eighteenth birthday are asked to write us frankly. A postal card will do. We shall be governed by your votes. We may add, for the benefit of all, that our Order is to have a great many attractive offers during the next twelve months. The "feast" is to be a rich one, and we hope every one of you will remain around the Table and enjoy it.

Round Table Chapters.

No. 695.—The Thaddeus Stevens Chapter, of Philadelphia, Pa. Its meetings are held on Thursday of each week. The initiation fee is one dollar. Horace S. Reis, 910 North Broad Street.

No. 494.—The Quasnapowitt Chapter, of Wakefield, Mass. Charles Wait, George Tompson; Ralph Carlisle, president, 9 Summit Avenue.

No. 695.—The Columbus Chapter, of Columbus, Ohio. C. B. Harris, Edward L. Stoughton, George C. B. Harris, 1124 Madison Street.

No. 695.—The New York Chapter, of New York, N. Y. E. Jackson Taylor, John Nuttall, John Nuttall, 1000 Broadway.

No. 697.—The Kes-Kes Klok Chapter, of Yonkers, N. Y. J. Fowler Trow, Jun., Mary Van Rensselaer Ferris. Its meetings are held on Tuesdays. Chapter address, 388 Warburton Ave.

No. 698.—The Admiral Benjamin Chapter, of Fort Adams, Newport, R. I. Its officers are Stephen C. Rowan, Elizabeth Schenck, Lee Simpson, Anna Goble; Carol H. Simpson, care of Lieutenant Simpson, Fort Adams.

No. 699.—The Thomas Edison Chapter, of Bangor, Me. Fred H. Pond, Arthur A. Thompson, Myrtle D. Fox, Nellie M. Fox, Bangor.

No. 700.—The Oliver Wendell Holmes Chapter, of Eau Claire, Wis. George D. Galloway, Eau Claire.

No. 701.—The Sheridan Chapter, of Philadelphia, Pa. Martin S. Poulson, John M. Smith, Oland King, George Frey, Lydia Holmes; Reese Baker, Section C, Girard College.

No. 702.—The Kirk Munroe Chapter, of Auburn, Wash. J. French Dorrance, corresponding secretary, Box 17, Auburn.

No. 703.—The Keystones Music and Literary Chapter, of Harrisburg, Pa. R. Donald Jenkins, Stanley G. Smith, H. Stanley Jenkins; Louise N. Miller, Harrisburg.

Want Corner.

A corresponding Chapter is one whose members are widely separated and whose affairs are conducted by mail. There are several such, dear Lady Alice Cowly, but it is found very difficult in practice to maintain the interest. Keeping members together in spirit who are hundreds of miles apart in body is no easy thing to do.

Ralph Leach, Stoughton, Mass., is interested in athletic sports. He will enjoy the Table more than ever, then, for it is to have more news about sports than ever before. Anne Bliss wants to know why the Table cannot have a "Students' Corner" to help members in their school-work; "a geometrical diagram, scientific experiments, meaning of new words—anything. I am sure such a Corner would be very helpful." We heartily agree with Lady Anne. Shall we have a new corner, or will the Want one do? Let's have your questions. The Table desires to help you in all ways that it can. Consider this a Students' Corner, and use it as such. We can find somebody to answer your questions. Or perhaps you can answer each other's questions. How would that do for some questions, at least?

Here is one now. Maude Wierfeld asks: "If a heavy vessel, such as the cruiser *New York*, were to go down in mid-ocean, could it overcome the enormous pressure of the water, and sink to the very bottom, or would it reach an equal density before it did reach the bottom. Remember that some of the compartments would still contain air." Let us have opinions. Give us the pressure per square foot at certain ocean depths, and the pressure the war vessels are built to withstand. The *Eden*, which went down in the North Sea a few weeks ago—that is on the very bottom of the sea, is it not?

Herbert Benton lives at 1308 East Seventh Street, Kansas City, Mo. He asks how best to put plants into a herbarium. Will some one give us a manual upon it? We can find the information from books, but much prefer the personal experience of some member. Tell us about flowers and plants for herbariums. He also asks for the solution or mixture in which writing may be placed upon tissue-paper, the initial letter lighted and the writing burned out, without injury to the rest of the paper. We had the formula of the solution some time ago, but cannot now find it. Can somebody help us to it again, for Sir Herbert's benefit?

Carolyn A. Nash lives in California and asks for more time for sending puzzle solutions on account of the distance to be travelled by the mails. The present series of puzzles is exceptional, dear Lady Carolyn, and the dates of closing could not be made different, nor can they now be changed. In future contests the Pacific coast members shall be given more time. Augusta C. Greuther and Charles Stoughton are two of the more than twenty members of the Sangster Chapter who attend one school at Germantown, N. J. The Chapter meetings are held at the school on Fridays. It wants correspondents, and to exchange flowers and minerals.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE



BOY " jerking string. "COME, GET UP THERE; WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU!"



KITE "SAY, YOU CAN'T YANK ME THAT WAY WITH IMPUNITY."

A KITE TALE.

READINESS OF WIT.

ONE of the best qualities for a boy or a girl to cultivate is readiness of wit. To the lad who is thinking of going into some business pursuit quickness to see and meet the requirements of an opportunity is of invaluable importance. We find in the *Gazette Anecdotique* a case very much to the point, and most amusing withal. It seems that in the year 1707, when Philip V. was on his way to Madrid to take possession of his kingdom of Spain, the inhabitants of Mont de Marsan came out to meet him at his approach. The two processions having met about a league from the town, the Mayor advanced towards the litter in which the King sat, and addressed him as follows: "Sire, long speeches are obnoxious and wearisome; I should prefer to sing you something." Leave was given, and he sang forthwith a short ode to the King, which so greatly pleased his Majesty that he called out, "Da capo!" (encore). The Mayor gave his song a second time. The King thanked the singer, and presented him with ten louis d'or. This amount seemed hardly sufficient to the chief magistrate of Mont de Marsan, and he therefore promptly held out his empty hand to the King, and in admirable imitation of the King's voice, himself called out, "Da capo!" The King laughed heartily and complied, and the Mayor departed twice as well off as he would have been had he been less quick-witted.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

THOSE of us who have grown weary and perplexed over the peculiarities of the French language, and who have wished that our parents and school-teachers did not consider that language necessary to our education, will rejoice at this item from an English newspaper, which shows that the Frenchman has as hard a time mastering our tongue as we have in mastering his.

According to the story three French boys were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows:

1. "To was or not to au."
2. "To were or is to not."
3. "To should or not to will."

AN absent-minded young preacher in New England, wishing to address the young ladies of his congregation after the morning services, remarked from the pulpit that he would be very glad if the female brethren of the congregation would remain after they had gone home. He was almost as badly mixed, the narrator of this story says, as another speaker, who, after describing a pathetic scene he had witnessed, added, huskily, "I tell you, brothers, there was hardly a dry tear in the house."

SERENADING HIMSELF.

WE sometimes think that the funny situations in the pictures in the comic papers are too absurd to be real, and yet every day there happen things quite as absurd as any there depicted. One of the German newspapers gives an account of how a steady old burgomaster recently serenaded himself, which certainly brings before our minds a picture quite as laughable as any we have seen in print. The story is to this effect: Herr Nötel, merchant and burgomaster, who is passionately fond of singing, is the first tenor and president of the Schnitzelburg glee-club. The club consists of only a single

quartet, but small as is their number, the greater is their enthusiasm for the songs of Germany. Nötel would shortly celebrate his silver wedding. They must give him a serenade; there was no help for it. But what was a quartet without the first tenor? There was no getting a substitute, but for all that they would give Nötel a surprise. On the eve of the festal day the three members of the club, armed with lanterns, met at the appointed time before the house of their respected president, and after some clearing of throats and twanging of tuning-forks the music began. A small crowd collected in the street, and the windows in the vicinity were lined with appreciative listeners. The Herr Burgomaster and his family also appeared at the windows of their brightly illuminated sitting-room. The first bars of the well-known song, "Silent Night," left much to be desired, but the three voices bravely held on their way amid the surrounding stillness, and in a few moments Herr Nötel went down into the street and joined in the quartet. No sooner was the song finished than he ran up stairs again, appeared at the open window, and in loud clear tones thanked the club for their ovation. Seen on a public stage, an old gentleman madly rushing up stairs to a window to thank himself for serenading himself would cause a good deal of laughter.

ODD ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

It was a very homely old lady in Scotland who remarked, as she gazed into a looking-glass, that they didn't make as good mirrors to-day as they did when she was a girl, because she thought modern looking-glasses made her look so old.

It was said to be a Maine man who told an agent for a cyclopaedia that he didn't want one, because he hadn't time to learn to ride one, and he didn't wish to risk his neck trying it, anyhow.

A STORY is told of a grocer engaged in business in a London suburb, to the effect that he once declined to attend a very popular concert even though a free ticket was offered him. "Ye see," he said to the person who gave him the ticket, "if I went I'd see so many people who owe me money for groceries it would spoil my fun, and the sight o' me would spoil theirs. I'll stay at home."

HERE is a dog story, which you can believe or not as you please. A gentleman remarked of a friend's dog that the two eyes of the animal were remarkably different in size. "Yes," was the reply, "and he takes a mean advantage of the fact whenever I have a stranger to dine with me. He first gets fed at one side of my guest, and then goes round the table to his other side, and pretends to be another dog."



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE Portrait Gallery.

Mary Washington



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HEROES OF AMERICA.

THE CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY THE HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



THE battle of Chancellorsville marked the zenith of Confederate good fortune. Immediately afterwards, in June, 1863, Lee led the victorious Army of Northern Virginia north into Pennsylvania. The South was now the invader, not the invaded, and its heart beat proudly with hopes of success; but these hopes went down in bloody wreck on July 4th, when

word was sent to the world that the high valor of Virginia had failed at last on the field of Gettysburg, and that in the far West Vicksburg had been taken by the army of the "silent soldier."

At Gettysburg Lee had under him some seventy thousand men, and his opponent, Meade, about ninety thousand. Both armies were composed mainly of seasoned veterans, trained to the highest point by campaign after campaign and battle after battle; and there was nothing to choose

between them as to the fighting power of the rank and file. The Union army was the larger, yet most of the time it stood on the defensive; for the difference between the generals, Lee and Meade, was greater than could be bridged by twenty thousand men.

For three days the battle raged. No other battle of recent years has been so obstinate and so bloody. The victorious Union army lost a greater percentage in killed and wounded than the allied armies of England, Germany, and the Netherlands lost at Waterloo. Four of its seven corps suffered each a greater relative loss than befell the world-renowned British infantry on the day that saw the doom of the mighty French Emperor. The defeated Confederates at Gettysburg lost relatively as many men as the defeated French at Waterloo; but whereas the French army became a mere rabble, Lee withdrew his formidable soldiery with their courage unbroken, and their fighting power only diminished by their actual losses in the field.

The decisive moment of the battle, and perhaps of the whole war, was in the afternoon of the third day, when

Lee sent forward his choicest troops in a last effort to break the middle of the Union line. The kernel of the attacking force was Pickett's division, the flower of the Army of Northern Virginia, but many other brigades took part in the assault, and the attacking column, all told, numbered over thirty thousand men. At the same time Longstreet's Confederate forces attacked the Union left to create a diversion. The attack was preceded by a terrific cannonade, Lee gathering one hundred and fifteen guns, and opening a terrible fire on the centre of the Union line. In response, the Union chief of artillery gathered eighty guns along on the crest of the gently sloping hill where attack was threatened. For two hours, from one to three, there was a terrific cannonade, and the batteries on both sides suffered severely. In both the Union and Confederate lines caissons were blown up by the fire, riderless horses dashed hither and thither, the dead lay in heaps, and throngs of wounded streamed to the rear. Every man lay down and sought what cover he could. It was evident that the Confederate cannonade was but a prelude to a great infantry attack, and at three o'clock Hunt, the Union chief of artillery, ordered the fire to stop, that the guns might cool to be ready for the coming assault. The Confederates thought that they had silenced the Union artillery, and for a few minutes their firing continued; then suddenly it ceased, and there was a lull.

The men on the Union side who were not at the point directly menaced peered anxiously across the space between the lines to watch the next move, while the men in the divisions which it was certain were about to be assaulted lay hugging the ground and gripping their muskets, excited, but confident and resolute. They saw the smoke clouds rise slowly above the opposite crest, where the Confederate army lay, and the sunlight glinted again on the long line of brass and iron guns which had been hidden from view during the cannonade. In another moment, out of the lifting smoke there appeared, beautiful and terrible, the picked thousands of the Southern army advancing to the assault. They advanced in three lines, each over a mile long, and in perfect order. Pickett's Virginians held the centre, with on their left the North Carolinians of Pender and Pettigrew, and on their right the Alabama regiments of Wilcox; and there were also Georgian and Tennessee regiments in the attacking force. Pickett's division, however, was the only one able to press its charge home.

The Confederate lines came on magnificently. As they crossed the Emmetsburg Pike the eighty guns on the Union crest, now cool and in good shape, opened upon them, first with shot and then with shell. Great gaps were made every second in the ranks, but the gray-clad soldiers closed up to the centre, and the color-bearers leaped to the front, shaking and waving the flags. The Union infantry reserved their fire until the Confederates were within easy range, when the musketry crashed out with a roar; the big guns began to fire grape and canister.

On came the Confederates, the men falling by hundreds, the colors fluttering in front like a little forest; for as fast as a color-bearer was shot, some one else seized the flag from his hand before it fell. The North Carolinians were more exposed to the fire than any other portion of the attacking force, and they were broken before they reached the line. There was a gap between the Virginians and the Alabama troops, and this was taken advantage of by Stannard's Vermont brigade and a demi-brigade under Gates of the Twentieth New York, who were thrust forward into it. Stannard changed front with his regiments and attacked Pickett's forces in flank, and Gates continued the attack. When thus struck in the flank the Virginians could not defend themselves, and they crowded off toward the centre, to avoid the pressure. Many of them were killed or captured; many of them were driven back; but two of the brigades, headed by General Armistead, forced their way forward to the stone wall on the crest, where the Pennsylvania regiments were posted under Gibbon and Webb.

The Union guns fired to the last moment, until of the two batteries immediately in front of the charging Virginians every officer but one had been struck. One of the mortal-

ly wounded officers was young Cushing, a brother of the hero of the *Albatross* fight. He was almost cut in two, but holding his body together with one hand, with the other he fired his last gun, and fell dead, just as Armistead, pressing forward at the head of his men, leaped the wall, waving his hat on his sword. Immediately afterwards the battle-flags of the foremost Confederate regiments crowned the crest; but their strength was spent. The Union troops moved forward with the bayonet, and the remnant of Pickett's division, attacked on all sides, either surrendered or retreated down the hill again. Armistead fell dying by the body of the dead Cushing. Both Gibbon and Webb were wounded. Of Pickett's command two-thirds were killed, wounded, or captured, and every brigade commander and every field officer save one fell. The Virginians tried to rally, but were broken and driven again by Gates, while Stannard repeated at the expense of the Alabamians the movement he had made against the Virginians, and, reversing his front, attacked them in flank. Their lines were torn by the batteries in front, and they fell back before the Vermonters' attack, and Stannard reaped a rich harvest of prisoners and of battle-flags.

The charge was over. It was the greatest charge in any battle of modern times, and it had failed. It would be impossible to surpass the gallantry of those that made it, or the gallantry of those that withstood it. Had there been in command of the Union army a general like Grant, it would have been followed by a counter-charge, and in all probability the war would have been shortened by nearly two years; but no counter-charge was made.

As the afternoon waned, a fierce cavalry fight took place on the Union right. Stuart, the famous Confederate cavalry commander, had moved forward to turn the Union right, but he was met by Gregg's cavalry, and there followed a contest at close quarters with "the white arm." It closed with a desperate melee, in which the Confederates, charging under Wade Hampton and Fitz-Hugh Lee, were met in mid-career by the Union Generals Custer and McIntosh. All four fought, sabre in hand, at the head of their troopers, and every man on each side was put into the struggle. Custer, his yellow hair flowing, his face aflame with the eager joy of battle, was in the thick of the fight, rising in his stirrups as he called to his famous Michigan swordsmen, "Come on, you Wolverines, come on!" All that the Union infantry, watching eagerly from their lines, could see was a vast dust cloud, where flakes of light shimmered as the sun shone upon the swinging sabres. At last the Confederate horsemen were beaten back, and they did not come forward again or seek to renew the combat; for Pickett's charge had failed, and there was no longer hope of Confederate victory.

When night fell the Union flags waved in triumph over the field of Gettysburg; but over thirty thousand men lay dead or wounded, strewn through wood and meadow, on field and hill, where the three days' fight had surged.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Flutter of flag and beat of drum
And the sound of marching feet,
And in long procession the soldiers come
To the call of the bugles sweet.

And the marching soldiers stop at last
Where their sleeping comrades lie,
The men whose battles have long been fought,
Who dared for the land to die.

Children, quick with your gathered flowers,
Scatter them far and near;
They who were fathers and brothers once
Are peacefully resting here.

Flutter of banner and beat of drum
And the bugle's solemn call,
In grand procession the soldiers come—
And God is over us all!

THE CAT SHOW.

BY WALTER CLARK NICHOLS.

AT last the cats have had a show of their own, and for the time being their old enemies, the dogs, have been forced to take a back seat, and sulk at the attention which the 250 and more pussies received from the girls and boys and grown-up people at the Madison Square Garden in New York. It has been a gala-time for the children, especially, and the petting which the different tabbies received would have turned their heads had they not been so well-bred and aristocratic. For the common tramp cat, who knows no better than to give unwelcome concerts on the back fence at night, or the scraggly kitten, whose one ambition is rat-catching, had no place among the cats who made their first public bow and mieuw a week ago. Only those whose great grandpapas or grandmannas were distinguished people in the cat kingdom were allowed to be exhibited.

After all, the cat kingdom isn't nearly so large as the dog kingdom. All of our domestic cats are grouped under two distinct heads—the short-haired European or Western cat, and the long-haired Asiatic or Eastern cat. The tortoiseshell, white, black, blue, or slate-color (Maltese), and the tabbies are embraced in the European, and the Asiatic includes the Persian, Angora, Russian, and Indian. So that it is ever so much easier to learn what class your cat belongs in than to know the different kinds of dogs.

What an attractive sight the long rows of dainty cages, each fitted up in royal fashion for its feline occupant, made! Here at the beginning of the long row of wire houses, "Dick," a miniature tiger, slept with eyes half closed (as every good cat always does), and his right paw outstretched, as if in his dreams some poor little sparrow were within clutching distance. Not far away "Charles Dickens," a very aristocratic Maltese, was purring out his compliments to a little girl who was vainly endeavoring to educate him to eat peanuts.

Then there was "Columbia" and her two kittens, "Yale" and "Harvard." The readers of the ROUND TABLE never saw their older brothers wear their college colors more bravely than these wee little kittens. Their fawn-colored mother would get them quieted down after some merry romp, and then they would suddenly begin another friendly fight, and roll over and over again, till it was impossible to tell whether the blue or the red was victorious. Near by was a "happy family" of short-haired spotted cats from Elizabeth, New Jersey, consisting of a great-grandmother, grandmother, mother, and seven kittens. And how proud gentle great-grandmamma was when her granddaughter captured the second prize in her class.

Perhaps our President would feel pleased were he to know how much attention his namesake "Grover Cleveland" had at the show. He is a rich, brown tabby, with wide black stripes, and was given a blue ribbon, the mark of the first prize. He took it all very calmly, as much as to say, "You couldn't do anything less for one with such a name as mine."

But even "Grover Cleveland" was not so aristocratic-looking as "Grover B.," from Philadelphia. His short-haired coat was as white as the stone door-steps of the houses in his native town, and—think of it!—his mistress values him at \$1000! So well brought up is he that he sits at the table with his master and mistress in a high chair and feeds himself with his paw. His master says that he eats more quietly and gracefully than their little nephew of five years, who, when he spills his bread and milk, is told he can profit by "Grover's" example. So fond of him is his master that his head appears on all his business paper and envelopes, so that "Grover B." is known all over the world, and, through his pictures on his master's envelopes, has travelled more extensively than almost any other cat.

An even more wonderful short-haired cat was "Mittens," who has actually been trained to love and live with birds. "Mittens" is a great deal of a swell. His grandfather was a pure-blooded Maltese, and his great-grandmamma was a very haughty Angora. All the traditions in his family

prompted him to consider birds as his natural prey and dogs as his enemies. When he came to his present mistress, Mrs. M. L. Ponchez, the latter had two Yorkshire terriers, a parrot, eight canaries, a red-bird, and several chameleons, and of course she thought it would be pretty difficult for "Mittens" to live in peace with all these other pets. She thought she would try to teach him to be friendly to the birds and dogs, and this is what she did.

She first kept all of her pets a day without food, and then the next day placed the cat between the dogs while she fed him his breakfast. After that the cat and the dogs became such good friends that they all slept together. At the next meal she took one of the canaries, put him on her finger, and petted him while she held "Mittens" in her lap and fed him. This she did several times, and then let all of the birds fly around the cat. The latter never attempted to touch one, and frequently to-day you may see "Mittens" slumbering peacefully before the fire, with a canary nestled on the soft fur of his back.

While there were many more short-haired cats on exhibition for prizes, the long-haired ones created more attention because they are much less common. They had a separate room to themselves upstairs, and a band of music played for them lest they should forget that many of them were descended from cat emperors and princes in the far-off East. There was "Ajax," a white Angora, with firm mouth and keen eyes, his fluffy white mane looking like a lion's, every inch of him a king. There was "Paderevski," blue-ribboned, with longer and thicker hair than the famous musician whose name he bears. Near by an interested crowd watched "Ellen Terry" and her seven kittens. "Ellen" is a large white and orange Angora, and very cozy were she and her kittens in a basket lined with yellow silk and trimmed with dotted muslin. Her manners were perfect, for whenever her cunning little kittens were caressed she showed no surprise, but looked on with calm maternal pride.

Just to show by contrast how very aristocratic these long-haired cats were, six or eight lost cats from the Shelter for Animals (where lost and homeless cats are cared for) were exhibited near the haughty Angoras. All but one looked sadly out of place. They were thin, their fur was uneven, and the disdainful sniffs which their Persian and Angora neighbors gave them made them feel very miserable indeed. But one of them, though, a short-haired cat, looked as if his grandfather had been a somebody in the cat kingdom, and he seemed to say,

"Though appearances are against me, please don't think that I belong to this vulgar herd of tramp cats."

And he was vindicated, for the third day of the show a little girl came rushing over to the cage with a glad cry of recognition, which the cat immediately responded to by joyful purring. The cat had been lost for over two weeks, and now as his young mistress took him away he looked back at his proud long-haired neighbors with a smile, which meant,

"Ah, you see I'm somebody, after all!"

Perhaps the readers of the ROUND TABLE would like to know whether their cats and kittens are "somebody" or not, whether they are pure-blooded examples of the classes to which they belong. It is quite simple. A prominent doctor, who knows more about cats than almost any other man in the United States, says that in judging a cat the first thing to be considered is its general symmetry.

"The body ought to be long and slenderly shaped, like that of a tiger. The eyes should be of a correct shade; for instance, a cat that is white should have blue eyes, a black cat yellow eyes, and so on. The eyes, too, should be round and full. The color of a cat is important, and is the key to its character. A cat of one color should have no other hue in its coat. The most rarely marked cat is the tortoise-shell, uneven patches of red, black, and yellow, equally distributed over the body. In the tabbies the dark markings should be in direct contrast with the light, gray or brown being marked with black, while blue is marked with some darker shade, and yellow with red."

So successful was this first cat show that it is almost settled that another one will be held next fall. A cat club



IN THE LONG-HAIRED CAT-ROOM.

is to be formed, as exclusive as some of the kennel clubs to which the cats' canine enemies belong. So that hereafter when a proud-looking Angora goes to call on a Maltese friend, the question no longer will be: "How many birds have you killed lately?" or, "How do you find your milk these days?" But as the pussies purr in good-fellowship together, you will hear them ask each other (if you can understand the cat language), "Are you going to the club this evening?" and "Shall I see you at the 'show' next fall?"

JOYS OF THE STEAMSHIP HUNT.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

THE sport of steamship-hunting is the finest I ever enjoyed. It has more excitement in it than any other I have ever heard of. If you catch your ship properly you are happier than the slayer of many lions; if you don't catch her—well, there are some possibilities too shiverish to think about.

Of course the kind of steamship-hunting I mean is the game instituted by the big newspapers in such a case as that of *La Gascogne*, when recently she was eleven days overdue from Havre because one of her piston-heads broke down. This game is played with a tug-boat, a full equipment of night-glasses, and a great amount of patience. Just think of how important the results are! Within the circuit of New York, Boston, Buffalo, and Washington—the territory wherein New York newspapers are chiefly taken—there are at least ten millions of readers, all anxious for every scrap of news of the missing ship. Hundreds of these people have friends or relatives on board, but every one of the vast number is equally eager to hear of the ship's safe arrival, and all about the reason for her lateness.

If the lion-hunter's rifle misses fire he loses his life, but if the steamship-hunter misses his game he loses most of his good name and all of his employment. Imagine, then, the studious skill he devotes to sweeping the wide field of ocean with his glasses. He knows that half a dozen other tug-loads of reporters are out on the same errand, and that if any of them "beat" him he'd better sail right down into Davy Jones's locker and lock it from the inside.

The tug of a New York paper went down to the Quarantine Station at Staten Island on that very cold Friday even-

ing three days before *La Gascogne* was heard from. She was then eight days overdue. Three reporters and an artist were aboard the tug. They called at the telegraph office at Quarantine, and learned that nothing had been heard of the French ship from Sandy Hook or Fire Island. The only thing to do was to go down to the entrance of the Harbor and wait and hope—especially hope. Just before the steamship-hunters left the snug warm telegraph office the instruments began to sputter. The operator in the Sandy Hook tower was saying,

"Wind blowing fifty-six miles an hour from the N. W."

Two wise men, who had been to sea a few times, insisted on staying several miles inside of Sandy Hook, but the other man insisted a great deal harder on going. Off we went after a very short debate. The wind rattled the pilot-house windows, and if the door fell ajar a moment the breeze nearly whipped it off and blew it away. The bay was covered with floating ice. There were some cakes almost as big as a city block, and some looked tiny enough to put in a glass of water; but most of them were as long and wide as the deck of a big canal-boat. Every time one of the big fellows crunched against our bow we couldn't help wondering whether it was coming through. The moon flooded the vast field of white, and made it look as if we were sailing over a great prairie. Now and then we came to patches of clear blue water, and these danced in the moon's rays like giant turquoises. The tug's condensed steam rolled and bounded along, seeming like great masses of ivory. The intense cold caused this curious effect. Everything was fairlike, except the harsh grinding and cannonlike thumps of the ice.

Off the point of Sandy Hook we were almost clear of ice. Nobody could see anything that looked like a steamship coming from the eastward. The ice had kept the water quiet, but here in the open it was heaving and pitching under the lash of the gale. We ran into the Horseshoe inside of Sandy Hook, trying to get up to the landing, so that if we had very late news to send we could telegraph it from Sandy Hook, instead of Quarantine, which was an hour to the north of us. Ice was packed and jammed so thick and tight inside the Horseshoe that not even an icicle could be pushed into it. After our tug narrowly escaped being caught and held fast for the night we backed out. No use trying to land.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

"Mast-head light to the east'd!" sang out our skipper as we rounded the point of the Hook. Has your heart ever begun to dance at the sight of a school of bluish when you were running down toward them with four squids trailing from your cat-boat? Have you ever heard a deer come crashing through the thicket toward your rifle? Imagine us, then, when we heard those words. Every man whipped out a night-glass, or waited eagerly for his neighbor's. A speck of yellow light on the horizon crawled slowly up the blue sky.

"She's a liner," said our captain. "The ice and the hurricane have sent all the channel buoys adrift" (you know the ship channel is lighted with electric lamps like Fifth Avenue), "so her pilot will anchor outside."

Away went the tug at full speed. The yellow mast-head light kept growing higher, like a meteor going backward. Soon we could distinguish the dim white shape of a giant steamship. As she came nearer we saw that she was ice-coated from the water-line to one hundred feet above the deck. The lights glowed and twinkled out of the cabin ports like the candles shining out of the white churches we used to have when we were little boys. The big ship anchored not far from the Sandy Hook Lightship (six miles out on the Atlantic). Our Captain knew her for the *Teutonic* as readily as you would know your father in the street. On account of the high waves we dared not go

within one hundred feet, for fear of being dashed against the steamship's side. Our tug's bow swung up in the wind, and we began a conversation with the officer on the *Teutonic's* bridge, our words shooting back and forth across fifty yards of icy wind that sped between us at the rate of fifty-six miles an hour. The *Teutonic* had no news of *La Gascogne*.

On that Monday afternoon when the telegraph-operator in Fire Island tower reported the missing *Gascogne* approaching his station, our tug started out again. The many weary and fruitless nights of watching and cruising were all forgotten. The searchers hurried through dinner in the galley, and drank big mugs of coffee in gulps. Every one was too happy to stay long at anything. I never knew the distance between the Battery and the outer light-ship to be so long. From here, at last, we spied a glimmer of red on the sky-line. If enthusiasm burned, there wouldn't have been a lens left in one of those glasses. Men perched on the top of the pilot-house to see better.

"That's the *Gascogne*—three red lights at the mast-head—going under repairs," cried the mate, from the loftiest perch.

Every minute dragged outrageously until we got alongside of the steamship. Nothing in her appearance except the three red lights indicated that anything was wrong. She was moving slowly—only eight miles an hour. We ran under her stern, and got alongside her lee bow. Groups of passengers gathered along the rails, although it was now very near midnight. They cheered the men who came so far to welcome them. An officer on the bridge told of the accident in a dozen words. Through one of the ports we could see a blue-jacketed steward polishing a plate.

"Has Faure formed a cabinet yet?" shouted one passenger.

The answer we gave him was lost in the chorus of cheers. Some one weighted a copy of the ship's log, and threw it aboard our tug.

But while all this was very pleasant, it was not enough. The ship's officers promised to lower a companion-ladder for our men to go aboard.

A long wait. No ladder. Our own skipper solved the problem by ordering his men to throw up a twenty-foot wooden ladder—a fragile thing. Such roars in English and counter-roars in French as there were while that ladder was being arranged!

"Take a couple of bights of that line, and make it fast on the third rung, you three-fingered blacksmith!" yelled our mate.

The Frenchmen guessed what he meant. At last the ladder was up, resting on our deck, and its end scraping the *Gascogne's* side. There was great danger that at any moment the top end might catch on an iron plate as our rolling tug pushed it upward. Then the great weight of the tug would crush the ladder into matchwood. No matter; that was one of the nerve-tickling details of the newspaper steamship hunt. Up ran two reporters and an artist, one after the other, while men stood by to throw them life-buoys if the ladder should be smashed.

But they got aboard all right. Afterward came the interviewing, the hurried writing of copy, the telegraphing from a secret place in Staten Island out of the reach of news thieves; but all that is the mere recital of how we carried home our game.



ONE OF THE NERVE-TICKLING DETAILS OF THE HUNT.

THE YOUNG BEACH-COMBERS OF
MONMOUTH.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

"I SAY he shan't come in!"
"And I tell you he shall!"

The boys' voices rose high and angry; their attitude was threatening; and at the sound of contention a bevy of other barefooted youths came scampering over the damp sand, shouting, "Hi! a scrap, a scrap!" and eager to see fair play.

"What's it all about?" inquired Ned Eaton, a good-looking youth, rather better dressed than his companions.

"It's about little Jem Ferguson," spoke up the shorter and stockier of the belligerents. "Kit Bundy here says he oughtn't to be let into the beach-combing, and I hold it's mean as cramp-fish to bar him out just because he's weak and pindlin' and no account in a boat."

"So it is, so it is," chorused the listening youngsters.

But Kit put in quickly, "All right, let him in then; but if you do he'll hoodoo every mother's son of us. Who killed the luck bird last June?"

"Not Jem," cried Herbert Woolley.

"No; but his daddy did, and if he had been drinking too much hard cider at the time, that makes no difference, and the whole family has had a powerful sight of bad fortune ever since. Jest two weeks after their cow choked to death with a green apple; Jem's hip trouble grew worse; and Jake Smithers told me that the smack in which Dan Ferguson sails is sure to come back with a light haul. The men all look on him as a Jonah, for fish don't come to the nets of those who take the life of a hawk."

"Well, but ill-luck can't be inherited, like consumption or the shape of one's nose," protested Herbert, "and even if it could, Jem's having a bit of sand to sift couldn't affect the rest of us."

Still the boys glanced at each other doubtfully, and one muttered, "We'll each have more ground, and so more chance, if he isn't there," while Kit clinched his argument by declaring, "Oh, if Bert has his way we all may as well give up all hope of winning that," pointing, as he spoke, to a flaring yellow poster which adorned one of the bathing-houses.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS!!!

was the heading, in conspicuous capitals two inches long, and below this amount was offered, in smaller type, as a reward for the return of a diamond earring lost by one of the summer visitors in Benton, the pretty New Jersey village where these lads lived, and which was a quasi-fashionable sea-side resort for three months of the year. Now, however, the broad white beach was given into the hands of those young natives who in the early fall make a business of going carefully over it, rubbing the iridescent sand between their fingers, and seeking for any articles there lost and hidden during the gay warm season.

In grim silence, then, the boys re-read the advertisement which all knew by heart, and Ned Eaton suggested, "Let's take a vote. Those who want Limpy Jem to have a show drop a white shell in my hat, and those who are for freezing him out a purple one."

"Yes, yes, that is a good way; that will be fair." And the members of this hastily formed Beach-Comber's Union turned aside with relief to select their ballots from the deep-sea treasures cast up by the bobbing foam-capped waves.

Five minutes later, then, the polls were open, and Kit looked triumphant and Bert annoyed as both noted that the majority of the voters were endeavoring to conceal dark mussel-shells in their brown little fists. There was no doubt that Jem's fate was sealed, when suddenly a faint shout attracted their attention, and all started at sight of a slender auburn-haired lassie speeding toward them from the direction of the village. "Gee whizz, but it's Eileen Ferguson!" shrieked small Teddy Todd, "and her temper is as fiery as her curly mop."

Certainly there was a dangerous flash in her big gray eyes and a sharp ring in her young voice as, coming nearer,

she cried: "So, Kit Bundy, you are playin' the snake in the grass again, are you? You never did like my brother, and now I hear you are tryin' to have him put out of the beach-combin'. Poor Jemmy, who is too sickly to go to the fishin'-banks, and has so looked forward to the fall in hopes of earnin' a few dollars for the mither! I should think ye'd be ashamed of yourself! Dickson, the bathin'-master, told me how you were talkin' to the others; but you won't mind him, will you, boys?" And there was that in the appealing, half-tearful glance which the earnest little sister turned upon them that made most of her hearers look sheepish, and become deeply absorbed in stirring up the sand with their toes.

But Kit was furious. "What?" he roared; "be dictated to by a girl? I know our combers. Go on, fellows, and vote as you intended; while, Miss Impudence, the sooner you take yourself off the better."

Instinctively, however, Eileen turned to young Woolley. "Oh, Bert, Bert," she wailed, "don't let them throw my Jemmy out. He has had such a dreadful summer, and this—this will break his heart. We need the money so much, and never did he dream his old friends could treat him so." Then all at once her wrath dissolved in a girlish burst of tears.

"Pepper me if I can stand that, bad luck or not," growled Ned, hurriedly picking up a white shell and flinging it into the hat; and as boys, like older people, are very much akin to a flock of sheep, the majority followed suit, and Jem Ferguson was, as in former years, numbered with the beach-combers, the three purple shells cast by Kit and two of his chums not being sufficient to rule him out.

"A thousand thanks, boys! You are blissid darlins, ivery one of ye—barrin' that trio," exclaimed Eileen, who, though American born, in moments of excitement sometimes betrayed her ancestry by her speech.

When, then, on the morning of September 18th, the combers gathered to commence operations, one of the happiest faces there was that of little "Limpy," hopping briskly along on his crutches, and nodding gay greetings to his old comrades. They found the beach evenly measured off and divided by stakes. The plan of the lads of Benton was to draw lots for their respective portions, a strict though unwritten law being that no one should poach upon another's grounds.

"See, Kit, you and I are neighbors," said Jem, cordially, to young Bundy. "And such fine sections as we have! right in front of the great Naiad Hotel. We have a good chance for the diamond. Oh, but don't I wish I could find it!"

But Kit only growled something about "luck-bird-killers" under his breath, and strode away to his own preserve. Always rather a leader among his companions, he was chagrined by his defeat, and felt injured and annoyed by the cripple's presence.

As the day wore on, however, he found it difficult to keep up his antagonism to cheery Jem, who ignored all rebuffs, and chatted away in the most friendly as well as quaint manner—now about the sea, wondering why it changed its hue from blue to green and green to gray; and now about the fish-bawks circling overhead, and longing to be one of them, that he too might fly off to some warm Southern land before the cold, biting winter came on.

"What a queer you are!" remarked Kit at length. "What makes you think of such things? Why, I'd a heap rather be a boy than a bird."

"Yes, 'cause you are so big and strong. You can make your way in the world, and your back isn't crooked, and your legs all drawn up. Now I, you see, am neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring," and Jem cackled a feeble little laugh, but without a tinge of bitterness. How, too, he enjoyed the lunch eaten on the beach, and insisted that every one must taste the pie Eileen had made for him out of "two peratics and a bit of a lemon."

For three days the weather was perfect, and the combers "made hay while the sun shone," gathering quite a profitable collection of old iron and nails, children's toys, small coins, and inexpensive pins and pieces of jewelry, while Bert Woolley had the good fortune to come upon a

silver watch little the worse for its sojourn in the damp sand.

But on the fourth morning there came a change. Heavy clouds obscured old Sol from view, the sea roared with a low ominous undertone, and the wind blew raw and chill from the northeast, making the lads shake and shiver, and seeming to freeze weakly Jem to the very marrow and set his limbs to aching. Then in the night the storm broke, one of those fierce September gales which often sweep the coast, and for forty-eight hours roared and raged without, while the impatient archipelago grumbled and raged within.

It was an exceedingly wet world that at last emerged, bright and glistening, after the deluge, but Kit Bundy was early astrid and down on the shore to see what havoc the tempest had made. Dead fish, drift-wood, portions of wrecks, and other flotsam and jetsam strewn the beach, up which he slowly sauntered, kicking before him a round stone that bounded merrily across the sand. Presently, in front of the Naiad Hotel, a particularly vigorous kick sent it high in air, and then landed it in a deep hollow worn by the waves. Mechanically Kit paused to lift his improvised plaything from the hole, when something beside it caused him to fall on his knees with a low stifled gasp. Not another sound escaped him, but there was a new and curious expression on his face when he finally rose and almost ran to the boarding-house he and his father called "home." Later in the day the long line of beach-combers were electrified by the message that passed from mouth to mouth, "Kit is the lucky one; he has found the diamond earring."

From far and near the boys hastened to behold the jewel, about which there could not have been more interest had it been the Koh-i-noor itself, and the finder had to point out just where he discovered it in his section, deeply buried a foot from the surface.

"Not so dreadfully hoodooed after all, were you, Kit?" Bert could not resist remarking; but most of the lads swallowed their own disappointment, and congratulated him warmly, while Jem threw his hat in the air, piping, "Hip, hip, hurrah for Bundy, the prize-winner!"

But the hero of the hour did not appear particularly pleased with these attentions. He grew very red, and turned away, muttering, "Oh, shut up, fellows! It isn't worth makin' such a fuss over."

"Just bear the Rothschild," squeaked Teddy Todd. "One would think he picked up gems every day in the year. I shouldn't be so grumpy if I had had his luck."

"Which he don't deserve," said outspoken Eileen, who had come down to gather drift-wood. "Oh dear! how unequal things are in this world! If Jem had but drawn that side of the stake instead of the other, we would be fairly spinnin' with the joy, and whiskin' him off to the best doctor in the county. Poor lamb! he scarce slept a wink last night, with the pain in his hip, and oughtn't to be out here to-day."

And the next morning Jem was missing, his sister coming to fill his place, and with her ready Irish wit, parrying all the boys' jokes on "the first girl comber of Monmouth." But from that time the interest in the beach-combing flagged, and the work soon came to an end.

One afternoon, not long after, a youth, conspicuously conscious of his Sunday clothes and stiff collar, rang the bell of a handsome New York residence, the shining door-plate of which bore the name, "J. C. Landon, M.D." He was admitted by a supercilious colored boy in buttons, who, ushering him into a luxuriantly furnished office, told him to "Wait, the doctor was engaged at present." And he did wait a full half-hour before the physician emerged from an inner apartment, accompanied by a lady who gently supported a young girl, richly attired, and with long fair hair floating on her shoulders, but who limped painfully, and in whose sweet face was an expression of suffering that somehow reminded Kit—for Kit it was—of Jem Ferguson.

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Graham," Dr. Landon was saying, "I see no reason why Miss Ethel should not walk without crutches in time. Science works wonders nowadays. She would get on faster if you could consent to let her go to my sanitarium, but since you are unwilling, I will visit her often and do

the best I am able; while I can at least promise that there will soon be no more of the neuralgia that causes such excruciating agony." With which he bowed his visitors out, and, returning, asked briskly, "Well, my lad, what can I do for you? You don't look like an invalid."

"No, sir; I'm pretty hearty," responded Kit, with a grin. "I came because—because I have found this," and without further words he produced a small box and opened it.

"My wife's lost earring! Why, she will be overjoyed!" exclaimed the physician. "But I shall have to turn you over to her, as I am due at the hospital, and haven't a moment to spare. Here, Nero, ask Mrs. Landon to step down to the office." And without more ado the busy man hurried off, leaving the confused and stammering Kit to the tender mercies of the mistress of the mansion.

But these proved very delightful, for not only did the lady shower him with graceful thanks, but ordered up a dainty little collation for his refreshment, which he ate to the sound of the surgeon's praises as sung by Nero, who declared his master to be "De berry bestest doctah in all de United States. Why, sah, he kin mos' raise de dead, and I 'low he makes de lame to walk every day, and tink nottin' ob it"; and when he finally left the house, it was with a fat roll of greenbacks snugly tucked in his pocket.

This was the hour to which Christopher Bundy had been looking forward, and he proceeded to make the most of it. Of course he went to the theatre, and from a high gallery seat gloved and shivered in sympathy with the hero on the boards, and he followed this up with an oyster-stew in a gayly decorated and illuminated restaurant. But, strange to say, he was not as happy as he should have been, and—it was very queer—the features of "Limpy Jem" would keep rising before him, curiously intermingled with those of the lame girl he had seen that day, while he seemed to hear again a weak voice piping, "That's because you are so big and strong, and your back isn't crooked and your legs all drawn up." "I must have the vapors," he concluded, as he tumbled into bed.

The following evening, when Kit stepped off the train at Benton, he was met by a delegation of beach-combers, all shouting: "Hullo, old fellow! Did you get the reward, sure enough? Goin' to stand treat now, ain't yer? Ginger-pop and sodas for the crowd!" and insisted upon bearing him off to drink his health at his expense.

"Wish poor Limpy was here too," remarked Ned Eaton, as he drained his glass of sarsaparilla. "Does any one know how he is to-night?"

"Dreadful bad," answered Teddy Todd. "They think he's dyin'."

"What! Is he so sick as that?" and Kit's voice sounded sharp and unnatural.

"Yes; he took cold that day before the storm; fever set in, and the doctor says he won't get well."

It was nine o'clock, and the little seaside town was settling down to sleepy repose, when a timid knock summoned Eileen to the Fergusons' humble portal. Her eyes were red and swollen, as could be seen by the blazing pine-knot she carried, and her lips quivered as she cried: "Kit Bundy at this hour! What brings you here?"

"To see Jem. Stop, Eileen! Don't say I can't, for I must, indeed I must. I know I've been mean to him and rude to you, but there is something I must tell him before he dies."

There was so much wild anxiety in his manner and imploring in his tone that the curt refusal on the girl's tongue was hushed, and instead she said, "Come, then; only don't stay long," and led the way to the dreary room where Jem lay. A wan smile flitted across his face at sight of his guest, and he murmured:

"Howdy, Kit; do you know, I guess I'll get my wish, after all, and fly away like the luck-birds."

With a low cry, however, the older lad threw himself down beside the bed, and sobbed: "No, no, Limpy; don't say that. You must stop and be comfortable and happy here, for see, this is yours, all yours"; and he flung upon the patchwork quilt the roll of bills paid him by Mrs. Landon.

Jem gasped. "What a big, big lot of money! It's the



THEN JEM WHISPERED: "POOR KIT! BUT I'M GLAD YOU'VE TOLD ME."

reward, isn't it—the reward for the diamond? But you mustn't give it to me."

"It belongs to you. I never had any right to the diamond, for—I found it on your side of the stake, and buried it in my part of the beach."

After this confession there was dead silence for a moment. Then Jem whispered: "Poor Kit! But I'm glad you've told me."

"So am I: though the beach-combers will hiss me out of their company when they know. Here's the hundred and fifty dollars, however, every penny of it; and you, Eileen, must spend it all for your brother"; and he thrust the greenbacks into that astonished maiden's hands.

But Jemmy protested with all his feeble strength. "I cannot, I will not take it all," he said. "You were the finder, even if it was in my portion of sand. But we will divide, half for you and half for me, and then the other fellows need never know. It shall be our secret." And as he was growing dangerously excited, to this arrangement Kit had to consent.

Before leaving, though, he told the sick boy and his sister of the marvellous cures Dr. Landon was said to have made, and of the fair cripple he had seen in his office, concluding with, "Now, Jem, if you could go to his hospital, mebbe science would work some of those wonders on you."

"Oh, if he could, if he only could!" sighed Eileen.

Hope, however, is a great restorative, and the following day Jem was stronger than he had been for some time, which encouraged Kit to take another trip to New York, where he astonished Dr. Landon by suddenly appearing before him and demanding, "Tell me, sir, is seventy-five dollars enough to put a chap in your hospital and get him cured?"

"Well, that depends," laughed Dr. Landon, much amused. "Who is this chap, and what is his trouble?"

As concisely as possible the boy told the story of lame Jem, but so interesting the kindly physician that he ran down to Benton expressly to see the case, and the result was the new year found the young invalid established in a great airy ward, where the sunshine sifted in through a beautiful lattice-work of window plants, and cheery, bright-faced attendants were ready to answer every call and supply every want.

"It seems like Paradise," said Jem, nestling among the soft pillows, and that proved a truly blissful winter, in spite of some pain and discomfort he had to endure, while he made life-long friends of Mrs. Landon and Mrs. Graham, who paid him frequent visits, and brought him lovely flowers and delicious fruit from the fair-haired Ethel.

And at length, when the spring-time came over the land, Bert Woolley and Kit Bandy one evening helped off the cars a very pale but very radiant lad, while the former said,

"See, Limpy, there are all the beach-combers coming to welcome you home."

Cordially the rough youths crowded about their young comrade, healed and restored as though by a miracle, and shook him warmly by the hand, wondering to see in a slight limp the only trace of his former lameness. But the throng parted as an auburn head suddenly flashed through their midst, and Eileen, throwing her arms around her brother, cried:

"Oh, Jem, Jem! this is the happy day for sure—to see you walking on your own two feet, while the father has signed the pledge, and a pair of luck-birds are building their nest in the big pine-tree right forlornst our door."

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXV.

SERGE DISCOVERS A CURIOUS CAVERN.

AT the point where our travellers had again struck the Yukon, nearly 1500 miles from its mouth, it was still a mighty stream two miles wide. Above this they found it bounded on both sides by mountains that often approached to its very waters, where, in sheer precipices hundreds of feet high, they found gigantic palisades, similar to those of the Hudson, which are known as the "Upper Ramparts." On the lower river the sledge party had journeyed over a smooth surface, on which were few obstructions. Their course from Anvik had at first been due north, then north-east, then east, and was now due south, the source of the Yukon towards which they were now travelling being some ten degrees south of its great arctic bend.

Owing to this, they now found themselves confronted by the hardest kind of sledging over rough hummocky ice that was often piled in chaotic ridges twenty and thirty feet high. As the river freezes first at its most northerly point, and this belt of solid ice is gradually extended south, or back toward its source, the floating cakes of its upper reaches, borne by the swift current, are piled on the ever-advancing barrier in confused masses that stretch across the river like windrows.

In the spring, when the ice breaks up and is hurled irresistibly down stream on the swollen current, the same effect is reproduced on a vastly increased scale. Then the upper river breaks first, and a sudden rise of water from some great tributary starts the ice over the still solid barrier below. The huge cakes slide, jam, push, and crash over the still unbroken ice sheet, until they are piled in a vast gleaming mass seventy or eighty feet in height, from

a quarter of a mile to one mile in length, and extending from bank to bank.

This mighty gorge must give way at length, and when it does it goes with a roaring fury that is terrifying and grand beyond description. After grinding and tearing onward for several miles, or perhaps less than one, the furious impulse is again checked by another solid barrier, which must in turn be broken down and swept away, its added weight giving increased energy to the mighty force.

So the ice crashes its resistless way down the whole Yukon Valley to Bering Sea, two thousand miles distant, sweeping everything before it, mowing down vast areas of forest, submerging islands, tearing out banks, and leaving everywhere traces of its terrible progress in the shape of huge ice cakes, weighing many tons, stranded high above ordinary water level.

Although Phil Ryder and his companions were not to witness this grand exhibition of one of nature's mightiest forces, they were sadly inconvenienced and delayed by the uncomfortable fashion in which their frozen highway had been constructed some months earlier. If they could have left the river and followed along its banks, they would have done so; but this was out of the question, not only on account of their rugged character, but because on their timbered portions the snow lay many feet in depth, while from the river it had been so blown by strong north winds that for long stretches the ice was barely covered. This enabled the sledge men to walk without snow-shoes, which was a great comfort to all three, but especially to Jalap Coombs, who had not yet learned to use the netted frames with "ease and fluency," as Phil said.

To this light-hearted youth the sight of his sailor friend wrestling with the difficulties of inland navigation as



FOR A SINGLE MINUTE THEY GAZED IN BREATHLESS AWE.

practised in arctic regions afforded a never-failing source of mirth. A single glance at Jalap's lank figure enveloped in furs, with his weather-beaten face peering from the recesses of a hat fringed hood, was enough at any time to make Phil laugh. Jalap's snow shoes that, in spite of all his efforts, would slide in every direction but the one desired, and Jalap gazing at a frosty world through a pair of woolen snow goggles, were sights that even sober-sided Serge found humorous.

But funniest of all was to see Jalap drive a dog-team. This he was now obliged to do, for, while they still had three sledges, they had been unable to procure any Indians at Forty Mile to take the places of Kurilla and Chitsah. So while Phil, who was now an expert in the art of dog-driving, and could handle a six-yard whip like a native, took turns with Serge in breaking the road, Jalap was always allowed to bring up the rear. His dogs had nothing to fear from the whip, except, indeed, when it tripped him up so that he fell on top of them, but they cringed and whined beneath the torrent of incomprehensible sea terms incessantly poured forth by the strange master, who talked to them as though they were so many lubberly sailors.

"Port your hellum! Hard a-port!" he would roar to the accompaniment of flying chunks of ice that he could throw with amazing certainty of aim. Then, "Steady! So! Start a sheet and give her a rap full. Now keep her so! Keep her so! D'y'e hear? Let her fall off a fraction of a pint and I'll rake ye fore and aft. Now, then, bullies, pull all together. Yo-ho, heave! No sojering! Ah, you will, will ye, ye fussy sea-cook! Then take that, and stow it in your bread-locker. Shake your bay-seed and climb—climb. I tell ye. Avast heaving!" And so on, hour after hour, while the dogs would jump and pull and tangle their "running rigging," as Jalap named the trace-things, and the two boys would shout with laughter.

But while the journey thus furnished something of merriment, it was also filled with tribulations. So bitter was the cold that their bloodless lips were often too stiff for laughter or even for speech. So rough was the way, that they rarely made more than eight or ten miles in a day of exhausting labor. Several dogs broke their legs amid the chaotic ice blocks of the ever-recurring ridges, and had to be shot. Along the palisaded Ramparts it was difficult to find timbered places in which to camp. Their dog feed was running low, and there was none to be had in the wretched native villages that they passed at long intervals.

At length the setting sun of one evening found them at a point where the river, narrowed to a few hundred yards, was bounded on one side by a lofty precipice of rock, and on the other by a steeply sloping bank that, devoid of timber, seemed to descend from an open plateau. They halted beside a single log of drift that, half embedded in ice, was the only available bit of firewood in sight. It was a bleak and bitter place in which to spend an arctic night, and they shivered in anticipation of what they were to suffer during its long hours.

"I am going to climb to the top of the bank," said Serge, "and see if I can't find some more wood. If I do, I'll roll it down; so look out!"

Suited his action to his words the active lad started with a run that carried him a few yards up the steep ascent. It was so abrupt that he was on the point of sliding back, and dug his feet sharply into the snow to secure a hold. At the same instant he uttered a cry, threw up his arms, and dropped from the sight of his astonished companions as though he had fallen down a well.

Before they could make a move toward his rescue they were more astounded than ever to hear his voice, somewhat muffled, but apparently close beside them.

"I'm all right!" he cried, cheerily. "That is, I think I am, and I believe I can cut my way out. Don't try to climb the bank. Just wait a minute."

Then the bank began to tremble as though shaken by a gentle earthquake, and suddenly a hand clatching a knife sent out from it so close to Jalap Coombs that the startled sailor leaped back to avoid it, stumbled over a sledge, and plunged headlong among his own team of dogs, who were

lying in the snow beyond, patiently waiting to be unharnessed. By the time the yelling, howling mass of man and dogs was disentangled and separated, Serge had emerged from the mysterious bank, and stood looking as though he did not quite understand what had happened. Behind him was a black opening into which Phil was peering with the liveliest curiosity.

"Of all the miracles I ever heard of this is the strangest!" he cried. "What does it mean, old man?"

"I don't exactly know," answered Serge; "but I rather think it is a moss blanket. Anyhow, that's an elegant place to crawl into out of the cold. Seems to be plenty of wood too."

Serge was right in his conjecture. What appeared to be the river-bank was merely a curtain of tough, closely compacted Alaskan moss, closely resembling peat in its structure, one foot thick, and reaching from the crest of an overhanging bank to the edge of the river. It had thus held together, and fallen to its present position when the river undermined and swept away the earth from beneath it. That it presented a sloping surface instead of hanging perpendicular was owing to a great number of timbers, the ends of which projected from the excavated bank behind it. Serge had broken through the moss curtain, fallen between these timbers to the beach, and then cut his way out. Now, as he suggested, what better camping-place could they ask than the warm, dry, moss-enclosed space from which he had just emerged.

"I never saw nor heard of anything so particularly and awfully jolly in all my life," pronounced Phil, after the three travellers had entered this unique cavern, and started a fire by which they were enabled to see something of its strange interior. "And, I say, Serge, what a thoughtful scheme it was on your part to provide a chimney for the fire before you lighted it! See how the smoke draws up? If it wasn't for that hole in the roof I am afraid we should be driven out of here in short order. But, hello, old man! Whew—w! what are you throwing bones on the fire for? It reminds me of your brimstone-and-feather experiment on Goolmak."

"Bones!" repeated Serge in surprise. "Are those bones? I thought they were dry sticks."

"I should say they were bones!" cried Phil, snatching a couple of the offending objects from the fire. "And, sure as I live, this log I am sitting on is a bone too. Why, it's bigger than I am. It begins to look as though this place were some sort of a tomb. But there's plenty of wood. Let's throw on some more and light up."

"Toughest wood to cut I ever see," growled Jalap Coombs, who was backing away at another half-buried log. "Pears to be brittle, though, and splits easy," he added, dodging a sliver that broke off and flew by his head.

"Hold on!" cried Phil, picking up the sliver. "You'll ruin the axe. That's another bone you're chopping. This place is a regular giants' cemetery."

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAMPING 'MID PREHISTORIC BONES.

So strange and uncanny was the place in which our sledge party thus unexpectedly found themselves, that Phil was for exploring it, and attempting to determine its true character at once; but practical Serge persuaded him to wait until they had performed their regular evening duties, and eaten supper. "After that," he said, "we can explore all night if we choose."

So Phil turned his attention to the dogs, which he unharnessed and fed, while Serge prepared supper, and Jalap Coombs gathered a supply of firewood from the bleached timber ends projecting from the bank behind them. He tested each of these before cutting into it to make certain that it was not a bone, quantities of which were mingled with the timber.

The firewood that he thus collected exhibited several puzzling peculiarities. To begin with, it was so very tough and thoroughly lifeless that, as Jalap Coombs remarked, he didn't know but what bones would cut just as easy. When laid on the fire it was slow to ignite, and finally only smoul-

dered, giving out little light, but yielding a great heat. As Serge said, it made one of the poorest fires to see by and one of the best to cook over that he had ever known.

Although in all their experience they had never enjoyed a more comfortable and thoroughly protected camping-place than this one, the lack of their usual cheerful blaze and their mysterious surroundings created a feeling of depression that caused them to eat supper in unusual silence. At its conclusion Serge picked up a freshly cut bit of the wood, and, holding it in as good a light as he could get, examined it closely.

"I never saw nor heard of any wood like this in all Alaska," he said at length. "Do you suppose this can be part of a buried forest that grew thousands of years ago?"

"I believe that's exactly what it is," replied Phil. "I expect it was some awfully prehistoric forest that was blown down by a prehistoric cyclone, and got covered with mud, somehow, and was just beginning to turn into coal when the ice age set in. Thus it has been preserved in cold storage ever since. It must have grown in one of the ages that one always likes to hear of, but hates to study about, a paleozoic or silurian or post-tertiary, or one of those times. At any rate I expect it was a tropical forest, for they all were in those days."

"Then like as not these here is elephant's bones," remarked Jalap Coombs. "I were jest thinking as how this one had a look of ivory about it."

"They may be," assented Phil, dubiously, "but they must have belonged to pretty huge old elephants; for I don't believe Jumbo's bones would look like more than toothpicks alongside some of these. It is more likely that they belonged to hairy mammoths, or mastodons, or megatheriums, or plesiosaurs, or fellows like that."

"I don't know as I ever met up with any of them, nor yet heard tell of 'em," replied Jalap Coombs, simply, "unless what you've just said is the Latin names of rhinoceroses or hoponothomas or giraffes, of which my old friend Kite Roberson useter speak quite frequent. He allus said consarnin' 'em, though, that they'd best be let alone, for lions nor yet taggers war'n't a sarcunstance to 'em. Now if these here bones belonged to any sich critters as them, he sartainly knowed what he were talking about, and I for one are well pleased that they all went dead afore we hove in sight."

"I don't know but what I am too," assented Phil, "for at close range I expect it would be safer to meet one of Mr. Robinson's taggers. Still, I would like to have seen them from a safe place, like the top of Groton Monument or behind the bars of a bank vault. Where are you going, Serge?"

"Going for some wood that isn't quite so prehistoric and will blaze," answered the other lad, who had picked up an axe and was stepping toward the entrance to the cavern.

"That's a scheme! Come on, Mr. Coombs. Let's help him tackle that up-to-date log outside, and see if we can't get a modern illumination out of it," suggested Phil.

So they chopped vigorously at the ice-bound drift-log that had induced them to halt at that point, and half an hour later the gloom of their cavern was dispelled by a roaring, snapping, up-to-date blaze. By its cheerful light they examined with intense interest the great fossil bones that lay scattered about them.

"I should think a whole herd of mammoths must have perished at once," said Phil. "Probably they were being hunted by some antediluvian Siwash and got bogged in a quicksand. How I wish we could see a whole one! But, great Scott! Now we have gone and done it!"

Phil's final exclamation was caused by a crackling sound overhead. The sloping moss roof had caught fire from the leaping blaze, and for a moment the dismayed spectators of this catastrophe imagined that their snug camping-place was about to be destroyed. They quickly saw, however, that the body of the moss was not burning; it was too thoroughly permeated with ice for that, and that the fire was only flashing over its dry under surface.

As they watched these fitful flames running along the roof and illuminating remote recesses of the cavern, all three suddenly uttered cries of amazement, and each called

the attention of the others to the most wonderful sight he had ever seen. Brilliantly lighted and distinctly outlined against the dark background of a clay bank, that held it intact, was a gigantic skeleton complete in every detail, even to a huge tusk that curved outward from a massive skull. For a single minute they gazed in breathless awe. Then the illuminating flame died out, and like a dissolving picture the vast outline slowly faded from view and was lost in the blackness.

"Was that one of 'em?" gasped Jalap Coombs.

"I expect it was," answered Phil.

"Waal, then, old Kite didn't make no mistake when he said a tagger war'n't a sarcunstance."

"It must have been all of twenty feet high," remarked Serge, reflectively.

For more than an hour they talked of the wonderful sight, and Phil told what he could remember of the gigantic hairy mammoth discovered frozen in a Siberian glacier, and so perfectly preserved that sledge-dogs were fed for weeks on its flesh.

As they talked their fire burned low, and the outside cold creeping stealthily into camp turned their thoughts to far-lined sleeping-bags. So they slept, and dreamed of prehistoric monsters; while Musky, Luvtuk, Amook, and their comrades restlessly sniffed and gnawed at the ancient bones of this strange encampment, and wondered at finding them so void of flavor.

Glad as our sledge travellers would have been to linger for days and fully explore the mysteries of that great moss-hidden cavern, they dared not take the necessary time. It was already two weeks since they had left the mining-camp, winter was waning, and they must leave the river ere spring destroyed its icy highway. So they were off again with the first gray light of morning, and two days later found them at the mouth of the Pelly River, the upper Yukon's largest tributary, and two hundred and fifteen miles from Forty Mile.

One evening they spent in the snug quarters of Harper, the Pelly River trader, who was the last white man they could hope to meet before reaching the coast.

From the Pelly River trader our travellers gained much valuable information concerning the routes they might pursue and the difficulties they had yet to encounter. They had indeed heard vaguely of the great cañon of the Yukon, through which the mad waters are poured with such fury that they can never freeze, of the rocky Five Fingers that obstruct its channel, the Rink and White Horse rapids, and the turbulent open streams connecting its upper chain of lakes; but until this time they had given these dangers little thought. Now they became real, while some of them, according to the trader, were impassable save by weary detours through dense forests and deep snows that they feared would delay them beyond the time of the river's breaking up.

"What, then, can we do?" asked Phil.

"I'll tell you," replied the trader. "Leave the Yukon at this point; go about fifty miles up the Pelly, and turn to your right into the Fox. Ascend this to its head, cross Fox Lake, Indian Trail Lake, Lost Lake, and three other small lakes. Then go down a creek that empties into the Little Salmon, and a few miles down that river to the Yukon. In this way you will have avoided the Five Fingers and the Rink Rapids, and found good ice all the way. After that keep on up the main river till you pass Lake Le Barge. There again leave the Yukon, this time for good by the first stream that flows in on your right. It is the Tahkeena, and will lead you to the Chilkat Pass, which is some longer, but no worse than the Chilkoot. Thus you will avoid most of the rough ice, the great cañon, and all the rapids."

"But we shall surely get lost," objected Phil.

"Not if you can hire Cree Jim who lives somewhere up on the Fox River to go with you, for he is the best guide in the country."

So the next morning Phil and his companions again set forth, this time up the Pelly River, with all their hopes for safety and a successful termination to their journey centred upon the finding and hiring of Cree Jim, the guide.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLORA, QUEEN OF SUMMER.

A MEDLEY.

BY CAROLINE A. CREEVEY AND MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

CHARACTERS.

FRANCIS HOWE, *President of the Ninopin Club.*

FELICIA DEFOREST, *Secretary of the Ninopin Club.*

Members.

MORNA ROWLAND, LUCILLE TAYLOR, CHRISTABEL MASON, SOPHIA

PRATT, ANNETTE SIMPSON, HELEN FAIRCHILD, AGNES STOWE.

ALICE TROWBRIDGE, *a classmate, not a member of the Club; an Old Woman; a Maid. Birds.*

Eight Blue Birds,	{ four little girls, }	} <i>The Kindergarten Class.</i>
	{ four little boys, }	
Six Yellow Birds,	{ three little girls, }	
	{ three little boys, }	
Six Red Birds,	{ three little girls, }	
	{ three little boys, }	

SCENE.—*A drawing-room in Mrs. Ames's private boarding-school. The Ninopin Club is holding one of its regular meetings. The question for discussion is A Summer Fête. The President is in the chair.*

TIMY.—*The Sixth of May.*

Blanche (*raps for order*). The Club will come to order, and hear the minutes of the last meeting. The Secretary will please rise.

Felicia (*rises and reads*). The Ninopin Club met in the drawing-room for its usual weekly meeting. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and approved, there being no business on hand, and no question to discuss, one of the members produced a box of cake and fruit just received from home, and the Club enjoyed a fine feast. The box was the more appreciated, as the members had dined that day off corned beef and cabbage, which bill of fare it was voted, should never be allowed in the members' future homes. It was voted that thanks should be sent to the member's mother for the box. Lucille announced that she was expecting a box soon, and would treat the Club at their next meeting.

Blanche. You have heard the report. As many as approve will say aye.

All. Aye!

Blanche. The President would like to inquire if the member who was expecting the box to-day has received said box.

Lucille. I am sorry to say, Miss President, and members of the Club, that the box has been unaccountably delayed.

Blanche. It may come to-day?

Lucille. It may. And if it does, the members will be notified to attend a midnight meeting in my room.

Blanche. That is satisfactory. The Club accepts with thanks Lucille's invitation. Girls, you must put on your bedroom slippers, and come in perfect silence. If any member is absent, on account of not being able to pass the section teacher's open door, she shall be commiserated, and her share of cake and fruit shall be sent to her next day. Is there any other business?

Morna. I think we ought to consider whether Alice shall be asked to join the Club. Not that I want her, goodness knows, but yesterday Miss Foster spoke to me about her. She said we didn't seem to associate with her much.

Annette. Miss Foster spoke to me too. She thought Alice was a good girl, and only needed to be brought out.

[*Several of the girls speak at once, excitedly.*]

Helen. Oh no, we don't want her.

Christabel. She would just spoil the Club.

Sophia. To me she is positively disagreeable.

Felicia. She dresses so plainly.

Helen. And does up her hair horribly.

Christabel. She is scared out of her wits if we just speak to her. I asked her the other day where her home was, and she looked awfully funny, and didn't answer a word.

Morna. I don't exactly like her face. I wouldn't trust her.

Sophia. That's it. I don't believe she is sincere.

Annette. And she hasn't had a box since she came.

Blanche. Order! You know Alice wouldn't be a bit congenial to me. But we will take a vote. Somebody make a motion.

Felicia. I move that Alice Trowbridge be not admitted to this Club.

Helen. I second the motion.

Blanche. All in favor say aye.

All. Aye!

Blanche. There, that is settled. But, girls, I advise you to pay a little attention to Alice outside of the Club, just so that the teachers won't notice. Miss Foster is awfully sharp. She pries about a good deal more than there's any call for her to. I shall ask Alice to walk with me pretty soon.

Agnes. Noble, self-sacrificing president! I will follow your example.

Lucille. I too.

Sophia. Suppose we all walk with her. Then Miss Foster can't say anything.

Christabel. I wish Miss Foster would mind her own business.

Blanche. Well, do not let's talk about this disagreeable subject any more.

We were to have a paper on "Summer." Is the member prepared?

Morna (*rises and reads*). I must beg pardon for having no paper prepared, but I have had so many headaches lately I have been warned by Dr. Louise not to work so hard. Instead of a paper, I have a proposal. The Doctor says we ought to live out-of-doors more than we do. Let us have a summer fête—something that is quaint and original.

Blanche. It occurs to me that we might have a picnic and dress in peasant costume.

Lucille. How would you like a mountain laurel party?

Agnes. Oh, Lucille! just the thing. Girls, we could ask for a half-holiday, and have a Queen, and cover her with lovely pink and white blossoms.

Blanche. How many would like a laurel party? Raise your hands. [*All raise their hands.*]

Sophia. Let's appoint a committee to get it up.

Christabel. Do you suppose we could let Alice in on that?

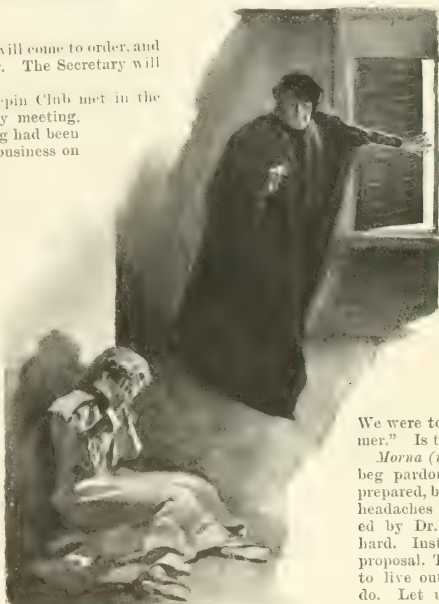
Annette. Oh, bother that tiresome girl! No, we can't.

[*A knock on the door. All hush, and sit up very straight.*]

Helen unlocks and opens the door. An Old Woman enters. She stamps, leans heavily on a cane, and limps.

She has on a long black cloak, and wears a large poke bonnet. Adjusting glasses on her nose, she scans the Club members, then hobbles up to the President.

Old Woman. Good-afternoon. Might I sit down and visit you a few minutes? (*Helen places a chair.*) Thank you,



I SAW A FIGURE HUDDLED IN A CORNER.



"HAIL, FLORA, QUEEN OF SUMMER!"

dearie. You see, it's hard for me to stand. I'm pretty lame. But I can get about very well. Oh yes; very well, considering. You don't know me, I suppose?

Blanche. I think not. Perhaps you have got into the wrong place?

Old Woman. Isn't this the Ninepin Club?

Blanche. Yes.

Old Woman (chuckling). It's the right place. Oh yes, it's the right place. The Ninepin Club is where I was bound for.

Christabel. A most extraordinary person.

Old Woman. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine. Oh, I see, nine of you. That's why you are the Ninepin Club. Quite a coincidence. (*Shakes her head gravely.*) But I thought there were ten in your class. How does it happen that you're one short?

Blanche. If you please, we would like to know what right you have to question our Club. Who are you, please?

Old Woman. Certainly, certainly. What's my name and where's my home? My name is Granny Playfair, and I am the general Club regulator. Whenever a Club is established, I look after it, d'ye see? [*The girls appear much mystified.*]

Blanche. Well, Granny Playfair?

Granny. And knowing about the Ninepin Club, I have come to regulate it.

Blanche. But how did you know about our Club? The members are pledged to secrecy.

Granny. How did I know? Well, there's where I am pledged to secrecy. It's a mighty good thing for Clubs that I regulate them, though. Little birds of the air sometimes tell me things.

Blanche. But are you sure that our Club needs regulating?

Granny. Quite sure. Your Club is wrong all through.

Blanche. I have made a special study of *Cushing's Manual*, and we are quite parliamentary.

Granny. Well, I'm glad of that. (*Shakes her head.*) Oh, but you do need regulating. And I shall do it. Never fear. Now let me see, you were talking about summer. Would you like to see how the birds keep summer? That would help you a little.

Several of the Girls. Oh yes, indeed.

Granny (knocks on the floor. Door opens, and enter two little children dressed in blue). Come in, my birds. Are all the other birds assembled to do my bidding?

Blue Birds: We heard you call, yes, one and all,

And we were sent, we two;

So now, dear Lady, tell us, please,

What you would have us do;

For every little blue bird is

Devoted quite to you.

Granny. Then fly, and find us the wood where the laurel grows thickest. [*Exeunt birds.*]

Helen (aside). This is an interesting Old Woman, but I can't make her out.

Agnes. Nor I, one bit.

Granny. Shall I tell you my dream, young ladies?

Girls. Oh! do tell us your dream.

Granny. I was passing through a long, deserted hall, when I heard sounds as of some one sobbing. In a side room, whose door was just ajar, entering, I saw a small figure huddled in a corner. The room was dark, and I drew a shutter, letting the light in upon a young girl. Yes, she was crying. I went softly to her, and touched her on the shoulder. "What ails you, dearie?" I said. "Oh, I am not in it," she wailed. I took a seat, and drew the poor child to me, and stroked her forehead, and chafed her little cold hands. "Not in what, sweetheart?" I said. "Not in the Club," she answered. "They are all in it but me." "But why are you not in it?" I said. And she answered. "Because my dresses are sober and old-fashioned. I am not bright and witty. I am plain. I believe I am dull in my studies, because the girls look at me so. I am frightened, and can't recite even when I know the lesson. Oh, I have not one friend in the class." My little dear fell to crying again, and I had to take her in my arms, and kiss her, and comfort her a long time before she could tell me all of her story. "My mamma is dead," she said. "Those girls don't know how dreadful it is to lose their mammas. My uncle takes care of me, and he won't send me boxes of sweets, because he thinks they are hurtful. And he thinks girls ought to dress plainly and inexpensively. He has money enough. I have some money of my own, which my mother told my uncle to take care of for me till I was of age. If only I could make my uncle understand that I can't bear to be different from the rest of the girls. When the other girls go home in vacations, I stay here with the house-keeper. My uncle says I ought to be thankful for so good a home. But I'm not thankful. Oh, Granny, I want my mamma!"

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Well, girls, you may believe me, this poor child's story touched me very much, and I thought how I could help her. I asked her uncle's address and kissed her, and told her that Granny would be her friend, and we went out of that lonely dark room, her little heart comforted. Then I wrote to that uncle, and the result was— But here come the birds.

Blanche. In the other girls. It begins to dawn on me what Granny's dream means.

Morna. It's Alice, of course.

Granny. Hush!

[Enter Birds. Eight blue birds, six red birds, six yellow birds. Each carries a cluster or wreath or basket of pink laurel.

Granny. Go back, little birds, and find Flora, your Queen. [They rush off and return dragging a large chair draped with green cloth. Then they scamper and again. Granny blows a toy whistle. The door opens, and enter Alice, beautifully dressed in white, a wreath of roses on her head, a small wand tipped with a rose in her hand. On each side of her a blue bird walks. Behind, in pairs, all the others march. They go once around the room, and escort Alice to her throne. Granny rises and makes a low bow.

Granny. Hail, Flora, Queen of Summer!

Hail, Flora, Queen of Summer! all Nature speaks your praises; She spells them in her violets, and twines them with her daisies.

For you the lances lift of countless gallant grasses!

To you all fragrant odors drift, where'er your footstep passes. Come make your subjects glad, these loyal hearts that love you! Nor let a single thought be sad, while bright the skies above you.

Granny. And now, my birds, have you not an offering for your Queen?

[The birds march gayly round the room; as they pass Flora, each set pauses.

Blue Birds:

This time instead of laurel we bring you violets.

Yellow Birds:

And we have gathered roses, the flower for coronets.

Red Birds:

And we the little lily bells no loving heart forgets.

Granny. You see, dear Flora, how we all love you Flora. Thanks.

For the violets and the roses,
The laurel bright and rare,
And for the valley-lilies sweet,
And the flowers all so fair,
As well as for your loving words,
I thank you, Granny; thank you, Birds.

And now, as I am Queen, I may invite you all to a little feast. The Birds will serve it. Strawberries and cream, cake and bonbons. As mistress of the fête, I am happy to serve the lovely Ninicpin Club. Birds, help the girls.

Blanche. Girls, do eat these lovely things if you can. As for me, they would choke me.

Elvira. I cannot eat them.

Granny. You must not refuse, girls. Flora would be hurt.

Blanche. Well, then. But, first, as President of the Club, let me speak. I confess our faint. We have been harsh, cold, and cruel. We have treated our classmate shamefully. But believe me, Granny, we did not suppose we were inflicting pain. We were inexcusably thoughtless. For one, I ask Alice—

Granny. Flora, your Queen.

Blanche. I ask Flora's forgiveness. And I want some one in the Club to make a motion that Alice, Flora, be asked to join the Club.

Annette. I make that motion, and I want to say that I agree with our President in thinking we have acted shamefully. Forgive me, if you can, Alice—Flora, I mean.

Agnes. I second the motion, and I want to say that I never was so ashamed of anything in my life.

Blanche. All in favor of this motion say aye

All. Aye!

Blanche. Now let us go and ask the Queen if she will join us and forgive us.

Flora (whose voice trembles a little):

I have nothing to pardon, 'twas all a mistake,
And the sweetest amends you are willing to make;
Hereafter, dear girls, we'll be comrades and friends,
Till, unclouded, our life at this pleasant school ends.

Granny. Kiss the Queen, dearies, and then eat your cake and cream. It is Flora's box. You see now the result of the dream. Instead of sending a box, the uncle, who is really at heart very kind, sent a liberal sum of money, and Flora directed this feast to be purchased.

[All the girls kiss Flora, who beams gratefully upon them.

Granny (to the birds). Sit right on the floor, you sweet birdies, and you shall have a share in the good things. I must go now. My duty as grand regulator is done.

Christabel (laying down her plate). Girls, I have my suspicions about that funny old woman. Let's catch her, and see if she isn't somebody in disguise.

[All the girls run to Granny with shouts and laughter.

They pull off the banner, cape, spectacles, and cloak.

Their teacher, Miss Foster, stands revealed.

Christabel. I knew it. I knew it. You dear! You dear! What a lesson you have taught us! I shall never forget it.

Morna. So much better than reading us a long lecture.

Miss Foster. But you deserved the lecture.

Lucille. Yes, we did.

Miss Foster. I hope, dear girls, you have learned the lesson once for all your lifetime. Let the main business of this Club be to add comfort and cheer to a sad heart. But you will have to change the name of your Club; you cannot be Ninicpin any more.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Amateur Photographers, and the Editor will be pleased to receive any questions or communications in the club list as far as possible. Correspondents should address the Editor at the address given below.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, No. 2.

FOR THE DARK ROOM.

TO those who have a room specially devoted to photographic work and materials the only suggestion to them will be to adopt for their rules and laws:

I. A label and place for everything, and everything in its place with its label.

II. Keep everything clean and free from dust.

These two directions for arranging and caring for a dark room will save hours of labor, and many spoiled plates.

The lighting of the dark room is the first thing which should engage our attention. If the developing is done at night, the stopping out of actinic rays will be avoided; but if in the daytime, care must be taken to shut out all direct rays of light. If the plate is kept in the direct rays of the red light, diffused light will not harm the plate. By diffused light is meant the stray gleams which come through a crack, or a door that does not shut tight enough so but what light shows around the edge.

There are many makes of lantern of all grades and prices in the market, and care should be taken in buying one that it is perfectly light-tight. An actinic ray from the lantern striking the plate will fog it. Most of the lanterns are made for using kerosene. A lantern in which the lamp screws into the bottom is not as light-safe as one which sets wholly inside the lantern, though there is less odor and grease from the kerosene. The trouble with a kerosene lamp is that the confined air soon becomes heated, causing the oil to lose its density, and it oozes out, not only making an unpleasant smell, but greasing the lantern. It will be found much more agreeable to remove the lantern and substitute

in its place a candlestick and candle. The one known as the camping or soldier's candlestick is just the thing for a dark lantern. It is a little over two inches high, and made of brass, and costs only fifteen cents.

Adamantine candles are the best, as they last twice as long, and do not melt and run down the sides like the paraffine or tallow candles.

One needs two trays for developing—one 4×5 and another 5×8. The smaller tray can be used when one has only two or three plates to develop, and both trays where one has quite a number. The two trays are necessary also in transferring the plate from one solution to another, if the developing does not work satisfactorily. The tray for the hypo-sulphite of soda or fixing solution should be 5×8, so that two 4×5 plates can be fixed at one time.

The developing-trays should be of hard rubber or celluloid, and the hypo-tray of amber glass, so that there shall be no mistaking the developing for the hypo tray.

A four-ounce glass graduate is needed for measuring liquids, and if one has no scales, the dry chemicals should be weighed in the right proportions for use when they are purchased. The hypo can be put up in half-pound packages, and this quantity of fixing solution prepared at one time.

A glass funnel is needed for pouring solutions from trays into bottles, and also for holding the filtering-paper when filtering solutions. The funnel should be fluted, for the ribs make passages for the liquid to pass through the sides of the paper, letting the sediment settle at the bottom of the paper.

If one has not the advantage of running water for fixing and washing plates it is better to have a washing box in which to place the developed negatives. The regular washing box is made of zinc, which does not rust. The inside rack, which holds a dozen plates, is adjustable by thumb-screws for different-sized plates. The box has a small tube at one of the lower corners, to which a rubber hose is attached from the faucet, the water is turned on, and comes up from the bottom of the box, circulates between the plates, and runs out through an overflow spout at the top of the box.

The box containing the plates can be transferred from one pail or tub to another, or set on the floor, while the water is changed, without danger of breaking or scratching. A boy who is handy with tools can make a washing box that will answer every purpose.

The cost of the articles mentioned in this article are as follows: Candlestick for lantern, 15 cents; a 4×5 developing-tray, 50 cents; a 5×8 developing-tray, 72 cents (the price for these trays is for either rubber or celluloid); amber glass tray for hypo, 35 cents; glass graduate (4 oz.), 25 cents; fluted glass funnel (4 oz.), 15 cents; zinc washing-box, \$2.25.

OFF WITH THE MERBOY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE DRAWER.



JIMMIEBOY clambered up the side of the bureau with some difficulty too, because he was now so small that the bureau was not so easy to climb. In a few minutes, however, he was comfortably fixed inside the drawer, and the Wizard, taking the key from the lock, followed him. Once inside he touched a spring on the side of the drawer, and with a bang it shut itself.

"There we are," said the Wizard, locking the drawer from the inside. "How do you like it, Jimmieboy?"

"It's awfully dark," said the little fellow. "I can't see an inch in front of my face."

"Then take my hand," said the Wizard, "and I'll lead you to where it is light."

Jimmieboy did as he was told, and the two little creatures groped their way along in the dark until the Wizard found a small door. Turning the knob to this he threw it wide open, and Jimmieboy looking through it saw a beautiful garden in which sweetly perfumed fountains were plashing merrily, and through which there were scattered beds and beds of the loveliest and vithal the most singular-looking flowers he had ever seen.

"My!" he cried in an ecstasy of delight. "Isn't this magnificent?"

"Oh, yes, pretty good," said Thummbi. "I suppose when one sees it for the first time it must look like the most beautiful place in the world, but to one whose prison it has been it isn't quite so beautiful. You never heard my song,

"I would rather be free in a dungeon cell
Than a captive at large in a flowered dell."

Did you?"

"No," said Jimmieboy, "I never did. How does it go?"

"This way," replied the Wizard, and then he repeated these lines:

"I would rather be free in a dungeon cell
Than a captive at large in a flowered dell;
I would rather be free 'neath a load of chains
Than a prisoner roaming the country lanes.
I would rather be free in an ice-bound cave
Than to sit on a throne as another's slave;
All the great blessings with which man's blest
'Tis freedom, sweet freedom that I love the best."

"That's a pretty song," said Jimmieboy. "And I think maybe you are right. I feel that way myself sometimes. Once in a while when I'm told I can't do something, I feel that way. I always want to do that thing more than ever."

"You are just like me, then—though really I didn't think much about freedom and how nice it was, and what a dreadful thing captivity was, until I had a little chat one night with a song-bird. She was cooped up in a cage, and sometimes she nearly broke her wings fluttering up against the bars of it trying to get out. As I watched her I wondered how she could sing so happily when she was shut up that way, and I asked her about it. She answered me softly, 'It isn't I that is happy. It is my song that is happy because it is free.' And then she sang this little verse to me:

"Though they shut me close in these brazen bars,
Though they keep me a captive long,
Yet my notes will rise
Till they touch the skies.
No man can imprison my song."

"I've always felt sorry for birds in cages," said Jimmieboy, when the Wizard had spoken. "And I've wondered, too, how they could sing so sweetly when all the day long they were locked up with nothing to do but jump from one perch to another, or swing in that little swing at the top of the cage."

"Well, there's one thing that's nice about their lives," said the Wizard. "They don't have anybody to quarrel with. I think that's very fine."

"That's true," said Jimmieboy. "And then, too, when one bird wants to swing there isn't any other little bird that he has to give up to; but I'd rather be free, and take my chances of getting the swing, wouldn't you?"

"Rather," ejaculated the Wizard. "But, my dear fellow, we are wasting time. The Merboy will be back in a few minutes, and if you want to see all the wonders of this place we must hurry. Come. Let's go out into the garden."

The queer little fellow leading the way, the two new friends went out of the drawer. As they sauntered along, Thummbi reached out his hands and plucked two pretty flowers from a bush at the side of the path, and putting one of them in his mouth handed the other to Jimmieboy.

"You must be hungry by this time," he said. "Eat that."

"Flowers aren't good to eat, are they?" asked Jimmieboy.



JIMMIEBOY STARTED IN PURSUIT.

"Cauliflowers and the flowers of this garden are. That is nothing but a biscuit-bush I plucked those from. Didn't you ever see a biscuit-bush?"

"Never," said Jimmieboy; "though I should think they'd be very nice."

"They are," said the Wizard.

"How do you make them grow?" asked Jimmieboy in surprise.

"Simple enough," said Thumbhi. "Take the Buckwheat-cake bush, for instance. Buckwheat cakes are nothing more than cooked buckwheat, so instead of planting the seeds raw we plant them cooked, and when they grow up and sprout, instead of putting forth raw buckwheat out come the cakes. Try one."

Jimmieboy needed no second bidding for as the Wizard spoke he had reached over to the buckwheat-cake bed, and plucked a half-dozen hot, steaming cakes.

"My!" ejaculated Jimmieboy, as he swallowed the first one, somewhat greedily, perhaps, for he was very hungry. "My! How sweet they are."

"Aren't they?" said the Wizard. "And why shouldn't they be? We water the Buckwheat-cake bushes with maple syrup."

The idea was so overpoweringly lovely that Jimmieboy could not find words to express his delight over it. He simply let his eyes open a little wider, but the twinkle in them showed the Wizard how he felt.

"Now here," said the Wizard, tapping a little door in a curious-looking summer-house—"here is where we keep our tools. They are the funniest tools you ever saw in your life. They do all their own work. I'll introduce you to some of them. Mr. Rake!"

"Well?" came a voice from within. "Well, what's wanted? If you are the gravel path you might as well trot away. I can't smooth you off to-day, and if you are the weed path, I've asked Mr. Hoe to attend to you. I'm having trouble with my teeth."

"It's I, Thumbhi," said the Wizard.

"Oh," came the answer. "Why didn't you say so."

Here the door was opened, and the Rake hopped out.

"Good-morning," he said. "I didn't know it was you or I wouldn't have kept you waiting. Who is your young friend?"

"Jimmieboy," returned the Wizard. "This is his first visit, and I didn't know but what you'd show him how you do your work."

"I'd be very glad to," said the Rake, "but it's impossible this morning. I spent all day yesterday raking the candy

field, and it has made my teeth ache like seventy-two—which is twelve more than like sixty; but if he's fond of jokes I can give him a few. Why is a—"

"Well, really," said the Wizard, who knew the Rake's jokes were very bad, and who was therefore anxious to spare Jimmieboy the trouble of hearing them, "we don't like to bother you. We'll run along—"

"No bother, I assure you," said the Rake. "I know it by heart. Why is a trolley-car like a grindstone without any handle?"

"I couldn't possibly guess," said Jimmieboy, with a grin.

"They don't either of them smoke cigarettes, of course," said the Rake. "I should think anybody could have told that. Now, can you tell me why a—"

"Thumbhi!" came a voice in the distance.

"Excuse me for a minute," said Thumbhi. "I think I hear somebody calling me," and he was off.

"You'd better follow him, Jimmieboy," said the Rake, kindly. "Don't lose sight of him for an instant. This is his way of getting rid of you. He brought you in here to tell you his history, didn't he?"

"Yes," said Jimmieboy.

"Well, he hasn't got one," whispered the Rake. "He hasn't got one, and he never had one, and this having himself called away is only one of his tricks. Keep your eye on him or you're lost."

With this the Rake slammed the door of the tool-house, and Jimmieboy turning about peered down the path at the Wizard, who was running as fast as his legs could carry him. Jimmieboy started in pursuit—and what a pursuit it was! Like the wind they ran, mile after mile round and round the garden, through forests that turned up on the road here and there, and once in awhile with great bounds jumping over rivers and mountains, until finally Thumbhi turned suddenly, ran backwards directly past Jimmieboy, and before the little visitor had time to turn around was lost to sight.

Jimmieboy was now quite lost. He had no idea as to his whereabouts. The garden had long since disappeared, and so fast had he run the boy had failed to notice in what direction he had come.

"Humph!" he said, seating himself by the road to catch his breath. "Here's a muddle. I wonder where the Merboy is?"

"Here I am," came a subdued little voice that sounded miles away. "Take the first door to your right, open it, and you'll find me."

Jimmieboy started up and walked, it seemed to him, for hours, but no door appeared anywhere until, just as the sun was setting, he came to a big oak-tree with a little bit of a door half-way up its trunk.

"I wonder if that's it?" said the puzzled boy, scratching his head.

"Yes," came the voice from the inside. "Climb up and come in."

"I can't climb 'way up there," said Jimmieboy.

"Then we'll let the door down," returned the voice behind the door. Sure enough down came the door. Jimmieboy opened it and walked in, and there was the Merboy, only he had become a goldfish in the aquarium in the nursery again, and was swimming around as unconcerned as if nothing had ever happened.

"Wasn't it queer?" said Jimmieboy, as he told the story to his father.

"Very," said his father, "but queer things often happen to boys who eat as much fruit cake as you do."

Which was the only explanation of his strange adventure that Jimmieboy ever got.

THE END.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

ALTHOUGH THE INTER-CITY GAMES at the Berkeley Oval, a week ago Saturday, were at no time exciting, because of the marked difference in strength of the contesting teams, yet in many instances the contests were exceedingly interesting, and, take it all in all, the occasion was worthy of a greater display of public interest than it received. I was surprised at the small size of the audience present. I had expected to see twice as many spectators as there were at the Oval on the previous Saturday, and no doubt there would have been if the games had been properly advertised. As far as I know not a daily newspaper of this city announced, on that morning, that there would be interscholastic games at the Oval that afternoon. This is not the fault of the newspapers; it is the fault of the managers of the Inter-City games, who should have made it their duty to see that the occasion was duly advertised and heralded. These same managers were so anxious to fill their coffers as to make all contestants pay an entrance-fee into the grounds, like ordinary spectators. If they had spent a few dollars in reading notices in the daily papers, and a few cents in postage on polite notes to the various City Editors, they would have doubled the number of spectators present, and the contestants could have been admitted free—as they should have been in any case. I hope my words on this subject will not be taken as a complaint or as fault-finding, for they are not so intended. Contestants in track games, as in other sports, can do better if encouraged by a crowd, and so I think, in justice to them, no reasonable efforts should be spared to attract a large audience.

OTHERWISE THE GAMES were pretty well managed. The events might have been run off a little faster, but as it was they did not drag, and by five o'clock the programme was at an end. The advantage of having few entries was clearly demonstrated, and a tiresome succession of trial heats was avoided. How much better it would be if the Interscholastics could be conducted on some such plan next year. The programme was a compromise, and a very good compromise at that. The mile walk and the Junior 220 were omitted, and the bicycle race was made two miles instead of one mile. The latter change was commendable, because the inter-collegiate event is two miles, and so it is in almost all of the other interscholastic programmes of the country. The long distance makes a better race, and the fact that New-Yorkers won every place in the event proves



POLE VAULT AT THE I.-C. GAMES.
Simpson clearing the bar at 10 feet.

pretty conclusively that the N.Y.I.S.A.A. riders can cover that distance as well as they have been doing the mile.

THE LONG-ISLANDERS started out with a spurt, and earned 22 of their 33 points in the first four numbers on the card.

Stevens, the B. L. S. sprinter, was responsible for 10 of these, and he showed himself a strong runner. He is tall and slim, somewhat resembling Sherrill in his build, and will no doubt equal Sherrill's and the other champions' time before he retires from the track. He ran a dead heat with Hall in the first 100, doing 10½, and on the run off he was victorious by about a foot in 10½. Hall is not strong after his first dash, and seldom does himself justice in the finals. I believe that if he would train hard, however, he could get staying power that would enable him to do as well in the third heat as he now does at his first trial.



Harris. Syme. Pell.
FINISH IN FINAL HEAT LOW HURDLES OF THE I.-C. GAMES.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

RECORD OF THE INTER-CITY GAMES, BERKELEY OVAL, MAY 18, 1895.

Event.	Winner (Five Points).	Performance.	Second (Three Points).	Tie (One Point).	Points.		Points made by Schools.	
					N. Y.	L. I.		
100-yd dash	Stevens, B. L. S.	10 4-5 sec.	Hall, Yale	Stevenson, Poly. Prep.	3	6	Barnard ..	21
100-yd dash, for Juniors	Robinson, St. Paul's	11 2-5 "	Wilson, Barnard	Armstead, Berkeley	4	5	Condon ..	15
200-yd dash	Stevens, B. L. S.	22 4-5 "	Wisconsin, Barnard	Underhill, Poly. Prep.	3	6	Cutler ..	13
40-yd dash	Jewell, Adelphi	24 1-5 "	Draper, Cutler	Escher, Harvard	4	5	Adelphi ..	10
140-yd run	Meehan, Condon	2 m. 9 "	Hellmuth, Poly. Prep.	Von Orsney, Poly. Prep.	5	4	B. L. S. ..	10
144-yd run	McVord, Duxer	4 " 56 1-5 "	Mosenthal, S. L. S.	Bauer, Adelphi	8	1	Harvard ..	9
220-yd hurdle	Von Baur, Barnard	15 4-5 "	Beers, D. L. S.	Moran, Berkeley	9	0	Poly. Prep.	7
220-yd hurdle	Syme, Barnard	27 2-5 "	Harris, Cutler	Pell, Cutler	9	0	St. Paul's	6
220-yd hurdle	Powell, Cutler	5 " 22 2-5 "	Mott, B. L. S.	Gillespie, Col. Gram.	9	0	Col. Gram.	6
220-yd hurdle	Baltazzi, Harvard	5 ft. 10 1-4 in.	Wanam, Duxer	Garrison, Adelphi	8	1	Duxer ..	5
Running broad jump	Cowperthwaite, Col. Gram.	26 " 8 1-2 "	Jewell, Adelphi	Powell, Cutler	6	3	Dwight ..	5
Running broad jump	Simpson, Barnard	123 " 11 1-4 "	Langford, Duxer	Hurlbur, Berkeley	9	0	Berkley ..	3
Pole vault	Ayers, Condon	49 "	Batterman, Harvard	Frederick, St. Paul	8	1	Yale	3
Throwing 12-pound hammer	Ayers, Condon	124 "	Bigelow, W. & K.	Mason, Poly. Prep.	8	1	Sachs	3
Putting 12-pound shot		40 "					D. L. S.	3
							W. & K.	3
							Blake	3
						93 33		

Whether under any circumstances he could defeat Stevens is a question, for the Long-Islander showed his mettle by following up his first hard victory, and winning the 220 in the record time of 22½ seconds. He could have done even better if he had known he was so close to these figures.

FISHER, OF HARVARD SCHOOL, who holds the scholastic record of 5½ sec. in the 440, was counted on by the New-Yorkers to take that event. Fisher has been training for all spring, but since his injury last year he has not been able to get into very fit condition. He started off at a rapid gait and held the lead for about 300 yards, when his mind gave out, and Jewell, who did so much for Adelphi, in Brooklyn, the previous week, passed him easily, and came in an easy winner, with Fisher a weary third. His time, 54½, was 1½ seconds better than his winning time at the L. I. I. S. A. A. games. Meehan again had an easy victory in the half-mile, running as strong and pretty a race as he did the week before. In the mile, Tappen did not appear, having gone out of training, but McCord, who ran third in the N. Y. Interscholastics, came to the scratch and won in 4 m. 58½ sec. He is a promising athlete, and this performance is especially creditable, as it is only his second race. Mosenthal, who beat him home the week before, ran second.

THE HIGH HURDLES were run in three pretty heats. Beers came home ahead in the first in 16½ sec., with a couple of Brooklyn men upsetting the hurdles behind him, and Vom Baur took the second heat in .16½. Then came a neck-and-neck race between these two. Beers, who won the Interscholastics, ran well, and both men leaped together all the way. But Vom Baur was a little stronger at the finish, and left his opponent only a few inches behind him. It was an exciting race, and an exceedingly close finish. Syme won the final of the low hurdles easily, after coming in behind Harris in his heat, and Brooklyn was closed out of any points in the event by Harris and Pell. Powell took the lead in the bicycle, and made creditable time, 5 m. 32½ sec. This was doubtless due to the pacing of Ehrlich, which was permitted by the mutual consent of the Interscholastic Committees.

THE FIELD EVENTS were more interesting than the track events, especially the hammer, in which the record was broken by two men. Batterman threw first, and landed at 123 ft. 7 in. The record is 117 ft. 44 in., made by Irwin-Martin at the Interscholastics on May 11th. Irwin-Martin did not appear at the Inter-City games. Having made so good a throw, Batterman felt confident of victory, but Ayres stepped up and threw 123 ft. 11½ in. Neither mark was bettered after these two performances. Baltazzi kept up to his mark in the high jump, and cleared 5 ft. 10½ in. Then he had the bar put up to 6 ft., and tried for a record. He nearly did it, touching only with his ankle-bone, and he did not try again. My assumption that Baltazzi would represent the N. Y. A. C. in the International games in September has proved correct. Captain Baxter has asked him

to become a member of the N. Y. A. C. team. Cowperthwaite jumped half an inch further than he did at the Interscholastics, but came near being defeated by Jewell, who cleared 20 ft. 10 in., then lost his balance and fell back. Jewell is one of the best all-round men in the schools. Simpson's work in the pole vault was of the first order, his best jump, 10 ft., coming within ½ of an inch of the interscholastic record established by him the year before. The accompanying table will show the day's record. The names of the Long Island representatives and schools are italicized for convenience of reference.

NEXT SATURDAY the schools of the Pennsylvania Inter-academic League will meet on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, to decide the championship of the association in track athletics. I expect to see Jones of Penn Charter, who did .10½ in the 100, last year, take the event again this spring, with Hunsberger, his schoolmate, second. Unless some new man develops, Branson of Penn Charter and Remington of De Lancey will fight it out between them for first in the high hurdles. Jones should be heard from again in the 220, and McCarty of Germantown will probably take the quarter. Thackara will push him. Thackara will also have a close contest with Hedges in the half-mile, as both are good men, and Thorpe of Penn Charter will see that they make their best time. Branson has a record of 5 feet in the high jump, and it is doubtful if any one else in the I. A. A. L. can better it. The pole vault is uncertain, but Beasley of Germantown has cleared nearly 8 feet. The running broad will probably go to Remington, whose record is 18 feet 5½ inches, but it will be closely contested by Hunsberger and Shoenhut. As Boyd of Cheltenham M. A. will not contest this year, the hammer and shot are uncertainties, and will go to new men.

AN UNUSUALLY LARGE number of schools came into the I. A. B. B. League this year, and some good games were the result. Germantown Academy and Cheltenham M. A. defeated all their opponents, and met last Friday to decide which school should fly the championship banner. The game was played too late in the week for me to be able to notice it in this Department, but I shall treat of it next time. The De Lancey School stands third in the race, with two defeats. Cricket is not a regular I. A. A. A. sport, but a cup, offered by the Haverford College Cricket Club, was contested for last year, and has been played for again this year by a number of the schools in the league. In 1894 De Lancey headed the list, with Germantown, Penn Charter, Haverford Grammar, and Episcopal Academy following in the order named. The struggle this spring will be between Penn Charter and De Lancey, neither having yet suffered defeat. Penn Charter has two strong bowlers in Jones and Brown, but in my opinion neither one is quite up to Graves, De Lancey's plucky little all-round cricketer.

THE NEXT THREE WEEKS will see some hard training among the athletes of the New England schools, for all the principal scholastic track meets in that region come during

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

the first days of June. The first important meeting will be the dual games between Andover and Worcester Academy, which will probably be held in Worcester, on June 1st. Then the interscholastic games of the New England League come, at Cambridge, on June 15th, and they will be preceded on June 8th by the Western Massachusetts I.S.A.A. games at Amherst, and by the Connecticut I.S.A.A. games at Hartford. At the latter we shall see some records broken, for Beck of Hillhouse High is throwing the hammer (16 lbs.) 111 feet in practice, and is putting the shot (also 16 lbs.) 39 feet. He is sure to add ten points to the New Haven school's score.

AT THE MEETING of the N.E.I.S.A.A., held in Boston, May 2d, the legislators very wisely voted to keep men over twenty years of age out of all interscholastic contests. Cushing Academy and Phillips Andover wanted to change the constitution so that young men over twenty years of age, if at school, could participate in games held under the rules of the N.E.I.S.A.A. But, as I anticipated, they found few supporters, and the motion to refer the question to a committee was promptly defeated, and the subject dropped. Lynn High and Mechanics' High schools applied for membership in the League, and were admitted. The New England Association is now the largest interscholastic organization in the country, having twenty-eight schools in its membership.

THE DUAL GAMES between Phillips Andover and Worcester Academies will be close, and will furnish an exciting contest. It seems a difficult problem at this early date to name the winner, for there are so many unknown quantities to consider. Nevertheless, the 100 will probably rest between Sem,

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P.A., and Bryant, W.A., with Barker, P.A., third; and the winners should certainly cover the distance in 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. The order of the 220 is likely to be Gaskell, P.A., Barker, W.A., and Woodward, P.A.; but as none of them are crack men, the time will be slow. Laing, P.A., and Fish, W.A., will have a tussle for supremacy in the quarter, and will make good time. Laing is the better of the two, and will probably take the half-mile, with Gaskell and Tyler, both P.A., behind him. Richardson, of the same school, will finish first in the mile, with Milner, W.A., a close second, and Lewis, P.A., behind him. Clare of Worcester ought to get the high hurdles away from Hine, who is Andover's best man over the sticks; but Hine will undoubtedly take first in the low hurdles. Barker, W.A., will push him hard, and Fish should come in third. Lockwood, W.A., will have an easy

time of it in the walk, and it is uncertain if Andover has any one good enough to secure better than third place. The bicycle race will also go to Worcester, with Crouse, P.A., possibly in one of the places. Holt of Andover should take the shot event, and he will earn second in the hammer; while Edmunds, W.A., will reverse matters by getting first in the hammer and second in the shot. Andover ought to get third in this last event with Maltby. The broad jump is the most doubtful of any event, as neither school has any very good man for that number on the card. The high jump, however, will stay at Worcester in all three places, the probable order being Johnson first, Edmunds second, and Coelith third. Johnson will also win the pole vault for Worcester, as he can clear 10 feet 8 inches. Lewis, P.A., will come nearest to him.

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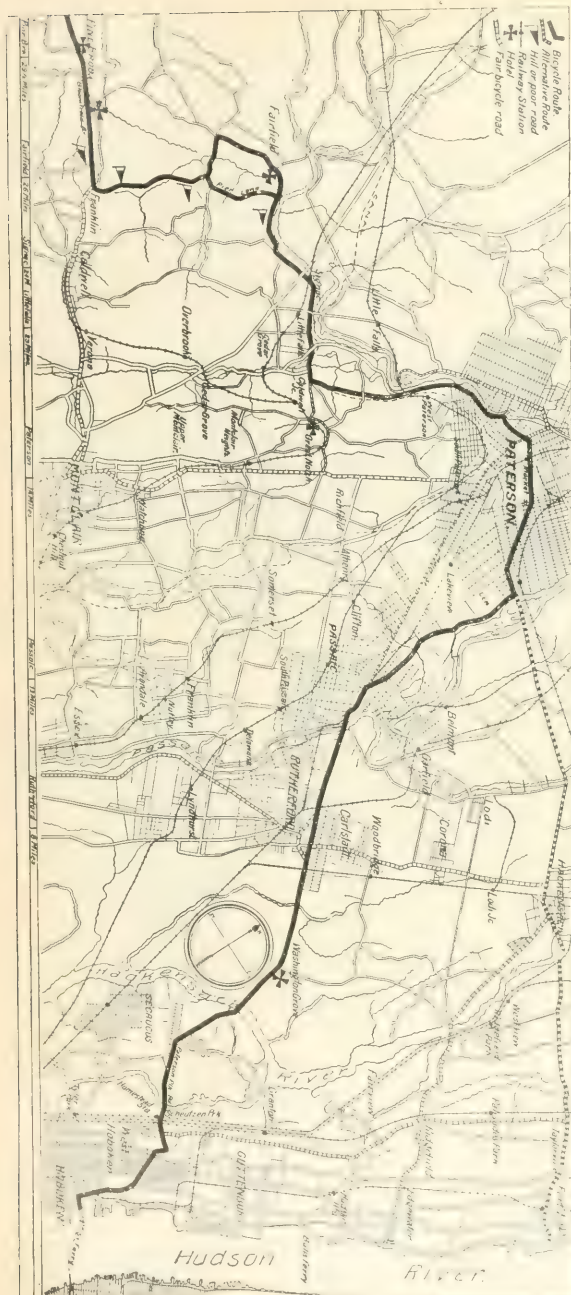
This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THE MAP THIS WEEK is perhaps one of the best in New Jersey which can be taken by a New-Yorker without too long a journey before reaching the starting-point. It not only extends to Paterson, which is a good eighteen-mile ride, and, with the return trip, makes a good half-day run, but it extends to Pine Brook, twenty-nine miles altogether, which is the first stage on the tour from New York to Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and thence on to Buffalo.

THE RIDER SHOULD TAKE the Fourteenth Street ferry from New York to Hoboken, and his first object then is to get to the Boulevard. The road to the Boulevard is direct from the ferry, with a sharp turn to the right a few minutes after leaving the ferry-house, where the railroad is crossed, and the rider then comes into the Boulevard. After a long gradual ascent, he should take the first prominent turn to the left, leaving the Boulevard on the right, and going northeast to the cemetery, still uphill. The road circles this, and keeping always to the left the rider comes into the Paterson Plank Road, crosses several tracks at Homestead Station, with the Schentzen Park on the right, then runs across the salt meadows, and finally rides over the Hackensack River. There is but one fork before he reaches the outskirts of Rutherford, which is at Washington Grove. He should keep to the Paterson Plank Road, which is the turn to the left. The road from Homestead Station to the road-house at Washington Grove is macadamized and in reasonably good condition. From the Washington Grove road-house, between Rutherford and Carlstadt, the road is perfectly straight and level, but is in poorer condition, and somewhat sandy. As the rider passes out of Carlstadt he crosses the railroad track, runs a few hundred yards until the road takes a sharp curve to the right northward, almost to the Passaic River. Here he should turn sharply to the left and cross the Passaic. This is a somewhat difficult turn, and he should be careful not to keep on to the north towards Garfield Post-office. Crossing the river, he soon arrives at a fork, where he should turn to the right, the left-hand turn being Main Street, which, though the more direct route to Passaic, is not so good a road. This fork is reached just before entering Passaic.

PASSING THROUGH PASSAIC, the run is direct to the cemetery on the Passaic River at the outskirts of Paterson. Keep to this road until you run into Market Street. At the bridge turn sharp left and pass through the city of Paterson on Market Street to its end. Then turn to the right up a short

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812.



grade to the bridge that crosses the Passaic again. The rider should not cross the bridge, but should turn sharp to the left and follow the car tracks through West Paterson Station to Little Falls. This stretch of road is in fine condition, is macadamized and level. From Little Falls it is a one-mile run to Singac. Immediately on leaving Singac and crossing the track the rider comes to cross roads. He should keep on the main road, skirting around with the river on the right, over a hilly country, by a hotel, into Fairfield; or if he chooses, he may turn to the left just before reaching Fairfield into Pier Lane. But if he wishes to make a stop in Fairfield, he must keep on to the hotel in the centre of the town. This stretch of country is a rolling macadamized road in reasonably good condition: From Fairfield, or from the junction of the main road and Pier Lane, the road southward to Franklin Post-office is in poorer condition and clay, and is much more hilly. At the junction of the roads in Franklin the rider should inquire for Bloomfield Avenue, which is the direct road to Pine Brook. This is a sandy road, somewhat hilly, and it is necessary to take the side path. At Pine Brook he has made about thirty miles, and may stop either at the hotel just off the Bloomfield road about a mile before reaching the town or at the hotel in the centre of the town.

BY EXAMINING THE MAP it will be seen that the same trip may be made by riding up to 125th Street in New York, taking the Fort Lee ferry, and riding over the direct route from Fort Lee through Taylorsville on to Hackensack, and thence over a reasonably good straight road, crossing the Passaic, and meeting Market Street above the cemetery at the point where the Paterson Plank Road joins it. A good run would be to take this latter road, to leave Market Street in Paterson, and strike for the fair bicycle road indicated on the map, which runs nearly due south through South Paterson, leaving on the west, or right hand, Montclair Heights, Cedar Grove, Upper Montclair, and riding into Montclair through Watchung, where the train may be taken for New York. This is, of course, a somewhat hilly road.

somewhat doubtful ten or more years ago, at present the prominent collectors have less hesitation in investing in rare stamps than in United States bonds. The former they know will pay large interest. The recent great increase in the price of all old United States stamps is due to the buying up by collectors of all the rarities they can get, and the trend of the prices is always upward, not down.

IT IS REPORTED THAT nearly all of the Columbian stamps on sale at Washington have been disposed of, only a few values being left. It is a last opportunity to get those much prized stamps at face value, as the prices will rapidly rise after they are sold out.

THE EIGHT-CENT STAMP WITH ornaments in the corner has been issued, thus completing the set. The color is darker than the previous stamp.

THE GRAND-DUKE ALEXIS MICHAELVITCH of Russia, who died in March, was an ardent stamp collector, and although only nineteen years of age, had already done much for the pursuit through his writings. He had planned many greater things to do for philately, but these the stamp world will lose through his early death.

WHEN THE NEW ISSUE of Mexico was placed on sale, a band of music was engaged for the occasion, and after the Postmaster-General had opened the post-office window, the stamps were sold to the strains of music.

E. C. TATNALL.—Lithographed stamps are printed from stones, while all the United States, and majority of other stamps are printed from steel plates. In lithographic printing the lines are coarser and the surface smooth, while steel-plate printing shows fine lines and is perfectly clean surface. The 1870-2 issue of France is lithographed.

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This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

A SUBSCRIBER ASKS IF THE VALUE of United States postage-stamps is likely to increase in the future in a manner to make them a safe investment. We can only judge of the future by the past, and taking that as a criterion, the United States stamps, with, of course, the exception of the common low values, will increase in value in the future to a far greater extent than they ever have in the past. There are to-day many millions of dollars invested in postage-stamps for collections, and while the question of stamps as an investment was

Round Table Chapters.

No. 711.—The Sylvia Chapter, of Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa. Will the Chapter please send names of officers?

24, 34, and 45. Only six found the 45s. Many gave as its answer the title-page of a dictionary, and enough A down the first column of the page. "Philip the Wizard and to you, it did not cover all of the things required. Frisco could not mean San Francisco, because, as you know, it was not a place, but a name, and that part of the word had been cut off. One solver answered correctly all save four of the questions. His name is Philip Castner; he is thirteen, and he lives in the city of New York. The 45s were found almost as well, and heuce large second prizes are given them. One is Mae Stierner, of Pittsburg; and the other Edward L. Lyon, of Oswego, N. Y. Their answers were as follows: 1. The 45s were found to Edward L. Wharton, New Jersey; Sarah Hodgson, Tennessee; Albert Walton, Illinois; Raymond Tiley, and James C. McChesney, West Virginia. Fourth prizes, half-dollars, are sent to J. Benuers King, Sydney W. Stern, Elsie Goodgold, Ruth W. Balmer, J. Lawrence Miller, Daniel Miller, Daniel Llewellyn, and Katherine Miller.

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This Department is conducted in the interest of Old and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to accept any suggestions on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

Is it right to care about one's clothes, and to like to have pretty and becoming things? Why, of course it is not only right, but a positive duty to have one's wardrobe in good order, and to wear colors and shapes which suit one's style and complexion. The girls for whom I write are old enough to take intelligent interest in their clothes; some of them may even buy their own materials, and cut and make their every-day frocks and waists for themselves. Every girl should understand the principles of dress-making, so that she may know how much stuff needs to be used in a gown, and regulate for herself the sort of trimming which will finish her costume appropriately.

Growing girls do not need many dresses at once. A pretty toilette for best, which may at this season be of wool crepon or of summer silk, and a serviceable frock of serge or some other strong woollen stuff for every-day and roughing occasions, will meet the requirements of ordinary life. A girl should have besides these, for summer, one or two dainty gingham simply made, a half-dozen shirt waists, four of linen or percale, and two of silk, and a white gown either of Swiss muslin or China silk. A sailor hat for common use, a wide-brimmed picture hat for very best, and a jaunty little toque will be enough in the way of covering for the head, and she will be wise to have, if she can, several pairs of shoes. It is economy to have duplicates of one's shoes and boots, as these last much longer when frequently changed and relieved. For tramping about the roads and hills one needs, as also for the city promenade, an absolutely comfortable walking boot, with broad soles, low heels, and a shape that fits the foot to perfection. Too loose a shoe is as disagreeable and as bad for the foot of its wearer as one which is too tight. A dress boot may be of patent-leather or of soft kid. Let me insist, girls, on your keeping your boots in order, so far as the buttons are concerned. Nothing gives one so careless an appearance as a boot from which buttons have fallen.

Gloves should be kept in order just as shoes are. As they are a very expensive part of one's outfit, one should care for them nicely. In taking off your gloves, pull them from the top downwards, so that they are wrong side out when they come off. Straighten them at your leisure, and keep your very best when not in use folded up in tissue-paper, and in a box. Chamois gloves are nice for every day, and have the advantage of standing a good deal of rough wear. They are to be preferred for gardening, driving, rowing, and sweeping. I take it that among you are many girls who sweep their own rooms, and do not wish to have hands blistered from the broom.

Margaret E. Langster.

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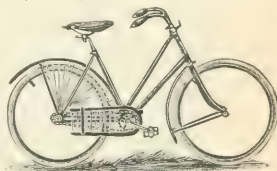
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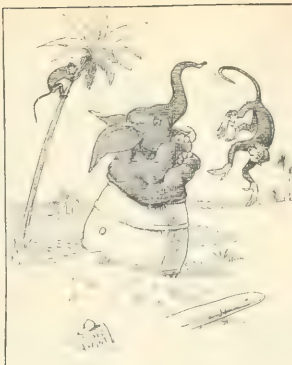
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THE SAD FATE OF A MISCHIEVOUS ELEPHANT.

DOGS IN WARFARE.

DURING Bonaparte's campaign in Italy, says a writer on dogs, as an aid to military operations, a dog whose name holds a place in military history did service as scout and spy, and showed a reasoning power that more than once came to the aid of Napoleon's army. At Marengo the quaint-looking poodle Mustache on several occasions prevented the regiment falling into the enemy's ambush, and such confidence had the soldiers in his sagacity that they followed where he led, and met with considerable success. When Mustache died he was buried with military honors, and was sadly missed by his comrades in the regiment.

Another dog, known to fame as Dellys, held for a long time the grade of corporal in the Second Regiment of Zouaves of the French army in Africa. The Arabs used to kill the French outposts by crawling up to them in the dark and stabbing them, until Dellys made his appearance, when he soon turned the tables on the enemy. The Zouaves shaved the dog, tied small branches on his back, and taught him to advance slowly on the Arab sentinel, stopping at the slightest indication that he was noticed, and, when near enough, spring on the man, and seize him by the throat.

In ten nights seven Arab sentries were thus killed by the brave dog. For these and other services he was made sergeant, with stripes attached round his fore legs. One day Dellys was induced to wander from the camp, and was killed by the enemy. The Zouaves, furious at his loss, immediately besieged the neighboring village, and notwithstanding its almost inaccessible position on the rocks, took possession of the place in about an hour. Dellys's death was avenged.

In the Thirty-second Regiment of the French army, while manœuvres were taking place a few years ago, experiments were made with the dogs trained by Lieutenant Jupin, which acted as sentinels and were stationed at some distance from the camp, and gave notice by a peculiar bark when any one approached within four or five hundred yards of the post.

TRAINING FOR A PIRATE.

AN item concerning Washington Irving, for the truth of which we cannot vouch, although it contains a deal of good advice for certain youngsters of the present time, has lately come to our notice. It is to this intent:

Washington Irving, in his youth, had a longing to go to sea and be a pirate. He determined to make the attempt, but wisely decided to prepare himself for it by preliminary experience. He began by eating salt pork. That made him sick. He then slept for a night or so on hard boards. That made him sore. It was enough. He had no more desire to go away. Other boys who want to capture men-of-war, or who desire to go scouting and scalp Indians, would do well to imitate young Irving's example.

ANECDOTE OF LESSING.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS has been frequently a characteristic of men of fame. It is to be supposed, no doubt, that their minds have been so wholly absorbed by great matters that the smaller, more trivial things of life have been considered unworthy of their attention. Among men of this stamp who have suffered in this way was Lessing, a famous German writer of plays and books of criticism. Lessing discovered at one period of his life that he was being robbed of his ready money by some person in his home, and, unable to determine who the culprit was, he put the servants of his household to a test by leaving a handful of gold upon his breakfast table one morning.

Meeting a friend he told him what he had done.

"That was risky," said his friend. "How much did you leave there?"

"Dear me!" cried Lessing. "I quite forgot to count."

A BUSINESSLIKE BEGGAR.

THEY tell a story of an enterprising beggar of Paris who went about with a sign "I am blind" hung around his neck.

"But you are not blind!" said a man of whom he asked alms.

"I know that," said the beggar. "But the man whose business I bought was. He used to make ten francs a day on this route with this sign. I bought him out. Pray help a poor blind man a little, sir."

A CURIOUS DEFINITION.

A GREAT many persons have discussed the question as to what is the true definition of the word gentleman. The ideas advanced on the subject are generally entertaining, novel, and of great variety, but there has probably never been a more singular definition given than that of the Irishman who was asked his opinion on the subject.

"Sure, sorr," he replied, "a gentleman is a—well, oi should say he was a mon what ates jam on his mutton, sorr."

A BARBER'S JOKE.

A WELL-KNOWN American clergyman went into a barber shop one morning, and being somewhat of a joker, said to the barber, "My friend, you may cut my hair as short as you would like my sermons to be."

The barber immediately got out his razor and proceeded to shave the doctor's head.

"Hold on!" cried the doctor. "Are you going to take it all off?"

"You told me to, doctor," said the barber. "I don't want any of your sermons."



HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

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HEROES OF AMERICA.

THE FLAG-BEARER.

BY THE HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



IN no war since the close of the great Napoleonic struggles has the fighting been so obstinate and bloody as in the civil war. Much has been said in song and story of the obstinate courage of the Guards at Inkerman, of the charge of the Light Brigade, and of the terrible fighting and loss of the German at Mars la Tour and Gravelotte. The praise bestowed upon the

British and Germans for their valor, and for the loss that proved their valor, was well deserved. But there were over one hundred and twenty regiments, Union and Confederate, each of which in some one battle of the civil war

suffered a greater loss than any English regiment at Inkerman or at any other battle in the Crimea; greater loss than was suffered by any German regiment at Gravelotte, or at any other battle of the Franco-Prussian war. No European regiment in any recent struggle has suffered such losses as at Gettysburg befell the 1st Minnesota, when 82 per cent. of the officers and men were killed and wounded; or the 141st Pennsylvania, which lost 76 per cent., or the 26th North Carolina, which lost 72 per cent.; such as at the second battle of Manassas befell the 101st New York, which lost 74 per cent.; and the 21st Georgia, which lost 76 per cent. At Cold Harbor the 25th Massachusetts lost 70 per cent., and the 10th Tennessee at Chickamunga 68 per cent.; while at Shiloh the 9th Illinois lost 63 per cent., and the 6th Mississippi 70 per cent.; and at Antietam the 1st

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Texas lost 52 per cent. The loss of the Light Brigade in killed and wounded in its famous charge at Balaklava was but 37 per cent.

These figures show the terrible punishment endured by these regiments—chosen at random from the head of the list—which shows the slaughter roll of the civil war. Yet the shattered remnant of each regiment preserved its organization, and many of the severest losses were suffered by regiments in the hour of triumph, and not of disaster. Thus, the 1st Minnesota at Gettysburg suffered its appalling loss while charging a greatly superior force, which it drove before it; and the little handful of wounded and unwounded men who survived their victorious charge actually kept both the flag they had captured and the ground from which they had driven their foes.

A number of the Continental regiments under Washington, Greene, and Wayne did valiant fighting, and suffered severe loss. Several of the regiments raised on the Northern frontier in 1814 showed, under Brown and Scott, that they were able to meet the best troops of England on equal terms in the open, and even to overmatch them in fair fight with the bayonet. The regiments which in the Mexican war, under the lead of Taylor, captured Monterey, and beat back Santa Anna at Buena Vista, or which, with Scott as commander, stormed Molino Del Rey and Chapultepec, proved their ability to bear terrible loss, to wrest victory from overwhelming numbers, and to carry by open assault positions of formidable strength held by a veteran army. But in none of these three wars was the fighting so resolute and bloody as in the civil war.

Countless deeds of heroism were performed by Northerners and by Southerners, by officer and by private, in every year of the great struggle. The immense majority of these deeds went unrecorded, and were known to few beyond the immediate participants. Of those that were noticed it would be impossible even to make a dry catalogue in ten such volumes as this. All that can be done is to choose out two or three acts of heroism not as exceptions, but as examples of hundreds of others. The times of war are iron times, and bring out all that is best as well as all that is basest in the human heart. In a full recital of the civil war, as of every other great conflict, there would stand out in naked relief feats of wonderful daring and self-devotion, and, mixed among them, deeds of cowardice, of treachery, of barbarous brutality. Sadder still, such a recital would show strange contrasts in the careers of individual men—men who at one time act well and nobly, and at another time ill and basely. But though the ugly truths must not be blinked, and though the lessons they teach should be set forth by every historian, and learned by every statesman and soldier, yet these are not the truths on which it is best worth while to dwell. For our good-fortune the lessons best worth learning in the nation's past are lessons of heroism.

From time immemorial the armies of every warlike people have set the highest value upon the standards they bore to battle. To guard one's own flag against capture is the pride, to capture the flag of one's enemy the ambition, of every valiant soldier. In consequence, in every war between peoples of good military record, feats of daring performed by color-bearers are honorably common. The civil war was full of such incidents. Out of very many, two or three stand as especially noteworthy.

One occurred at Fredericksburg on the day when half the brigades of Meagher and Caldwell lay on the bloody slope leading up to the Confederate entrenchments. Among the assaulting regiments was the 5th New Hampshire, and it lost 186 out of 300 men who made the charge. The survivors fell back sullenly behind a fence, within easy range of the Confederate rifle pits. Just before reaching it the last of the color-guard was shot, and the flag fell in the open. A Captain, Perry, instantly ran out to rescue it, and, as he reached it, was shot through the heart; another Captain, Murray, made the same attempt, and was also killed; and so was a third, Moore. Several private soldiers met a like fate. They were all killed close to the flag, and their dead bodies fell across one another. Taking advantage of this breastwork Lieutenant Nettleton crawled from behind the fence to the colors, and bore back the blood-won trophy.

Another took place at Gaines Mill, where Gregg's 1st South Carolina formed part of the attacking force. The resistance was desperate, and the fury of the assault unsurpassed. At one point it fell to the lot of this regiment to bear the brunt of carrying a certain strong position. Moving forward at a run, the South-Carolinians were swept by a fierce and searching fire. Young James Taylor, a lad of sixteen, was carrying the flag, and was killed after being shot down three times, twice rising and struggling onward with the colors. The third time he fell the flag was seized by George Cotchet, and when he in turn fell, by Shubrick Hayne. Hayne was also struck down almost immediately, and the fourth lad, for none of them were over twenty years old, grasped the colors, and fell mortally wounded across the body of his friend. The fifth, Gadsden Holmes, was pierced with no less than seven balls. The sixth man, Dominick Spellman, more fortunate, but not less brave, bore the flag throughout the rest of the battle.

Yet another occurred at Antietam. The 7th Maine, then under the command of Major T. W. Hyde, was one of the hundreds of regiments that on many hard-fought fields established a reputation for dash and unyielding endurance. Toward the early part of the day at Antietam it merely took its share in the charging and long-range firing with the New York and Vermont regiments, which were its immediate neighbors in the line. The fighting was very heavy. In one of the charges the Maine men passed over what had been a Confederate regiment. The gray-clad soldiers were lying, both ranks, soldiers and officers, as they fell, for so many had been killed or disabled that it seemed as if the whole regiment was prone in death.

Much of the time the Maine men lay on the battle-field hugging the ground under a heavy artillery fire, but beyond the reach of ordinary musketry. One of the privates, named Knox, was a wonderful shot, and had received permission to use his own special rifle, a weapon accurately sighted for very long range. While the regiment thus lay under the storm of shot and shell he asked leave to go to the front, and for an hour afterwards his companions heard his rifle crack every few minutes. Major Hyde finally, from curiosity, crept forward to see what he was doing, and found that he had driven every man away from one section of a Confederate battery, tumbling over gunner after gunner as they came forward to fire. One of his victims was a general officer, whose horse he killed. At the end of an hour or so a piece of shell took off the breech of his pet rifle, and he returned disconsolate; but after a few minutes he gathered three rifles left by wounded men, and went back again to his work.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the regiment was suddenly called upon to undertake a hopeless charge, owing to the blunder of a brigade commander, who was a gallant veteran of the Mexican war, but who was also given to drink. Opposite the Union lines at this point were some hay-stacks near a group of farm buildings. They were right in the centre of the Confederate position, and sharpshooters stationed among them were picking off the Union gunners. The brigadier, thinking that they were held by but a few skirmishers, rode up to where the 7th Maine was lying on the ground, and said, "Major Hyde, take your regiment and drive the enemy from those trees and buildings." Hyde saluted, and said that he had seen a large force of rebels go in among the buildings, probably two brigades in all. The brigadier answered, "Are you afraid to go, sir?" and repeated the order emphatically. "Give the order so the regiment can hear it, and we are ready, sir," said Hyde. This was done, and "Attention!" brought every man to his feet. With the regiment were two young boys, who carried the marking guidons, and Hyde ordered these to the rear. They pretended to go, but as soon as the regiment charged came along with it. One of them lost his arm, and the other was killed on the field. The colors were carried by the color corporal, Harry Campbell.

Hyde gave the orders to left face and forward, and the Maine men marched out in front of a Vermont regiment which lay beside them. Then, facing to the front, they crossed a sunken road, which was so filled with dead and wounded Confederates that Hyde's horse had to step on

them to get over. Once across, they stopped for a moment in the trampled corn to straighten the line, and then charged toward the right of the barns. On they went, at the double-quick, fifteen skirmishers ahead, under Lieutenant Butler, Major Hyde on the right, on his Virginia thoroughbred, and Adjutant Haskell to the left, on a big white horse. The latter was shot down at once, as was his horse, and Hyde rode round in front of the regiment just in time to see a long line of men in gray rise from behind the stone wall of the Hagerstown pike, which was to their right, and pour in a volley; but it mostly went over their heads. He then ordered his men to left oblique. Just as they were abreast a hill to the right of the barns, Hyde, being some twenty feet ahead, looked over its top and saw several regiments of Confederates, jammed close together, and waiting at the ready; so he gave the order left flank, and, still at the double-quick, took his column past the barns and buildings towards an orchard on the hither side, hoping that he could get his men back before they were cut off, for they were faced by ten times their number. By going through the orchard he expected to be able to take advantage of a hollow, and partially escape the destructive flank fire on his return.

To hope to keep the barns from which they had driven the sharpshooters was vain, for the single Maine regiment found itself opposed to portions of no less than four Confederate brigades, at least a dozen regiments all told. When the men got to the orchard fence, Sergeant Benson wrenched apart the tall pickets to let through Hyde's horse. While he was doing this a shot struck his haversack, and the men all laughed at the sight of the flying hardtack. Going into the orchard there was a rise of ground, and the Confederates fired several volleys at the Maine men, and then charged them. Hyde's horse was twice wounded, but was still able to go on. No sooner were the men in blue beyond the fence than they got into line, and met the Confederates, as they came crowding behind, with a slaughtering fire, and then charged, driving them back. The color corporal was still carrying the colors, though one of his arms had been broken; but when half-way through the orchard Hyde heard him call out as he fell, and turned back to save the colors, if possible. The apple-trees were short and thick, and he could not see much, and the Confederates speedily got between him and his men. Immediately, with the cry of "Rally, boys, to save the Major," back surged the regiment, and a volley, at arm's-length, destroyed all the foremost of their pursuers; so they rescued both their commander and the flag, which was carried off by Corporal Ring. Hyde then formed the regiment on the colors, sixty-eight men all told out of two hundred and forty who had begun the charge, and they slowly marched back toward their place in the Union line, while the New-Yorkers and Vermonters rose from the ground cheering and waving their hats. Next day, when the Confederates had retired a little from the field, the color corporal, Campbell, was found in the orchard dead, propped up against a tree, with his pipe beside him.

A CHINESE CREW.

OVER the mantel in Grandfather Sterling's dining-room hung the picture of a great Newfoundland dog, painted so true to life that it seemed possible to run one's hand through the masses of rough curly hair as the big honest brown eyes looked down wistfully at the table just below the heavy oak frame.

One winter day when Ralph Pell and his grandfather met at breakfast-time, a northeast wind was whistling around the corner of the old mansion, and hurling the snow with a musical tapping against the window-panes.

The white-haired sailor looked up at the picture of the noble animal, saying, with a touch of affection in his voice: "Well, Nero, good old fellow, this is one of the kind of days you used to love. How you enjoyed plunging and rolling into a big snow drift, and making the white flakes fly!"

"Grandpop," said Ralph, "you have never told me about Nero. Did he ever go to sea with you?"

"Go to sea with me, boy? Why, Nero was first mate with me once, and a good one too, when I had a Chinese crew on my vessel."

"Oh, do tell me the story, please, grandpop," exclaimed Ralph, "for it must be a funny one."

"Um! Not so funny as you think, perhaps; but I'll spin you the yarn, and let you judge. Well, when I was a strapping young fellow, 'way back in the forties, I sailed out of the port of Boston as mate of the bark *Eagle*, bound to Hong-Kong, which place, as your geography tells you, is in China. We had a quick passage out, but found nothing in the way of a good freight just then offering for home, so we remained for several weeks with our mud-hook—as sailors call the anchor—dropped in the same place. It was the unhealthy season, and, one by one, our crew sickened, and were sent on shore to the hospital. Next the Captain was taken down, and I found myself, with the second mate, the only man left on board the vessel."

"Just at this time the Captain was offered a good paying charter to carry a cargo up the coast, so he ordered me to ship a new crew for the trip, and to take his place as Captain, saying that he would be himself again when I returned. There was not a white sailor to be engaged in the port, so I shipped a crew of coolies, as the lower class of natives are called, stowed my cargo, and set sail; but as this class of Chinamen are very dirty in the way of their clothes and habits, I took care to lock the door of the fore-castle-house, in which the sailors sleep, and to make the natives take up sleeping quarters on a lot of mats thrown on top of the cargo in the hold."

"As ill luck would have it, the poor second mate, who had made several voyages to the pig-tail country, and could talk pigeon-English so as to be understood by the moon-eyed sailors, went out of his head with the fever, and jumped overboard in his delirium the second night after leaving port. This left me to deal with a crowd of men who could not comprehend a single order I gave them. However, as the place to which we were bound was only about two days' sail away, and as the wind was favorable, I kept the ship on her course."

"Of all the exasperating times I have ever had, that was the worst. When I wanted the crew to man a certain rope, I was obliged to cast it off the pin, put it in their hands, and make signs to them what they were to do with it; but half the time they would slack away when I wanted them to haul, so that between my anxiety and ill-humor and their surliness we speedily got on very bad terms, and I soon noticed an ugly disposition on their part toward me. I believe that the men would have turned on me if it had not been for the Captain's big dog Nero, who followed me wherever I moved, and who growled wickedly at the evil-looking crew whenever he saw them look threateningly at me."

"In addition to the navigating of the ship, I was obliged to constantly superintend the setting and taking in of the sails, the steering of the ship, and many other matters, so that I dared not go below even for my meals. The afternoon of the day before I expected to reach port I was completely worn out with my labors, and almost sick from lack of sleep. At last I could stand guard no longer, so I went through a regular pantomime with the man at the wheel, signifying that he was to keep the ship going just as she was. Then I threw myself down on top of the cabin-house, and immediately fell asleep."

"It was quite dark when I was awakened by Nero shaking me roughly and uttering loud and angry yelps. In one jump I made the wheel, jammed it hard over, brought the vessel to her course again, then called Nero, who stood on top of the cabin whining in an ugly way at the Chinamen who were grouped about the door of the carpenter's shop alongside the galley."

"I saw through the trick at once. The wheelsman had calculated that by deserting his post, the ship would fly up into the wind and be wrecked in the strong breeze then blowing. In this way the vengeful spirit of the men was to be satisfied. When they saw that their plan had failed they sullenly entered the hold through the booby-hatch, and that was the last I ever saw of my Chinese crew."

"I waited a little while, then lashed the wheel, pulled off my shoes, and sneaking forward noiselessly closed the door of the hatch and slipped the bolt into its socket. That accomplished, I went back to the wheel much easier in mind, for I knew that the crew could not gain the deck in any other way.

"During the night the wind died completely away, leaving the vessel becalmed, and the sea subsided into long, easy swells. I dozed at intervals, trusting to Nero to warn me of any new danger, and so obtained some little rest. Just before daybreak, upon awakening from one of these cat-naps, I became sensible that the ship was lifting in a very sluggish way to the seas, and that her motion was new and strange. Casting my eyes over the side, I was almost petrified to see that the vessel had settled in the water almost to her deck-line, and was rapidly sinking under my feet. At the same instant there came a violent pounding forward from the inside of the booby-hatch and a chorus of wild and agonizing yells.

"In a dash the heathenish trick was revealed to me. The Chinamen had determined not to be cheated out of their revenge, so had bored holes in the ship with an auger taken from the carpenter's chest. They had expected to rush out on deck in time and escape in one of the boats, probably leaving me to go down in my vessel, but found their way blocked by the locked door of the hatch.

"However devilish their action had been, I could not let them drown like rats in a trap, so I started forward to their release, and had just laid my hand on the bolt when the deck blew up, owing to the confined air, with a report like that of a cannon, and I was hurled into the sea.

"I quickly gained the surface, but was immediately drawn down again in the suction of the sinking vessel, and when at last I once more found myself on top of the water I was so far spent, strong swimmer though I was, that I would have sunk helplessly, but Nero caught my collar and held my head up until I recovered my breath and strength.

"Shortly after this some floating object bumped up against us, which to my joy I discovered to be the large wooden chicken-coop that had rested on the deck. I climbed on top of it, and pulled Nero up beside me, and we drifted about on it until late that afternoon, when we were picked up by a Chinese junk, and carried into port.

"And now, my boy," said Grandfather Sterling, in conclusion, "you have the story of the time that I went to sea with a Chinese crew, and had Nero for my first mate."

THORNTON'S USELESS STUDY.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"I WISH to gracious goodness that Thornton J. Seabury would make better use of his time!"

That was the earnest exclamation of Mrs. Seabury, mother of Thornton; and it was her earnest conviction that her son was going to turn out to be an idle, unpractical, shiftless young man.

"It's not that he's lazy," said Mrs. Seabury, when, in the distress of her heart, she went to consult the minister about her boy. "No, he's not exactly what you might call lazy; but he works on useless things. He spends hours and hours in studying things that may be very interesting and very fine to know; but what good will they ever do him? He's got to make his way in the world, and I'd like to know who's going to pay him for learning the names of the stars, and orbits, and diurnal motions, and such things as he talks about? He ought to be giving his attention to something that will help him to earn an honest living."

"But, my dear Mrs. Seabury," said the Rev. Thomas Tatter, who was a man of education, "there is hardly any study that cannot be turned to account in earning a living; though I must admit that I can't help admiring your son for loving a study for its own sake."

"Well, I'd admire him too," said Mrs. Seabury, "if he loved some such study as civil engineering or architecture."

"Yes, I dare say that these would promise a more brilliant future for him; but we must admit the fact that his gifts

are for astronomy, and you know it is almost impossible to overcome the impulses of a boy's natural gifts. Even as an astronomer a man may earn a living."

"Well, I suppose there's no help for it," sighed Mrs. Seabury.

All this time, Thornton, grieved at his mother's opposition to his favorite pursuit, was nevertheless more passionately attached to it than ever. From early childhood he had always regarded the heavens with delight and devouring wonder. What were those beautiful golden stars that filled the splendid dome of night with their gentle radiance? Why had God put them there, and what were they doing? Little by little he began to absorb the elementary facts of astronomy, and after a time he found that he could make no further progress without becoming a thorough mathematician. So he set himself resolutely to work, and soon knew all that his school-teacher, a college graduate, could teach him. Thornton really was a complete master of geometry, trigonometry, higher algebra, and even the more advanced branches of mathematics. His advance in astronomy was now rapid. He even put in a summer at uncoventional labor in order to earn money enough to buy three or four second-hand instruments. He never dreamed that he might turn his knowledge to practical use; but he studied simply because he loved the subject. And in the course of time astronomy repaid him for his devotion in ways that had never entered his mind.

At the time when this story begins Mr. Seabury had left home, on the Maine coast, and had gone to New York to see about a good situation which had been offered him in that city. Times had been hard up in Maine, and Mr. Seabury had been out of work and could not get in again. One day he returned home and told his wife that he had secured an excellent situation in New York, but hardly knew how to stand the great expense of moving his family and his household goods such a distance. Fortunately, however, an old friend, Captain Josiah Whitby, of the schooner *Three Elms*, came to visit them that evening. As soon as he heard of the difficulty he slapped his stout knee and said:

"Why, lookie, my lad, it's lucky I came. I'm goin' to sail for New York on Saturday with the *Three Elms* in ballast to get a cargo there for Bermuda. Now it ain't a-goin' to hurt me to carry all your fixin's for nothin', an' you an' your family for the price o' what you'll eat."

Mrs. Seabury had some feelings of timidity about the sea-voyage, but of course such a kind offer was not to be refused, and, moreover, Mr. Seabury and Thornton were both delighted at the prospect of the voyage. So during the next two days there was a great bustle in the Seabury household. All their furniture, carpets, and other belongings were carefully packed up and stowed in the capacious afterhold of the *Three Elms*, for Mr. Seabury's intention was to live in a little house at Williamsbridge. Early Saturday morning Mr. Seabury and Thornton superintended the storage of the last load of goods, including the trunks containing their clothing and Thornton's precious books and instruments. Then the little family sat down to breakfast with Captain Whitby in the schooner's cabin, and Mr. Seabury added to his unflinching prayer before eating a petition for their safety during the voyage which they were about to undertake.

"I can't get away from the wharf before three o'clock this afternoon," said the Captain, "because the *Three Elms* can't get over the bar here except at high water."

"It's spring tide to-day," remarked Thornton.

"Hello, boy!" exclaimed the Captain; "are you a sailor?"

"Oh no, sir," said Thornton. "I don't know one sail from another, but I know the age of the moon, and I know it's time for the spring tides here."

"Well, even that's worth knowin'," said the Captain, "and if you keep your eyes open while you're aboard here, you'll learn a lot of other useful things."

"It will be funny to see Thornton learning useful things," exclaimed Mrs. Seabury.

"Let the boy alone, mother," said Mr. Seabury, "he'll come out all right."

In the afternoon the schooner got under way, with a

fine westerly breeze abeam, and stood out to sea. As she passed the light-house at the entrance to the little harbor, the Captain took certain bearings of it with his compass, while Thornton stood by and watched him with interest.

"I suppose you are fixing the schooner's position by bow-and-beam bearings," said the boy.

"That's what I'm doin'," said the Captain; "but how'd you know anything about them?"

"Oh, I've heard of them," said Thornton, modestly.

"Well, come and see me set the patent log," said Captain Whitby.

Thornton seemed to know something about that too, and the Captain decided that although the boy might have a good deal of useless knowledge in his head, he had hold of some facts worth knowing. He said as much to Mrs. Seabury, but she replied:

"What's the good of his knowing those things? He isn't a sailor."

"That's true enough," answered the Captain, remembering that the boy did not know one sail from another.

By six o'clock the schooner was well out to sea, and as it grew dark the Captain came on deck with his sextant. Thornton became intensely interested.

"Going to take Jupiter for latitude, Captain?" he asked.

"That's what," was the reply; "but what do you know about it?"

"Oh, I'm not so ignorant that I can't tell what latitude and longitude are," said Thornton; "and I know that Jupiter will be on the meridian at 8.32 to-night."

"Well, then, you know more things than are worth knowin' to a sailor-man, anyhow," declared Captain Whitby.

For twenty-four hours the schooner glided along slowly and quickly, the wind constantly drawing ahead and forcing her off her course. Then it fell dead calm, and a heavy swell began to roll in from the southeast.

"Mother," said Thornton, "don't be frightened, but we're going to have a storm."

"Mercy sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Seabury; "how do you know? The Captain hasn't said so."

"The barometer has fallen rapidly for the last six hours, and the wind has been backing from west to southwest and so on around to southeast," said Thornton, "and there's going to be a gale. The Captain hasn't said anything, because he does not wish to frighten you."

Two hours later it began to blow in short uneasy puffs from the southeast, and Captain Whitby ordered the top-sails and foretopmast stay-sail taken in. He laid the vessel by the wind on the starboard tack, intending to push out as far as possible from dangerous proximity to the coast. At six o'clock in the evening it was blowing freshly, and the long swells were cut up into foaming ridges.

"Get the fore-sail off her!" cried Captain Whitby to his



A CHEER WENT UP, AND THE MATE SHOOK HANDS WITH THORNTON.

little crew, and presently the big sheet of canvas was furled snugly on its boom.

"In jib, and lay aft to reef the mains'l!"

It was wild weather now, and no mistake. The big roaring green billows came raging down out of the dusk in the southeast, and as the schooner would lean far over to meet them it looked as if they were going to bury her. But as each sea approached, the schooner's bowsprit would swing upward with a great heave, the sea under-ran her, and down she came with a crash and a cloud of spray into the screeching hollow.

"I'll have to ask you all to go below," said the Captain; "it isn't safe for you to be on deck. You might get washed overboard."

Shut in the badly lighted little cabin, with the one lamp swinging madly, the agonized groaning of timbers all around them, and the thunder of tons of water falling on the deck above them, the Seaburys began to wish that they had never left their little home to go out on the treacherous ocean. They did not go to bed, but sat on the lockers, holding fast with both hands, and momentarily expecting that some terrible catastrophe would happen. About three o'clock in the morning they heard a loud shout and a heavy thump on the deck, followed by a rapid shuffling of feet.

"What can have happened?" exclaimed Mr. Seabury.

"Oh, they're coming to tell us that we must take to the life-boat!" cried Mrs. Seabury.

The cabin door was pushed open, and three sailors stumbled in, bearing the inanimate form of the Captain.

"One o' the main throat-halyard blocks fell from aloft," said a sailor, "an' hit him. I reckon he's hurt bad."

The Captain was laid in his bunk, and Mrs. Seabury forgot her fears in her anxiety to do something for him. And being one of those "handy" New England women, she could do a good deal, too. She could not find any broken bones, so she decided that the poor man had been struck on the body and injured internally. With the help of her husband, she prepared and administered a soothing drink which put the sufferer to sleep. Poor Thornton stood about

idly, and keenly feeling his helplessness. But at eight o'clock he ceased his mind a little by winding the chronometer.

In the mean time the storm had broken: it was only a summer gale, and at nine o'clock the wind shifted to north-west, and the sun came out. Thornton and his father went on deck, leaving Mrs. Seabury to attend to the Captain, who was awake and in much pain. The mate came up to Mr. Seabury, and said:

"This are a serious business, sir."

"Yes," answered Mr. Seabury; "I suppose you're in command now."

"Waal, I am; but I wish I wasn't."

"Why, how's that?"

"Why, ye see," said the mate, scratching his head, "I kin sail the schooner all right; but I can't navigate her. I'm blawed if I know which way to steer now."

"Why not sail west till you sight land?"

"Cause I might hit a shoal or rocks, not knowin' they was there."

"Please may I speak?" said Thornton.

"Well, what is it?" asked his father.

"I can navigate the schooner, though I can't sail her," said the boy, earnestly.

"You! Why, you never were at sea before!"

"That makes no difference," said Thornton; "sailors navigate by the sun, moon, and stars, and I know all about them. Father, I know that I can navigate this schooner into New York Bay. The chronometer is running; I know where the captain's sextant is, and I wish you'd let me try."

"We must speak to the Captain about this," said Mr. Seabury.

They went below and laid the matter before the Captain. In spite of his sufferings he became deeply attentive. He asked Thornton this question:

"How are you going to find the position of the schooner now? I've lost her reckoning."

"I'll take a chronometer sight right away, and another two hours from now, and work out the position by astronomical cross bearings—Summer's method, I think you sailors call it."

"Can you work Summer's method?"

"Certainly, with sun, moon, or stars."

"Then you know more navigation than I do," said the Captain.

"It's nothing but applied astronomy, you know," said Thornton, "and I've always been studying astronomy."

"You go ahead and see what you can do, my boy," said the Captain. "Let Bowers, the mate, handle the schooner, and you tell him which way to steer."

Thornton went at once to the chronometer and set his watch by it. Then he went on deck with the Captain's sextant in his hand, and the crew stopped work to stare at him. He had a short talk with Bowers, who explained the situation to the men.

"If the Captain says it's all right," said one of the men, "I s'pose it is."

But, nevertheless, they could not understand how any person not a sailor could be a competent navigator, though the simple fact is that navigation has not necessarily anything to do with seamanship. The schooner was hove to for two hours, because Thornton explained to the mate that he desired to keep her in one place until he ascertained her position. At 11.15 the boy took his second sight and went below to work out his problem. His father stood over him in wonder while he filled a sheet of paper with sines, cosines, secants, and such things. At last the computation of the position was completed, and Thornton had to ascertain the course to be steered. He got the Captain's chart, and, marking the ship's place on it, went into the sufferer's cabin and showed it to him.

"I guess you must be about right, boy," said the Captain. "In settin' the course, you want to get well out here."

And the Captain indicated with his finger certain dangers—that must be given a wide berth. Thornton set a safe course, and, going on deck, told the mate to get the schooner under way S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. The men sprang to their work willingly,

and in a very few minutes the *Three Elms* was cleaving her way over a comparatively quiet sea. For three days Thornton continued his labors as navigator, and on the morning of the fourth he announced that the Highlands of Navesink ought to be sighted from the masthead at eleven o'clock. A sailor was sent up to look out for them. The hour of eleven came, and he was silent. The mate and the crew looked gravely at the anxious boy. Could he have been in error? Five minutes passed, and the men began to talk angrily. Then the mate aloft cried:

"Land, ho! It's the bloom'n' old Highlands! I know that leap!"

Then a cheer went up, and the mate shook hands with Thornton. Before supper the schooner was in tow of a tug, going up the Swash Channel.

"Well, mother," said Thornton, "do you think astronomy is such a useless thing now?"

And she was obliged to admit that she had never thought of it as the foundation of navigation. Thornton is at present the assistant to the government astronomer of a European country, and is receiving a comfortable salary.

HELEN'S CHOICE.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

HELEN set the baby down on the floor, and the pan of clothes-pins beside her. "There, now, we'll see," she said, gayly. She got down, too, and arranged the pins in an orderly little circle astride the pan's edge. They went away round, and then Helen, with a sweep of fingers, sent them all clattering into the pan again. The baby crowed in wide-mouthed, toothless glee.

"You do it now, baby—see, just as I do," Helen said.

She sprang lightly to her feet and went back to her dishes. The water was cold, and the teakettle almost empty, and mutton-chops did make such greasy plates. But Helen splashed in cheerfully. She was thinking of Uncle Gene's letter on the mantel-piece, and the final decision about it that very morning over the mutton-chops. It made her sing in sudden ecstatic anticipation. What did she care about cold dish-water and uncanny dishes, when she was going to— She filled out the thought with pantomime action, running scales up and down the edge of the sink with dripping fingers, and executing intricate tuneless measures amid flying soapbuds.

"Helen, Helen!" called a sweet plaintive voice from the bedroom.

"Yes'm." The musical selection came to a quick stop. Helen hurried in, wiping her hands on her apron and rescuing the baby from an ignominious descent upon her nose on the way. "What is it, mother? Is your head worse?" she asked, anxiously. "I'm afraid it's those noisy clothes-pins."

"No, dear, but there's a draught somewhere. I can feel it on my neck. And I wish you'd rub my shoulder again. It's unusually achy this morning."

Helen found the liniment bottle, and went to work with practised, gentle touch. It was one of the dear invalid's bad days, and she had not tried to get up. Her pale face looked up into Helen's with wistful appreciation of the loving care. She was thinking of Uncle Gene's letter too.

The clock out in the kitchen struck eleven ponderously as Helen set the bottle away and put the screen before the window. In half an hour the primary children would be home, and close on their heels the older ones. And what hungry, hurrying-scurrying little mortals they would be!

"Dear little mother, poor little mother, I'll shut the door and keep the Arabs as still as I ever can."

Helen always called them the Arabs when she spoke of them collectively. It was a family pet name for them. The baby had toppled into the big pan, and was fast asleep when Helen went out. She picked her up and laid her tenderly beside the mother. Then with wonderful ease she flew about, finishing the dishes, setting the table for lunch, and doing three things at once with nimble dexterity. She met the Arabs at the door with hushing fore-

finger. They trooped in on tiptoe, sniffling anxiously for dinner smells.

"I'm awful hungry!" Archie whispered, shrilly.

"So be it—*awful!*!" Harry echoed. "Are there sweet-potatoes, Helen?"

"I smell 'em! I smell 'em!" Molly cried, under her breath, dancing across the floor.

"Sh! sh! Yes, there are sweet-potatoes, but not for Arabs with dirty faces. Come here this minute, and let me polish you up. Oh, Harry, where ever did you tear your trousers so? A great big hog tear!"

"Folks oughter not have fences with splinters to 'em, then," Harry spluttered, with his mouth full of soapy water. "I was crawlin' under to see if Pat Curran's cow chews gum. Bill Miller says so."

"Does she?" Molly asked, eagerly.

"Well, I'm not certain sure, but I think so. She wouldn't open her mouth more'n a crack for me to look."

"I bet she does," little Archie chimed in, "cause I've seen her my own self. She makes her jaws go just this way—look!"

Helen smiled in her sleeve, and laid the little discussion away in her memory for "Motherdie's" delectation. The older boys arrived, and dinner was presently in animated progress, though everybody tried to keep still—and didn't. As by magic the sweet-potatoes vanished under the eager forks and spoons, and the creamy rice followed rapid suit. The Arabs were a hearty little tribe. Nothing pleased Helen more than to have them appreciate her cooking. She sighed a little now over the thought that perhaps Mahala would scorch the rice after she was gone.

"Well, I dread her!" suddenly exclaimed Roy, as if in answer to Helen's sigh.

"Who?" asked Archie, between mouthfuls.

"Mahala. She'll scold us like sixty-nine when we make tracks over her floors, and Helen never does."

"She'll wear hoops," said Molly, holding her little silver fork in reflective suspension.

"And make-blieve bangs."

"And cloth slippers, with 'lastics criss-cross over her ankles."

"And *white stockings!*"

Helen contracted her eyebrows sternly. "Stop, children!" she chided. "Mahala's a good woman from the top of her head—"

"Make-blieve bangs," murmured irrepressible Archie.

"—to the soles of her feet."

"Cloth slippers, you mean."

Helen's eyes tried not to twinkle. "She's as much better than I am as—as—you can think," she ended, lamely.

The Arabs laughed in derisive chorus.

"But, honest, Helen, it's goin' to be so lonesome an' poky!" Molly wailed over her empty saucer. "We sha'n't have a speck of fun till you come home again."

"A whole year!"

"Twelve months. Four times twelve's forty-eight. Forty-eight times seven's—"

"Three hundred 'n' sixty-five!" concluded Roy, scornfully. Roy was in the grammar grade, and was regarded as an oracle in arithmetic.

The baby woke up and lifted her voice hungrily, and Helen ran away to her. The busy afternoon followed the busy morning on swift wings, and it was almost supper-time before she could sit down and think a minute. Then she held Uncle Gene's letter in her lap and thought about that. "Let her come soon," it said, "and stay anyway a year. She has real musical talent, and Bab's Professor Graumann will develop it if anybody can. He's a genius. Besides, we all want her, and the child must need a breathing-spell after trying so long to tame those wild Arabs. You can surely find somebody else to tutor them."

Yes, oh yes, there was Mahala! She was all engaged to come and do it. She was good-hearted and strong. She would be sure to treat them all well and take splendid care of Motherdie. Helen rocked back and forth contentedly. They wanted her to go—father and mother, and the Arabs would soon get used to doing without her. Dear little Arabs! She looked down at the smallest one of them,

still trying to stand the clothes-pins round the edge of the big bright pan. She was improving steadily.

Let's see—tomorrow—day after—day after that. Then she was going. It would be a new world opening suddenly to her, and she shut her eyes to dream the wonderful dreams more uninterruptedly. Ever since she had drummed baby tunes on the tin cake-box, by the hour at a time, she had been growing hungrier to learn to materialize the untamed melodies that ran riot in her mind, and made her fingers tingle with impotent longing. And now it was coming—her chance! Three days away! But as the three days came and went Helen's visions grew more clouded and overcast with secret misgivings. She found herself worrying for fear Mahala would not remember some of the little trivial comforts she herself had taken such delight in remembering for Motherdie. And there were the baby's soft little shoes that needed patchings and Harry's trousers, and the dish-towels were in dire need of replenishment. If she only had a dozen hands these last days, and a dozen times a dozen hours to use them! Her heart misgave her uncomfortably. But they *wanted* her to go—of course it was just right. Nevertheless, her face grew sober and thoughtful, and something tugged distressingly at her heart-strings.

The day after, and the day after that came. Helen kissed her mother over and over, and hugged the little Arabs fiercely, and went away. The houses and people on the way to the depot danced about dizzily in a mist, and she felt dizzy and topsy-turvy in acute sympathy with them. Her father walked beside her, talking briskly and constantly. Roy walked on ahead with her valise and umbrella, and never once looked around. Helen watched him through the same confusing mist, and his straight, slim little figure was oddly contorted. He had never looked bow-legged before, Helen thought in dismay!

The train puffed in and puffed out again, with a little maid, stricken with sudden, overwhelming forlornness, in the corner of one of its seats. A plump, benign-looking old lady sat just behind her, and watched her with curious sympathy. The baby two seats ahead leaned over toward her insinuatingly, and made her think of the baby and the clothes-pins. Mahala would never remember the clothes-pins—*never!* And she had forgotten Harry's patch, that she meant to see to last night surely. Mahala'd forget that, too. Helen started involuntarily to her feet.

"What is it, dearie? You forgot something!" The plump old lady leaned ahead and touched her arm in friendly solicitude.

"Yes, oh yes! I forgot the patches on Harry's pants," Helen lamented, "and the baby's clothes-pins."

"Oh lor, dearie, never mind—never mind! Patches ain't nothin' much, nor clothes-pins, neither. I'm comin' over an' set with you. I guess you're sorter humsick, ain't you? I've got some pep'mints in my bag. I'm goin' to see if I can't chirp you up."

Helen moved her umbrella and hand satchel, and made room for her new neighbor. The arrangement had its immediate good effects. Somehow the little old lady reminded her of Mahala, though Mahala was angular and tall and wore steel-bowed spectacles; but she always associated Mahala and peppermints together—perhaps that was the reason. Anyway, if Mahala was as kind and thoughtful as this plump old lady, why need she be anxious and troubled? Helen was young, and travelling was a delightful novelty. She grew cheerful and chatty, and parted with her new friend at the Junction with real sorrow. There was nearly an hour to wait at the Junction. Her train met the down train home there, she remembered, and she might send a postal back. But when she began to write, all the old misgivings and conscience-twitchings surged upon her. She felt selfish and cruel and wicked. What business had she running away from home, where she belonged, taking care of Motherdie and the baby and the Arabs? They all needed her—they all needed her. The words said themselves over with dreary repetition in her heart. Back and forth, up and down the platform, she paced restlessly. Conflicting emotions fought in hand-to-hand struggle. She ought to go home again. She wanted to go the other way. The old tugging in her gut grew almost un-



"WHAT IS IT, DEARIE? YOU FORGOT SOMETHIN'?"

ble—the longing to touch piano-keys and draw from them the music she knew was in her soul. No, of course she couldn't give it up now. And why need she?

Two whistles sounded in opposite directions. Helen walked faster than ever. Oh, dear, dear, dear, why must the two trains meet right before her eyes? There they were now. She watched the home train come jerkily to a standstill, and *her* train approach it on another track. She stood suddenly still, and began to talk aloud. "That train goes home," she said, "and *that* one doesn't. Which one are you going on, Helen Scott? Quick! Are you going home like a decent girl, or are you going to Uncle 'Gene's to practise scales like a heathen and a sinner?" The passengers were almost all aboard. "Well, you can do as you please, Helen Scott. *I'm* going home to patch Harry's trousers and rub my blessed mother with liniment!"

She darted ahead, and in another minute was on the train. She never knew how she got on, but there she was. She settled back in her seat with a deep sigh of relief. The other train started first, and she shut her eyes so she wouldn't see it. "Good-by," she murmured, wistfully; "good-by."

She felt weak and tired. It wasn't easy work having hand-to-hand conflicts in her heart. But she was glad she was going home. How the Arabs would shout! In her excitement she had not thought of getting a return ticket, and it didn't occur to her now. She put the ticket her father had bought for her in her button-hole, and leaning back in the seat, went sound asleep.

At an hour's end she woke up decidedly refreshed, and looked at her little silver watch. They would be just about at Thompson's Crossing now, she thought, glancing out of the window. But *that* wasn't Thompson's Crossing! They were drawing into a big bustling station that Helen didn't recognize in the least. Men were darting about hurriedly, and trucks were clattering by her. What did it mean? She clutched at the sleeve of a brakeman going down the aisle, and questioned him nervously. "Oh yes. Thank you." He passed on. Then that was it. She was going to Uncle 'Gene's, after all, in spite of herself! In her hurry and mental perturbation she had boarded the wrong train at the Junction, and it had been the one not going home to

Motherdie and the Arabs. She had said "good-by" too. All her brave fighting in vain—no, it wasn't either. She would stay at Uncle 'Gene's a day, and then go home. When that was fully decided, Helen felt better, and began to rather enjoy the fun and complication of it all. Uncle 'Gene and Bab met her at the depot, and overwhelmed her with cordial welcoming.

"There's a letter up home for you, Helen," Bab announced. "I guess they're homesick and want you back."

"But they won't get you, you know," Uncle 'Gene said, fiercely, tucking her under his arm.

"No more they won't!" answered Bab.

Helen took the little home message up stairs with her into her pretty new room. She opened it wonderingly. Why, what was this?

"Dear Nell," father said. "This is for a bit of a welcome and surprise, to make you feel quite contented and easy about us all. Did you think the mother and I didn't notice your conscience-stricken little face, and know just how troubled you were? But we took a notion to make it a real surprise to you—that Aunt Dolly is coming to help Mahala out. There, now, open your eyes wide, my dear, and shut all the windows and squeal! Aunt Dolly's coming, as sure as you live. She has given up her boarder and rented her little nest, and is this blessed minute on her way upward. So you will not worry about us any more, for Aunt Dolly's a host in herself, and *almost* as good as our Helen (the Arabs would scalp me!), only, if you please, I'll swap her for Helen when the year's up!"

Helen forgot to shut the windows, but she squealed. A great weight of care slipped off her shoulders on to Aunt Dolly's.

"She won't forget the patch or the clothes-pins or anything!" she exclaimed. "Aunt Dolly's remember is miles, miles long!"

Downstairs a door opened, and through it was wafted up to Helen a low, sweet strain of music, that grew, second by second, fuller and deeper, till it seemed to embody all her own glad feelings, and to bear up on its wings beautiful, prophetic hints of the joy that was on its way to her.

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LOST IN THE FOREST.

IT was not difficult to find the Fox River, for it was the first stream flowing into the Pelly on the right, and as the ice in the latter river was much smoother than it had been on the Yukon, our sledge travellers turned into it on the second day after leaving Harper's.

"Now," said Phil, "we must keep a sharp lookout for Cree Jim's cabin; for as no one seems to know exactly where it is located, we may find it anywhere between here and the head of the stream. At any rate, we can't afford to miss it."

They did miss it, though, and after camping one night on the river, reached its head in a lake that they knew must be the Fox. Although the day was but half spent, Phil decided to camp at that point.

"You and I, Serge," he said, "must go back down the river, one on each side, making long detours away from it, in hopes of finding either the cabin or some trail leading to it. At the same time we must keep a sharp lookout for game. Anything from a bear to a rabbit would be acceptable now, for if we don't replenish our stock of meat pretty soon we shall lose our dogs."

"All right," replied Serge. "Only, Phil, do be careful and not get lost."

"Never you fear on that score," laughed the young leader. "I'll look out for myself; but see that you do the same."

So the two lads set forth, leaving Jalap Coombs to prepare camp and boil the oatmeal porridge, which, mixed with a small quantity of fish, now formed the dogs' daily meal.

Phil plunged directly into the forest, deciding to start out with one of the detours that he had planned. Once within shelter of the trees, he found the snow so deep that but for his snow-shoes he could have made no progress. By their aid he was able to push forward at a fair rate of speed, which he determined to maintain, on as straight a line as possible, until within half an hour of sunset. Then he would bend to the left until he reached the river, which he was certain could not be very far away, and which he could follow back to camp even in the dark.

So for several hours he plodded sturdily forward, keeping a sharp lookout for any trail of man or beast, and making as little noise as possible in the hope of surprising something worthy of a shot. All at once the surprise came from the other side; for, with a rush from behind a clump of young hemlocks, a huge brown animal, with great palmated horns, crossed his path only a few rods ahead, and dashed away at right angles, flinging the snow to both sides like a rotary railroad plough. Rapid as

were his movements, Phil got in one flying shot just as he disappeared.

"It was a moose!" thought the excited lad; "biggest one I ever saw. And I hit him!" he cried aloud, a minute later, as he examined the broad trail left by the flying beast. "Hit him hard, too," he added, as, noting blood stains on the snow, and forgetful of everything else, he set forth in hot pursuit of his stricken game. "He can't hold that pace long, wounded, and through snow as deep as this," he reflected, "and I shouldn't be surprised if I found him at bay inside of a mile. Oh, if I can only get him, it will settle the food question for the rest of the trip!"

So, with high hopes, and with all his hunting instincts fully aroused, Phil followed that blood-stained trail, not only for one mile, but for several more, though without catching another glimpse of the flying moose. Nor could he discover any sign of slackened speed or diminished strength on the part of his huge quarry. The strides were just as long as at first, and the snow was flung just as far on either side of the trail. But for the crimson stains betokening a steady loss of blood Phil would long since have given up the chase. They encouraged him to keep on, "For surely," he said to himself, "no animal, not even a moose can stand a drain like that forever."

All at once he stopped short and gazed about him with startled glances. The trail was growing dim; stealthy shadows were creeping through the forest. The day was spent and night was at hand. "Now I am in for it!" he cried, bitterly. "Here I am miles from camp without an idea of its direction or that of the river. My only guide to either is the trail by which I have just come, and I should



"COME, MAN. COME WIF NEL-TE. MAMMA SAY COME"

lose that in the darkness before I had gone half a mile. The only thing to do is make a hungry camp, and make it quick, too, before the light is wholly gone."

Thus deciding, Phil left the trail and hastened towards a bunch of dead timber that stood a short distance to one side. He scraped the snow from a prostrate log, and then, using one of his snow-shoes as a shovel, dug out a small space down to the ground beside it. A little pile of dry twigs and bark and a few sticks of larger wood were hastily collected and heaped against the log. When he got his fire well started he would gather more. Now to whittle a handful of shavings, and then for a blaze. Oh, how good it would seem! How it would drive away the horrid loneliness, push back the encroaching shadows, and replace the deadly chill of the on-coming night with its own genial warmth! It could not furnish food, of course, and he must endure long hours of hunger, but even that could be borne with his cheery aid.

And now to light it. Phil had a match-safe in one of his inner pockets, where he always carried it for just such emergencies as this, and at length, after a struggle with his close-fitting parka, he drew it forth. As he opened it and gazed into its empty interior, a chill penetrated his very marrow.

"What a fool I am! what a miserable careless fool!" he cried, in tones of despair. "I knew it was empty two days ago and meant to refill it. But I didn't, and now I must suffer the consequences. What shall I do? What shall I do? A night in this place without a fire will drive me crazy, even if I don't freeze to death before morning."

As Phil gazed about him in a very agony of apprehension his glance rested on his rifle leaning against a tree, and a ray of hope entered his heart. There was fire if he could only capture and control it. How was it that wrecked sailors, and lost hunters, and all sorts of people always managed to obtain fire from a gun, or rather from a pistol, which was practically the same thing? He tried to recall what he had read of such experiences. Oh yes! It was by flashing powder in the pan. But his gun hadn't any pan. He had never seen one that had, unless it was Kurilla's flintlock. Of course, now he remembered, it did have a place into which the Indian used to pour a little powder every time he wanted to fire his old blunderbuss. How Phil wished his Winchester were a flintlock musket just at that moment. But it wasn't, and it didn't have any pan, and loose powder was not used in connection with it. But there was plenty of powder encased in its metallic cartridges if only he could get at it, and could contrive some plan for adapting it to his purpose.

All these ideas passed like a flash, and Phil had hardly thought of powder before he was examining one of his cartridges, and trying to dig the bullet out of its metal shell with the point of his knife. But it was held too tightly, and he only pricked his fingers.

Then another plan came into his mind. He laid his rifle on the ground. Over its stock he spread a square of cotton cloth, such as he and Serge were accustomed to tear from the great piece provided among their stores whenever they needed clean handkerchiefs. On the cloth Phil laid a cartridge, that he held in position with the sharp edge of his knife blade, placed so that it would cut just at the base of the bullet. Then he struck the back of the blade a smart blow with a billet of wood, and the job was done. He had got at the powder.

He poured out two-thirds of the precious mixture, and rubbed it well into one side of the cloth, which he doubled twice and fixed against the log. Then, after stopping the open end of the shell with a tiny wad of lint to keep the remainder of the powder from running out, he inserted it in the chamber of his rifle. Aiming it at the cloth, with the muzzle about one foot away, and trembling with cold, or excitement, or anxiety, or with all three, he pulled the trigger.

The report that followed was hardly as loud as that of a small fire-cracker, but the success of the scheme was instant. The little flame poured from the muzzle of the rifle into that powder-impregnated square of cotton cloth ignited it at once. A moment later it was nestled amid

the bundle of twigs and shavings, while Phil, on hands and knees, was puffing at it like a pair of bellows.

In two minutes more his fire was a certainty, the black shadows were already beginning to retreat before its cheery attack, and Phil Ryder's spirits had jumped from zero almost to the figure that represents light-heartedness.

Throwing off his fur parka, that he might the better appreciate its warmth later, and seizing a snow-shoe, he cleared the whole space between the first log and another that lay a few yards beyond. Into this opening he dragged all the logs and dead branches he could find, working with such energy that at the end of an hour he had a fine large pile, and was in a glow from the exercise. Now he built another fire against the further log, and piled his spare wood so that it was beyond reach of either flame.

He next spread a few spruce and hemlock boughs on the ground between the two fires, selected a medium-sized chunk of wood for a pillow, donned his parka, drew its great hood over his head, and, with his rifle by his side, lay down on a much warmer and more comfortable couch than he had dared anticipate a couple of hours before.

Phil meant to keep awake so as to tend his fires, but instead of so doing he fell asleep within an hour, and slept soundly right through the night. When he at length awoke and sat up, he was chilled and stiff with cold, for the fires were very nearly extinguished by a fall of snow that had sifted down through the forest while he slept. As the poor lad discovered this, he became filled with terror, for he knew that the back trail was obliterated, and that all hope of regaining camp by its means was cut off. Now he was indeed lost. As he gazed hopeless and bewildered about him he caught sight of something that he at first took to be a dog sitting only a few yards away, and regarding him hungrily. He spoke to it and the animal started to sneak away. Then he saw that it was a wolf, and hastened its movements with a rifle shot.

As it was not yet light enough to commence his search for the river, or for some stream that would lead him to it, he began to throw wood on the fires that he might at least get warm before starting. While thus engaged he was startled by a cry apparently in the voice of a child that rang dolefully through the silent forest. Again he heard it, plaintive and long-drawn, and this time nearer than before. It was so weird a cry to be heard in that place and at that time that he shuddered as he listened for its repetition. Its very humanness added to its terror. At its third utterance Phil seized his rifle, cocked it, and faced the direction of the sound, expecting in another moment to be confronted by the tawny form of a mountain-lion.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PHIL ASSUMES A RESPONSIBILITY.

Phil had never met nor even seen a mountain-lion, but he had often heard that its cry sometimes imitates that of a child so closely as to deceive the most expert of hunters. He had heard too of its ferocity, its boldness in attacking human beings, and its terrible strength. In some respects it is even more to be feared than that monarch of the North American wilderness the grizzly bear, for the former, belonging to the cat family, is a famous tree-climber, which the latter is not.

These thoughts, together with all the stories he had ever read of mountain-lions, flashed through the lad's mind in the few minutes that elapsed between the first and third of those terrible cries. Before it could utter another the fearful beast would be upon him, and with tense muscles he braced himself for the coming conflict. He would not have a chance for more than one shot. If it failed him, all would be lost.

The sound of the third wailing cry had hardly died away when, with a gasp half of relief that the suspense was ended, half of dread, Phil caught a momentary glimpse of a brown furry object moving through the trees. It would next appear from behind yonder clump of bushes. The rifle was slowly lifted, a deliberate sight was taken along its shining barrel, and then, as the furry object appeared at the precise point where it was expected, the forest

echoed with its ringing shot. But the bullet had not been allowed to fulfil its fatal mission. One blessed instant had been granted, even as the trigger was pressed, in which to give the barrel a slight upward jerk, and deflect the leaden messenger from its deadly course.

The rifle fell from Phil's nerveless hand, as weak and faint he leaned against a friendly tree trunk. As he stood there, staring with still unbelieving eyes, a little fur-clad child, not more than four years old, walking on the tiniest of snow-shoes, came close to him, smiled trustfully up in his face, and, holding out a small mittened hand, said:

"Come, man. Come wif Nel-te. Mamma say come."

If Phil had been nearly paralyzed with horror to discover, as his eye glanced along the levelled rifle-barrel, that he was aiming at a human being, he was almost equally staggered at hearing the fur-clad atom who called himself Nel-te, address him in English. How could it be? Who was he? How came he there, alone in that vast wilderness of trackless forest, ice, and snow? Where had the child spent the night just passed, that had been so filled with terrors to him? How had he lived through it? Where was his mother?

All these questions and more he asked the child, as he sat on a log, and, drawing the little one to him, gazed at him as though he were unreal, and might at any moment vanish as mysteriously as he had come.

But the child evidently had neither the time nor the inclination for explanations. He gravely repelled all the lad's friendly advances, and turned to go away, as though confidently expecting him to follow. As Phil hesitated for a moment he looked back, and in a voice that had a slight tremble, together with a lower lip that quivered just a little, he repeated:

"Come. Mamma say come."

And Phil, picking up his rifle, followed after the unique little figure like one who is dazed. A happy smile lighted the child's face at this compliance with his wish, and after that he plodded sturdily onward without turning his head, as though satisfied that his mission was accomplished. After thus going something less than a quarter of a mile, they emerged from the forest, and came to a log cabin standing on the bank of a small stream.

Though fairly well built, this cabin did not differ in outward appearance from ordinary structures of its kind in that country, save that its single glass window was hung with white curtains. These caught Phil's eye at once, but ere he had time to speculate concerning them his little guide had reached the door. Slipping off the small snow-shoes he pushed it open and entered. Phil followed, but had not taken a single step into the interior ere he started back in dismay.

On the floor close beside the threshold lay an Indian—a tall handsome fellow, but with a terrible gash in one side. From it his life's blood had evidently drained some time before, for it needed but a glance to show that he was dead.

From this startling sight the lad's gaze wandered across the room. It caught the white curtains, a few poor attempts at ornamentation of the walls, an empty hearth, on which was no spark of fire, and then rested on a rude bed in one corner, to which the child had just run with a joyful cry.

On the bed lay a woman, and, to Phil's utter amazement, she was a white woman, who was feebly speaking to him in English. Her bloodless face, terribly emaciated, was surrounded by a wealth of dark brown hair, and her great eyes were fixed on him with a pitiful eagerness.

"Thank God! thank God, sir!" she said, in a voice so near a whisper that Phil was obliged to bend his head to catch the words. "Now that you've come, I can die in peace, for my Nel-te will be cared for. I prayed, oh, how I prayed! But it seemed as if my prayers were to be of no avail, until at length the answer came in the report of your gun. Then I sent the child to find you. And oh, sir, I do thank you for coming. I do thank my Heavenly Father for sending you. And you will care for my baby? You will take him far from here, where he may grow to be a good and useful man? You will, won't you, sir? Promise me. Promise me you will."

"But you mustn't die," answered poor Phil, who was so bewildered by the perplexities of the situation that he knew not what to say. "I have two companions who will know what to do for you, and we will stay until you get stronger. What does it all mean, anyway? Are you wounded? Did that Indian attack you?"

"He was my husband, my Jim," whispered the woman, again opening her eyes, which had closed wearily after her recent effort at talking. "He died for me, and I am dying for him."

Here she was interrupted by a terrible fit of coughing, and a gush of blood from some internal hemorrhage.

After a few minutes she continued: "He shot a moose, and with its last strength it charged on him. When he did not come home I went in search of him. I found them lying together. Jim still breathed. Somehow I managed to bring him home on my back. But he was dead when I got him here, and the strain had been too great for me. I had burst a blood vessel, and had barely strength to crawl to the bed. That was two days ago. I should have died that first night, but fought with death for Nel-te's sake. Now I can go, and I am glad, for I am so weary—so weary."

This pitiful story was told in whispers, with many pauses and many struggles for breath. When it was finished the great pleading eyes again closed, and the woman lay so still that Phil thought she must be dead. He tried to feel of her pulse, but started at the touch of her hand, for it was like ice. The chill of it seemed to reach his very heart, and he shivered in the deadly cold of the room.

"I can at least make a fire," he thought, and he began to search for matches. There were none, and finally bethinking himself of the blaze he had left in the woods he set forth to fetch fire from it. In a few minutes he returned with a couple of burning brands. Then he brought in wood, and, after a little the great fireplace was filled with leaping flames.

Nel-te came to him and begged for water. Phil had noticed several times that the child was eating snow, and now berated himself for not realizing that the little fellow was thirsty. He melted snow in a kettle, and the boy drank eagerly. Then from some hiding-place he produced a smoked salmon that he began to eat ravenously. After a little he paused, looked hesitatingly at Phil, and then shyly, but with inborn hospitality, held out the fish to his guest, saying: "You hungry?"

"Indeed I am, little chap," answered Phil, who was just remembering how very hungry he was, "and I shall be only too glad to take a bite with you." So he cut off a piece of the fish, and as the two ate their strange meal in company Phil knew that the little stranger had won his heart; for never had he felt so drawn to any child as to this one.

While they were thus engaged, the woman again unclosed her eyes, and made a slight movement. Phil held a cup of water to her lips, and she drank thirstily. It seemed to give her strength, for she said:

"You have not promised me, lad. But you will—I know you will; for God has sent you in answer to my prayers. You will care for my baby, and try to love him, and never let him forget his mother. You will promise, and I know I can trust you, for you have a brave face and honest. You will promise me?"

"I do promise," said Phil, solemnly, "that if you are taken from your boy I will care for him to the best of my ability, and be to him a brother and—"

"That's enough, lad. Now hand him to me, for I cannot see him. His name is Nelson McLeod."

This last came in so faint a whisper that Phil barely caught the words; but as he lifted the little one to the bed the woman seemed to gain new strength, for she flung her arms about the child, strained him to her breast, and kissed him.

Then the wasted arms unclosed. She fell back, a smile glorified her face, and the great brown eyes opened for one parting look at her boy. In another moment, with a sigh of content, she fell into the sleep that knows no waking; and Phil, recalling the long-ago story of the missionary, knew that the sorrows of Ellen McLeod were ended.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



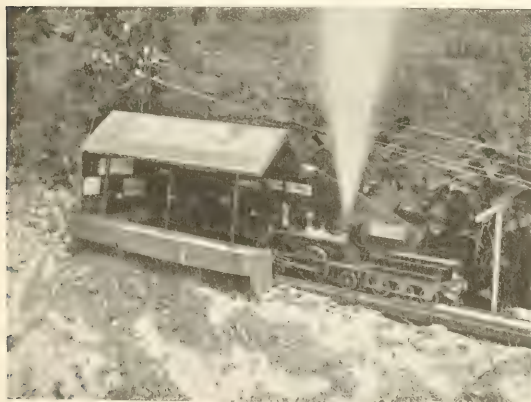
THE AMERICAN TRETTLE BRIDGE AND TUNNEL ENTRANCE.

A MINIATURE RAILROAD SYSTEM.

ONE of the most interesting models perhaps ever made, in a popular way, has been prepared by an English clergyman, the Rev. H. L. Warneford, of Windsor, England. Dr. Warneford has a small yard in the rear of his house, surrounded by an ordinary brick wall, which may be seen in each of the illustrations accompanying this article. Along the rear end of the garden he has built a railroad from wall to wall, in that distance overcoming the inconveniences of the ground which usually require the mechanical ability of railroad builders. The road runs from a little station called Chicago at one end to a small station at the other end known as Jericho. It is complete in every detail, and as thoroughly so as if it were one of the great lines that run across England. The two stations even have advertisements pasted over them, as any ordinary station does; and the terminal



THE STEEL TUBULAR BRIDGE.



JERICHO.

facilities, though they are small and rather simple, are in their way as complete as in any full-size railroad.

The track is over 80 feet in length, with a gauge of $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches; and in order that he might get in in these 80 feet all the different forms of railway construction Dr. Warneford has made the track so that it runs over some of the uneven spots in his yard, and in this way, in the places where bridges are required, he has constructed that form of bridge which would naturally be best suited to the particular form of ravine or cavity over which the road is to run. One of the prettiest of these bridges is a thoroughly constructed cantilever bridge, on the form of the great Forth Bridge between Scotland and England, which passes over a little excavation immediately after the train has come out of a long, thoroughly constructed tunnel, the entrance to which appears in two of the illustrations. Another bridge is a perfectly constructed skew arch, which the train crosses a few feet after leaving Chicago. Then comes the

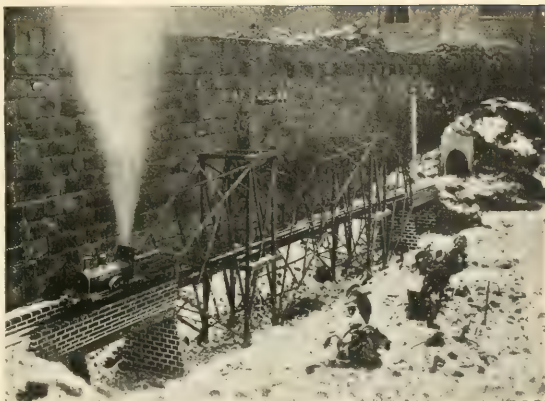
model of an American trestle, and after passing over this the road runs through the tunnel, over the cantilever bridge, through a cutting, and finally over a steel tubular bridge into Jericho.

Besides all these constructions, the proportions of which can be easily seen by comparing them with the ordinary size bricks of the stone wall, the road is fully equipped with complete sets of signals, which can be and are worked with telegraph wires and posts. There are not only signals for connections and ordinary use, but Dr. Warneford has even constructed a fog-signal apparatus, which is worked by a spring when the engine passes over it, causing a hammer to fall on a small blank cartridge; and this, exploding, is the signal for the train to come to a stop at a time when, either on account of fog or similar impenetrable mist, the ordinary signals would be of no use.

As to the train itself, that consists of a locomotive, which is a complete model of an ordinary English engine. The steam is generated by spirits, and the engine draws a

couple of trucks and a passenger-car. When the steam is up, and the train is started, the reverend gentleman has to run his level best to get to the next station before the train, otherwise it would be "missing." When it does arrive at its destination, the fact is made known by an electric bell ringing automatically; and on close inspection of the photograph of the Jericho station the electric button may be seen at the end of the tracks inside the depot. On the line between the stations there is a signal-box, with levers to work the signals, as complete in its way as any signal-tower in existence; and, as some one said who visited the line a short time ago, the only thing that is lacking on the line is the stentorian call of the conductor, "All tickets ready."

The accompanying illustrations, which are taken from photographs made especially for HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, are interesting in many ways. They were taken during the last winter, when snow was on the ground, and when experiments were being tried with a tiny snow-plough on the front



THE CANTALEVER BRIDGE.



SIGNAL TOWER, AND ENGINE WITH SNOW-PLOUGH.

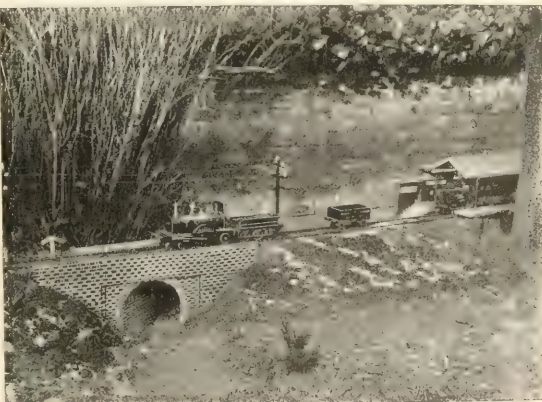
the castings for the wheels and machinery of the engine and cars are perfect in their way.

The readers of the ROUND TABLE will remember that last fall we published a photograph of the perfect model of a trolley-car which not only ran by electricity, just as an ordinary car does, but had all the details, even to advertisements, that the trolley has. This trolley-car was an extraordinary piece of work; but whereas the Warneford engine is not more than eight inches long, the trolley was between two and three feet long. The care taken in constructing the English train, engine, and road must have been infinitely greater and the difficulties considerably increased on account of its smaller size; but such work is not impossible for any one with a mechanical turn of mind.

This whole railway, in fact, is a most interesting and suggestive piece of work, and illustrates what mechanical ability and ingenuity can do, and how much amusement and profit even so busy a man as an English clergyman may find in working on such a thing as a hobby.

of the engine to see if the track could be cleared. One of the illustrations shows the plough at work in the cutting; and, as any one may see, the job is not a light one to clear the track at that spot. In one or two of the illustrations interesting comparisons may be made as to the size of the bridges and the train with some of the small shrubs which have sprung up near the track; but such are the perfect proportions of the model track, signals, and station that unless some such object is compared with them or the size of the bricks in the wall is noted the photographs might be those of a normal train taken from a great distance.

The parts of the road representing masonry are not, of course, built of true stones, but simply of boards painted to represent them. The bridges, however, are sincere constructions in every part, each "timber" being set in place by itself, and the whole construction made to rely on its own strength, without any false support. The steel tubular bridge Dr. Warneford had made for him, and it will bear the weight of a boy. All



CHICAGO, AND THE SKEW BRIDGE.

SOME DON'TS FOR SWIMMERS.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

IT is just as dangerous to play with water as it is to play with fire. Probably no sport is more dangerous than swimming, just as none other is quite so delightful. If you use proper caution no exercise is safer than swimming.

But what is proper caution? It is almost impossible to learn how to swim by reading any amount of printed instructions, but it is easy to learn how to take care of one's self in the water. One of the best swimming teachers I ever knew summed it all up in these words: Don't be rash. Don't be frightened. It seems to me that no advice can be better than that. I think that one more rule is safe to follow, Don't "show off."

Let us look at what happens to the rash swimmer and diver. Probably every one of you has known or heard of some poor over-confident fellow who has lost his life by diving overboard without knowing the depth into which he was plunging. Nothing can be more dangerous. There is a fine swimming-beach at the upper part of the Harlem River, near Farmers' Bridge, on the Manhattan Island shore. There are bath-houses in plenty, and a long stretch of firm sandy shore. One of the best oarsmen of his year went swimming there a few years ago. He had just come to the end of five months' hard training and racing. During that long period swimming had been forbidden to men in the crew, because it was feared that they might tire themselves out at it, and use up strength that should be applied to rowing. But now the restraints of training were off, and J— was having a delightful frolic with his friends. He was a strong swimmer and a graceful diver. Running down the beach he splashed out until he was knee-deep in the river, and then gathered himself for a dive. He plunged head first on a sand-bar. His neck was dislocated. He did not live five minutes.

That young man had been swimming from the same place last year. He thought he was familiar with the shore. Really he had forgotten just where it was safe to dive. If he had been cautious enough to ask his comrades, or even to wade out a little further and learn the depth for himself, he would not have lost his life.

Do you think it childish to be cautious? Put away the idea. The bravest men are nearly always the most careful.

"Your Majesty knows not what fear is," said a courtier to King Oscar of Sweden, who had fought in many hand-to-hand battles with wonderful success.

"The man who does not know what fear is," replied the King, "is a fool."

And fear is only another name for over-cautiousness.

No matter how well you think you know a swimming-place, take nothing for granted. So many changes take place in a year. Sand bars are formed by the tides. If you dive from a pier, how can you know without actually investigating what timber may have been swung loose by the water's action since last year, and be now lurking for you beneath the surface? And as for swimming in strange water, never do it without learning all you can about the conditions. Henry Guy and I were chumming for bluefish in Fire Island Inlet recently. We had fine luck for a while. Suddenly the bluefish disappeared. After waiting idly a few minutes I began to yearn for a swim. The air was very warm, and the cool green water was rippling a thousand invitations. Just as I was about to dive off the stern of our cat-boat the skipper touched my arm and shook his head.

"Don't," he exclaimed.

"Why not?"

"Sharks."

That was all of the conversation. Before I was half dressed the skipper touched my arm and pointed at a long, dark gray object that loomed along against the tide six or eight feet below our keel. It was a shark. My hair bristled. You see it is advisable to know sometimes just where you are "at."

Diving is certainly the best way for you to enter the water—always provided that you know all about its depth. Nothing can be more unhealthful than the dawdling habit

of wading out ankle-deep or knee-deep, and waiting to get your courage up. The hot sun beats down on your head. Your feet and legs are in the cool water whose temperature is anywhere from ten to twenty-five degrees lower than that of the air.

You can't remain long under these conditions without injuring yourself. Nature's plan is to have the head cool and the extremities warm. Go contrary to this, and you are in trouble. Probably most of you can remember having had a headache some time or other from this very cause. Indeed, physicians will tell you that many attacks of cramps in the water are due to the swimmer's foolish habit of wading in very slowly. Deranged circulation causes cramps. In places where it is not safe to dive you can easily stoop over and throw a few handfuls of water on your head. Then hurry forward and throw yourself in—fall in. Will other fellows laugh at your precautions? Well, let them laugh, and pay for it with the twinges of cramps. I have been swimming twenty years, and I've never had a cramp, simply because I've followed the rules laid down here.

Never let yourself be frightened in the water. A boy I know found himself far outside of the breakers at Cape May. He swam deep—that is, with his feet far below him—and found that in spite of his efforts he was making no headway, or very little. Instead of howling for help, and using up his strength in struggles that would drown him before help could arrive, he put his wits to work. He soon found that the off-shore current was below the surface, and that at the very top of the water the flow was toward the shore. Thereupon he dived up his legs and swam as near the surface as he could. Even then it was a long swim for a twelve-year-old boy, but he got the beach under his feet at last. Another boy I know was dragged far out by a "sea-puss" at Long Branch—one of those deadly, swift, sudden currents that pounce on a bather unawares and carry him away from shore. This boy waved his arm and shouted for help. When he saw the men on shore running toward a surf-boat he calmly turned over on his back and devoted all his energies to floating. He had been carried nearly a mile before he was rescued. If either one of these boys had been frightened he probably would have drowned.



This Department is conducted in the interest of both Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

I HEARD of a society the other day, a society which has a beautiful name. I am sure you will agree with me about the name when I tell you that it is called "The Cheer and Comfort Society." Its object is to send good reading matter, particularly magazines, papers, and interesting books, to people too poor to obtain them by purchase, and not likely to get them from lending libraries, and the lady who can tell you all about the society and its work is Miss Emily Campbell, of Short Hills, New Jersey.

The sweet words "Cheer" and "Comfort" are repeating themselves in music in my mind as I write. Perhaps you would like to know where I am writing this Pudding Stick letter to you, dear girls. Well, the place is in the country, in a lovely valley with green hills rising around it on every side, and standing like guardian sentinels about the pleasant homes which are scattered over the breezy fields and plains beneath them. The morning is very cool, and the blue sky is just breaking through the heavy clouds which awhile ago threatened rain. Wrapped in a shawl, think of it you who are reading this on a day too warm for shawls, and established in a big easy-chair, with my paper resting on a book in my lap, I am thinking of you. I write these little letters almost always in this way; they seem more intimate and confidential than if I sat down beside my desk, and shut my door, and put on a sort of let-me-alone-

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

if-you-please business air. I fancy that most of the letters I receive from you are written in this same easy and friendly way, and that you keep your note-paper in little boxes and portfolios, and perhaps sometimes in a dear old atlas, which makes a delightful portfolio.

TO GO BACK to "Cheer" and "Comfort." There are always chances in life to do both, for turn where you will, there are those who are in need of help. Not always bodily help. Often those who have every earthly thing they need—shelter, money, food, clothing, books, all sorts of opportunities—are in want of the heavenly things which "cheer" and "comfort" mean. They are depressed, low in their spirits, sad, and troubled. They are even cross and disagreeable because they are unhappy. To such persons young people, with bright faces and light hearts, can bring both the cheer that gives courage and the comfort that takes away pain. You haven't to do anything in a grand and heroic fashion either. Simply be yourselves, and let the gladness that is in you bubble up and overflow, and you will make tired people happier.

TWO SCHOOL-GIRLS sat behind me in a car the other day, chatting together in low voices, and laughing immoderately every few minutes at the happenings of their day. Bless them, the sweet, gay, merry-hearted creatures! The car seemed lonesome after they reached their station, and went tripping along the road up the long hill to their home out of sight from my point of view. Just be yourselves, dears, and you will make older people happy. I sent a loving little word of thanks after my school-girls, for they had been a help to me. If they read the ROUND TABLE, here's a bit meant for them.

ONE AFTERNOON, passing a church on a city street, I read this announcement on a bulletin-board at the door, "The Pleasant Words Society will meet at four o'clock." Wasn't that fine? The "pleasant words" society! Whatever we think of, however we feel, we may speak pleasantly, our words and our tones being in our own control. The effort to speak pleasantly will usually cause us to feel pleasant, and it is pleasant people—people who please—who get together and form societies and clubs. Who ever heard of a Fault-finders Society or a Cross Words Society? Fretful fault-finders have to sit in corners alone.

ANOTHER SOCIETY of which I know is the T.M.D.S., which, being interpreted, is the Ten Minutes a Day Society. This is an association of young girls which requires of its members only that they shall devote ten minutes every day, or sixty minutes every week, to sewing, or in some other way working for orphans and the poor. It sends garments to hospitals and asylums, boxes to home and foreign missions, and accomplishes a wonderful deal of good, by simply using ten minutes of each day in a bit of unselfish work.

Margaret E. Langster.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Amateur Photographers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Camera Club Department.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, NO. 3.

GETTING READY TO DEVELOP.

IF there is one place more than another where one needs to be methodical it is in the dark room. It is lighted but dimly, and groping about for materials or apparatus often results in disaster to that most susceptible of all things, the sensitive plate. One should have his materials

so arranged that he can put his hand on any one in the dark.

Besides knowing where the materials are, and always having them in their place, the materials and apparatus used for developing should be placed the same way each time when arranging them for developing. Place the hypo-tray far enough away, and in such a position, that there shall be no danger of getting any of the hypo into the developer. If the water for rinsing the plates is at the right hand of the developing-tray, place the hypo-tray at the left hand of the water. Then in washing the developer from the plate before placing it in the hypo it will be clear of the developer, and if one is unlucky enough to let the plate slip into the hypo, drops will not spatter into the developer.

Never, under any circumstances, set a vessel on the floor which contains any liquid beside water. The dismay which has followed an unfortunate step in the dark, when one has set the hypo-tray on the floor with a well-developed plate "fixing" in it, can only be understood and appreciated by the amateur who has been so rash as to invite such a disaster.

Get the water for washing and rinsing the plates ready first, and if one has running water this means simply attaching the hose to the faucet and getting the washing box ready. Next fill the hypo-tray and put it in its place, then the developing-trays should be placed in front of the lantern, and the developing solution mixed in the glass graduate ready for use.

Look at the lantern and be sure that there is enough candle or oil to last during the developing. To be left in darkness with a plate at its most critical point of development is, to say the least, a great annoyance.

See that the dishes are perfectly clean. This should always be attended to after each development. It not only saves time, but the possibility of fresh solutions being spoiled by the decomposing of chemicals left in the trays is thus avoided.

Having everything in readiness—the bottles of restrainer and accelerator where they will be at hand if needed—get the plates which are to be developed. These should be placed on a convenient shelf, or stand where they will be out of the way of liquids, but where they can be easily reached. If the plates are still in the holder, of course they do not need to be covered, as they are already shut away from the light, but if they have been removed from the holders and placed in a box, have a cover from a larger plate box to turn over the box after it is open. This will prevent fogging the plates, and is easier to adjust than the cover which fits the box.

It is a good plan to provide one's self with light wooden covers a little larger than the trays. These can be made from cigar boxes, and a little white porcelain knob, such as druggists use on small drawers, screwed on for handles. The cover for the hypo-tray should have a white band painted across it, or marked in some way by which it may be easily distinguished from the covers for the developing-trays. These covers are very convenient to place over the trays if one wishes to leave the dark room for a moment, or to open the door to admit a little fresh air. They can also be placed over a tray when the plate is first covered with the developer if the plate is extremely sensitive. A screw eye can be put in the end of the cover to hang it up by when not in use.

Having once decided on the most convenient way for arranging the materials for developing, stick to it. The task of finding and using what is needed will soon become mechanical, and the mistakes which occur from a haphazard way of arranging the developing outfit will be avoided.

In the next paper for beginners we shall suggest some home-made appliances for the dark room which have been designed by skillful amateurs for saving time, space, and money. Any of our amateurs who have improved ways of doing things are requested to send descriptions to the Camera Club. We have already several on hand, which will be published in their appropriate places. When sending a description of home-made apparatus, send a photograph with it if possible.



JOURNEYING TOWARDS LONDON.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.

1.—UTHER PENDRAGON, THE FATHER OF ARTHUR.

JACK and Mollie had joined the Order of the Knights and Ladies of the Round Table, and had become Sir Jack and Lady Mollie in consequence. They were proud of it, too, not so much because of the titles they were thereby permitted to use, but because they knew that it was a great thing to be knightly enough to become members of a society which had high aims and lofty purposes in view. They were both sturdy little Americans, and to be known as Sir Jack and Lady Mollie did not add at all to the good opinions they had of themselves, except in so far as these honorable prefixes to their names showed that they were members in good standing of a flourishing organization.

Who the original Knights of the Round Table were and what they had done they did not know, but they set about finding out as soon as they received their membership cards, for, as Jack said, "What's the use of going into a thing without finding out all about it?" And Mollie, as usual, agreed that that was the thing to do.

So they asked their father about it, and it turned out that he knew very little more about the Knights of the original Round Table than they did. He did know that at the head of the table had sat a certain King of England, Arthur by name, who was a Knight of great prowess, but beyond this he was quite ignorant on the subject. He said, however, that he would look the matter up when he had time, and let them know whatever he might discover. And he did so, and whenever he discovered anything which he thought would interest the children, he would tell them about it.

"Arthur's father, according to the legends," said their father, "was King of England, and his name was Uther Pendragon."

"What a terrible name," said Mollie.

"It was indeed," said the story-teller. "It was meant to be, for the title Pendragon signified in those days that he who bore it was the chief leader in war, which is a terrible thing. Uther Pendragon, the King, married Igraine, who was beautiful and good, and Arthur was their son, but for some reason or other it was thought well that the boy should be brought up in ignorance of who his parents were, and on the advice of Merlin he was sent away to a

certain lord of Uther's land, one of the noblest and most faithful of his day, who would look carefully after the bringing up of the child, and see to it that he should become well fitted in every way for the position he was some day to occupy. Merlin had looked into the future, and had seen that Arthur would grow to be a better man if he were kept away from his father's court, where in all probability every one would have flattered and spoiled him, and lead him to believe that he was a much finer fellow than he really was. So Arthur was sent to Sir Ector, who brought him up as his own son, and no one but the King and Queen and Merlin really knew that he was a Prince, and would some day become King of England."

"I'm glad they don't do things that way nowadays. I'd hate to be brought up by one of the neighbors without knowing that you were my papa."

"Must have been worse than going to boarding-school," said Mollie.

"Well, however that may be," said the story-teller, "it was a good thing for Arthur, for he was well brought up, and he made a good friend in Sir Ector's son Kaye, with whom he spent most of his time, and whom he believed to be his brother, and when Uther died and it became necessary to put some one in his place, he made his claims to the office of King much greater by having to prove that he was fitted for it, not so much because of the fact that he was Uther's son, which some ill-natured, jealous Princes who wanted to be King said he was not, but because of his wonderful prowess, which he showed when the time came. It was but two years after Arthur was born that King Uther was taken sick, and all the rebellious lords in his kingdom thought that the time had come for them to rise up against him, but Merlin went to the King and told him that even though he was ill it was necessary for him to go out and fight the enemy, and Uther, sick as he was, went into the battle carried on a litter and took command of his forces. Aided by two splendid knights, who were among his closest friends, Sir Ulfus and Sir Brasias, Uther fought a great battle at St. Albans with the forces from the North, in which he was victorious, and after which he returned to London. Here within a short while he died, first having gathered his Barons about him, and at the suggestion of Merlin proclaimed his son Arthur his successor. Then, as the chronicles tell, the kingdom was in great danger for a long time. Years passed, and all the lords who were strong and possessed of small armies of their own wished to make themselves King, and doubtless one of them would have succeeded had it not been for Merlin, who, when Arthur had become old enough to make his plans possible, went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and persuaded him to summon all the lords and gentlemen at arms to appear in London on Christmas eve. Now these men all stood in great fear of the Archbishop, because the Archbishop stood for the Church, and not one of them dared disobey. So Christmas eve found them, one and all, gathered in London as Merlin had wished, for Merlin hoped, in the words of the legend, that, gathered on Christmas eve, the lords of the kingdom might by some miracle from Heaven be shown who should become the rightful King of England, in which hope he was not disappointed, as you will shortly see."

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

ting of McCarty, the fielding of Captain Sharpe at short-stop, and the strong batting of the entire nine. All their victories have been won by heavy hitting at opportune moments. On Friday especially McCarty distinguished himself. In addition to making three hits that were factors in the victory, he struck out fifteen of the Cheltenham batters. Lamberton, who was in the box for the soldiers, also pitched a good game, but he was so poorly supported at times that his work did not count for much.

THE PENNSYLVANIA INTERSCHOLASTIC championship having been settled, there now remains the New England championship, the decisive game of which will be played in Boston on Friday, and the Inter-City championship of the N.Y. and Long Island I. S. B. B. Associations, which will be decided at Eastern Park on Saturday.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT AND DECISIVE baseball game will be the Andover-Lawrenceville match at Andover a week from to-morrow. This will be the third annual contest between these two big schools, and I am glad to record that neither side just now is burdened with over-confidence. Andover won the first two matches of the series, by the scores of 5-4, in 1893, and 5-2, in 1894. This year, however, the teams are so nearly matched that it is hardly possible to forecast the result of next week's game. Of last year's Andover players only three have returned to school, the rest of the nine being new players, with whom Captain Drew has labored hard and conscientiously to develop a winning team. But with Drew behind the bat, and Greenway or Sedgwick in the box, P. A. has a battery that it will be hard to find the equal of on any school baseball team. The infield, however, is weak. Barton, at first, plays well, but should cover more territory, and have more confidence in himself. For a man of his small stature Harker covers second in pretty good style, but both he and Elliott, at third, are erratic and somewhat unreliable at critical moments. Edwards has taken Davis's place at short for the past week or two, and has proved equal to Captain Drew's most sanguine expectations. Lawrenceville need not count on any base hits through his territory, as his fielding is clean and his throwing sure. The outfield is much stronger than the infield. Dayton at centre, and Greenway or Sedgwick at left, are sure catchers and strong throwers. Waddell, at right, is the best man in the position that P. A. has had for years, covering all his own territory and part of his neighbors', and throwing with the precision of a veteran. Several times this year he has thrown men out at the plate who were running home from third after a fly caught in deep right field. As for batting, the Andover players have only fair ability, Greenway, Sedgwick, Barton, and Drew being the heaviest hitters. The team work I consider poor, but this will doubtless be greatly improved before the day of the game.

AT LAWRENCEVILLE the natural opportunities for practice and for the perfection of team-work are no greater than at Andover, but the school system is such that fine ball players are a necessary result of its enforcement. Every scholar at the Lawrenceville School, unless physically disabled, must play ball for at least an hour every day in the spring-time. In the autumn everybody has to play football. In this manner no man goes without exercise, and the best material at hand is discovered and developed. When I was at Lawrenceville last week, nine diamonds were in full operation at one and the same time. In the fall there are eleven football fields in use daily. No wonder Lawrenceville sends good material to the colleges.

AS FOR THE TEAM this year, it is about up to the average of former seasons. Kafer, who has been catching for three years, is Captain, and is doing very satisfactory work. His batting is sometimes erratic, but in a recent game with Pennington he lined out a home run with the bases full in the ninth inning, thus saving the day, as the score then stood 4 to 1 against Lawrenceville. Arrott, the pitcher, is doing well for his second year in baseball. He has not very full control of the ball, but his curves are good,

and he possesses more than the average speed. In addition to this, he keeps cool and plays a steadier game as the innings go by. Ross, Righter, and Cadwalader cover the bases, and so far this season Ross has maintained the highest average, scarcely making an error. Righter is a poor thrower, but his batting is very strong. With a little longer experience Cadwalader will develop into one of the best men on the team, and if he can get off some of his 200 pounds of flesh his running would be vastly bettered. McGibbon, at short, is a clean fielder and an accurate thrower; in addition, he bats well. He and Edwards of Andover will no doubt furnish some grand-stand plays for the delectation of their followers. The fielders are only of average ability. As a whole, the nine seems to fall out of harmony in almost every game, and on several occasions this weakness has almost proved disastrous. But most of the players are new men this year, and will be better seasoned a week from now.

IN SPITE OF THE HEAVY rain-storm of May 18th the Princeton Interscholastic Tennis Tournament was held at Princeton, resulting in the championship remaining at Lawrenceville. Several of the contestants failed to appear on account of the bad weather, but the playing was nevertheless spirited and exciting. In the finals, Beaman of Lawrenceville met his schoolmate Richards, who had won by default from Robb, and defeated him only after five hard sets, 6-2, 3-6, 9-11, 6-2, and 6-0. By virtue of Beaman's victory the championship silver cup now becomes the permanent property of Lawrenceville.

SCHOLASTIC TRACK AND FIELD meetings are being held in so many different places just at this season that it is difficult to keep account of them. On May 25th the New York State I.S.A.A. met on the Syracuse University Field under the auspices of the Syracuse High-School and the Cornell A.C., and the Ithaca High-School won by making 31 points. Her nearest rivals were Rochester High with 21, and Buffalo High with 18½ points. Seven schools were represented. At the first spring meet of the Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, there were some good records made. Dyer won the 100 in 10½ sec., and the 220 in 23 sec.; Sanford covered the mile in 5 n. 22½ sec.; Hixon cleared 5 ft. 4½ in. in the high jump; and Conner covered 20 ft. 10 in. in the broad jump. The Hotchkiss athletes will no doubt be heard from at the Connecticut I.S.A.A. games on Saturday.

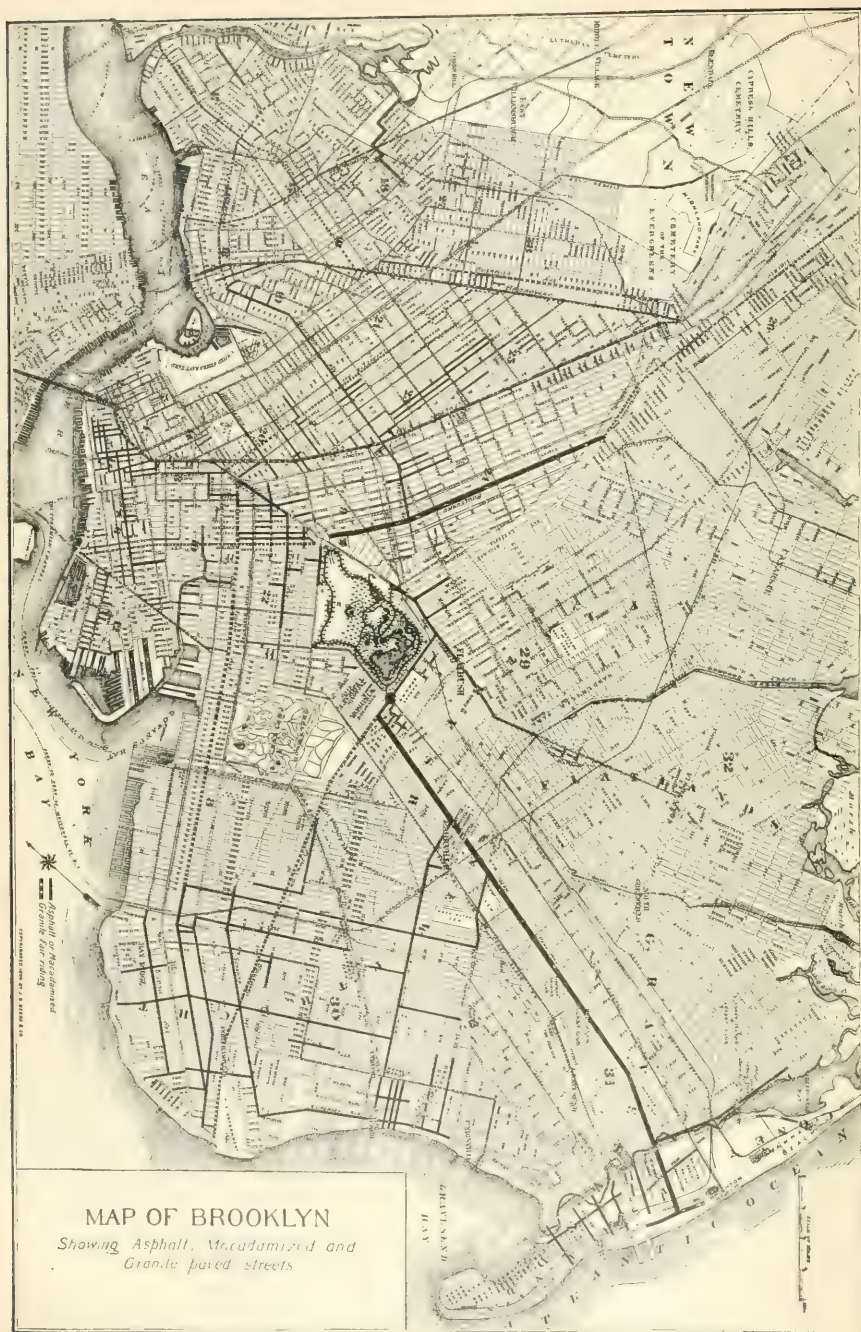
AS HAS BEEN THE CASE with a number of Eastern field days, rain interfered with the success of the California Academic Athletic League's meeting on May 4th, and few of the athletes were able to do good work. Dawson ran the quarter in one minute flat on a heavy track. McConnell cleared 18 ft. 6 in. in the broad jump, and got a bad scare from Cooley, a new man, untrained, who came dangerously close to him. Cooley will show up well next year, and would, no doubt, have done better if the conditions had been more favorable. The Oakland High-School and San Jose High-School held a fifty-mile bicycle road race, relay, last week, of which I hope to be able to speak more in detail as soon as space is available. It was an exciting event, and is a good thing for Eastern bicycle-riders to think of, for there are many places in the neighborhood of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford, and other cities where similar races might be arranged.

ALTHOUGH BASEBALL seemed to languish in the early part of the season, the A.A.L. completed a successful schedule on May 18th, when the Oakland High-School defeated the Alameda University Academy 9 to 1. The O. H.-S. team started out strongly, and had the reputation of the '94 nine clinging to it, 24½ players having been the strongest amateur team of California that year. Hall at first, Lanyon in the box, and McCabe behind the bat, were the steadiest players this season. Lanyon caught last year, and is cool, strategic, and quick. He has good speed and good curves, and safe control of the ball. McCabe is a very calm player, bats well, but is weak in throwing to bases. The team work of the nine was good, and in several cases won them games against stronger teams.

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PROBABLY THE MOST INTERESTING and exciting contests in the small-boat class will be the sharpie races of the Shelter Island Sharpie Club. This club was organized two years ago with about twenty members, and has grown rapidly in size and popularity. A regular race is sailed every week over a club course of five miles, and three races are sailed around Shelter Island during the season, a distance of twenty-five miles. These races are always most exciting, for the boats are limited to 16 ft. on the water-line, with no limit to the sail area. Consequently some of them get over-rigged, and an occasional upset adds zest to the sport. In addition to these races the Sharpie Club holds athletic games, including, among other events, swimming, rowing, weight-throwing, etc., and at the end of the season medals are awarded to the best all-round athletes. Last year the sharpie *Frolic*, owned by S. M. and G. H. Milliken, won the highest number of points with the *Chip-Chip*, owned by H. V. Whitney, and the *Mary Jane*, owned by A. E. Whitney, tied for second place. In the athletic events H. V. Whitney took first, with W. B. Cowenrthwait second.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Cambridge High and Latin.....	2	0	1,000
Hopkinton.....	2	1	750
English High.....	1	1	500
Roxbury Latin.....	1	1	500
Somerville High.....	0	3	000



HARPER'S ROUND TABLE



The Department is constituted in the interest of Bicyclists, and its Editors will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THIS WEEK'S MAP explains itself. It is a unique chart of the city of Brooklyn, showing by black lines the asphalted or macadamized streets within the city limits, and by corduroy lines those main avenues which, though paved with granite pavement, are fair riding, and which make the best exits from the city.

IN THE FIRST PLACE, it should be mentioned that on Sundays and holidays the Kings County Elevated Railroad of Brooklyn has a car, or throws the smoking-car open, for the use of bicyclists, who, carrying their wheels up the steps to the station, may put them on the train, and ride from the Bridge or Fulton Ferry out on Liberty Avenue to the city limits, from whence it is good riding out into Long Island. On other days bicycles cannot be carried on the elevated trains from Fulton Ferry after 3 P.M., nor from East New York before 10 A.M.

IF THE BICYCLIST INTENDS to ride through the city from New York, he should take the ferry at Grand Street, and follow in the corduroy roads, and, leaving Broadway, get into Bedford Avenue. Bedford Avenue carries him on asphalt pavement to the Boulevard, and turning left into this, he rides until he strikes granite pavement at East New York Avenue. Turning again to the left into East New York Avenue, he continues until he reaches the fork, and then keeps to the right into Liberty Avenue, riding out Liberty Avenue, and so out of the city. Another course from Grand Street is by ferry to Broadway, Williamsburg, which is shorter but perhaps not so good riding, thence out Broadway direct to Wall Street, turn left into this and right into Bushwick Avenue to Jamaica Avenue, which is a turn to the left, and is a continuation of East New York Avenue, and soon to the left again into Highland Boulevard, which skirts along the cemetery, Highland Park, and the Ridgewood Reservoir. This is somewhat hilly, but commands a beautiful view of the city and of Jamaica Bay and the ocean, and is the most picturesque way of getting out of Brooklyn. Continuing on the Highland Boulevard, and running down the hill on Barley Street, which is very steep, he comes again into Jamaica Avenue, and may keep on this, which is not very good riding, but nevertheless carries him out of Brooklyn towards Jamaica. The most direct route out of the city is, of course, on Jamaica Avenue. The Highland Avenue detour is hilly, and affords an opportunity for the rider to get a good view of the city.

EVERYTHING CONSIDERED, HOWEVER, for any one who is down-town in New York city, or who lives in the central part of Brooklyn proper, decidedly the best method is to take the Kings County Elevated as described above, and, on the whole, this is the better plan also for any one going from New York, for the only other route from Thirty-fourth Street down is by the Thirty-fourth Street ferry, thence to Manhattan Avenue, after going two blocks from the ferry-house, turning right and crossing Newtown Creek. Thence turn left into Driggs Avenue, and run a block and a half to Ewen Street, and from there on into Broadway, and so as described. There is no way in which a Brooklynite can ride out into Long Island without going over some granite pavement, since the only asphalted or macadamized road is the Boulevard, running from the circle at the entrance of Prospect Park to East New York Avenue. After going beyond the city limits on Liberty Avenue the road is better, but this will be described in the Long Island maps which are to be published in this Department.

THERE ARE, HOWEVER, in the city of Brooklyn many pleasant rides for an afternoon which are almost entirely on asphalted or macadamized roads. For example, using the map, any rider from Brooklyn Heights, or a New-Yorker crossing the Bridge or Fulton Ferry, may easily get to the circle at Prospect Park by keeping on asphalted roads to the south and west of Fulton Avenue. For example, on leaving Fulton Ferry, the rider should make for Hicks Street by the shortest route, turning thence left, keeping to asphalt pavement, until he reaches

(Continued on page 591.)

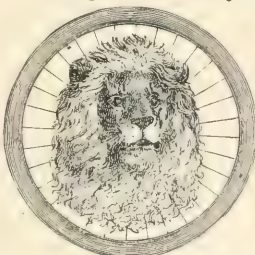
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NOTE—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 509. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 510. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 511. New York to Staten Island in No. 512. New Jersey, from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 513.

No. 86—Holmes

(Continued from page 589.)

Schermerhorn Street, thence direct to Flatbush Avenue, and so on to the circle at the entrance to the Park. Running through the Park on any of the roads, he should leave it on the south at Franklin Avenue by the parade-ground, thence turning to the right on Franklin Avenue, keeping on until he reaches the Ocean Parkway, which is now the famous bicycle route to Manhattan Beach. This in itself is a pleasant ride.

ANOTHER AND QUITE AS ATTRACTIVE a route in this way is to continue on the Ocean Parkway until reaching Parkville, thence turn to the right into the Old Bath Road, which is nearly all macadamized at this writing, and will be entirely so within the next month or two. The rider may continue on this to Bath Beach, and then, keeping to the right and running westward on Croysey Avenue until he reaches Seventh Avenue, he may turn to the right into this, and either run down to Fort Hamilton near the Government lands, and thence straight on down to Second Avenue and into Bay Ridge, or he may keep straight on Seventh Avenue, passing Fort Hamilton and running up to Sixtieth Street, and so back, turning to the right into Old Bath Road, and home through Parkville on the Old Bath Road, Ocean Parkway, and Prospect Park. Still another trip is to run southward and eastward after reaching Bath Beach on the Old Bath Road, to Bensonhurst and Unionville. In fact, the reader has but to refer to the map of Brooklyn to pick out his own route on any of the black marked roads, which are in this district macadamized.

AN UNPLEASANT MISTAKE.

It is well always for boys to learn how to spell, as the experience of a little lad in England recently proved. He tried to write a verse to his teacher, and in using the word "bunny" to describe her face he wrote, "and oh your bunny face."

The teacher did not like having her face referred to as bunny, and the poor little fellow was kept in for an hour after the rest of the boys had gone home.

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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

BY THE SEA.

"THOSE rays, Tommy," said Mrs. Judkins to her little boy, "means that the sun is drawing the water up to the sky for rain."

"And then," replied Tommy, "are we soon going to have a salt-water shower?"

AN EXPLANATION.

I KNOW why the elephant by a thick skin

And a tough one is ever height;

It is so when he's struck by the trainer's crowbar,

He can laugh in his trunk all unhurt.

THE WHALE'S SPOUT.

"MR. TOMPKINS," said Willie Smith to his teacher the other day, "when the whale spouts does he do it to bale himself out?"

I'm very fond of buckwheat cakes,

I'm very fond of pumpkin-pie,

I love the cookies mommy makes,

I love upon the grass to lie.

I dote upon a lot of things,

Like toys and apples, curtain-rings,

But like most boys

I think that noise

Is just the best thing known to man,

And that is why an old tin pan,

And battered spoon,

This afternoon,

Have kept me busy as a bee;

Bang! bang! Boom! boom! Hurrah for me,

I don't need toys

When I have noise.

A STAMP-ALBUM GEOGRAPHER.

Nobody can deny that postage-stamp collecting is a great help in teaching boys geography. Jack showed this at school when his teacher asked him where Nicaragua was, and what it produced chiefly.

"It's on page ninety-eight," said Jack, "and it produces more sets o' stamps than any other country of its size in the world."

A PUZZLER.

"WHAT I can't understand about the sun's light," said Wallie, when he first heard how many millions of miles away from the earth the sun is, "is how it manages to get here so early in the morning without travelling all night."

A GREAT FEAT.

"MAMMA," sobbed Bessie, "make Willie stop smellin' my roses. He's took all the perfumery out of one of 'em already."

A REPLY.

JIMMIEBOY's small brothers had both got out of bed on the wrong side, as the saying goes, and their differences had been frequent.

"What are those babies fighting about?" finally asked Jimmieboy's mamma.

"About all the time," said Jimmieboy.

A BETTER ONE.

"MY daddy's got a little watch on his bicycle that shows how far he goes. Every time he goes a mile this thing marks a mile," said Tommie.

"My pa has a better one than that," retorted Bobbie. "Every time he goes a mile his registers two miles."

A BAD RULE.

"WHAT has become of your club, Harry?"

"Oh, it's broken up," said Harry. "We made a rule that no boy could be President twice, and after we'd been President once we couldn't go on with it."



SAM LEE AND THE FLYING-TOP—A CELESTIAL TALE.



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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1895.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.
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SAVED BY A CARCASS.

A WHALEMAN'S YARN.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"HAN'SOME," said Farmer Joe, having stretched himself on the shady side of the fore-castle-deck and set his pipe going. "it 'pears to me that it's about time we heard what happened to you after you got back to your own ship."

"You mean on my whaling voyages, I suppose," said Handsome.

"That's a right peert guess," responded Farmer Joe.

Handsome blew a whirling cloud of smoke that went swiftly out to leeward under the swelling foot of the fore-staysail. He watched it in a meditative manner until it disappeared, and then said:

"I was pretty glad to get back to my own ship, the *Ellen Burger*, because, in spite of the fact that they treated us very well aboard the *Tuco Cousins*, you see I had a pretty good lay on the *Ellen*, and I didn't want to lose it. Of

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

course nobody ever gets rich by going to sea, but a fellow likes to stick fast to all he gets. Well, we didn't stay very long in the bay in company with the *Two Cousins*. We got to sea again, and had our course for a bit of cruising-ground again, to the southward, where our Captain said he believed the whaling was good. The voyage down there was as stupid as a Sunday-afternoon sermon in hot weather, and for the matter of that so was the cruising for two days, because we didn't raise a single spout. On the third day, however, we were gladdened by the welcome cry of 'There she blows!' There were half a dozen whales in sight, and the old man had great hopes of getting at least two of them. But that was not to be our luck that day. The first mate got fast to one big fellow, and killed him, but the rest of us returned to the ship empty-handed.

"Now I haven't told you anything about what's done with a whale after you get him; but as this story depends on that, I'll have to explain. The first job is to get the whale alongside the ship."

"Why not sail the ship alongside the whale?" asked one of the listeners.

"That ain't wholly practicable," answered Handsome, "because you might run into him and sink him. The ship does sail as close as she dares, but the boats must do their share. Two boats take the ends of a light line, with a weight slung on the bight so as to sink it, and they pass this under the whale's tail and around his 'small,' as the slimmest part of him is called. By means of this line, the ends being passed aboard the ship, a chain is run in a slip-noose around the 'small,' and Mr. Whale is hauled alongside and kept there. Next comes the business of cutting-in, which means cutting off the blubber and bone that are wanted. Stages, such as ships' painters use, are slung over the side of the vessel, and the first-class cutters, generally the ship's officers, stand on these stages with long-handled spades. The cutting-in begins at the place where the backbone joins the head, and the first strip taken off there is called the blanket piece. The pieces of blubber are hauled up with tackles, and these rip them off while the spades cut. It's a long and tough job, and it makes a new hand pretty sick. But it's child's play to what comes next, which is the trying-out. Say, I'd rather be a green hand again than have another job at trying-out."

"Well, tell us about it, anyhow," said Farmer Joe.

"It ain't any use to make a long yarn of that," continued Handsome. "The try-works, as they call them, are a sort of Dutch oven, built of bricks, and situated amidships. A couple of big iron pots stand on top of the oven, and the blubber, minced up, is put into them. You start a fire in the oven, and that boils out the oil, which is ladled out into casks, and then all hands turn to and pick out the pieces of fat and scraps so as to leave nothing but pure oil. Well, to have ahead with the yarn, we had our whale alongside overnight, and the next morning we started at cutting-in. About the time we'd got ready for trying-out, and started the fires, the breeze began to freshen up, and it looked rather dirty up to windward. The Captain said we must shake a leg with the trying-out."

"Boys," says he, "we got to boil this oil with stuns'ls set, because before we get it done we'll be under a close-reefed maintop!"

"Well, bless you, he hadn't much more than got the words out of his mouth than the mast-head fellow lets out a yell:

"There she blows! And there she breaches!"

"Now it wouldn't make any difference to a whaler if he thought the world was a-going to come to an end in ten minutes, he'd lower away if he saw a spout. So the Captain gave orders for two boats to get under way in chase of the new whales. One of the boats was the one I belonged to, and the next thing I knew I was sitting on my thwart. The sail was hoisted, and we went scudding down to leeward at a rattling gait. Say, it wasn't altogether agreeable to sit in that boat and notice the width and height of the sea that was getting up. But we soon forgot all about it in the excitement of going on."

"It's a-going to be a tough job getting this whale alongside," said a seaman standing by the cabin.

"Wait till we get him first," says Bacon.

"Well, it was our chance, and Bacon slung the iron into him with a vim. Up went flukes and down went whale. He soon came up and began to swim to windward at a fearful speed. The seas thundered against the bow of our boat, and great sheets of water came tumbling aboard."

"Bale there, bale!" yelled Bacon, "or the boat 'll fill and sink!"

"You can bet we didn't need to be told twice. We hadn't fairly got started when the whale sounded, and we could tell by the trend of the line that he was coming back toward the boat."

"Look out!" shouted Bacon.

"The next second the brute shot clear out of the water not fifty feet off the starboard beam of our boat, and raised such a wave when he fell back into the sea that he nearly swamped us."

"For goodness' sake," says one of the men, "cut the line and let him go!"

"We'll never get back to the ship alive," says another; "look at the sea. It's blowing a gale."

"Well, it was blowing in a bit of a squall just then, but Bacon's blood was up, and he was bound to have that whale."

"Pull me up to him!" he shouted.

"We obeyed orders, and Bacon drove the lance right into his life."

"Starn all!" he yelled, and we didn't get out of the way a second too quick, for the monster went into his flurry, and beat the sea into an acre of foam with his immense flukes. However, there he was dead enough, and in the mean time the ship had worked down to leeward of us, and was close at hand. It was a pretty troublesome piece of work to pass the line around his snail in such a nasty sea; we managed to do it after four or five trials, and he was hauled alongside the ship just as it began to grow dark. Now I tell you what, lads, it was a very uncommon sight. There was the ship beginning to roll uneasily in the rising sea, with a blazing, smoking furnace amidships, looking for all the world as if she was on fire, and a whale on each side of her. The boats were hauled up, and then the Captain looked about him."

"Cut the old whale adrift," says he; "we can't tow the two of them in this weather, and we've got about the best of his oil."

"So we cut the carcass adrift, and it went rolling off down to leeward. It hadn't got fifty yards from the ship before all the water around it was black with sharks' fins, and the next instant a dozen of these wolves of the sea appeared, leaping and thrashing the water in their mad struggles to get at the remains of the whale. They seemed like regular demons, so fiercely did they attack the carcass, ripping away the remaining shreds of flesh, and smashing the bones in their powerful jaws. In five minutes the body was torn to pieces and the sharks disappeared, leaving us to imagine what would have happened to some of us if a boat had happened to capsize in the chase. Well, the gale increased in strength, and the sea rose more and more. The Captain didn't want to lose the whale, so he love the ship to with the dead monster under our lee, where he rode pretty well, except that once in a while when we rolled heavily he would come up against the side of the ship with a thump that threatened to shake the timbers apart. However, the Captain said he was going to hang on till he found it was a case of life or death. All of a sudden we were startled by a terrible cry,

"Fire!"

"Every man looked in the direction from which the cry came, and we saw a small but lively flame stealing up near the foot of the mainmast."

"It's from the try-works!" shouted Bacon.

"Sure enough the gale had taken up every one's attention so that we all forgot about the fire in the try-works. It hadn't been put out, and now a coal or a spark or something had fallen on the deck, and the damage was done."

"Why didn't you put it out?" asked one of the listeners.

"Put it out?" exclaimed Handsome; "why, man alive, don't you know the condition a whale ship is in when try-

ing-out is going on? She was simply afloat with whale oil. The deck was running with it; every plank and bit of loose rigging was soaked with it. Put it out! Why, we did all that mortal man could think of. The Captain ordered us to get up all the tarpaulins and spare canvas, and try to smother it, but, bless you, as soon as we threw them over the fire they soaked up the oil and began to burn. We fought the fire with the energy of desperate men, for we knew that if we had to take to the boats the chances of our ever seeing land again in such a sea would be pretty slim. Finally the Captain said he would try a desperate scheme. As yet the flames were around the decks and lower masts. What he proposed to do was to let the ship fall off into the trough of the sea in hopes that a big wave would sweep her deck and drown out the fire. Everything was made ready, and then with a face full of sorrow he gave the order to cut loose the carcass of the whale. He was afraid to let it hang there with the ship broadside on. We cut it loose, and then he ordered the helm to be put up, and all hands to take to the rigging. We went up with a good deal of misgiving. The ship fell off into the trough and wallowed there. The seas broke over her here and there, but not in sufficient volume to drown the fire, which was gaining headway all the time, and was now beginning to send tongues of flame up the rigging, as if in a mad attempt to drive us poor fellows out of our refuge.

"It won't do," says the Captain; "we must lay down, lads, and take to the boats."

"We all started for the deck, when suddenly Bacon uttered a fearful cry:

"Look! Look!"

"He was pointing to windward, and looking in that direction, we all saw a tremendous wave rolling down upon the ship with the speed of an express train. We stopped where we were, and clung with an intense grip to the rigging. The wave came. It pitched the vessel up as if she were a chip of wood, and flung her over on her beam ends. There was a crashing and rending of wood, and several wild shrieks from the men as the foremast went by the board. There were half a dozen fellows on it, and they were plunged into that raging sea. I never saw them again. The rest of us were hanging on as best we could, when the very next wave that came put out the fire sure enough, for it turned the *Ellen Burge* bottom up."

Handsome paused for a moment, as if overcome by the dreadful recollection.

"Well," he continued, "when she went over, I let go of the rigging and threw myself into the sea. I made up my mind it was all over with me, yet it turned out that this was not to be the case. I was buried under a ton or two of foaming water, but I came to the surface again, and found myself a long distance off from the overturned ship, which was fast settling in the water. I struck out, as a man will even when he doesn't know what use it is, and kept myself afloat for several minutes, the waves all the time driving me to leeward. Suddenly I saw a dark mass tumbling on the seas a short distance away. I thought it must be one of our boats that had got loose when the ship went over, and so I struck out for it. I was growing weak, blind, and dazed in the heavy seas, when I was caught up by a wave and flung squarely on top of the floating object. I grabbed wildly, and caught hold of something hard and slimy. I clung to it, though, and to my great amazement I found I was hanging to the flipper of the dead whale. You know they float on their sides when dead, with one flipper up in the air and the other under water. Well, it wasn't much of a life-raft, as you may well suppose, but a man in such a fix as I was will take anything he can get. I hung on there all right, the dead whale jumping and tumbling under me like a live fish. Toward morning the wind shifted, and at sunrise the gale broke. The sea began to go down right away, but a great swell was running. When the sun got fairly up I realized what a terrible position I was in. The heat was intense, and the gases from the carcass nearly overwhelmed me. But that was nothing. The air was filled with the discordant cries of hungry sea-birds. They swooped down from every direction, and pecked at

the carcass. They beat at me with their wings, and acted as if they knew I was a doomed man, and the sooner they could drive me into the sea the better for me. But I fought them off, and sitting with one leg on each side of the flipper and clasp it with one arm, I clung to my dreadful life-buoy.

"And now came a new horror. Sharks appeared and began to fight around the whale, snapping and biting and tearing off pieces of the flesh. I realized that if this continued my life-buoy would be destroyed; but I was helpless. Then thirst began to torture me. All day long I tossed on that dead whale, with the birds and the sharks around me. At nightfall a gentle shower came, and by holding my mouth open I managed to relieve my thirst a little. As soon as it became dark the birds and the sharks left me, and presently, utterly exhausted, I fell asleep, leaning against the flipper. I remember that I was quite conscious of the danger of falling off my perch into the sea and drowning; but I didn't care. How long I slept I do not know. It must have been five or six hours. I was awakened by a heavy shock, and I found myself plunged into the sea. Involuntarily I uttered a scream for help.

"Great Scott! there's a man," I heard a voice say. 'Hang on there, lad. Catch this!'

"Plump came a circular white life-buoy into the sea, luckily falling within my reach. A few minutes later a boat had been lowered away, and I learned that my dead whale had been run down in the darkness by the ship *Full Moon*, bound for Liverpool from Hong-Kong. And so I was taken to England, with a pretty clear determination in my head never to go whaling again."

JUNE FLOWERS.

HERE and there a daisy?
And now and then a clover?
And once a week a buttercup,
And so the whole land over!

A rose within the garden?
A lily in the sun?
Does dear old Mother Nature
Count flowers one by one?

No; daisies by the acre,
And clovers millionfold,
The meadows pink with blushing,
The pastures white and gold.

And roses, like the children,
Abloom at every door,
And buttercups as countless
As the sand upon the shore.

Dear Mother Nature scatters
Her flowers on road-side edge;
She carpets every forest,
And curtains every ledge.

And then she sets us dancing
To such a merry tune,
For all the world is laughing,
And, darlings, this is June!

"HARRY, here are three apples; now suppose I wanted you to divide them equally between James, John, and yourself, how would you do it?"

"I'd give them one and keep the others."

"Why, how do you make that out?"

"Well, you see, it would be one for those two, and one for me, too."

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

WHAT OUR REPRESENTATIVES DO.

BY THE HONORABLE HENRY CABOT LODGE,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

IT is not easy to describe in a short article an average day in the House of Representatives. The great days are exceptional, and a single historic scene gives no idea of the every-day work of the House. Moreover, if history is made on the days when excitement runs high, the business of carrying on the government is done every day, and it is about the latter that you wish to learn. My way of beginning, let me say a word about the place where this work is done. The House of Representatives holds its sessions in the southern wing of the Capitol at Washington. The House is very large, right angled, and rigid, with little ornament, and without beauty of proportion. The walls go up for about fifteen feet, and from that point the galleries slant back until they reach the next floor of the building. The roof is a vast expanse of glass, with the arms of each State painted on the square panels. The general effect is grayness of color and a size which can be measured in acres better than in feet. Against the southern wall is placed a high white marble dais or tribune, where the Speaker or presiding officer sits. Below the Speaker's desk and in descending tiers, also of white marble, sit the clerks of the House and the official reporters. Facing the Speaker, and ranged in a semicircle, are 360 desks, with a corresponding number of chairs, which are, or ought to be, occupied by the 356 Representatives and the four Territorial delegates.

Such is the place, but it would require a volume, and a very uninteresting one, too, to explain the machinery used in transacting the business for which this great hall is provided. Nevertheless, it is possible, perhaps, to give you in a general way some idea of an ordinary day's work in the lower branch of Congress. In theory, the House ought to take up its calendars on each day and dispose of each article in its order. But the great beauty of the calendars is that in practice they are never taken up at all.

How then, you will ask, is business done if the House never takes up the list of measures prepared for its consideration? It is done by a system of special rules. The Committee on Rules brings in a rule that the House shall take up, let us say the tariff, on a certain day, shall debate it a certain length of time, and shall then vote. This rule is adopted, the bill selected is taken from the calendar, and everything else gives way until the tariff is disposed of. Appropriation bills are privileged, because they provide the money necessary to carry on the government, and require no rule to be brought up. But all the other business of the House is done practically under special rules; in other words, the Committee on Rules selects out of the mass of business presented a small portion which the House shall consider, and to that small selection all the time of the House is devoted.

Imagine, then, that the House as you watch it from the gallery has come to the end of the morning hour, and has taken up the special order of the day made for it by its Committee on Rules. If it is the first time the subject has come up, the chairman of the committee making the report opens the debate. In any event, when the business of the day is thus laid before the House the debate begins. To any one who comes into the House gallery for the first time, the scene on the floor is one of apparently hopeless confusion. Members are reading, writing, talking, and moving about the chamber. There is an incessant murmur and buzz of conversation along the aisles and in the galleries.

You who are looking on see a member rise and begin to talk, sometimes quietly, more often with great violence and excitement, not because he is really excited, but because he wishes to be heard above the din. Your ears are not accustomed to the noise, and you do not hear what is said. Still less can you guess what it is all about, and yet business is not proceeding by chance, and there are men on that confused floor who know exactly what is happening, and how the business is going on. You may have been unlucky in your day, and no measure of great interest being up, it may seem as if it were useless to stay, but if you will be patient, and bear with the confusion for the time, or perhaps come back another day, you will have your reward. You will see the House reach an exciting point in a debate, or some subject of great popular interest will come up, and then a sharp contest will follow between different members, which will be full of interest.

Instead of reading and writing and talking and moving about, you will see the members gather about

the man who is speaking and those who are debating with him. Silence will come on the floor and in the galleries, broken by bursts of applause, as one member makes a sharp point or retorts quickly on his opponent. Nothing is more interesting than good debate of this kind, when men who are fencing or sparring with their wits instead of their hands. You will be surprised to see how easy it now is to know what is going on. You will be glad that you came to the gallery, for every wholesome-minded being likes to see a fair contest, whether of brains or muscles, and incidentally you will see how we English-speaking people have hammered out by discussion the laws under which we live, and have gained the liberty we enjoy. On the other hand, let us suppose that you are fortunate enough to get into the gallery on a day of great debate, when set speeches are to be made by the leaders on either side. A man arises near the middle of the House, a man whose face is familiar to you, because you have seen it so often in the illustrated papers, and all in a moment the House is hushed, and every word that the speaker says



HON. C. F. CRISP, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

falls distinctly upon your ear. Then, again, you feel rewarded, for you are hearing a party leader speak and are seeing a man about whom you have read. If it is the day upon which a great debate closes, the last speeches are made by the two leaders of the opposite sides, the galleries are crowded, but as every one is eager to hear, there is no difficulty in catching every word. The leader of the minority delivers his last assault upon the bill, the leader of the majority replies to him, and then the Speaker of the House says: "The hour having arrived at which the House has ordered that the debate be closed, the vote will now be taken upon the bill and amendments." Then comes the voting, a dreary process for everybody, for each roll-call occupies half an hour, and when it is done the Speaker announces the vote, and declares the bill passed or defeated as the case may be. If it is then more than five o'clock one of the leaders of the majority moves that the House adjourn, the Speaker declares the motion carried, and then the House stands adjourned until the next morning at twelve o'clock.

Such in very rough outline is a day in the House of Representatives when some subject which awakens differences spring up, or when a great debate closes or some important bill is passed. But there are many other days when no conclusion is reached, and still others which are consumed in roll-calls and motions designed to waste time, and to stop all action. If you chance to come on a day of that kind, the sooner you go away the better for your own comfort. The members must stay, but you need not.

It would, however, take a great deal more space than I have here to give you a description of the various scenes which occur in the House of Representatives, but the rough sketch which I have drawn may help you to some idea of what happens in the great popular body which with the Senate makes laws for the people of the United States. It is a good deal better, however, that every American boy and girl should come to Washington if they can possibly manage it, and try to learn from observation what their government is, and how it is carried on. They will have some dull hours if they pass many in the galleries of the House of Representatives, but they may have some minutes of great interest, which they will always be glad to remember, and they are certain to go away with a greater ability to judge intelligently their public men, and in this way be of better service themselves as American citizens responsible for the government of their country. If

you cannot get to Washington, try to see your own Legislature in session, or your own city and town government. You will learn a great deal that will be useful to you when you come of age, and therefore responsible for your vote or influence for the government of the United States, which is always in the long-run what the people themselves make it.

THE LITTLE COLLECTOR.

I DON'T care much for the postage-stamps
Themselves—'tween me and you;
The fun I get collecting comes
From sticking 'em in with glue.



AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

AN ENTERPRISING PHOTOGRAPHER.

THE recent war between China and Japan, which now seems to be practically over, fortunately, was watched by all the military and naval men in the world with a great deal of interest, for it was the first real war in which many of the modern inventions in war-ships and army accoutrements were given a fair trial. To be sure, China had little that was modern in her army and navy, though some of the ships of her navy were of recent European build, and were manned by capable seamen and good fighting-men. But the Japanese certainly did have many of the modern inventions in their cruisers, and they made most effective use of them.

The correspondents of the great papers of the world, however, seem to have suffered, and whether this is a development of modern warfare, or because the Japanese and Chinese did not understand and appreciate their position, does not appear to have been settled. At all events, the correspondents from Japan and China, as well as those from European and American countries, went about their always dangerous business at their peril, and were in constant danger of being captured and hung or murdered by either party. Some of these bright and daring men did lose their lives there, and no one takes the trouble to sing a requiem over them in verse or prose, but others, in spite of all the opposition, got to and remained at the front, and succeeded in sending out accurate news to their papers.



PHOTOGRAPHER AT WORK.

It was one of these successful newspaper men, and a Japanese at that, who originated the idea of using a balloon to help him get to the front, as well as to keep him safely out of the reach of both contestants. He procured a balloon, several, in fact—and had a peculiar metal frame-work constructed, which held him firmly in place under the balloon, and left his arms free, so that he could use them to write, or to work a huge camera that was also attached and supported by the same iron frame. By means of straps over his shoulders and about his body he could keep himself moderately firm in his position, and his camera reasonably stationary, except, of course, for the movements of the balloon itself, which he could not regulate.

Several times this correspondent was sent up in his balloon, and held by an assistant with the help of a long rope far above houses, and even hills, so that he could take photographs on his huge lens of the general view of a battle, while he himself was either too far away or too unimportant at the moment to the combatants to tempt them to fire upon him. In this way he succeeded in securing some astonishing views. They were, of course, very far removed from the scene of action, too far to give much of the small details, but they presented a bird's-eye view of the whole battle, which proved of great interest. Occasionally, because of a sudden movement of the balloon, he "took" the sky or a distant landscape instead of the raging battle beneath him, but these little mistakes were insignificant when, on being hauled down, he discovered two or three views that showed charges of cavalry here, repulses of in-

fantry there, and smoke and strife, bursting shells and burning houses, everywhere.

Sometimes the photographer would go up in his camera-balloon without being held to the earth by a rope, and then he might drift with the wind over the battle-field, or quietly drift away without getting a chance to "shoot." As a rule, however, calculations were pretty well made before the rope was dropped, and then the balloon was allowed to float where it would, with the comparative certainty that it would pass over, or nearly over, the scene of action.

Here is a chance for photographers who want to take new scenes and original things with their cameras. The earth at a few hundred feet distance would look like a big bowl covered with many little roofs, laced with white roads, along which funny little animals would be seen crawling along at a snail's pace.

OUR FLAG.

FLING it from mast and steeple,
Symbol o'er land and sea,
Of the life of a happy people,
Gallant and strong and free.
Proudly we view its colors,
Flag of the brave and true,
With the clustered stars and the steadfast bars,
The red, the white, and the blue.
Flag of the fearless-hearted,
Flag of the broken chain,
Flag in a day-dawn started,
Never to pale or wane.
Dearly we prize its colors,
With the heaven light breaking through,
The clustered stars and the steadfast bars,
The red, the white, and the blue.
Flag of the sturdy fathers,
Flag of the loyal sons,
Beneath its folds it gathers
Earth's best and noblest ones.
Boldly we wave its colors,
Our veins are thrilled anew;
By the steadfast bars, the clustered stars,
The red, the white, and the blue.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A WISE old doctor, for the benefit of his health, travelled around the country in a caravan, in which he lived, stopping for short periods at the larger towns. He had a young lad for an assistant, who was more or less quick and intelligent, but rather inclined to jump at conclusions. The doctor taught him a little medicine whenever he could spare the time, and he learned considerable, but diagnosis were to him still a mystery, especially in some cases, when the wise old doctor had used his eyes to detect the source of the illness.

They were staying for a few days in the town of B—, and the doctor had been in some demand, having at a previous visit secured a reputation by some apparently marvellous cures. His young assistant accompanied him on one occasion, when the doctor had pronounced the patient sick from eating too many oysters. This puzzled the lad, and when they left the house he asked his master how he knew the patient had been eating oysters. "Very simple," his master replied, "I saw a lot of oyster shells in the fire-place, and the answers to a few questions were all I needed to make a diagnosis."

One day, his master being away when a call came, he determined to answer it, and see if he could diagnose the case. He returned shortly after, and triumphantly told the doctor that the man was sick from eating too much horse.

"A horse, you stupid fool!" cried the irate doctor. "What do you mean?"

"Why, master, it couldn't be anything else, because I saw a saddle and stirrups under the bed."

A PLEASANT DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY J. SANFORD BARNES, JUN.

I DON'T believe that Mr. Henry ever thought what a queer combination of nicknames his son would have when he named him Thomas Richard. Some called him "Tom," some "Dick," and others, instead of calling him by his last name, Henry, changed that, too, to "Harry," so he became Tom, Dick, and Harry rolled into one.

Mr. Henry was a great sportsman, and many a time had Tom listened to his father and one of his friends plan out a day's shooting. Tom had often made his little plans, only to be carried out in his dreams. But at last, one September evening, in his twelfth year, dreams could no longer satisfy him. As he sat in his father's "den" after supper, looking for the hundredth time through the book of colored sporting incidents and game-birds, taking occasional long glances at the little sixteen-bore which hung over his father's head, as he sat at his desk reading the *Forest and Stream*, Tom was really developing a plan. He must go shooting, and with a real gun of some kind. "Sling-shots" he was done with; then he knew if he asked permission, what the answer would be, and therefore he decided that his hunting-trip must be made "on the sly," and this alone was one cause for the rather restless night which followed. As he turned the pages of the big book he began to imagine himself in the place of the tall man in the picture just taking a partridge from his dog's mouth, and on the next page he was the short thick-set man in brown hunting-coat walking up to his dogs, who were "stiff" and "stanch" on a covey of quail, which in pictures you can always see hiding in the clump of bushes.

Now, Tom, Dick, and Harry had a friend, and that friend had a Flobert rifle, and on that friend's willingness to lend he was counting strongly. The game did not seem to worry him; he kept thinking of a certain patch of blackberry bushes just outside a small piece of woods, where he had often started up an old cock partridge, in fact, he knew so much about that partridge that once he crept up on him, and almost got a shot at him with the now-to-be-despised "sling-shot"; and with a Flobert—even if his father had said that no true sportsman would shoot a bird on the "sly"—he felt sure he could get him, and if he did he'd come home, own up, and trust to luck for the rest, but he was somewhat doubtful as to the reception he would meet.

The morning was bright and clear as Tom left the house to go down and "see what Jim Vail was going to do that day," and once outside the gate excitement again got hold of him, and he broke into a run; it was well he did, for about ten minutes later, as he turned into Mr. Vail's place, Jim was on the point of mounting his bicycle to start for a ride.

"Say, Jim," he shouted, "wait a second; I want to ask you something."

"Well, Tommy," he answered, "what can I do for you to-day? I'm going to get some exercise and get in shape for football at school; I got a letter from Ted yesterday, and he asked me to. I guess he's written to the rest of last year's team to do the same thing. I suppose you're going to ride your pony. But, really, what do you want?"

"Jim," said Tom, "I'm going to ask a favor of you. But first I want you to say you won't tell anybody anything about it. You won't, will you?"

"Of course not; but what it is?" replied Jim.

"Well," said Tom, slowly, "I'm going shooting, and I want you to lend me your Flobert rifle; you don't use it very much since your father gave you that beauty gun. I'll be careful, and I'll clean it all up for you when I'm done. Say, will you do it?"

Jim saw a chance for a little lecture, and came near giving it, but he thought of his popularity with the small boys and resisted.

"But, Tom," he answered, "how are you going to work it? I'll lend it to you, of course, but I don't want to get into any scrape with your father, and you'd better be careful, too. Now, what's your plan?"

Tom had this all arranged the moment he had seen Jim and the bicycle.

"I've got that all fixed," said Tom. "Say, you don't mind where you ride, do you? Now, I tell you what you do; just give me some cartridges, and then you start off with the rifle on your 'bike' and ride down the hill by 'Daddy Wilson's'—that's where I'm going to go shooting. When you get to the bridge, get off just a minute, and go down under the bridge and leave it on top the highest log under the boards on this side the brook, and then ride on and forget all about it. Catch?"

Jim "caught," and after another word of warning to be very careful, both in regard to the ride and getting caught, he started, having left a box of Flobert cartridges with Tom.

"Daddy Wilson's" was quite a mile and a half from Jim's house; but it did not take Tom long to cover the distance, and in a very short time he was under the bridge and out again on the other side with the rifle under his arm. His experience had been very limited with firearms, but he had a natural gift of being "handy" with almost anything, and he acted as though hunting were an old pastime, and the gun a companion of years. However, he thought it best to try and see how it went, and was just taking aim at a little yellow chipmunk, when the sound of an approaching carriage made him change his mind, and dart under the bridge and wait; he had caught a glimpse of a certain familiar white horse, and as it trotted over the bridge, shaking a little stream of dust through the cracks and down his neck, he realized he had had a narrow escape. After it had gone by, he tried his aim on an old green frog, and laid him out "flatter'n a pan-cake," as he said to himself. Two or three more trials were made, and he started through the woods for his blackberry patch, first walking very carefully, and finally creeping on all fours; but whatever the reason, that wily cock partridge had had his breakfast and declined to be found, and Tom was disappointed and cast down; he had counted on that bird to ease the reception he would meet at home, and now he would have to return empty handed. However, he made up his mind "he'd shoot something," and for an hour or more he popped ineffectually at chipmunks and small birds, and was really enjoying the sport, when it struck him that late to dinner would require an explanation, and thus greatly increase the chances of the very thing which he now wanted to avoid. So he hurried towards home, and went in through the place by a back way, intending to leave the rifle at the stable. The coachman was a good friend of his, and would clean and return it, and everything would be all right again. Now it happened that Mr. Henry was having built a small shed and tool-house behind his house, and, as luck would have it, he was watching its progress at the very moment when Tom emerged from behind some bushes, and unconsciously was walking down this back road towards the stable with the Flobert held close along his leg on the side farthest away from the house, so that "no one could guess he had anything." All looked smooth sailing. Suddenly he was startled by a familiar voice,

"Hey, Tom!" it called; "what you got there?"

There was no escape.

"A rifle, sir," replied Tom, in a rather muffled voice.

"A what?" cried the voice.

"A rifle, sir," replied Tom, again.

"Bring it here," was the short reply, and over across the field went Tom to his doom.

"Go back there and get one of those carpenters to give you a good sized shingle," said Mr. Henry, "and give me the gun."

"Well," said Tom to himself, "I knew I was taking risks," and he returned in a moment with the shingle, and looking his father straight in the eye waited the next command.

"Now," said Mr. Henry, in his severest tones, "take that shingle and put it up against that big tree, and give me a cartridge."

Surprise and wonder are no names for the feelings that ran through Tom's mind; it made him tingle up and down his backbone—he couldn't say a single word; but there were more surprises to follow.

"What you been shooting, Tommy? Elephants, hey?"



HE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A CERTAIN FAMILIAR WHITE HORSE.

said Mr. Henry, after firing all the cartridges Tom had left; "or was it only small game—a panther or lynx—you were after this morning?"

Tom's courage began to return, and as he found his father in such a splendid mood he was not going to allow himself to be bluffed.

"I went out after partridges, sir," he said, "and I thought I'd have one for supper to-night for mamma; but he wasn't there. I was sure I'd get one."

In a short time Mr. Henry had the whole story, and not a word of fault was found, and Tom thought he had the finest father in the world; he thought so before, but after this incident there was no doubt about it.

On the evening of the same day Tom was again devouring the "bird book," as he had always called it. Mr. Henry, who had been writing at his desk, pushed himself back, and looking at Tom, a smile crept over his face. His son was exactly as he had been at that age, and the reason of his lenient treatment of what many fathers would have given a severe punishment for was because he knew a good deal of the world, and especially how to treat a boy who had inherited a sportsman's love of woods and guns, and was not to blame for it. Tom was bending close over the book to see whether it was a woodcock or a quail the dog was pointing, when Mr. Henry startled him as he said with a laugh,

"My boy, did you really think you'd get a partridge? Why, Dr. Carver himself couldn't shoot a partridge with a rifle; why didn't you come and ask me for my gun?"

"'Cause I didn't think you'd lend it to me," said Tom, "and I was afraid you'd suspect something. I'll come to you to-morrow," he added, as a quiet joke on his father.

But the way his father took his little joke nearly made him "have a fit," as he told Jim Vail afterwards.

"All right, Tommy," said Mr. Henry, "come to me after breakfast and I'll fix you out."

Another restless night followed by another beautiful morning, and down across the field trudged Tom, Dick, and Harry, but it looked like a brown shooting-coat walking by itself with two setters following after it through curiosity. There went Tom with a real gun—the little six-

teen-bore—a real hunting-coat, sleeves rolled up, and pinned to hold them, and down below his knees, to be sure; real cartridges in his pocket, and to make it complete two real bird-dogs. He was going to be the man in the "bird book," and best of all there was no "on the sly" about it.

Down back of the place beyond the "muck pond," where Tom had often caught live bait for his father, and had slaughtered many a fine fat frog, to say nothing of the turtles and lizards which had been the starting of a small museum of which he was sole proprietor, down beyond this pond he struck into the woods and let "Jet" the Gordon and "Bang" the Irish setter run. He followed them closely. Soon they came to a point, and he walked towards them. But here's where there was a difference between the picture and his position at that moment; he looked in vain for the bird; in the picture he could see it, but, try his

best, he could not see it in life. The dogs worried a little, he stepped on a twig which cracked; whir! and up got Mr. Partridge from the bushes—not exactly where Tom had expected—and whirled off, Tom crouching down to see where he lit, to try him again. Time and again the same thing happened, but Tom never could seem to see the bird till he got up, and he never thought to try him flying. The dogs got tired of this kind of shooting and came in "to heel," and finally, rather discouraged and decidedly tired, Tom sat down to decide whether he would go home or not. He was sitting under a large pine-tree and thinking what his father would say, when out of the branches above his head sailed, with a quiet, subdued whirr, the very bird he had been chasing so long. It settled not more than thirty yards off on the roots of an upturned birch-tree and began a gentle cluck, spreading its fanlike tail and shaking its feathers, but only for a moment. Tom's chance had come. A hurried and excited aim, a loud bang, and the partridge was fluttering on the ground, and Tom was stooping over it; the gun was back where he had shot from; he had gotten to the bird before the dogs. What he wanted was a partridge in his coat pocket; he did not seem so anxious to have the dogs hand it to him as his dreams had made him.

Tell the truth, Tom ran most of the way home. He met his father on the driveway, and a sudden composure took hold of him.

"Say, Pop," he said, "it ain't so easy as one thinks, is it?"

"I'll bet you didn't get anything, not even a chipper bird," said Mr. Henry; "now did you?"

Tom braced himself, his heart was beating fast, and the shivers were again making him jump and wriggle.

"I only got one decent shot," replied Tom, beginning very coolly, "but I got him, and mamma'll have that bird I didn't get yesterday to-night for supper. Look at that!" he shouted the last part of his sentence, and swinging the bird in front of his father's face, darted past to show and tell all in the house, leaving Mr. Henry in blank astonishment. What he was saying to himself was:

"I'll get that boy the prettiest gun in the city for Christmas, that's what I'll do; he'll be giving me points before long."

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A WILDERNESS ORPHAN.

THE position in which Phil now found himself was certainly a perplexing one. By the very simple process of getting lost he had discovered Cree Jim's cabin, but was appalled to consider what else he had found at the same time. He now knew that the remainder of their journey, its most difficult and dangerous portion, must be undertaken without a guide. Not only this, but they must be burdened with a child so young as to be practically helpless. In the mean time, what was to be done with those silent and motionless forms whose dread presence so pervaded that lonely cabin? And how was he to communicate with his friends? There was no back trail to follow, for the snow had wiped it out. He did not even know in which direction camp lay, for in the ardor of his chase the evening before he had taken no note of course nor distance.

There was the stream, though, on whose bank the cabin was perched. It must flow into the river. Yes, that was his only hope. But the river might be miles away, and the camp as much farther, if, indeed, it could still be found where he had left it. But of course it would be! So long as Serge Belcofsky and Jalap Coombs had life and strength to search for him that camp would remain a permanent fixture until he returned to it. Phil was absolutely sure of that, and he now realized, as never before, the priceless value of a friendship whose loyalty is beyond doubt.

So the plan was formed. He would go down the stream and up the river until he found camp. Then he would bring Serge and a sledge back with him. In the mean time the child must be left where he was, for Phil doubted if he could carry him over the weary miles that he knew

must lie between the cabin and camp, while for the little fellow to walk that distance was out of the question.

Phil sat on a stool before the fire while doing all this thinking. As he rose to carry out his plan, Nel-te, who was becoming terrified at his mother's silence in spite of his efforts to attract her attention, slipped from the bed, ran to his new friend, and thrusting a cold little hand into one of his, looked up with a smile of such perfect trust that Phil snatched him in his arms and kissed him, at the same time giving him a great hug.

Then he said: "Now, Nel-te, brother Phil is going away for a little while to get some doggies for you to play with, and you must stay here like a good boy, and not open the door until he comes back. Do you understand?"

"Yes; me go get doggies. Nel-te like doggies. Good doggies." And almost before Phil knew what the child was about he had slipped from his arms, run to the door, and was putting on the tiny snow-shoes that had been left outside. Then with an engaging smile, he called, cheerily:

"Come. Nel-te say come. Get doggies."

"All right, little chap. I expect your plan is as good as mine, after all," replied Phil, into whose mind had just flashed the promise made to that dead mother, never to desert her baby. "And here I was, about to begin by doing that very thing," he reflected as he glanced at the marble face overspread by an expression of perfect content that his promise had brought.

Moved by a sudden impulse he picked up the boy, and, bringing him back, held him so that he might kiss the peaceful face. This the child did with a soft cooing that served to convey both love and pity. Then he ran to the stalwart figure that still lay on the floor, and, patting its swarthy cheek, said something in the Cree tongue that Phil did not understand.



"A FLYING-FISH-CATCHER FROM OLD HONG-KONG-YO HO! ROLL A MAN DOWN!"

After that Phil carefully closed the door to prevent the intrusion of wild beasts, and the two, whose fortunes had become so strangely interwoven, set forth together down the white surface of the forest-bordered stream, on whose bank Nel-te had been born and passed his few years of life. He was happily but unconsciously venturing on his first "little journey into the world," while his companion was filled with a sense of manliness and responsibility from the experiences through which he had just passed that the mere adding of years could never have brought.

Phil wondered at the ease with which the little fellow managed his snow-shoes, until he reflected that the child had probably been taught to use them from the day of taking his first step. So the two fur-clad figures, ridiculously contrasted in size, trudged along side by side down the winding stream, the one thoughtfully silent and the other chattering of "doggies," until he began to lag behind and give signs that the pace was telling on his slender strength.

"Poor little chap," said Phil. "But I had been expecting it, and now we will try another scheme." So, slinging the tiny snow-shoes across the child's back, he picked him up and set him astride his own broad shoulders; when Nel-te clutched his head, and shouted with glee at this delightful mode of travel.

After they had gone a mile or so in this fashion they rounded a sharp bend, and came so suddenly upon poor Serge, who was making his way up the stream in search of some trace of his friend, that for a moment he stood motionless and speechless with amazement. He could make nothing of the approaching apparition until Phil shouted, cheerily:

"Hurrah, old man! Here we are, safe and sound, and awfully glad to see you."

"Oh, Phil!" cried Serge, while tears actually stood in his honest blue eyes, "I can hardly believe it! It seems almost too good to be true. Are you sure you are not wounded nor frozen nor hurt in any way? Haven't you suffered terribly? If you haven't, we have. I don't believe Mr. Coombs slept a wink last night, and I know I didn't. But I am happy enough at this minute to make up for it all, a hundred times over. Oh, Phil!"

"I have suffered a little from anxiety, and been a trifle hungry, and had some sad experiences, but I haven't suffered half so much as I deserved for my carelessness in getting lost. I found Cree Jim, though; but—"

"And brought him with you?" interrupted Serge, smiling for the first time in many hours, as he glanced at the quaint little figure perched on Phil's shoulders.

"Not exactly," replied the other, soberly. "You see this little chap is his son, and I've adopted him for a sort of a brother, and he is going with us."

"You've done what?" cried Serge.

"Adopted him. That is, you see I promised my aunt Ruth to bring her something from Alaska that was unique in the way of a curio, and it seems to me that Nel-te here will please her about as well as anything. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps so," assented Serge, doubtfully. "But was his father willing that you should have him?"

"Oh yes, perfectly. That is, you know he is dead, and so is the mother; but I promised her to take care of the little chap, and as there wasn't anything else to be done, why, here we are."

"Of course it's all right if you say so," agreed Serge, "and I don't care, so long as you are safe, if you carry a whole tribe back to your aunt Ruth; but now don't you think we'd better be getting along to camp? It was all I could do to persuade Mr. Coombs to stay behind and look out for things; he is so anxious. The only way I could induce him to was by suggesting that you might come in tired and hungry, and would feel awfully if no one was there to welcome you. But he is liable to set out on a hunt for you at any moment."

"Certainly, we must get there as quickly as possible," replied Phil. "How far is it?"

"Not more than one mile up the river from the mouth of this creek, which is only a few rods below here. But oh,

Phil, to think that I have found you! When I had almost given up all hope of ever again seeing you alive too. I have been down as far as our first camp on the river this morning, and this creek was my last hope. I wouldn't have left the country without you, though, or at any rate without knowing what had become of you. Neither would Mr. Coombs. We settled that last night while we talked over what had best be done."

"I was sure you wouldn't, old fellow," replied Phil, with something like a choke in his voice.

At the camp they were hailed by Jalap Coombs, who almost hugged Phil in his revulsion of feeling and unaffected joy at the lad's return.

"But you don't do it again, Philip, my son!" he cried. "That is, the next time you feels inclined to wander from home and stay out nights, ye may go, of course, but you'll have to take me along. So if you gits lost, I gets lost likewise; for, as my old friend Kite Roberson useter say concerning prodigal sons, 'It's ailers toughest on them as is left behind.' But Phil, what be ye doing with that furry little beggar? Is he the pilot ye went searching for?"

"Yes," laughed Phil, lifting Nel-te down from his shoulders. "He is the pilot who is to lead us on this wilderness, and if you have got anything to eat, you'd better give it to him before he devours one of the dogs, which he seems inclined to do. I can answer for it that he has been on short rations for several days, and is properly hungry."

"Have I got anything to eat?" cried the other. "Waal, rather! How does fresh steaks, and roasts, and chops, and stews strike your fancy?" With this he pointed to one side of the camp, where, to their astonishment, the boys saw a quantity of fresh meat, much of which was already cut into thin strips for freezing and packing.

"Where did it come from?" queried Phil, looking at Serge; but the latter only shook his head.

"It's just a bit of salvage that I raked in as it went drifting by," explained Jalap Coombs, his face beaming with gratified pride. "It's some kind of deer-meat, and for a deer he was pretty nigh as big as one of those elephants back yonder in the moss cave. You see, he came cruising along this way shortly after Serge left, and the dogs give chase and made him leave to. When I jined 'em he surrendered. Then I had my hands full in a hurry, driving off the dogs and lashing 'em fast so as they couldn't eat him, horns and all, and cutting of him up. I hain't more'n made a beginning with him, either, for there's pretty nigh a full cargo left."

"But how did you kill him? There wasn't any gun in camp?" asked Phil, utterly bewildered.

"Of course there wasn't no gun," answered Jalap Coombs, "and likewise I didn't need one. Sich things I leave for boys. How did I kill him, say you? Why, I jest naterally harpooned him like I would any other whale."

CHAPTER XXX.

JALAP AND THE DOGS SING A LULLABY.

"HARPOONED a moose!" cried Phil and Serge together; for they had by this time discovered the nature of the sailor's "big deer." "And where did you get the harpoon?" asked the former.

"Found it leaning agin a tree while I were out after firewood," replied Jalap Coombs, at the same time producing and proudly exhibiting a heavy A-yan spear, such as were formerly used by the natives of the Pelly River valley. "It were a trifle rusty, and a trifle light in the butt," he added, "but it come in mighty handy when it were most needed, and for an old whaler it are not a bad sort of a weapon. I'm free to say, though, that I might have had hard luck in tackling the beast with it ef he hadn't been already wounded. I didn't know it till after he were dead, but when I come to cut him up, I saw where he'd been bleeding pretty free, and then I found this bullet in his innards. Still, I don't reckon you'd have called him a mouse, nor yet a rat, if ye'd seed him like I did under full sail, with horns set wing and wing, showing the speed of a fifty-ton schooner. If I hadn't had the harpoon I'd left him severely alone; but I allowed that a weapon as were good

enough for a whale would do for a deer, even if he were bigger than the sun."

"It's a rifle-bullet, calibre forty-four," said Phil, who was examining the bit of lead that Jalap Coombs had taken from his "big deer." "I wonder if it can be possible that he is the same moose I wounded, and without whose lead I should never have found Cree Jim's cabin. It seems incredible that he should have come right back to camp to be killed, though I suppose it is possible. Certainly good fortune, or good luck, does seem to be pretty steadily on our side, and without the aid of the fur-seal's tooth either," he added, with a sly glance at Serge.

As soon as breakfast was finished, Phil and Serge slipped away, taking a sledge, to which was lashed a couple of axes, with them. They were going back to bury the parents of the child, who was so happily oblivious of their errand that he did not even take note of their departure.

The lads had no idea of how they should accomplish their sorrowful task. Even with proper tools they knew it would be impossible to dig a grave in the frozen ground, and as they had only axes with which to work, this plan was dismissed without discussion.

They had not settled on any plan when they rounded the last bend of the little stream and gained a point from which the cabin should have been visible. Then they saw at a glance that the task they had been dreading had been accomplished without their aid. There was no cabin, but a cloud of smoke rising from its site, as from an altar, gave ample evidence of its fate. A blazing log from the fire Phil left in its hearth must have rolled out on to the floor directly after his departure. Now only a heap of ashes and glowing embers remained to mark Nel-te's home.

"It is best so," said Phil, as the two lads stood beside the smouldering ruins of what had been a home and was now become a sepulchre. "And oh, Serge! think what might have been the child's fate if I had left him behind, as I at first intended. Poor little chap! I realize now, as never before, how completely his past is wiped out and how entirely his future lies in our hands. It is a trust that came without our seeking, but I accepted it; and now beside his mother's ashes I swear to be true to the promise I gave her."

"Amen!" said Serge, softly.

They planted a rude wooden cross, the face of which was clipped to a gleaming whiteness, close in front of the smouldering heap, and near it Serge fastened a streamer of white cloth to the tip of a tall young spruce. Cutting off the limbs as he descended, he left it a slender pole, and thus provided the native symbol of a place of burial.

As they approached the camp they were astonished to hear Jalap Coombs singing in bellowing tones the rollicking old sea chant of "Roll a Man Down!"

"A flying-fish-catcher from old Hong-Kong—

Yo ho! roll a man down—

A flying-fish-catcher comes bowling along;

Give us some time to roll a man down,

Roll a man up and roll a man down,

Give us some time to roll a man down.

From labboard to starboard away we go—

Yo ho! roll a man down."

Jalap's voice was not musical, but it possessed a mighty volume, and as the quaint sea chorus roared and echoed through the stately forest, the very trees appeared to be listening in silent wonder to the unaccustomed sounds. Even Musky, Luvtuk, big Amook, and the other dogs seemed by their dismal howlings to be expressing either appreciation or disapprobation of the sailor-man's efforts.

The performers in this open-air concert were too deeply intent on their own affairs to pay any heed to the approach of the returning sledge party, who were thus enabled to come within full view of a most extraordinary scene unnoticed. Just beyond the camp, in a semicircle, facing the fire, a dozen dogs, resting on their haunches, lifted both their voices and sharp-pointed noses to the sky. On the opposite side of the fire sat Jalap Coombs holding Nel-te in his arms, rocking him to and fro in time to the chorus that he was pouring forth with the full power of his lungs, and

utterly oblivious to everything save his own unusual occupation of putting a baby to sleep.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!" roared Phil and Serge, unable to restrain their mirth a moment longer. "Oh my! Oh my! Oh, Mr. Coombs, you'll be the death of me yet! What ever are you doing? Didn't know you could sing! What a capital nurse you make! What a soft voice for lullabies! The dogs, too! Oh dear! I shall laugh at the thought of this if I live to be a hundred! Don't mind us, though. Keep right on. Please do!"

But the concert was ended. Jalap Coombs sprang to his feet with a startled yell, and dropped the child, who screamed with the fright of his sudden awakening. The dogs, whose harmonious howlings were so abruptly interrupted, slunk away with tails between their legs, and hid themselves in deepest shadows.

"There, there, little chap. Don't be frightened," cried Phil, darting forward and picking up the child, though still shaking with laughter. "It's all right now. Brother Phil will protect you, and not let the big man frighten you any more."

"I frighten him indeed!" retorted Jalap Coombs, indignantly. "He was sleeping quiet and peaceful as a seal pup; and I were just humming a bit of a ditty that nester be sung to me when I were a kid, so's he'd have something pleasant to dream about. Then you young swabs had to come creeping up and yell like a couple of wild hoodoos, and set the dogs to howling and scare the kid, to say nothing of me, which if I had ye aboard ship I'd masthead ye both till ye larnt manners. Oh, ye may snicker! But I have my opinion all the same of any man as'll wake a sleeping child, specially when he's wore out with crying, all on account of being deserted. And I'm not the only one nuther. There was old Kite Roberson who nester clap a muzzle onto his wife's canary whenever she'd get the kids to sleep, for fear the critter'd bust inter singing. But it's all right. You will know how it is yourselves some day."

Phil, seeing that, for the first time since he had known him, the mate was thoroughly indignant, set out to smooth his ruffled feelings.

"Why, Mr. Coombs," he said, "we didn't mean to startle you, but those wretched dogs kept up such a howling that we couldn't make ourselves heard as we neared camp. I'm sure I don't see how you could think we were laughing at you. It was those absurd dogs, and you'd have laughed yourself if you'd looked up and seen them. I'm sure it was awfully good of you to take so much trouble over this little fellow, and put him so nicely to sleep with your sing—I mean with your humming, though I assure you we didn't hear a hum."

"Waal," replied Jalap Coombs, greatly mollified by Phil's attitude. "I wasn't humming very loud, not high so loud as I had been at first. Ye see, I were kinder tapering off so as to lay the kid down, and begin to get supper 'gainst you kin back."

"Yes, I see," said Phil, almost choking with suppressed laughter. "But how did it happen that you were compelled to act as nurse? The little chap seemed happy enough when we went away."

"So he were, till he found you was gone. Then he begun to pipe his eye and set storm signals, and directly it come on to blow a hurricane with heavy squalls. So I had to stand by. First off I thought the masts would surely go; but I took a reef here and there, and kinder got things snugged down, till after a while the sky broke, the sun kin out, and fair weather set in once more."

"Well," said Phil, admiringly, "you certainly acted with the judgment of an A No. 1 seaman, and I don't believe even your esteemed friend Captain Robinson could have done better. We shall call on you whenever our little pilot gets into troubled waters again, and feel that we are placing him in the best possible hands."

At which praise Jalap Coombs was greatly pleased, and said as how he'd be proud at all times to stand by the kid. Thus on the same day that little Nel-te McLeod lost his parents he found a brother and two staunch friends.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNCLE SAM AS A STAMP-MAKER.

BY FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON.

"HERE, boys, is a piece of legislation which will add a new series of stamps to your collections," said Mr. Copeland, as he glanced up from his morning paper. "The bill transferring the printing of stamps to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has just become a law, and hereafter Uncle Sam will manufacture his own stamps, as well as his own paper money."

"Why, father, if they make them here, we can see just how it's done!" exclaimed Donald, the eldest of the Copeland boys, who, with his brothers Jack and Ezra, was now experiencing the severest stage of the "stamp fever."

"Huh!" grunted the latter, nicknamed "The Parson," from his old-fashioned ways and a solemn assumption of wisdom. "Perhaps they'll not let you know anything at all about it. Bobby Simonds told me that the big company in New York that has always made 'em is awful particular about letting people see their machinery and things; and Bobby ought to know 'cause his uncle's an engraver there."

"Are they going to make all the stamps here in Washington?" broke in May, the baby of the family. "That'll be nice for you boys, 'cause you can get 'em cheaper at the factory, can't you?"

"That's just like a girl," laughed Jack. "Anybody would think they were going to sell stamps by the yard."

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Copeland, "your sister is right, in a sense, as under this act the Post-office Department will buy its stamps wholesale from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, at a nominal price per thousand, without reference to their face value. I think you also are mistaken, Parson, as the public will doubtless be as free to inspect the manufacture of stamps as they now are to see the process of bank-note-making. When the stamp-printing plant is established, there should be a great deal in it to interest you youngsters. What do you say to a tour of investigation some Saturday?"

Their father's suggestion delighted the children, who waited eagerly for the fulfilment of the promise.

This came on a bright October morning, when the little party climbed the hill beyond the towering Washington Monument, and reached the grim brick building which is known as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Here they were shown into a small reception-room, and kept waiting, with a throng of other sight-seers, until a card from the chief procured for them a special guide through the building. As she led them through a long corridor, this lady explained something of the complete and ingenious system which is in force here to prevent fraud or loss to the government. No visitor is permitted inside the



TAKING SHEETS OFF THE PRESSES.

building without one of the guides especially detailed for this service, while the work of each of the hundreds of employees is so carefully checked and recorded that even the most insignificant error is readily traceable. Ink, paper, the engravers' dies, the printers' plates, are all given out on properly signed receipts, and until all are accounted for, even to the tiniest scrap of paper, the employees who have handled them are not permitted to leave the building; so that only by a widespread plot could all these safeguards be successfully eluded.

The little party was now shown into a very long room, at one end of which was ranged a row of compartments like sentry-boxes. In each of these sat a silent engraver, bent over the small square of steel upon which he was cutting some part of the design for paper money or stamps. The plates from which the stamps were formerly printed are the property of the government, so that the old designs, with a slight modification, are still in use. This modification consists of a trefoil mark placed in the upper

corner of the new stamps, which will serve to distinguish them from the old issues printed by the American Bank-note Company. The work of the engravers is necessarily so painstaking and slow that the original dies are considered too expensive to use in the printing-presses. Thus, after the engraver has completed a die, it is subjected to a hardening process, and the design multiplied indefinitely upon soft steel plates by what is known as the transfer-press. The children were shown a long row of these presses, as well as the great vaults where all the designs, dies, and plates are locked up after the day's work. From the silence of the engravers' department they were led into the din and clatter of the press-room below. Here they found the new steam-presses as well as old-fashioned hand-presses in operation, and were able to see every detail of the actual printing of stamps.

The hand-presses are worked by a plate-printer and one assistant, the printer first inking and polishing the engraved plate over a series of small gas-jets, after



IN THE DRYING-ROOM

which it is placed on the press. His assistant now lays a dampened sheet of paper upon the plate, the printer gives the press a turn, and a sheet of bright new stamps is drawn out at the other side. This work is done quickly and accurately, but it is a very slow process compared with that of the steam-presses, which turn out sheets of four hundred stamps each at the rate of one hundred thousand stamps an hour. The steam-presses carry four plates on an endless chain around the sides of a large square, in the centre of which the plates are automatically heated to the proper temperature, inked, wiped off, and printed. The blank paper is laid on the plates by one assistant, while a second helper takes out the printed sheet. The printer in charge of the press has the most difficult part of the work, which consists in polishing the plate with his bare palms after it has been mechanically inked. This must be done so delicately as to leave neither too much nor too little ink upon the plate, but only *just enough* to give a clean, fine impression.

The presses clattered and clanked, and the children watched with breathless interest while a great stack of the dampened paper disappeared rapidly, sheet by sheet,



THE ENGRAVING-ROOM.

through the press, reappearing again to be stacked in a second neat pile in the form of thousands upon thousands of new red two-cent stamps.

Besides the ordinary issues, the young investigators were much interested in seeing the printing of revenue stamps, of the long-strip stamps for cigar-boxes, and other tobacco stamps, and particularly the new two-cent stamps for playing-cards.

Having watched to their entire satisfaction the various movements of the great presses, the children began to feel that the object of their visit had been realized, and that there was nothing more to see. They were therefore somewhat surprised to learn that the *printing* of the stamps is merely the beginning of the work upon them, and that a number of very important things must happen to these small squares of red, blue, brown, and purple before they are ready to be sold through the little window in the post-office. After they are printed the sheets must be dried and pressed out, gummed, dried and pressed again, the sheets perforated and cut apart, trimmed, and, in addition, carefully counted before and after each of these operations.

In the early days of postage-stamps, and for several years after they first came into use, two serious difficulties presented themselves — *i. e.*, the gumming and separating of the stamps. For a time a thick muddy mucilage was used, which curled up the sheets in a very inconvenient way. Then, again, before the ingenious device of perforation was hit upon, it was necessary to cut the stamps apart with a pair of scissors. Imagine a postmaster in these busy days supplying his customers by the scissors method!

Fortunately a clever Frenchman conceived the plan of punching a series of small holes between the stamps, and his invention was promptly introduced into this country. The children were now eager to see the finishing processes of stamp-making, and so followed their guide into a large room, where they were greeted by a rush of warm air. Here their guide showed them the method of gumming the stamps and the curious apparatus used for the purpose. Along the entire length of the room, with a narrow passage between, are ranged a series of



MIXING THE GLUE.

wooden boxes, quite sixty feet in length. These are heated by steam, and through each box passes a sort of double-endless chain. The sheets are fed, face down, into this queer machine, and passed under a roller, which allows the escape of just enough gum to coat the sheet thinly and evenly. The sheet is now caught on the endless chain by two automatic clamps, and carried into the long hot-box. It takes only a few moments for the journey through, but the sheets appear at the other end perfectly dried, and ready to be trimmed and perforated.

As the method of gumming stamps used by the various bank-note companies has been a carefully guarded and secret process, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has been forced to invent its own machine for this purpose. The sheets are gummed at the rate of about eighteen a minute, which is certainly a vast improvement over the old method of putting on the gum by hand with a brush.

When the children were weary of watching the funny little brass fingers move along and hurry the sheets off into the hot-box, they turned to a corner where a workman was busy over a series of vats and buckets mixing the gum, which looked very clean and nice, and is made of dextrine, a vegetable product. The guide now showed them how the gummed sheets are pressed smooth for perforation, and then led them into a room where a score or more of old little machines were in swift operation. Each machine is tended by two workwomen, most of whom wear fantastic caps of paper to shade their eyes, as the sheets must be fed into the machines with absolute accuracy in order that the perforations shall come in the right place. Each sheet has register lines printed in the margin, which must be adjusted exactly under a black thread fastened across the feeding-table. A quick whir of the wheels puts a neat line of pin-holes lengthwise between the stamps, cutting the sheet in half at the same time. The next machine perforates the sheet crosswise, and again cuts it in two, so that the sheets are now divided up into the regulation size of one hundred stamps each.

The children thought the minute disks of paper punched out by the perforators too insignificant to be considered, and were accordingly much surprised to learn that the sheets again have to be smoothed out, under great pressure, to reduce their bulk and remove the "burr" caused by the perforation.

After inspecting the final process of making up the stamps into packages, to be mailed to the postmasters all over the country, the children were taken by their father to the office of the chief of the bureau. Here they received a cordial welcome, and learned many interesting and curious details about stamps and stamp-making. About 3,000,000,000 stamps are annually furnished the Post-office Department by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, at the rate of five cents a thousand. Ninety per cent. of these are the two-cent stamps, and according to the last Post-office report the revenue from the sale of stamps is a little over \$6,000,000 a month.

"By-the-way," observed the chief, "you young people should be very much interested in the Report of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General for 1893, which contains a carefully prepared and elaborately descriptive list of every stamp and postal card issued by the United States government. It must seem hard to you stamp collectors that the most beautiful stamps issued—the newspaper and periodical stamps—are not permitted to be sold to the public. One of the chief reasons for this is that the values of these small squares of paper run up to such high figures, viz., \$24, \$36, \$48, and \$60, that they would offer a great field to counterfeiters if generally circulated. There are some queer denominations among these stamps, notably the \$1.92 stamp, which is about to be discontinued, and some very pretty colors. That reminds me—did they show you our ink-mills in your tour of inspection?"

Mr. Copeland explained that they had not seen the mills, so the children had the pleasure of being escorted by the chief himself into the grimy region which is seldom penetrated by the public. Here they saw the colors ground and mixed in small mills, from which the workmen—smeared from top to toe in a rainbow of colors—gathered the

thick greasy ink by the bucketful. About one hundred thousand pounds of dry color is used annually for the two-cent stamps alone, the color being mixed with an equal quantity of burnt linseed oil, making two hundred thousand pounds of ink. Of course a large percentage of this color is lost in inking and polishing the plate.

The tour was now ended, and leaving the oily little wheels to their ceaseless grinding, the children, with a grateful good-bye to their new friend, went home with their young heads full of the interesting things they had seen in Uncle Sam's stamp factory.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

GIRLS who are terrified by thunder and lightning lose a great deal of enjoyment during the summer, when we have storms as well as sunshine. It may not be quite possible for every one to help being afraid when the sky is black with clouds and the lightning's flash, but it is within the power of most people to control the expression of fright. Once or twice having resolutely refrained from showing your terror, you will be surprised and pleased to find the terror itself lessening.

I know persons who go through life in a sort of bondage to fear of various kinds. They tremble and turn pale, or grow hysterical and cry, when the dark clouds gather and the thunders roll. There is a pretty German hymn which begins,

"It thunders, but I tremble not,
My trust is firm in God,
His arm of strength I've ever sought
Through all the way I've trod."

I ADVISE ALL OF YOU who need the advice to remember that God rules in the heavens, and His hand sends the storms. Trust in God when you are afraid—really trust, and you will grow calm and be happy. Another grain of comfort may be found in the fact that when you see the bright zig-zagging flash and hear the rumbling thunder, the danger for you is over. You will never see or hear the electric current which hurts or kills. It is far too swift to wait and warn you in that way.

MANY OF US have some pet aversion, which goes far to make us cowards in one direction, even if in other conditions and situations we are brave. I have seen women almost faint at the sight of a poor little scurrying mouse, and have heard others scream at a bat or a beetle. I confess to a very great dislike on my own part to things with wings and with stings, especially those which fly in at the window when the lamp is lighted, and buzz and fizz and snap and pounce and bounce. But I would be ashamed of myself if I could not keep from shrieking in the presence of these innocent little marauders. Depend upon it, girls, we can display a cool front and wear a brave face if we choose to do so, let what happen. It is all a question of will.

NUMBERS OF TRAVELLERS never get the full meed of pleasure when on a journey because they carry too great a load of care. They fancy that this or that will happen. They are distressed because of accidents which may possibly occur. They make the friends with them uncomfortable because they suggest dreadfully unpleasant catastrophes as just around the corner. When you think of it, this behavior is both stupid and silly. Trains and boats are in the hands, as a rule, of competent and responsible persons, who wish to take their passengers and freight safe to the journey's end. You, being neither captain, nor engineer, nor conductor, are called upon to feel no concern in the matter.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

I WISH I COULD IMPRESS on every young girl the beauty and dignity of simple, quiet courage. Not recklessness, nor indifference to danger, but a gentle acceptance of every situation, and a rising above fear. Fear is the feeling of a slave. It fetters one's mind, and makes one's body clumsy and awkward. The Bible says, "Fear hath torment." It is usually ignoble, not the appropriate sentiment for bright, capable, kind-hearted, and winning girls like you. Resolve to put fear under your feet, and walk through the world with hearts superior to it in its every form and phase.

Margaret E. Sangster.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Stamp and Coin Collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

- Regular perforations: holes punched opt.
- Rouletted: lines cut in.
- Pin perforated: pinholes.
- Rouletted *en arc*: curved lines cut in.
- Rouletted *en sautoir*: saw-tooth lines cut in.
- Rouletted *en serpentine*: fancy lines cut in.
- Rouletted *en points*: diagonal lines cut in.
- Rouletted *en losange*: diagonal cuts not pointed.
- Rouletted in half squares: lines cut in.

ONE OF THE FIRST REQUISITES of any science is to know its terms. Stamp-collecting is now not only a hobby, but an exact science as well.

Formerly little note was taken of the condition of stamps, but to-day the smallest details are important. You have doubtless noticed that almost all stamps issued during the past thirty years have "scalloped" edges. These are perforations made to enable persons using stamps to detach one or more without using scissors. Previous to 1856 all stamps were printed on sheets of paper, and had to be cut off one by one with a knife or scissors. These are known as "unperforated." Many experiments were made to do away with the necessity of using scissors, and we illustrate the different methods used. Gradually all nations have adopted the "regular" perforations, which consist of a series of holes punched out along all four edges of each stamp. Now this difference between perforated and unperforated stamps makes not a little difference in the prices asked. For instance, the 24c. U. S. of 1851 unperforated would be cheap at \$100, whereas the same stamp perforated is worth \$2 50 only. The Victoria twopenny of 1867 is worth \$1 50 perforated, while \$25 is asked for the unperforated. So none of the ROUND TABLE

collectors should trim the edges of any stamps they may have. Next week we will illustrate the scale of regular perforations.

THE SO-CALLED *error* of the 5c. red-brown U. S. 1890 issue in the color of the 4c. dark brown has been demonstrated to be a *changing*, by a very simple chemical test. The dealer who offered these stamps for sale at \$30 each has notified the thirty-seven people who bought copies at that price that their money will be returned on demand.

I would advise all collectors to keep all the different shades of the U. S. stamps which they get at little or no expense, but to avoid paying any extra for shades of current or late stamps.

A PENROSE SCROLL.—The common stamps of the U. S. are worth about \$50 to \$100 per million if in good condition. The 10c. brown is quoted at 10c.

BUCKSKIN.—This is not the place to quote arguments in favor of stamp-collecting. Most boys, and many men, find great pleasure in this pursuit. Ask one of them to tell you of its pleasures.

H. W.—There are two varieties of Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph stamps. One is worth \$2 each, the regular perforated are worth 65c. per set.

ARTHUR L. EVANS.—The 10c. green is worth 6c. The 6c. and 8c. Columbians can still be bought at face in many post-offices.

PHILATUS.

SCHOOL-BOY'S SONG OF THE SCHOOL WEEK.

ON Monday black, at four o'clock,
The key is turned in the school-room lock,
And I've given old Time a terrible knock,
For the head of the Week is broken.

At four of a Tuesday afternoon,
The hour that cometh none too soon,
I strap my books to a merry tune,
For the neck of the Week is broken.

As the four glad strokes on Wednesday ring,
My cap in the air I gayly fling,
And homeward run as I loudly sing,
"The grip of the Week is broken."

Ah, welcome the sound of the Thursday's four,
And the joyous thought of "but one day more
That opens and shuts the school-room door,"
For the back of the Week is broken.

But sweeter than story in prose or rhyme
The musical notes of the Friday chime,
For the Week lies dead in the arms of Time,
And the school-boy's chains are broken.
L. H. BRUCE.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.

II.—THE SWORD.

NOW while the lords and their followers were gathered in the great church," the Story-teller said, as Jack and Mollie began to show some curiosity as to what this miracle for which Merlin hoped might be, "there was discovered in the church-yard near the altar a great black stone, about four feet square, on the middle of which stood a steel anvil a foot in height. Thrust into this, with its shining point visible, was a beautiful sword, and about it, written in letters of gold, were these words:

"WHOSO PULLETH OUT THIS SWORD OF THIS STONE AND ANVIL IS RIGHTWISE KING BORN OF ENGLAND."

"Who put it there?" asked Jack.

"I don't know," said the Story-teller. "It was there, and that is all I know about it, and the people when they saw it were full of wonder, and marvelled greatly to read the words written about it. I imagine, however, that Merlin and the Archbishop had something to do with it, for when the people went into the church, and told the Archbishop what they had seen, he did not appear to be at all



THE RIGHTFUL KING OF ENGLAND.

surprised, but commanded all to remain within the church and not to touch the sword until the service was over. The people and the gathered knights and all their followers obeyed the Archbishop's command, for they did not dare do otherwise; but when the service was over, they all rushed out into the church-yard to see the stone and the anvil, with the wonderful sword stuck into it. And then, when the lords had read the golden inscription upon the stone, each made an effort to pull the sword out of its anvil-sheath, but not one of them could do it. They pulled and tugged and pulled and tugged, but it was all in vain. They neither broke nor budged it, and the Archbishop of Canterbury said it was evident that none of those present could claim to be the rightful King. He added that he believed that the right one would yet be discovered, and suggested that ten of the best knights of the land should be made a guard of honor to watch over the sword until New-Year's day, when any one who wished might come and in the presence of all make the effort to pull it from the anvil. This was agreed to, and it was decided to have a great tournament upon the coming New-Year's day, after which the trial should be made. This kept the knights and their followers in London, for it was important that all should be present at the trial, success in which meant so much, not only to the successful man, but to the whole kingdom as well.

"Didn't Morla try to pull it out?" asked Molne. "If he put it in, I should think he could have pulled it out, and then he could have been King himself."

"Possibly; but I imagine he didn't want to be King, for one thing, and, for another, he had been too good a friend to Arthur, and to Uther, his father, to wish to betray them. The Chronicles do not say whether he tried it or not, but if he did, he failed; and so the week between Christmas and New-Year's went by without any one's having moved the sword; and the lords made their preparations for the tournament, and many of them, I have no doubt, spent a great deal of their time getting their muscle up in the hope of winning the crown.

"On the New-Year's day all again assembled in the church, and, after the service, proceeded to the field where the tournament was to take place. Sir Ector, followed by his son, Sir Kaye, who had himself been made a knight, and Arthur, rode with them, when it was discovered that Sir Kaye had left his sword behind him at his father's lodging. Summoning Arthur, he requested him to return to the house and get it for him. This Arthur readily consented to do, for he was fond of Kaye, whom, as we have already seen, he supposed to be his own brother. Turning his horse about, he rode full speed back to the lodgings; but when he arrived there he found every one had gone to the tournament, and he could not find his foster-brother's sword. For a moment he was perplexed. He knew it would never do for Sir Kaye to be found at a tournament without his sword, for the sword was the sign of his knighthood, and a knight who had lost it would have been considered unworthy of the honor which had been bestowed upon him. Suddenly Arthur bethought him of the sword in the anvil, and without much hope that he should succeed where so many others had failed, he resolved to make the effort to loosen it anyhow, and in case of success to carry it to Sir Kaye.

"So he rode to the church-yard, and found it as deserted as Sir Ector's lodgings had been. The ten knights who had been left to guard the sword, like every one else in London, had gone to the tournament. Dismounting from his horse, Arthur strode into the yard, and grasping the handle of the sword as firmly as he could, pulled at it fiercely, when, to his surprise and delight, it came out of the anvil. Without stopping to think of all that this meant for him, he remounted his steed, and rode hastily back to Sir Kaye, to whom he handed the weapon.

"The instant Sir Kaye looked at it he knew it to be the sword of the stone, and putting his spurs to his horse, he dashed to where his father stood, and, showing him the glittering blade, told him that it was the sword of the stone, and said,

"I must be King of this land!"

"But Sir Ector was cautious, so he questioned Kaye closely as to how he had come by the weapon, and he made him go with him and Arthur back to the church and swear to what he said; and Sir Kaye told him the whole story—how he had left his own sword at home and had sent Arthur back for it; how Arthur had gone there, and not finding any one, had bethought him of the sword in the anvil, and had taken it, though no one had witnessed the act.

"Whereupon Sir Ector made Arthur return the sword to the anvil, and himself tried to pull it out, but it would not come; and then he made Sir Kaye try it, and still it would not come; and then bidding Arthur make an effort, the boy did so, and it came out easily, at which both Sir Kaye and his father knelt before Arthur, and hailed him as the man who should be rightful King of England."

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

WITH THE NEW ENGLAND INTERSCHOLASTIC games next Saturday the season of track and field athletics—as far as school leagues are concerned—will practically come to a close. The season has been a most successful one. Records have been broken on every hand, even in events where it was supposed that many a year must go by before that performance could be bettered. This excellent showing is the natural result of the hard training and constant energy of the hundreds of runners and jumpers in the schools; and the ever-increasing number of contestants all over the country proves that track and field sports have secured a firm foothold, and now deserve to be recognized as equal in importance to both football and baseball. In the vicinity of New York, at least, there are fully twice as many who indulge in track athletics as there are baseball and football players. In other regions I think the proportions are more nearly equal. The growth of these sports has been very rapid. In almost every centre there is an Interscholastic Association or League, and the daily newspapers, not only of the East but of the West, have been printing reports of scholastic meets for the past two months. The work of the school athletes has decidedly become a factor in amateur sport. In some of the school leagues there are better men than the colleges can boast of.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association at the Berkeley Oval, usually characterized as the "Mott Haven games," because they were first held at Mott Haven, brings together the best college athletic talent from all parts of this broad country. This year a team from the University of California travelled three thousand miles overland to contest for the championship on that day. Besides them, an unknown runner with a rapid gait and a queer cap came out of the West, and left the crack sprinters of the East straining and striving behind him, while he, with a broad smile, pocketed two gold medals, and carried them back to Iowa. I don't believe there was ever any better sport at Olympia, and if the colleges can be so successful in these things, and can draw men to compete at these games from every point of the compass, why should not the schools follow their example, and form one great Interscholastic Association, and have a big meeting once a year? There is no reason why they should not. I can think of hardly a single obstacle in the way of the formation of such a league. All that is needed is that some energetic individual or individuals, or some enthusiastic and sporting spirited Athletic Association take the matter in hand and put it through. Once started, the routine of organization would roll along as if on wheels.

IT IS NOT NECESSARY that every school in the country should be asked to join at the outset. On the contrary, I would suggest that the greater Association under discussion be made up of the various I.S.A.'s now existing, and that the big annual games be a contest among the winners of the annual games of the individual associations. This scheme commends itself, because only the best men from every locality could compete at the meeting, and the number of entries could in that manner be limited. We have all had experience with a superfluity of contestants, and we know what interminable trial heats mean. If the movement to form a general Interscholastic Association should be started in New York, there would be no lack of leagues already in good standing to call upon for membership. There are the New York and the Long Island I.S.A.'s right here. Near by we have the New England I.S.A., the Western Massachusetts I.S.A., the Maine I.S.A., the Connecticut I.S.A., the Pennsylvania Inter-academic A.A., the Dartmouth I.S.A., and the New York State I.S.A.

of Syracuse. In addition to these there are many others that I need not mention here. A large and influential league in the West is the Academic Athletic League of the Pacific Coast, of whose prowess on track and field I have had occasion to speak of many times in this Department.

OF COURSE, ONE OF THE FIRST QUESTIONS that would arise upon the organization of such an Interscholastic Association would be, Where shall the annual meeting be held? The answer to that is simply, Hold it where it will be most convenient for the greatest number of schools interested. It would not be advisable to hold the meeting in a different city each year, for the Portland and Bangor athletes would not care to journey to Philadelphia, neither would the Pennsylvanians care to travel up into Maine. New York is a central location, but in many respects it would be a poor place for a meeting of the kind under consideration. The ideal spot, to my mind, would be New Haven. This for two reasons principally. It is half-way between Boston and Philadelphia, which are the centres of the New England and Pennsylvania districts; and it is also about equally distant from New York and Hartford, which are the homes of the N.Y. & L.I.S.A.'s, and the Connecticut I.S.A. The second good reason is that Yale University is situated at New Haven, and I have no doubt that the authorities of college athletics there would only be too happy to offer the use of the Yale field, and to do considerable work toward the management of the games.

EVEN IF THE COLLEGE MEN felt that they could not devote their time to the management of an Interscholastic meeting—which I greatly doubt, for it would be to their interest to do so—there are three large schools in New Haven, members of the Connecticut I.S.A., which would certainly see that business committees were appointed, and competent men set to work for the successful carrying out of the enterprise. But I believe the athletic authorities of Yale would be so glad of the opportunity to help and assist the school athletes that they would even go so far as to offer a cup to be contested for.

BUT I HAVE RUN a little ahead of my subject. What we are all most interested in now is the first step; the rest can easily be arranged afterward. It is too late to think of

F. Munson. Albert Moller. S. E. Gunnison. H. Simpson. J. Beasley.
E. H. Jewell. H. Rosner (Capt.). M. Forney.



J. Forney. A. Opp. A. Topping.

ADELPHI ACADEMY TRACK-ATHLETIC TEAM.
Champions of the L.I.S.A.A., 1895.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

PENNSYLVANIA I.A.L. GAMES, FRANKLIN FIELD, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 1, 1896.

Event	Winners	Records	Winners	Winners	Points Made
100-yard dash	Jones, P.C.	16 4-5 sec.	Hunsberger, P.C.	Bailey, P.C.	Penn Charter, 65 1/2
220-yard dash	Branson, P.C.	38 3-5 "	Coff, C.	Remington, De L.	De Lancy, 28
440-yard dash	Gage, H.	2 m 17 1-2 "	Thackara, G.	Farr, De L.	Germantown, 15 1/2
880-yard dash	Whetstone, De L.	8 " 7 "	Lacey, De L.	Beverlin, De L.	Cheltenham, 8
1,760-yard dash	Jones, P.C.	58 2-5 "	Lambertson, C.	McCarthy, G.	Haverford, 10
3,520-yard dash	Branson, P.C.	29 1-5 "	Rorer, P.C.	Coff, G.	Adelphi, 0
7,040-yard dash	Jones, P.C.	24 3-5 "	Hunsberger, P.C.	Beasley, G.	Episcopal, 0
14,080-yard dash	Thackara, G.	5 " 23 "	Guernsey, P.C.	Gage, H.	Total, 126
Half-mile walk	Lippincott, De L.	4 " 5 "	Shearer, P.C.	Sutton, H.	
Running broad jump	Branson, P.C.	5 ft. 2 1-2 in.	Newswell, De L.	Remington, De L.	
Standing broad jump	Branson, P.C.	19 " 7 "	Toner, P.C.	Johnson, G.	
Pole-vault	Watts, C.	33 " 4 1-2 "	Farr, De L.	Sayen, H.	
	Flavell, G.	9 " 7 "	Branson, P.C.	Rorer, P.C.	
	Hanson, P.C.	9 " 2 1-2 "	Rorer, P.C.	Branson, P.C.	

Note.—P.C., Penn Charter School; G., Germantown Academy; De L., De Lancy School; C., Cheltenham Military Academy; H., Haverford Grammar School; E., Episcopal Academy.

holding a general Interscholastic meeting this spring, but it is none too early to begin to think of holding one next year. Preparations for such an important event require much time. If there is anything that HARPER'S ROUND TABLE can do to further the success of the plan, or if there is any work that I can perform in my small way toward the carrying out of any idea that may be formulated, it shall be done. I hope these few words on the subject will appeal to the athletes of the schools, and I shall be only too glad to hear from them, and, if possible, to give space to their suggestions.

THE UNUSUAL HEAT of ten days ago interfered mightily with the success of the Pennsylvania schools' field-day on Franklin Field a week ago Saturday. With the thermometer at 95°, and the officials so overcome with heat that half of them did not turn up, it is not to be wondered at that but two records were broken. The only men who seem to have remained unaffected by the temperature were Jones and Branson of the Penn Charter School, the former taking first in the 100, 220, and 440, and the latter winning three firsts, one second, and two thirds—a total of twenty points. Rorer, also of Penn Charter, came pretty close to his schoolmates by taking one first, three seconds, and one third. All three leave school this year. The meeting was, therefore, a perfect walk-over for P.C., as the score by points clearly shows, and at no time of the afternoon was there much enthusiasm displayed. It began to rain just before the field events were contested, and when the heavy shower ceased the field was in no condition for jumping or pole-vaulting. This accounts for the poor performances in those events.

JONES RAN THE FINAL HEAT of the 100 in 16 1/2 sec., winning easily, and came home twenty yards ahead of his second man in the quarter. He was not pressed in the 220 either, and made the poor time of 24 3/5 sec. The half-mile was one of the most interesting races of the day. The first three men kept well bunched all the way around, and Gage made a good spurt at the finish. Branson won both the high hurdles and the low hurdles with comparative ease, most of his opponents appearing flagged out. In the bicycle race, which occurred after the shower, a bad collision, in which one man was seriously hurt, knocked out three contestants and spoiled the event. In the mile, Guernsey, P.C., started a spurt within 220 yards of the tape, and earned a lead of thirty yards, but Thackara of Germantown showed better judgment by waiting until he reached the 100-yard mark, when he forged ahead and won. The half-mile walk was very close, the judges being unable to decide the first three places for some time. They finally made the award in the order given in the table. The records broken were in the shot event by Watts, who put the ball 33 inches beyond the I.A.L. record of 33 ft. 1 in., and in the pole-vault. The latter was broken by four men. Hanson and Rorer tied for first, and as neither could better his jump, they tossed for first place, with the break in favor of Hanson. Branson, P.C., got third place.

IN STRONG CONTRAST to the ease of Penn Charter's victory on Franklin Field was the sharp and exciting contest

between the Bangor and Portland High-Schools at the Maine I.S.A.A. meeting in Maplewood Park, Bangor, the same afternoon. The result was a tie, each school scoring 37 1/2 points, and out of fifteen records on the programme eleven were broken. Some of the best performances were Somers's jump of 21 ft. 5 in. in the broad; Perry's pole-vault of 9 ft. 3 in.; and the winning of the low hurdles by Edwards in 28 seconds. The most exciting period of the day was toward the close of the meeting, when Portland High was 10 points ahead of Bangor High, and only the hammer and standing high jump to be decided. Portland felt almost sure of victory, but Godfrey and Connors of Bangor went in and took the first two places in the hammer, with Wakefield of Thornton third, thus shutting Portland out from winning any points in that event. Not only this, but Godfrey broke the record by more than eight feet. Then he answered to the call for the standing high jump, clearing 4 ft. 7 in. at his first trial, and there tying Jordan of Portland. Both men tried to do better, but they were unable to, and third place again went to Thornton with Higdon. The tie will make the record of victories count one year for each school in the holding of the cup now in the custody of Bangor.

OF THE ELEVEN POINT-WINNERS from the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, at the Long Island Interscholastic Games on May 11th, six will return to school next year. These are Gunnison, who took three firsts in the championship games, Mooler, Beasley, Topping, and both Forneys. Of the others, Simpson expects to enter West Point, Opp will go to the Columbia Law School, while Munson, Rorer, and Jewell will go into business. The last-named will be the greatest loss to the team, as he made almost as good a showing at Eastern Park as Gunnison. Nevertheless, there is plenty of good material left in the school, and with the nucleus that remains Adelphi ought to be able to build up another championship team.

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC GAMES of the New England Association, which are to be held on Holmes Field, Cambridge, next Saturday, will bring together a larger number of contestants than have appeared at any interscholastic event this season. The New England I.S.A.A. includes about thirty schools, and more than twenty will send representatives to strive for the cup. While it is not so very difficult to guess the probable winners of first place in the principal events on the card, the general result of the day is by no means a certainty, for the smaller schools always manage to send one or two "dark horses" who upset the closest calculations of the best judges. Nevertheless, the championship probably rests with the Worcester High-School, or the Boston English High-School, or the Phillips Academy, Andover. The W.H.S. team won the in-door meeting last March by scoring 19 points, and most of the winners of that day will compete on Holmes Field this week. Andover did not send a full team to the in-door games, and the E.H.S. was crippled by the absence of some of its best athletes on that occasion, but both schools have been training their strongest men for the past few weeks, and will surely be well represented.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

THE 100-YARDS DASH will be won by Roche of W.H.-S., Clarke of Worcester Academy, or Dunbar of E.H.-S. These three sprinters breasted the tape almost together in the 40-yard dash at the winter meeting, Roche winning by a few inches only. I consider Ferguson the surest man for the high hurdles, although Chase of Andover will be close upon him. The low hurdles will be a pretty race for Fuller, Cambridge L.S., Heine, P.A., and Seaver, Brookline H.S. Fuller's success will largely depend on whether he has to run the 230 flat before he takes the hurdles. In that case Heine and Seaver will have a slight advantage. But if Fuller does run the 220 before this, he ought to win it, with Roche and Dunbar behind him. There will be no fast time made in the quarter, and the race will furnish a good opportunity for a surprise by some unknown quantity. Fish, W.A., Carleton, Milton Academy, Purtell, E.H.-S., and Howe, W.H.-S., are about equal in ability for that distance. Albertson, W.H.-S., and Batchelder, R.L.S., will have a close race in the half-mile, and I have no doubt that the record will be lowered. Cunningham of Hopkinson ought to be third.

IF LAING OF ANDOVER were not kept out of the contest by the age limit ruling he would, beyond any doubt, take the mile for P.A. He ran it at the Interscholastics last year in 4 min. 32½ sec. And so, unless Andover sends down another good man, Dow of E.H.-S. will probably win the event. Moore of Newton H.S. ought to take the walk, with Delaney of W.H.-S. second, and Barstow of Hopkinson third. For the field events Holt and Dole of Roxbury Latin, and Henderson of E.H.-S., will divide the honors in the high jump, while the broad will be contested by Purtell, E.H.-S. and Holt, R.L.S. The shot event will be won by O'Brien, E.H.-S., with Jordan, W.H.-S. and Holt, P.A., in the places. Johnson, W.A., should win the pole-vault, although Theonin, R.L.S., may push him. The hammer rests with Sergeant of Hopkinson, Coan, E.H.-S., or Barney, R.L.S. With so many men competing from such a large number of different schools, it is not probable that the winning score will be much greater than 25, and the winner of second place ought to come close to the same figure.

THE NEW YORK INTERSCHOLASTIC Tennis Tournament, under the auspices of Columbia College, had a large entry list that required three days to be played off. The games were all characterized by steady work rather than by any particularly brilliant play, and the championship was won by Waltz of the Leal School, Plainfield. He met Wigham of Harvard School in the finals, and had a comparatively easy time of it, defeating the New-Yorker in three straight sets—6 1, 6-2, 6-4. He will go to Newport for the big Interscholastic tournament this summer, and will meet the other school league champions, Ware of the N.E.I.S.A., Sheldon of the Connecticut I.S.A.A., and Beaman, who won in the Pennsylvania I.A.L. Tournament at Princeton. I consider Ware the strongest player of this quarter, and expect to see him win at Newport. He will be heard from at the Longwood Tournament next Saturday too.

THE PROSPECTS OF LAWRENCEVILLE being victorious over Andover in the baseball game to-morrow have been daily increasing, and I believe now that the Jerseymen will win. Andover does not seem to be able to reduce the average of errors made in her games so far, and her players on the left-field side must play a sharp game if they wish to offset Lawrenceville's good batters. St. Mark's School, with little over a hundred boys to pick a nine from, defeated the Phillips Academy team, two weeks ago, by the score of 6-3, and the latter suffered another bad defeat from the Yale Freshmen a few days later. St. Mark's victory was in a considerable measure due to the effective pitching of White, who held the Andover men down to six hits. The features of the game, besides White's work in the box, were the catching of Drew, Andover's Captain, and the fielding of Folger. Mills, too, made a beautiful running catch of a long fly. I am surprised that the St. Mark's batters were able to get seven hits off Greenway, as it has been Andover's boast that their battery is as good as any in the schools. It is; and I surmise that Greenway had an off-day at Southboro. He must do better to-morrow or Lawrenceville will have an easy time with their Massachusetts rivals. The Jersey players have greatly improved, the past week, especially in team-work. They have won within the past fifteen days two games from the Pennington Seminary's strong team, they have defeated the Princeton Freshmen, and they got excellent practice out of their match with the Princeton Varsity. Andover will have the advantage of home grounds and the crowd, but they will need more than that to pile up the runs.

A NEW INVENTION by Professor E. W. Scripture, of Yale, will be interesting to all track athletes. The apparatus is one that will measure a runner's "reaction time." This time is that which elapses between the moment the pistol is discharged and the moment the sprinter starts. The brief period between these two moments is taken up by nature in transmitting the sound from the ear to the brain, and the impulse to run from the brain to the muscles of the legs. Professor Scripture believes that the

length of reaction time is frequently an important factor, and he argues that with a runner it must be reduced to the shortest possible limit, as one-fifth of a second counts in a race. By experiments the inventor has proved to his own satisfaction that the time which elapses between the firing of the starter's pistol and the actual start of the runner is long enough to influence the winning of a race. The reaction time of a runner may vary from one-sixth to one-third of a second. The new invention is an arrangement by which a runner's reaction time may be measured to within the one-thousandth part of a second. The starter's pistol is arranged so that an electric contact is broken when the pistol goes off. A thread is attached to the right foot of the runner, and this thread breaks an electric contact the moment he starts. The distance marked on a cylinder by these two contacts measures the individual's reaction time. Sport may soon reach such a scientific stage of advancement that sprinters will be handicapped with reference to their "reaction time."

THE GRADUATE.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, a celebrated actress, was filling an engagement at the opera-house in B—. A man in the gallery created such a disturbance that it seriously impeded the progress of the play, and finally brought it to a standstill. Immediately the audience, furious with anger, cried: "Throw him over! Throw him over!"

Miss Temple stepped to the edge of the footlights, and in a sweet and gentle voice exclaimed: "No, I pray you, don't throw him over. I beg of you, dear friends, don't throw him over, but kill him where he is!"

AN Irishman was on trial for committing a burglary, and had conducted his own case. The evidence against him was strong, and the judge, after summing up, remarked, while looking at the prisoner, that he could detect the rascal and villain in his face. "Hold there!" shouted the prisoner. "I object; that is a personal reflection."

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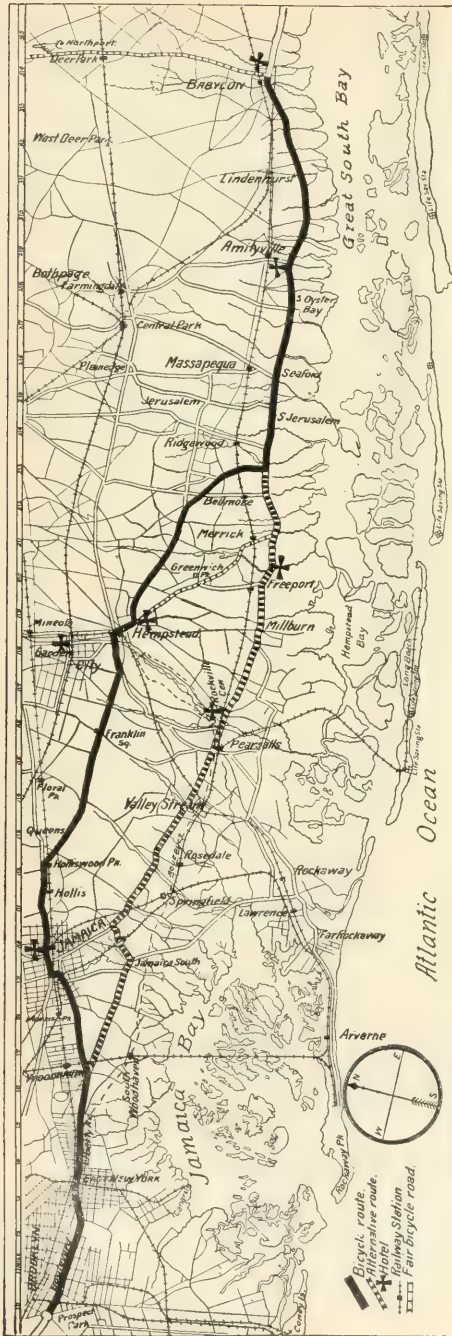
This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tour books are supplied to the League of American Wheelmen, recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W. The Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THE run from Brooklyn to Babylon along the south shore of Long Island is perhaps the best bicycle run on the Island, and is the first thirty-five miles of the famous century run which is made every year by the Kings County Wheelmen; and there is no doubt that this 100-mile course along the shore of Long Island is as easy a run as there is in the east United States. The road is macadamized most of the way to Babylon, and is at present finished about as far as Seaford. From Seaford on to Babylon the road is a good one, though not all macadamized. The wheelman intending to make this run should examine the map of Brooklyn published in last week's ROUND TABLE. He will there find the way to get from his residence, whether in Brooklyn or New York, to Prospect Park. Starting from Prospect Park, run up the Boulevard to Liberty Avenue at East New York, and, turning right into this, continue thence to Woodhaven. At Woodhaven take the left-hand fork and run out to Jamaica. The road through Jamaica is clearly enough marked, as it is the beginning of the Plank Road that continues on to Jericho. The rider should keep on this road, which is in good condition, out of Jamaica a mile or more, passing through Hollis and Holliswood Park. At the latter place, and just before reaching Queens, a turn should be made to the right, and after crossing the track the rider will run out over a good road about seven miles to Hempstead. On entering Hempstead he may turn to the left and run up to Garden City, where there is a hotel that is well kept, and a good place for a short stop if one is desired.

RETURNING TO HEMPSTEAD, the rider keeps to the main road, running down towards Ridgewood, and comes into the Shore Road, and thence the run continues straight on through South Jerusalem, Seaford, Amityville, Lindenhurst, into Babylon. The whole run from Brooklyn is practically a forty-mile journey, and if the wheelman intends to return on his wheel to Brooklyn he can keep straight on the Shore Road, passing through Freeport, Rockville Centre, and Valley Stream, instead of turning to the right near Ridgewood, and going back through Hempstead. The great advantage of this run is that there are almost no hills along the line of the road, and the wheelman has as "clean" a ride as can be found in the vicinity of New York. When all the roadway along the South Side of Long Island is finally macadamized there will be hardly a single run in the country to equal it.

K. L. T.—The cost of a bicycle trip from New York to Liverpool, thence to France, and perhaps into Germany, depends entirely on how much luxury the traveller expects to indulge in, and whether he or she will ride entirely or will frequently use railway trains. It is safe to say, however, that it is possible after reaching Europe to make a bicycle tour through France and Germany on an average of two dollars per day, though that requires the greatest care in expenses. (2) It would be hardly advisable for two ladies to travel through France and Germany alone on bicycles, though it could be done. The difficulty would be that bicyclists still attract attention, and two foreign women would be much more likely to meet with difficulties than if they travelled by rail, to say nothing of the possible accidents to their machines. (3) The necessary luggage would be comparatively easily carried in the triangular water-proof bicycle bag, which is carried on a diamond frame machine inside the diamond, and on a woman's bicycle in a different shape bag attached to the handle-bar in the front. Any woman going on such a trip should learn how to take a bicycle to pieces and put it together again, and in the process of learning she will discover what tools are necessary. Material for mending tires is absolutely necessary—a good monkey-wrench, oil cans, a tire indicator, pliers, and a reasonably good supply of small wire and twine for making repairs where such material is necessary. In France you will probably find no difficulty in having all necessary bicycle

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey, from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814.



HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

repairs made, especially in the cities and larger towns. It would be much cheaper to stop at houses, and in England, and perhaps to a certain extent in France and Germany, such travellers are very well received in the cottages of the peasants in the middle classes. (4) The best bicycle roads in the world are in England, and England has for many years been called the "bicyclist's paradise." The French government roads come next, both being comparatively free from hills. German roads are by no means as good, and the country is more hilly. Swiss roads are moderately good, and in some places very fine, but they are apt to be extremely hilly. Northern Italy would probably come next; but it is safe to say that for two women taking their first bicycle tour, England is by far the best place to travel in. (5) If two ladies travel second-class on a steamer to Liverpool they might meet with some unpleasant incidents, but it is now possible to get a first-class return ticket on some of the smaller steamers of the important lines quite as cheaply as a second-class return ticket on the larger steamers. For instance, a first-class ticket and return to Havre, France, or Southampton, England, can be bought for from ninety to one hundred dollars on the smaller steamers of the Hamburg and North German Lloyd lines. It would, of course, be cheaper to buy a return ticket.



Any questions in regard to photograph matters will be willingly answered by the editor of this column, and we should be glad to hear from any of our club who can make helpful suggestions.

BROKEN NEGATIVES.

SOMETIMES ONE is so unfortunate as to break a negative which cannot well be replaced. The amateur who understands little about photographic work is, in such a case, quite likely to think that the negative is ruined, and throw it away; but unless it has been broken in many pieces it can be repaired so that one can get as good a print from it as before it was broken.

If there is one clear break across the glass, but not through the film, place the negative in the printing frame, pushing the broken edges closely together, holding them while adjusting the sensitive paper. Fasten in the printing frame, and print in a diffused light—that is, not in the direct rays of the sun. Place the negative at such an angle with the light that the crack across the glass shall not make a shadow.

If there are several cracks in the glass, but not in the film, put the negative in the printing frame, supporting it by a piece of plain glass; tie cords to the printing frame so that it may be suspended by them; hang the frame from some projection where it will not hit anything, and keep it revolving during the printing process. The plate moving all the time, the cracks in the glass do not cast a shadow long enough in one place to make any impression on the sensitive paper. If one cannot arrange the frame in this way, it may be placed at the bottom of a large deep box without a cover, and left to print.

If the film is broken as well as the glass, take a piece of plain glass the size of the negative—a spoiled plate is just the thing—lay the broken pieces on this plain glass, taking care that the picture lines of the negative are true, and bind the edges of the glass and negative together with strips of gummed paper. When the strips are dry, varnish the film with negative varnish. It is better to purchase the varnish ready prepared than to attempt to fix it one's self.

If the negative is badly broken, but not splintered, apply Canada balsam with a toothpick to the edges of the broken parts, and press them firmly together, keeping the negative on a flat surface during the process, a glass plate a little larger than the negative being the best thing to use. When the balsam is thoroughly dry, flow the negative with varnish, and as soon as it begins to set cover it with a piece of glass the size of the negative. When dry, bind the edges together with strips as before directed. If the negative is very badly broken, it should be enclosed between two pieces of plain glass, putting on the second in the same manner, after the first is dry. Bind the three together.

An excellent paste for binding negatives and lantern slides is made of rice flour. Mix rice flour with water till it is smooth and free from lumps. Set the dish containing it into another of hot water, and boil till it becomes thick and semi-transparent, stirring it all the time. When done it should be about the consistency of laundry starch made for collars and cuffs. This paste is very strong—in fact, almost as durable as cement. If a few drops of carbolic acid are added to it, it will keep for some time. The bottle should be tightly corked when not in use.

If the film has not been broken it can be removed from the glass in the same way
(Continued on page 615.)

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Round Table Chapters.

No. 720.—The Nathan Hale Chapter, of Philadelphia, Pa. Blair Baker, Thomas Bleint, Howard B. Rote. Section E, No. 5, Girard College, Philadelphia.

No. 721.—The Rugby Chapter, of New York City. Officers are N. J. Spiro, W. W. Gleason, H. F. Small. Other members are R. Mantell, N. Marluff, F. B. Engler, H. C. Moore, R. Heather, L. Peabody. Chapter address, H. F. Small, 54 West 85th Street.

No. 722.—The Kline Arthur Chapter, of Urbana, Ill. Its color is white, and its emblem white rose and clover. Marjorie Forbes and Ethel Ricker, Urbana.

No. 723.—The Thespis Dramatic Chapter, of Chicago, Ill. Lola Lewis, Laura Welch. Other members are Marie Josephfield, Eleanor Lydon. Chapter address, 483 Oakwood Avenue.

No. 724.—The John Burroughs Chapter, of Winsted, Conn. Elizabeth Kennard, Ruth E. Whiting. Other members are Mabel Churchill, Grace A. Smith, Grace and Mary Kennard. It is a natural history Chapter, and devotes spare moments to the study of birds, trees, and flowers. Ruth E. Whiting, Winsted.

No. 725.—The Lincoln Chapter, of Glasgow, Mont. Roy E. Hall, Wallace Kellison, John Sherry; Walter Fryburg, Glasgow.

No. 726.—The Margaret Sangster Chapter, of Germania, N. J. Augusta Guenther, Christine and Julia Gaupp; Christine Gaupp, Germania.

No. 727.—The Frances H. Burnett Chapter, of Minneapolis, Minn. It is organized for the encouragement of goodly fellowship and improvement. It desires to communicate with Knights and Ladies of the Round Table living in Minneapolis. Its officers are Fred H. Stevens, Lottie Kluge, Myrtle Jones; Florence Kimball, 3600 Bloomington Avenue.

Lovers of Play Journalism.

Odd, isn't it, how everybody loves to see what he writes in print? The oldest editor in America is not free from this vanity, or whatever one may call it. So young persons who play at making small papers are in good company. Besides, they are engaged in what affords them experience they can get in no other way. Three excellent amateur papers reach the Table: the *Amateur Collector*, R. T. Hale and F. W. Beale, editors and publishers, 23 Federal Street, Newburyport, Mass.; *Our Young People*, Robinson Bros. & Co., Box 35, Brunswick, Me.; and the *Little Magnet*, Louis O. Brosie, editor, 3405 Butler Street, Pittsburg, Pa. All three are splendid examples of the editor's and printer's "arts." Here are some members who are interested in journalism, want sample copies, and can contribute morsels: Waldemar Young, 1714 Street, Salt Lake City, Utah; J. T. Delano, Jun. 12 White Street, Newport R. I.; James E. Bowen, 36 St. James Avenue, Boston, Mass.; and Samuel T. Bush, 1104 East 15th Street, East Oakland, Cal.

R. C. Megraw asks what it costs to start and run a small paper. That depends on how large it is, and whether you have a press of your own. The cost is considerable per copy if you go to a regular printing-office, because the edition is rarely above two or three hundred copies. The cost in one case we know of was \$7 per hundred. Will not R. T. Hale kindly give us a morsel on the subject? Louis O. Brosie and Clement F. or Arthur L. Robinson may give us morsels too. Please tell the Table about the cost, size, and mention some of the other difficulties. Never mind the fun of the thing. Pleasures take care of themselves.

What a Copyright Is.

A copyright, dear Mr. Harry, is a legal right to a copy. Suppose you own five fiction. Demand four dollars a copy, and publish a book that proves as popular as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or *Ben Hur*, or *Under the Red Rover*. If you sell out a few copies and put upon them the usual proprietary mark, other persons seeing the demand could and would take your work, make copies of it, sell them, pocket the money, and give you nothing for what perhaps cost you a great deal of effort. If, however, you observe the legal forms, and your book proves sale-

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Some South African Birds.

Following the example of other members of the Round Table, I thought I would write and tell you about some of our birds.

My brothers and I have just been talking about the blue hawk. It is not a particularly large bird, and is grayish-blue in color. It is comparatively harmless, its chief prey being rats and mice. Its nest looks like a pile of sticks roughly laid together, but at the bottom of the nest it is very soft. This is the description my little cousin gives of its eggs: "If you were to take a pure white egg and rub it all over with blood, leaving a few white specks, it would be just like a blue-hawk's egg." In shape it is round, and the color is really a dirty red. The bird's call sounds very much like that of a cross fretful baby.

Another peculiar bird here is the hammerhead. It is a large brown bird, and has a crest upon its head which looks like a hammer, hence the name. It preys upon the frogs. It makes a tremendous nest in the shape of a hut on the top of a high ridge. I am told that it plasters the nest on the inside.

One of our prettiest birds is the gilded cuckoo or didrich. The color of its back is green, and looks as if a lot of bronze dust had been sprinkled on it. Its breast is white spotted with brown. Like other cuckoos, it lays its eggs in other birds' nests. The color of the eggs is pure white. It has a very musical call—"deedle deedle deuch."

The sasagrel is a species of vulture. It is of a dirty white color, and has no feathers at all on its neck. Almost as soon as an animal dies the sky is darkened by sasagrels flying to prey upon the body. The leader or king perches upon it first, while his followers sit round waiting until he is finished. He claims the eyes as his portion, as a rule. As soon as he has satisfied his hunger he flies away, leaving his followers to have their share. The king has his nest of sticks on the top of some inaccessible crag (precipice). The eggs are white, I believe, spotted with brown. I would like to correspond with Ladies of the Round Table in different parts of the world. ISMA FINCHAM.

ROSDON, QUEENSTOWN, CAPE PROVINCE, SOUTH AFRICA.

Do Your Rabbits Ever Drink?

Mr. Chase says rabbits drink. I think there are two phases to that question. I know a boy who has a dozen rabbits and not one ever drinks. I have two and neither ever drink. Another friend had two that he kept seven years. They drank milk, and, at rare times, water. I believe that rabbits can be trained either way. What is the experience of others? VICTOR R. GAGE.

VINELAND.

A Florida Gopher.

A Florida gopher is very different from those we read about as living out West. In shape and size he is nearly like a common fresh-water turtle, with this difference: he lives on land. The gopher has a very hard shell covering his entire body except the head and feet. His front feet are nearly like a turtle's, with four or five claws, but very hard. They must of necessity be hard, for this animal burrows very deep in this hard, clay ground. His hind feet are round, with a flat bottom, four to five claws on each, evidently made for pushing when walking or burrowing. They look like a miniature elephant's feet.

His head is also very much like a turtle's. When alarmed he draws his head and feet into his shell and remains quiet. He is a very peaceful animal. I have never known one to bite anybody nor anything else. The gopher lives in the ground, bur-

rowing a molelike passage several hundred feet long. There is no use trying to dig for one. It would take a week of the hardest kind of work to reach the bottom of his tunnel.

He comes out every day about noon for his meals. He eats grass, weeds, clover, etc., for his regular meals; but when he finds a farm with pease, beans, and other vegetables, unless he is discovered in time he will do a great deal of damage, for he eats such things voraciously. In raising their young the female lays from five to six eggs in the dirt she has thrown out when digging her tunnel. She buries them, and in a few weeks hatches out a great number of the cutest little things you ever saw. They do not stay with their mother, but go immediately to forming a little burrow for themselves, which is from five to six feet deep. They can live a long time without any food whatever. Their flesh is also eatable, tasting somewhat like chicken. May I write again?

UNIONDALE, N. Y. HARRY R. WHITCOMB.

Certainly you may write again.

Blackberries Nearly the Year Round.

Down here we have a great variety of fruit. We have blackberries nearly all the year round. They commence in March and last until about the end of November. All are what we call wild in the States. Indians peddle them in big baskets on their backs. They are a great deal smaller than ours, but can only be eaten when cooked. I would like to exchange Mexican postage and revenue stamps with some Knights of the Round Table.

ROBERT L. MILLER, JUN.

P. O. Box 219, Mexico City, Mexico.

Mounting Paper Money.

A California member asks how to fix paper money so that it may be examined without having to take it out of envelopes each time. There are two ways of mounting tiny specimens. The first and most difficult is to take very stiff paper and make a leaf with an opening of the exact size, like the opening in a photograph album leaf. Mutilate the tiniest edge all around, and press till thoroughly dry.

The other way is to cover the four corners, but this prevents the back from being seen. An ideal way would be to have two specimens—one to mount one side front, and the other the other side. Here manuscripts are mounted according to the first method, and then the heavy albumlike leaves are bound into a book.

Want Corner.

Do you live in Chateaugay, N. Y.? Please favor Blanche French, West Dedham, Mass., with some account of the place, its size, location, and any interesting information. She will be most grateful. Hubert B. Stephens is the new secretary of the Bollean Chapter, and his address is Box 274, Sharpshooting, Pa. It is a corresponding stamp, and botany club with ten-cent fee and five-cent dues. Of course it wants to hear from anybody interested. S. J. Tucker, 2815 Mary Street, Pittsburg, Pa., wants to find old copies of *Notes and Queries*. Have you any? He will reward you if you write him.

The Benjamin Harrison Chapter, of Lee, Mass., wants suggestions how to make its meetings interesting. It also wants correspondents. Won't you write? Ernest A. Chaplin, Somerset East, Cape Colony, South Africa, writes to the Table: "There is a beautiful mountain just outside our town, and on it a place called 'Rabbit Rock.'" Sir Ernest says he collects stamps, and has many rare ones to trade.

The fee for admission to the Thaddeus Stevens Chapter, 910 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, is ten cents, and it wants members, both resident and non-resident. By mistake we announced the fee as \$1. The Sylvia Chapter was prompt to give us the asked-for facts about it. Its president is Mary B. Yohn, 5813 Jackson Street, Wismington, Philadelphia; secretary, A. Grace Owen. One of its members, Harriett O. Bender, wants to trade flowers. Address care the president. Will the Sylvia's president tell us how its meetings are made interesting? We wish to publish the information.

(Continued from page 613)

that films are stripped, and transferred to another clean plate.

For very valuable negatives it is a good plan to make a paper negative, in case of accident to the glass one. A paper negative is made by taking a good print of the negative and waxing it according to directions given in No. 782 "answers to queries." Make a print from this waxed positive, supporting the paper while in the printing frame by a sheet of plain glass. Tone and fix this print, which will be a negative. Wax it, and if you are so unfortunate as to break the original, you will still have the paper copy, which can be used in its place.

For negatives that can be replaced it is not wise to spend the time in repairing them if broken, but it sometimes happens that a valuable one is broken which cannot be duplicated, and with careful handling it can be made "as good as new."

SIR KNIGHT HARRY T. LUTHER, New York, asks what causes his negatives to turn yellow, and if there is any remedy for it. The reason why negatives turn yellow is usually because they have not been washed long enough. They should be washed in running water an hour. If running water is not convenient soak the plate for two hours, changing the water several times. The yellow stains may sometimes be removed by soaking the negative for a short time in a solution of one ounce sulphate of soda and nine ounces water, to which a few drops of sulphuric acid have been added. Sir Harry also asks what toning solution to use with the plain paper described in Nos. 796 and 803. The combined toning solution used for aristo paper is the best solution for the plain paper. It works quickly, and gives soft clear tones.

SIR KNIGHT WILLIAM KIRBY asks if a combined toning and fixing solution can be prepared for aristo-type paper—how long negatives and prints should be washed in running water—and what use is made of hyposulphite of soda and alum in developing negatives. A combined toning solution for aristo may be bought ready prepared, or one can prepare it at home. A formula comes with each package of paper, and half the quantity given is enough to prepare at one time, unless one has a large number of prints to tone. Hypsulphite of soda and alum are used for fixing the negative after developing. The hypo can be used for fixing without the addition of the alum. The alum hardens and clears the film, and is good to use in warm weather to prevent the frilling of the film.

SIR KNIGHT GEORGE H. BENSON, JUN., Philadelphia, Pa., asks for the best solution for fixing plates. A solution of 4 ounces water and 1 ounce of hyposulphite of soda is the formula used by the editor of this column both in warm and cold weather. In warm weather the tray containing the fixing solution is set in a pan containing pieces of ice, which prevents the frilling or softening of the film. A formula for a fixing solution with soda and alum is given in No. 608, answer to Sir Knight Frederick Kopper.

SIR KNIGHTS D. G. STANHOUGH, A. SMITH, HARLOW Brown, and Lady Florence Craigh all ask for a good formula for a toning solution, but neither one says for what kind of paper. The formulas for toning baths are very numerous, and different chemicals are used for different sensitive papers. As aristo paper is at present a very popular paper, we give the following standard, combining toning and fixing bath for prints made on this paper: Water, 10 ounces; hyposulphite of soda, 2 ounces; sulphocyanide of ammonium, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; acetate of lead, 30 grains; nitrate of lead, 30 grains; chloride of gold (neutral), 1 grain.

This bath must be made up twenty-four hours before using, that it may clear and settle. In preparing, add the ingredients in the order named, dissolving each before adding another. Put the prints, without washing, in this bath, one at a time, taking care that no air bubbles form on the print, as they will leave spots on the finished prints. The prints will turn at first a yellowish-brown, then to a warm red, and finally to a rich brown. Remove from the bath as soon as the desired tone is obtained. Wash for one hour in running water. This bath keeps well, and by multiplying each ingredient by four one can make four times the quantity.

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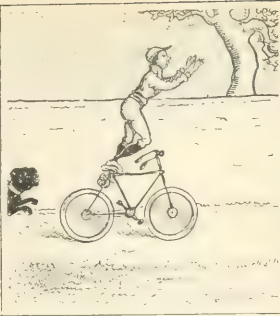
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Though well he rides and does the trick,
The bull-dog's pace he finds too quick;



On yonder limb he'll get a hold,
And leave the bull-dog in the cold.



He swings himself high in the air,
And takes his bicycle up there;



Then with his pump he'll downward slip,
And let the bull-dog get a grip.



The bull-dog never will let go,
Though he's pumped full of air, and so



When he's as fall as he can be,
The next thing happens as you see.

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1. A GOOD bicyclist is careful of his roads, therefore when taking a header be careful not to hit the road too hard with your forehead. You might make a dent in the pavement.
2. In falling off your wheel do not fall on both sides at once. Failure to observe this rule will result in dividing you against yourself.
3. Always be courteous. If a trolley-car has the right of way over the track do not dispute with it. A boy in Massachusetts who broke this rule broke his right arm and his cyclometer at the same time.
4. Be cautious. In riding from New York to Brooklyn keep to the driveway. Don't try to wheel over the suspension-cable. You might slip and fall into the smoke-stack of a passing ferry-boat.
5. Keep your lamp lit when riding at night. The boy who thought he was safe because he had a parlor-match in his pocket came home with a spoke in his wheel that didn't belong there.
6. Do not be rough with ice-carts and furniture trucks. If you must run into one of them do it as gently and tenderly as if it were a baby-carriage.
7. A merciful rider is merciful to his wheel, so do not force a bicycle beyond the point of its endurance, unless you want to walk back with your wheel on your shoulders.
8. Keep cool. If in the course of a ride you find yourself in a tight place, with a skittish horse to the left and a steep ravine to the right, and a bull-dog directly to the fore, take ravine. You'll go into it, anyhow, and if you take it alone without dragging the dog or the horse after you your chances will be improved.
9. Never use spurs on the pneumatic tires of your wheel. The use of spurs in this manner is likely to leave your bicycle in a winded condition. Spurs are not comfortable, either, in case of a throw.
10. Do not be stubborn with a balky wheel. If the front wheel gets in a rut going east, and the hind wheel in another going west, dismount and argue the matter standing, unless you are tired, and want to lie down by the road-side without making the effort to do so unassisted.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

I DIDN'T like to take my bath,
Until one summer morning bright
I made believe I was a whale,
And now I think it's out o' sight.

A FACETIOUS VISITOR.

"SEE yat 'tittle boy over zere?" said Mabel. "Yat's my 'tittle buzzer, an' his name is Nat."
"Indeed?" said the visitor. "Well, I think gnat is a very good name for a buzzer."

A SINGULAR DRESS.

"My big brother belongs to the Seventh Regiment," said little Nell, proudly, "an', my, how noble he looks when he's all dressed up in his unicorn!"

A LOST TUNE.

I've heard a German band play tunes,
I've heard 'most every other thing;
But one tune I have never heard,
Is that which boiling kettles sing.



HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

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SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEL-TE QUALIFIES AS A BRANCH PILOT.

ALTHOUGH disappointed of their guide there was nothing for the sledge party to do but push on and trust to their own good judgment to carry them safely to the end of their journey. So as much of the moose meat as could be loaded on a sledge, or several hundred pounds in all, was prepared and frozen that evening. Both then and in the morning the dogs were given all they could eat—so much, in fact, that they were greatly disinclined to travel during most of the following day.

The latest addition to the party, after being rudely

awakened from the slumber into which Jalap Coombs's singing had lulled him, called pitifully for his mother, and, refusing to be comforted, finally sobbed himself to sleep on Phil's bear-skin in front of the fire. Here he spent the night, tucked warmly in a rabbit-skin robe, nestled between Phil and Serge with all his sorrows forgotten for the time being. In the early morning he was a very sober little lad, with a grievance that was not to be banished even by the sight of his beloved "doggies," while the advances of his human friends were treated with a dignified silence. He was too hungry to refuse the food offered him by Serge; but he ate it with a strictly businesslike air, in which there was nothing of unbending nor forgiveness.

To Phil's attempts at conversation he turned a deaf ear, nor would he even so much as smile when Jalap Coombs made faces at him, or got down on hands and knees and growled for his special benefit. He was evidently not to be won by any such foolishness.

He was roused to an exhibition of slight interest by the rattling music of Musky's bells when the dogs were harnessed; and when everything being ready for a start, Phil lifted him on the foremost sledge, and tucked him into a spare sleeping-bag that was securely lashed to it, he murmured: "Mamma, Nel-te go mamma."

The loads having been redistributed to provide for the accommodation of the young passenger, this foremost sledge bore besides Nel-te only the Forty-Mile mail, the sleeping equipment of the party, and their extra fur clothing, the *chagah*, in which was stored the small quantity of tea still remaining, what was left of the pemmican, and an axe. As with its load it did not weigh over two hundred pounds, its team was reduced to three dogs, Musky, Luvtuk, and big Amook. Serge still drove seven dogs, and his sledge bore the entire camp equipment and stock of provisions, except the recently acquired moose meat. This was loaded on the last sledge, which was drawn by five dogs, and driven by Jalap Coombs according to his own peculiar fashion.

As soon as the sledges were in motion, and Nel-te conceived the idea that he was going home his spirits revived to such an extent that he chirruped cheerfully to the dogs, and even smiled occasionally at Phil, who strode alongside.

They crossed Fox Lake, passed up the stream that connected it with Indian Trail Lake, and finally went into camp on the edge of the forest at the head of the latter earlier than usual, because they could not see their way to the making of any further progress. Although they felt certain that there must be some stream flowing into the lake by which they could leave it, they could discover no sign of its opening. So they made camp, and leaving Jalap Coombs to care for it Phil and Serge departed in opposite directions to scan every foot of the shore in search of a place of exit.

On reaching this camping-place Nel-te looked about him inquiringly, and with evident disappointment, but he said nothing, and only gazed wistfully after the two lads when they set forth on their search. For a time he hung about the camp-fire watching Jalap Coombs, who was too busily engaged in cooking supper and preparing for the night to pay much attention to him. At length the little chap strolled over to the sledges, and engaged in a romp with the three dogs who dragged his particular conveyance. Every now and then his shrill laughter came to Jalap's ears, and assented the latter that the child was safe.

After a while the explorers returned, both completely discouraged and perplexed.

"I don't believe there is any inlet to this wretched lake!" cried Phil, flinging himself down on a pile of robes. "I've searched every foot of coast on my side, and am willing to swear that there isn't an opening big enough for a rabbit to squeeze through, so far as I went."

"Nor could I find a sign of one," affirmed Serge, "though perhaps in the morning—"

"Hello! Where's Nel-te?" interrupted Phil, springing to his feet and gazing about him anxiously.

"He was about here just as you boys kin in," replied Jalap Coombs, suspending operations at the fire, and gazing about him with a startled expression. "I heard him playing with the dogs not more'n a minute ago."

"Well, he isn't in sight now," said Phil, in a voice whose tone betrayed his alarm, "and if we don't find him in a hurry there's a chance of our not doing it at all, for it will be dark in fifteen minutes more."

As he spoke, Phil hastily replaced the snow-shoes that he had just laid aside. Serge did the same thing, and then they began to circle about the camp with heads bent low in search of the tiny trail. At short intervals they called aloud the name of the missing one, but only the mocking forest echoes answered them.

Suddenly Serge uttered a joyful shout. He had found the prints of small snow-shoes crossed and recrossed by

those of dogs. In a moment Phil joined him, and the two followed the trail together. It led for a short distance along the border of the lake in the direction previously taken by Phil, and then making a sharp bend to the right struck directly into the forest.

When the boys reached the edge of the timber they found a low opening so overhung by bushes as to be effectually concealed from careless observation. The curtaining growth was so bent down with a weight of snow that even Nel-te must have stooped to pass under it. That he had gone that way was shown by the trail dimly visible in the growing dusk, and the lads did not hesitate to follow. Forcing a path through the bushes, which extended only a few yards back from the lake, they found themselves in an open highway, evidently the frozen surface of a stream.

"Hurrah!" shouted Phil, who was the first to gain it. "I believe this is the very creek we have been searching for. It must be, and the little chap has found it for us."

"Yes," replied Serge. "It begins to look as though Cree Jim's son had taken Cree Jim's place as guide."

Now the boys pushed forward with increased speed. At length they heard the barking of dogs, and began to shout, but received no answer. They had gone a full quarter of a mile from the lake ere they caught sight of the little fur-clad figure plodding steadily forward on what he fondly hoped to be his way toward home and the mother for whom his baby heart so longed. Musky, Luvtuk, and big Amook were his companions, and not until he was caught up in Phil's arms did the child so much as turn his head, or pay the slightest heed to those who followed his trail.

As he was borne back in triumph toward camp his lower lip quivered, and two big tears rolled down his chubby cheeks, but he did not cry nor utter a complaint; nor from that time on did he make further effort to regain his lost home. The boys had hardly begun to retrace their steps when another figure loomed out of the shadows, and came rapidly toward them. It looked huge in the dim light, and advanced with gigantic strides.

"Hello!" cried Phil, as he recognized the new-comer. "Where are you bound?"

"Bound to get lost along with the rest of the crew," replied Jalap Coombs, stoutly. "Didn't I tell ye I wouldn't put up with your gettin' lost alone ag'in?"

"That's so; but, you see, I forgot," laughed Phil. "No! that we are all found, though, let's get back to the supper you were cooking before you decided to get lost. By-the-way, Mr. Coombs, do you realize that this is the very stream for which we have been hunting? What do you think of our young pilot now?"

"Think of him!" exclaimed Jalap Coombs. "I think he's just the same as all in the piloting business. Per-nickety—knows a heap more'n he'll ever tell, and won't ever put out a channel till you're just about to run aground. Then he'll do it kinder careless and unconsarved, same as the kid done jest now. Oh, he's a regular branch pilot, he is, and up to all the tricks of the trade."

Bright and early the following morning, thanks to Nel-te's pilotage, the sledges were speeding up the creek on their way to Lost Lake. By nightfall they had crossed it, three other small lakes, descended an outlet of the last to Little Salmon River, and after a run of five miles down that stream found themselves once more amid the ice hummocks of the Yukon, one hundred and twenty miles above the mouth of the Pelly. Of this distance they had saved about one-third by their adventurous cut-off. The end of another week found them one hundred and fifty miles further up the Yukon and at the mouth of the Taikheena. It had been a week of the roughest kind of travel, and its hard work was telling severely on the dogs.

As they made their last camp on the mighty river they were to leave for good on the morrow they were both glad and sorry. Glad to leave its rough ice and escape the savage difficulties that it offered in the shape of cañons and roaring rapids only a few miles above, and sorry to desert its well-mapped course for the little-known Taikheena.

Still their dogs could not hold out for another week on the Yukon, while over the smooth going of the tributary stream they might survive the hardships of the journey to its very

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

end; and without these faithful servants our travellers would indeed be in a sorry plight. So while they reminisced before their roaring camp-fire of the many adventures they had encountered since entering Yukon month, two thousand miles away, they looked hopefully forward to their journey's end, now less than as many hundred miles from that point. To the dangers of the lofty mountain-range they had yet to cross they gave but little thought, for the mountains were still one hundred miles away.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH CREATES A SENSATION.

ONE evening late in March the smoke of a lonely camp-fire curled above a fringe of stunted spruces forming the timber line high up on the northern slope of the Alaskan coast range. Kotusk, the natives call these mountains. Far below lay the spotless sheet of Tahk Lake, from which the Tahkeena winds from one hundred miles down its rugged valley to swell the Yukon flood. From the foot of the mountains the unbroken solitude of the vast northern wilderness swept away in ice-bound silence to the polar sea. Far to the westward St. Elias and Wrangel, the great northern sentinels of the Rocky Mountain system, reared their massive heads twenty thousand feet above the Pacific. From them the mighty range of snow-clad peaks follows the coast line eastward, gathering, with icy fingers, the mist clouds ever rising from the warm ocean waters, converting them with frigid breath into the grandest glaciers of the continent, and sending them slowly grinding their resistless way back to the sea.

On one side of this stupendous barrier our sledge party from the Yukon was now halted. On the other side lay the frontier of civilization, safety, and their journey's end. Between the two points rose the mountains, calmly contemptuous of human efforts to penetrate their secrets of avalanche and glacier, icy precipice and snow-filled gorge, fierce bizzard and ice-laden whirlwind, desolation and death. It is no wonder that, face to face with such things, the little group, gathered about the last camp-fire they might see for days or perhaps forever, should be unusually quiet and thoughtful.

Still clad in their well-worn garments of fur they were engaged in characteristic occupations. Phil, looking anxious and careworn, was standing close to the fire, warming and cleaning his rifle. Serge was making a stew of the last of their moose meat, which would afterwards be frozen and taken with them into untimbered regions where camp-fires would be unknown. Jalap Coombs was thoughtfully mending a broken snow-shoe, and at the same time finding his task sadly interrupted by Nel-te, who, nestled between his knees, was trying to attract the sailorman's undivided attention.

The little chap, with his great sorrow forgotten, was now the life and pet of the party. So firmly was his place established among them that they wondered how they had ever borne the loneliness of a camp without his cheery presence, and could hardly realize that he had only recently come into their lives. Now, too, half the anxiety with which they regarded the perilous way before them was on his account.

"I'm worrying most about the dogs," said Phil, continuing a conversation begun some time before, "and I am afraid some of them will give out before we reach the summit."

"Yes," agreed Serge; "to-day's pull up from the lake has told terribly on them, and Amook's feet have been badly cut by the crust ever since he ate his boots."

"Poor old dog!" said Phil. "It was awfully careless of me to forget and leave them on him all night. I don't wonder a bit at his eating them, though, considering the short rations he's been fed on lately."

The dogs were indeed having a hard time. Worn by months of sledge-pulling over weary leagues of snow and ice, their trials only increased as the tedious journey progressed. The days were now so long that each offered a full twelve hours of sunlight, while the snow was so softened by the growing warmth that in the middle of the day

it seriously clogged both snow-shoes and sledges. Then a crust would form, through which the poor dogs would break for an hour or more, until it stiffened sufficiently to bear their weight. Added to these tribulations was such a scarcity of food that half-rations had become the rule for every one, men as well as dogs, excepting Nel-te, who had not yet been allowed to suffer on that account. Of the many dogs that had been connected with the expedition at different times only nine were now left, and some of these would evidently not go much further.

As the boys talked of the condition of their trusty servants, and exchanged anxious forebodings concerning the crossing of the mountains, their attention was attracted by an exclamation from Jalap Coombs. Nel-te had been so insistent in demanding his attention that the sailorman was finally obliged to lay aside his work and lift the child to his knees saying,

"Waal, Cap'n Kid, what's the orders now, sir?"

"Cap'n Kid" was the name he had given to the little fellow on the occasion of the latter's debut as pilot; for, as he said, "Every branch pilot answers to the hail of Cap'n, and this one being a kid becomes 'Cap'n Kid' by rights."

For answer to his question the child held out a small fur-booted foot, and intimated that the boot should be pulled off.

"Bad foot, hurt Nel-te," he said.

"So! something gone wrong with your running rigging, eh?" queried Jalap Coombs, as he pulled off the offending boot. Before he could investigate it the little chap reached forward, and, thrusting a chubby hand down to its very toe, drew forth in triumph the object that had been annoying him. As he made a motion to fling it out into the snow, Jalap Coombs, out of curiosity to see what had worried the child, caught his hand. The next moment he uttered the half-terrified exclamation that attracted the attention of Phil and Serge.

As they looked they saw him holding to the firelight between thumb and finger, and beyond reach of Nel-te, who was striving to regain it, an object so strange and yet so familiar that for a moment they regarded it in speechless amazement.

"The fur-seal's tooth!" cried Phil. "How can it be?"

"It can't be our fur-seal's tooth," objected Serge, in a tone of mingled incredulity and awe. "There must be several of them."

"I should think so myself," replied Phil, who had taken the object in question from Jalap Coombs for a closer examination, "if it were not for a private mark that I scratched on it when it was in our possession at St. Michaels. See, here it is, and so the identity of the tooth is established beyond a doubt. But how it ever got here I can't conceive. There is actually something supernatural about the whole thing. Where did you say you found it, Mr. Coombs?"

"In Cap'n Kid's boot," replied the mate, who had just restored that article to the child's foot. "But blow me for a porpus if I kin understand how ever it got there. Last time I seen it 'twas back to Forty Mile."

"Yes," said Serge, "Judge Riley had it."

"I remember seeing him put it into a vest pocket," added Phil, "and meant to ask him for it, but forgot to do so. Now to have it appear from the boot of that child, who has never been to Forty Mile, or certainly not since we left there, is simply miraculous. It beats any trick of spiritualism or conspiring I ever heard of. The mystery of the tooth's appearing at St. Michaels after my father lost it, only a short time before at Onalaska, was strange enough; but that was nothing to this."

"There must be magic in it," said Serge, who from early associations was inclined to be superstitious. "I don't care, though, if there is," he added, stoutly. "I believe the tooth has come to us at this time of our despondency as an omen of good fortune, and now I feel certain that we shall pull through all right. You remember, Phil, the saying that goes with it: 'He who receives it as a gift receives good luck.'"

"Who has received it as a gift this time?" inquired the Yankee lad.

"We all have, though it seems to have been especially

sent to Nel-te, and you know he is the one we were most anxious about."

"That's so," assented Phil, "and from this time on Nel-te shall wear it as a charm, though I suppose it won't stay with him any longer than suits its convenience. I never had a superstition in my life, and haven't believed in such things, but I must confess that my unbelief is shaken by this affair. There isn't any possible way that I can see, for this tooth to have got here except by magic."

"It beats the *Flying Dutchman* and *Mermaids*," said Jalap Coombs, solemnly, as he lighted his pipe for a quieting smoke. "D'ye know, lads, I'm coming to think as how it were all on account of this're curio being aboard the steamer *Norsk* that she stopped and picked you up in Bering Sea that night."

"Nonsense!" cried Phil. "That is impossible!" Thus purely through ignorance this lad, who was usually so sensible and level-headed, declared with one breath his belief in an impossibility, and with the next his disbelief of a fact. All of which serves to illustrate the folly of making-up assertions concerning subjects about which we are ignorant. There is nothing so mysterious that it cannot be explained, and nothing more foolish than to declare a thing impossible simply because we are too ignorant to understand it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOB, AND BIMBER, AND THE BEAR.

BOB TORREY was cantering slowly over the mesa, returning from an errand to a neighboring cattle ranch, when he caught sight of a hawk's nest in the top of a large cedar, and determined to learn whether it contained any eggs. So he rode up to the tree and dismounted, the pony understanding by the dropped bridle-rein that he was not to stray away. His dog Bimber at once began a diligent investigation of the premises of a badger, the diligent door of whose burrow opened between two large roots.

Bob had just reached the nest, after some hard scrambling, and was intent upon its four brown-spotted eggs, when he heard Bimber begin barking furiously.

"Guess he's found somebody at home. Teach him to keep out of other people's houses," Bob said to himself, gleefully, but was too busy to look down. The racket continued, and seemed to go away and come back. Lowering his head below the nest to ascertain what was going on, the boy forgot those eggs instantly, for he saw a grizzly bear loping over the ground in close pursuit of that fool of a dog, who was *ki-yi-ing* and doing his best to reach the tree, while Bob's pony, head and tail up, was making a record for speed in the opposite direction.

The bear seemed as big as an elephant, and was growling savagely. "Oh," he thought, "if I were only a hawk, like that one soaring overhead; or a horse, like that one tearing across the prairie; or even a dog, like Bimber, who—" But where was Bimber? He had disappeared. Had the bear eaten him up? No; the boy must have seen the capture if that had happened.

Then a horrible thought came and nearly chilled his bones. Could a grizzly bear climb a tree?

Suddenly the barking was heard once more, but in a queer, muffled tone, as if the dog were far away, yet no glimpse of his white coat could be caught anywhere, though Bob's eyes searched on all sides. Next the barking would ring out sharp and clear close by, and the bear would give a new roar, but nothing be visible. It was most puzzling.

"Where in the mischief is Bimber?" the prisoner kept asking himself, until he almost forgot his own peril.

Then the terrier suddenly appeared, facing his big enemy, and scolding the best he knew how. The grizzly whirled round and made a dash, but the dog was twice as agile, and in an instant was safe in that burrow between the roots.

The bear tried to reach in, first one paw and then another, and so drag its small enemy out, but such tactics were of no avail. The dog simply retreated until Bob could scarcely hear its voice, and never once ventured within reach of those formidable claws.

"Maybe I can frighten the beast," thought Bob, as he drew his small double-barrelled pistol from his belt and fired.

The bear gave a roar as the little bullet stung his shoulder, and, dropping the shot-gun, came rushing back to the tree, where it reared up savagely, only to receive the contents of the other barrel, making a scalp wound, which brought out another terrific growl, while Bimber was able to take a nip at a hind leg and escape.

This last bit of impudence was too much. Bruin was thoroughly enraged. He tore at the mouth of the burrow as though he meant to dig it out in three minutes, but the tough roots were in the way, and before long he gave up the task, and, as if decided upon a siege, lay down squarely across the hole and began rubbing his sore head.

For an hour or more the boy sat there, when suddenly an idea occurred to him.

His powder-flask still hung around his neck. Unsnawing its cap, he poured into his left hand as much gunpowder as it could conveniently hold, and replaced the cap. Reaching up to the nest, he lifted out one of the hawk's eggs, broke it gently, and let a little quantity of the sticky "white" run into the powder in his palm. This done, he mixed the two together, adding more of one or the other as needed, until he had formed a paste that suited him. This paste he shaped into a roll or cord around a raveling from his coat lining, which served as a sort of wick, coiled it closely, and laid it on the branch beside him. This was a "spitting devil," such as he had often used to make Fourth-of-July fun with. He then made two more.

With as little noise as possible Bob crept down to the lowest limb, where he was directly over the huge mass of fur, and twisted his legs round the limb so as to leave both arms free. Holding the three "devils" in one hand, he took a match from his pocket and lighted them rapidly, then dropped the blazing things, one after another, upon the dozing beast beneath him.

If Bruin noticed them at all, he doubtless supposed some twigs had fallen upon his back; but before long their fizzing and snapping woke him up, and the next moment they began to warm him well, especially one, which had caught firmly in the ruff around his neck, and another among the long hair on his haunches. He rolled over and over, but this only ground the devils deeper into the fur, while Bimber, aroused by the rumpus, rushed out to add his clamor to the commotion. Suddenly a terrific explosion rent the air, and nearly knocked Bob off his perch with surprise. The bear, in floundering about, had sat down upon the gun, and, entangling the hammers in his hair, had discharged it; but as the barrels were bent, of course the gun had burst.

That was the finishing touch. Singed, stung, and panic-stricken by the powder on his back and the explosion in his rear, the grizzly uttered a great howl and galloped away at the top of his speed.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.

III.—ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS.

"ARTHUR must have been tickled to death," said Jack, "when his father told how Sir Ector and Kaye knelt before him and hailed him as King. 'Wouldn't it be fine, Mollie, if somebody should ring our front-door bell now, and come in and prove that you and I were King and Queen of somewhere, and that papa was bringing us up for Queen Victoria or Emperor William, for instance?'"

"I don't think so at all," said Mollie. "I don't want to be Queen, and I don't think you'd make a good King, either. You slide down the banisters too much to make a very royal King. Kings don't do such things."

"I guess they would if they could," said Jack. "What's the good of being a King if you can't do whatever you wanted to?"

"I'd rather be a President, though," put in Mollie. "Kings have to wear solid gold crowns with prongs on 'em all the time, and it must be dreadfully uncomfortable."

"Very true, my dear," said her father. "A crown is

about the most uncomfortable possession a man can have, and Arthur, I fancy, felt very much at first as you do. He felt very badly indeed when he learned that Sir Ector was not his father, and that Kaye was nothing but a chum, instead of a brother, as he had always thought, for he loved them both more than he did any one else in the world. So when Sir Ector knelt before him and said, 'You are the rightful King of England,' Arthur opened his eyes as widely as he could and started back in amazement."

"I guess he thought it was an April-fool," laughed Mollie.

"At first he may have thought that," said the Story-teller, "but when he remembered that great Knights like Sir Ector wouldn't play jokes of that kind he didn't think it any more. He began to grow uneasy and unhappy, for instead of throwing his cap into the air and crying hurrah, as Jack would do if he were elected President of the United States to-morrow, he gave a groan and an exclamation of dismay.

"Alas!" he cried; 'why do my father and brother kneel before me?'

"I am not your father, nor is Kaye your brother," replied Sir Ector.

"Then who am I?" cried Arthur, in great distress.

"That I know not," returned Sir Ector, "save that you are our King. You were brought to me by Merlin to care for when you were an infant, and from that day to this you have been treated as my son. Whose child you are I do not know, nor have I ever known—nor has any one known except Merlin."

"Didn't Sir Ector know who paid his board?" asked Jack. "Who'd he send his bill to?"

The Story-teller smiled. "I don't believe Sir Ector charged anything for his services," he said. "He was a true Knight, and was willing to perform a knightly service for another without charging anything for it or asking too many questions."

"You couldn't get anybody to do that nowadays, I imagine," said Mollie, thoughtfully. "I think very likely they'd ha' sent him to an orphan asylum if he'd lived now."

"I am not at all sure that you are not right about that," said her father; "but whether you are or not, the fact remains that Sir Ector took Arthur in, and without knowing whence he came or who or what he was, was as good to him as he was to Kaye, his own little boy; and when Arthur learned that Ector was not his father, it pained him deeply, and he heartily wished he'd never seen the sword in the stone which had made known the secret of his high position to the world.

"Then Sir Ector asked Arthur to be his gracious lord when he had become King, and to make Kaye the steward of all his lands. This Arthur promised, for, as he said to Sir Ector, he owed more to him and his wife than he did to all others in the world. The promise made, Sir Ector took Arthur to the Archbishop, and told him all that had occurred, and the Archbishop was as much surprised as Arthur had been, and being a wise man, he foresaw that all others would be surprised as well, and some of them unpleasantly so, so he advised that the matter be kept secret for a little while, when he would summon the Knights for another trial, at which Arthur could do publicly what he had already done unobserved.

"On Twelfth Day the plan was carried out. The Knights again rode to the church-yard and tugged at the sword, but no more successfully than before. Then Arthur came forth to try, and they all laughed at him. Some of



SIR ECTOR TOOK ARTHUR TO THE ARCHBISHOP AND TOLD HIM ALL.

them sneeringly asked why a mere boy should be brought forward to try to do what they, the most gallant and the strongest Knights, had been unable to do, but they soon stopped sniling and sneering and began to frown. Arthur, as he had previously done, walked easily up to the stone, and grasping the sword by the hilt, pulled it out with as little effort as if it were a weed in a garden."

"That ain't always easy," said Mollie, who had tried weeding in her own little garden patch.

"No," said her father; "not always, but sometimes they come up with scarcely an effort, and that is the way the sword came out of the stone as soon as Arthur grasped the hilt."

Jack chuckled. "You can bet on a boy to beat a man in a game of stunts every time," he said, proudly.

"Well, you can in many cases," said his father, with a smile, "but the Knights did not like it any the better for that. They were not used to playing games of stunts with boys, and in this particular instance the prize was so great a one that their anger ran very high, and they asked some very embarrassing questions.

"Who is this boy?" asked some, and nobody was prepared to answer the question. All Sir Ector knew was that he had brought him up from a baby, and that he had been a very good boy, but this was not enough for the Knights. With the crown at stake, they wanted to be certain that his parents were people of high birth. They didn't want the son of a stable-man to rule over them and to sit on the throne, and they grew so bitter about it that to save trouble the Archbishop ordered another trial to be held at Caudlemas."

"I don't think that was fair," said Mollie. "He'd won, and they'd ought to have given him the prize."
 "True," said her father. "He certainly had won it, but the Archbishop felt that having won it once, he would do it again, and it was better to wait."

"He was all right," said Jack. "I think it wasn't quite fair, as Mollie says, but it was good business."

"Yes," said the Story-teller; "for, as you will soon see, Arthur didn't lose anything by it except time."

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FRANK HOWELL'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS ADVENTURE IN A PRIVATE CAR.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

IT was in a handsome private car without any name that I made the acquaintance of Frank Howell. He was already in the car when I boarded the train; and as the owner of the car, who was also the owner of the railroad we were riding over, was busy at the moment dictating letters to his private secretary in the little office at one end, Frank and I were left alone together in the principal room, and we soon became acquainted. I was surprised to see him there, for although I had made frequent journeys in the car, I had never seen any boy in it before; but he seemed very much at home and quite contented. He was a handsome boy—or, rather, I should say he is a handsome boy, for this was only a few weeks ago—with dark bright eyes and wavy brown hair, and a pleasant manner that would make almost any one take an interest in him at once.

We soon fell into a little conversation, and I learned that he was a Chicago boy, fourteen years old, and that he was spending the winter with his father and mother in the Seminole Hotel, in Winter Park, Florida. This accounted for his presence in that neighborhood, for we were then riding through one of the central counties of Florida; but it did not account for his presence in the private car, and when I dropped a hint in that direction, he told me that he had known the owner of the car for only about a week. When we had reached this stage of our acquaintance, Mr. H. B. Plant, the owner both of the car and the railroad, came out of his office and spoke to us. After shaking hands with me he introduced Frank Howell.

"He doesn't look like a dangerous boy, does he?" Mr. Plant said, smilingly. "But he had hardly got down into this country before he ran away with my car, so I thought I had better take him along with me to Jacksonville, for fear he might run away with the whole railroad."

"Indeed I think it was the car that ran away with me, Mr. Plant," Frank broke in. "Anyhow, I brought it back again."

"He is the first person I have ever known," Mr. Plant went on, "to travel about the country in a private car, without a cent of money to buy anything to eat with. You must tell that story, Frank, while I finish my letters; and try to tell it as well as you told it to me the other day."

"How far did you go with the car, Frank?" I asked, when we were left alone together again.

"About twenty-five hundred miles," he answered.

"What?"

"Twenty-five hundred miles, they say it was. I'll tell you about it," he replied.

I saw there was a story coming, and that Frank was able to tell it well in his own words; so I made no further interruptions.

"You know, after you've seen the lakes at Winter Park," he began, "and the pine woods and the caged alligator, and a few hundred orange groves, there isn't very much more for the people to see, so they go down to the station about six o'clock every evening to see the fast mail come in. That brings through cars from the North—one sleeper from New York, one from Chicago, that goes on Jacksonville.

I got into the habit of going to the station every evening too, and, of course, I soon got to know all the sleepers by name. There were the Olivia, and the Tagus, and the Marion, and perhaps a dozen in all, but only two in any one train.

"Well, one evening I was in the crowd looking at the passengers get off, when I happened to see that there were three big cars in the train, instead of two. The biggest of all, and the finest of all, was the last car in the train, and I was sure I had never seen it before, so I pushed down the platform to see its name. Queerly enough, it didn't have any name at all; it just had the figures '100' painted in gilt letters on its side. I looked in the windows, and saw that it was a great deal handsomer than any of the sleepers. There were only two or three gentlemen in the car, and they were sitting in big, comfortable arm-chairs in a room, that shone with mirrors and polished oak. There were flowers on a table in the centre, and at one end a couch that looked as soft as down. But I needn't describe it to you, because it was this very room, in this very car.

"It was only a glance I had before the train started, but that was enough to show me that it was a private car, and to make me wonder whether I should ever have a chance to take a ride in one. I didn't suppose I should, at least not for a great many years. But you never can tell about things, can you? After that the car seemed to be going up or coming down every day or two, and I always looked into it whenever I had an opportunity. One morning I happened down by the station, and there stood No. 100 on a side track, with no engine, and nobody about it.

"Here's my chance," I thought to myself, 'to see the finest car on the road'; and I went up to it, and walked all around it, and climbed over the platforms, and saw just nothing at all, for all the shades were pulled down tight.

"That's too bad," I was just saying to myself, or I guess I must have been saying it out loud. 'I do wish I could see the inside of that car'; and the minute I said it I heard somebody alongside of me say:

"Do you? Then come along with me, for I am going into it."

"I looked around, and there was a gentleman I often saw in the hotel, and, of course, he often saw me there.

"Oh," said I; 'can you get into it?'

"I think so," said he, half laughing. 'I am the superintendent of the road.'

"He unlocked the door with a key, and took me in, and that was the first time I ever set foot in this or any other private car. It fairly took me off my feet to see how fine it was. He showed me the office at the end, with its big windows on three sides, and its soft sofa and velvet carpet and rugs; and the two big state-rooms, each with its broad double bed and its bath-room; and this dining-room where we're sitting, as big as the dining-room in a French flat, and much handsomer; and the two sections like a sleeper; and another bath-room; and the tiny baggage-room; and at the end of the car the kitchen, all stocked with copper kettles and pans; and the refrigerator, and away up over that a berth for the cook. My, but didn't it all look fine! You see, it was the first time I was ever in a private car; I wasn't so used to them then as I am now.

"I asked whose car it was, and the Superintendent said it belonged to Mr. Plant, who owned the hotel I was staying in and the other big hotel in Tampa, and was president of that railroad and a dozen others, and two or three steamship lines. No wonder he had a beautiful car all to himself, was it? Well, I was just going to say that that was the way I happened to get acquainted with the superintendent, and it was through him that I happened to go down to Tampa alone a few days afterwards to see the big hotel and the steamships, because he was going down, and he said he'd see me safe in the train to come back.

"You know how the trains start just back of the big hotel in Tampa? Well, I was to take the 3.15 train in the afternoon to come home, and I was there in good time; but I didn't see anything of the superintendent at first. I saw this car standing there, though, with its shades all down; but it was some ways down the track, and not coupled to any train. The last car of my train was the parlor car,

and I got in that, for I had exactly fifty cents left to pay my parlor-car fare with, besides my return ticket, of course. In a minute or two the train began to back, and I saw the conductor outside making signals to the engineer, so I went to the rear door and looked out.

"What do you think? They were backing right down to this car, and in a minute they had it coupled to my train; and just as the coupling was made the superintendent opened the door and came out on the platform, and as soon as he saw me he told me to come over there.

"I was sure then that he was going to ride somewhere in this car, and maybe he might let me ride with him a little ways. Wasn't it the luckiest thing in the world, I thought, that I happened to be there just at the right minute? We both went inside, in the little office at the end where Mr. Plant is now; and the first thing the superintendent said, said he, 'I am going to take this car up the road, and if you like you can ride up to Winter Park with me.'

"Well, sir, it was so sudden I didn't know for a minute whether I stood on my feet or my head. But the train began to move off, so I saw it was really true.

"Isn't Mr. Plant going to use it? I asked him—for I was so excited I hardly knew what I said.

"Mr. Plant sailed for Jamaica this morning," he answered, "and will not be back for two weeks. The car is going up to New York now to bring Mrs. Plant and some of her friends down. It has just been thoroughly cleaned for her use, so I do not care to open it up much and let the dust in; but you can make yourself comfortable here in the office while I look over some papers. I am only going as far as Lakeland myself, about thirty miles up the road; but you can go on to Winter Park in the car if you'll be sure to slam the door when you get out. It locks with a spring lock."

"Make myself comfortable! Well I should rather say I could. I was as proud as a peacock. It was foolish, of course, but, you see, I'd never had a ride in a private car before. I was sorry none of my friends had seen me start off in it, and that none of them would be likely to see me get out, for the train was not due at Winter Park till after eight o'clock. It seemed just like being in a house, it went so smooth and firm; and when people looked in the windows at stations, I'd imagine they were wondering what nabob that boy was, to be travelling in such style. And then I'd think of having only fifty cents in my pocket, and I'd have to laugh.

"It seemed just no time at all before we got to Lakeland, where the superintendent left me. He told me to take a nap on the sofa if I got sleepy, for I still had a four hours' ride, and to be sure and slam the door when I got out. Then I had the grand car all to myself, and wasn't I just prouder than ever! I wanted to go all over it and look at all the handsome things, but I wouldn't do it, because that would be just like sneaking over anybody's house. I staid right in the office, and pretty soon it began to grow dark, for there was nobody to light the lamps in the car, and I began to grow sleepy. So I spread out a newspaper for my feet, and lay down on the sofa.

"Did you ever see anything as soft as these sofas? It was like floating in the air, and I imagined myself riding on that magic carpet in the *Arabian Nights*. But there was something lacking, as there always is. I was as hungry as a bear, for I'd eaten nothing since morning. Then I thought of the fifty cents in my pocket, and the buffet they always have in the sleepers and parlor cars in Florida, and how easy it would be to go into the next car and buy some supper. But didn't I fasten back the catch of the door carefully before I went out? You see, I'd have been only an ordinary passenger if the door had locked after me, for I couldn't have got back.

"The waiter in the parlor car looked at me a kind of queer when I ordered my supper. 'Do you belong in this car?' said he.

"Oh no," said I. 'I have a private car in the rear.' Well, sir, after that you'd have thought I was the President of the United States from the way he waited on me. My fifty cents didn't buy very much, but it was enough.

"In a few minutes I was back on my sofa in No. 100, with the door locked. It was almost dark, and getting chilly, but having a fine private car all to myself more than made up for that. Just think of it! It was almost as though I owned the car. Even the conductor didn't come in, for they don't go into a railroad president's private car to ask for tickets.

"I took a soft rug off the floor and pulled it over me, and thought I might as well take a nap. It would be safe to sleep for an hour, or even two, and I was tired with my day's travel. Of course I was asleep in no time. My, how good it felt!—a private car all to myself, soft sofa to sleep on, nobody to bother me.

"Suddenly something woke me up. I didn't know where I was at first, but it came back to me in a minute, and I was awfully cold. A little scared, too, for if I had slept any longer I might have been carried past Winter Park, and a pretty thing that would have been. I jumped up and looked out, but it was too dark to see anything much. We were running very slow, and I thought by the way things looked we were just getting into a station. So I sat down by the window and watched, and, sure enough, we were just about to stop. When we did stop, my car stood right square in front of the bay-window of a station. And what do you think I saw? Well, sir, it was enough to make a boy's hair turn gray. There was a big sign on the front of the building, WAYCROSS; and the clock inside the window said 4.35.

"Then I knew I was in for it; for Waycross, you know, is in Georgia, about half-way between Jacksonville and Savannah, and nearly three hundred miles above Winter Park. Instead of taking a little nap, I had slept for eight or nine hours, and I was three hundred miles away from my friends, without a cent in my pocket. My first thought was to get out, but while I had my hand on the door-knob I thought better of it. What would become of me if I got out? I had no money to go home with—not even a cent to telegraph to my folks with. Go to the conductor, do you say? You see, we were on an entirely different railroad from the one we started on, and had a different conductor, of course. This one wouldn't know anything about me, and probably would not believe my story.

"It was a pretty tough place, wasn't it? Private car, soft sofa, fine rugs, great style, and not a cent of money. While I was trying to make up my mind what to do, the train started. But that was all right; for somehow I couldn't get it out of my head that the best thing I could do was to stick to the car. You see, I figured it this way: when I didn't come home at nine o'clock, they'd begin to worry about me. They'd telegraph to the superintendent, and he'd understand how it was, and telegraph along the line, and have me found and sent home.

"Had it all reasoned out fine, didn't it? And it would have turned out so, only for one thing. The superintendent drove out in the country somewhere from Lakeland, where he couldn't be reached by telegraph, and he didn't get back to Winter Park for two days. Nobody else knew that I was in this car. Wasn't that a fix for you?

"But I'm getting ahead of my story. I'd made up my mind to stick to the car, if I had to ride all the way to New York. But of course my folks and the superintendent would find me long before that. You see, I've read in the papers how lost boys in New York are taken care of by the police, and their friends telegraphed to. But I had a better plan than that to try first, if it came to the worst; I'd go to a good hotel and get them to telegraph, and my father would send on money for me. The summer clothes I wore would be some proof of my coming from Florida. You see, I had to think out every little point.

"Well, I'll not tire you with telling you how I rode on and on and on, and how nobody came to the car after me. You know the road, of course. We were in Savannah, and then we were in Charleston, and in Wilmington; but nobody inquired for me. I may as well own up that I was pretty well frightened when night came on again. I kept the door locked, of course, and most all the shades down, for somehow I didn't care much about looking at the scenery.



"WELL, SIR, IT WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE A BOY'S HAIR TURN GRAY."

"But I had to break my rule about not going through the car, for by night I was almost starved. There must be something to eat in the kitchen, I thought; and I went and looked. Not a thing there! Closets empty, and all scrubbed out clean, refrigerator open and empty, not so much anywhere as a scrap of bread. I'd have eaten some, you know, if there'd been any there—for what would a railroad president care for a slice of bread when a fellow was hungry? That made me kind of desperate, and I tried the dining-room—this room. Well, sir, in the closet under that cabinet in the corner I found a big earthenware jar half full of Boston water-crackers—those fearfully hard ones, you know. But didn't they taste good, though! I felt kind of mean about eating them, but it was all right—Mr. Plant says it was, and he's sorry I didn't find a porter-house steak there."

"Lying down that second night was the worst time of all. Did I cry, you say? Yes, sir, I did cry. Mind you, I'm only fourteen, and a bigger boy than that would have cried. Then sometimes I laughed, too. When I began to wonder whether I was a nabob travelling in a private car, or a tramp looking for a snapper, that made me laugh. It was frightfully dark, and of course I did not dare light a lamp. It was cold, too; but I managed that with more rugs. There were plenty of rugs. By that time I was nearly a thousand miles away from my friends, and nobody seemed to be making any inquiries about me. But I knew that was nonsense, for do you think my mother wouldn't hunt me? When I thought of how she must be worrying about me, it made me cry again, and I cried myself to sleep. The next thing I knew somebody was shaking me by the shoulder."

"Wake up, young man!" the somebody was saying. "Are you Frank Howell?"

"Yes, sir," said I, as soon as I got my senses.

"It was a tall young gentleman, as I could see by the light through the window, and the train was standing still."

"Then come along with me," said he. "It's half past five in the morning, and this is Washington. You've only about twelve minutes to eat your breakfast in."

"Then I knew I'd been found, and do you know it almost took away my strength. We were in the railway restaurant, and I was eating like a starving man before I had a chance to ask any questions, and then it was the gentleman who did the asking."

"Have you come far?" said he.

"Come far!" said I; "I was carried past Winter Park. Didn't you know?"

"I didn't know anything about it," said he. "I'm just obeying orders. I got this telegram only about two hours ago. And he laid on the table a telegram which read:

"TO FRED ROBLIN,
Washington."

"Mrs. Plant desires you to find Frank Howell, a boy probably coming North in her car in Train 14. See that he has breakfast and anything else he wants, and send him on to New York. Telegraph Seminole Hotel as soon as found."

"H. S. HAINES,
Vice-President."

"That's all right, then," said I. "Somebody's found me; I don't know who it is."

"All right!" said he; "I should say it was. You're the luckiest boy in the country if Mrs. Plant is

looking after you. There goes the bell. Now is there anything more I can do for you?"

"I told him not a thing more, and he said he would telegraph to my father, and that of course somebody would meet me in New York. Well, sir, it was a different ride after that, though the car got colder all the time. I pulled up all the shades and made things look cheerful, and unlocked the door, for I wasn't afraid any longer of being put out. And somebody did meet me. It was a man in livery, and he had a warm overcoat for me, and took me across the ferry, and put me in a beautiful coach with two horses, and in a few minutes I was in one of the finest houses I ever saw in my life, and a beautiful lady was stroking my head."

"Why, you poor child," Mrs. Plant said (for the lady was Mrs. Plant), "what a fright you must have had! But your troubles are over now, for I shall take you back with me to Florida to-morrow. I was so afraid you would be starving in the car, as it was all cleaned out."

"I told her about the crackers I found, and that made her laugh. After a while I asked her how she had found me out, and why my folks had not hunted me up."

"Hunted you up?" she repeated. "Why, child, we had the whole line turned upside down looking for you. The whole trouble was that the superintendent did not get back to Winter Park till late last night, and no one else knew that you were in my car. But as soon as he returned he telegraphed the New York office what had happened, and they sent word to me. It was after midnight then, and Washington was the first place I could catch the car."

"Say, did you ever see such a kind lady as Mrs. Plant? She said I was her guest, because it was her car had carried me off; and that night she took me to the opera, and the next day we started back for Florida. We didn't live on crackers on the way down, either, I tell you; nor the car wasn't cold or dark. I didn't find out till after I got back that Mrs. Plant thought my folks would be so worried that she'd telegraphed to a dozen of the agents to find me, and had told them all 'the boy is to be treated as my guest, wherever found.' And you see how kind Mr. Plant was about it after he got home. This is the second time he has had me out to ride with him. Oh, it's jolly, being carried away in a president's private car—after you're found."

"Some of the boys at the hotel say I was a chump not to tell the conductor after I found I was carried past, and have him send me home. But was I? Well, I rather think not. They're jealous, that's all."

A NAUTICAL FIRE-BALLOON.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT was blowing fresh from the eastward and southward, and the *Alice Tree*, under two lower topsails, spanker, and a bit of head-sail, was roaring along on a tant bowline, and looking well up toward her course. That was as nearly due east as a good compass, a cool hand at the wheel, and an honest desire to cross the fiftieth meridian in latitude $40^{\circ} 30'$ could make it. All the way from Sandy Hook Light-ship the staunch ship had leaned to a soldier's wind till the mid-watch of this day, and even now, under shortened canvas and with weather clews a-tremble, she was making eight knots an hour on her great circle track. The wind boomed out of the arching, creamy hollows of the two topsails, and hummed through the tense shrouds and backstays.

Out forward the sweeping curve of the clipper bow swung swiftly upward, with bobstay and martingale dripping with sparkling brine, and again plunged down with a thunderous roar and a boiling of milk-white foam up to the hawse-holes. Ever and anon a hissing shower of iridescent spray would hurtle across the forecable deck, and lose itself in the smother of yeasty froth that blew along the lee rail.

Up to windward the sea hardened itself against the luminous horizon in a steel-blue field of cotton-tufted ridges, leaping and falling in wide unrest. Overhead sheets of wreathing vapor rushed across the dense blue sky, and in and out of the rifts the dazzling white sun shot wildly as if in meteoric flight. Captain Elias Joyce leaned against the weather rail of his poop deck, and looked contented.

"It'll blow harder before it blows easier, Mr. Bolles," he said to his mate, "but it'll go to the south'ard."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the mate. "And I reckon we'll do very well as we are."

"Yes, let well enough alone," said the Captain. "Come, gentlemen, let's go to dinner."

The gentlemen were Joseph and Henry Brownson, the twin sons of the owner of the ship. They were making this voyage on a sailing-ship for health and recreation after a hard struggle with their final examinations at college. They were well used to the sea, and had served an apprenticeship in many a hearty dash around Bretons Reef Light-ship and the Block Island buoy. They were enjoying every minute of their voyage, but they had yet one great desire to gratify. They wished to get the Captain to spin them a yarn of some strange experience at sea. Up to the present time he had refused to accept their hints. But they had not yet abandoned hope. At the dinner table they renewed the attack, but without result. When the meal was ended, the Captain filled a pipe, and the conversation drifted in various channels. Henry spoke of college celebrations and the foolishness of sending up fire-balloons. The Captain took the pipe out of his mouth, blew a big cloud of smoke, and said, reflectively:

"Well, I don't know. I remember once when a fire-balloon turned out to be a mighty useful thing at sea."

"I'd like to know how," said Joseph.

"Well, if you two young gentlemen won't be bored by hearing a sea yarn, I'll just spin it for you."

The two young men looked at one another. Bored? Well, that was good, after all their clever hints.

"It was a matter of thirty years ago," began the Captain, "when I was only a boy, and was making a voyage much as you gentlemen are, for the pleasure of it.

My father, who was a sea captain, was part owner in the *Ellen Burgee*, and he thought it would be a good thing for me to go out and sniff salt air and see blue water. The *Ellen Burgee* was an old-fashioned ship, with long single topsails, a mackerel-head bow, and tumble-home sides. Her stern was rounded out in a big arch, and she had quarter galleries like a line-of-battle ship. She was a roaring good sailer, though, and her skipper was likely to use bad language if he caught her doing anything under eight knots in a breath of air. She had a handsome cabin, too, had the *Ellen Burgee*, and when the swinging lamp was shedding its soft yellow light over the polished mahogany table, the cushioned lockers, the rugs, and the white and gold paint, it looked like the owner's saloon in a modern schooner yacht. I suppose I didn't know at that time how comfortable I was, but, looking back now, I can't say that I was ever any better off on shipboard.

"The *Ellen Burgee* was bound from New York for Table Bay. It's not necessary to go into any account of her cargo, seeing that it has not anything to do with this story, and that it never arrived at its port of destination, anyhow, but went to feed fishes. However, that's running ahead of my reckoning, so I'll just leave to and drift back. We passed Sandy Hook with a fair wind and all kites flying. We didn't take a tug every time we went to sea in those days, but used to lie in the Horseshoe for a favoring breeze. I don't know that there's anything serious to tell you about, except that we stopped at Bermuda for three days, and I had my first look at those happy islands. What's more to the point is that a week later, in latitude $18^{\circ} 15' N$, longitude $56^{\circ} 30' W$, we sighted a derelict brig. She was water-logged and abandoned; but our old man thought there



THE CREW GAVE THREE HEARTY CHEERS AS THE BALLOON AROSE.

might be something aboard her worth saving, and so, as the wind was very light, and we couldn't lose much by backing on fore-topsail yard for a time, he sent a boat to her. The second mate went in it, and came back with a cargo of tissue-paper, ink-pens, and a few other loose things he'd picked up in her cabin. The tissue-paper, he said, would do for the boy—me—to play with. I laughed at him at the time, for I didn't see what use the tissue-paper would be to me. But I made a fire-balloon out of it afterwards, and we were all pretty glad that we had it aboard.

"We were getting down toward the equator when it fell a dead flat calm. I never saw such a calm before or since, except once. The sea looked like gray oil, its surface was so smooth and glassy. But out of the southwest there came a swell that kept growing bigger and bigger and bigger. There was not a breath of wind stirring, and the whoo, whoo, whoo of the rush of air in the rigging as the ship rolled sounded like the whistling of some ghostly fog siren. And how she did roll! Every spar and timber in her groaned and squeaked as if in mortal pain. Pots and dishes rattled and banged in the galley, and the whole interior of the ship was filled with strange unaccountable noises. Up above the sky was a sort of dull yellow, and the sun looked as if it were behind smoked glass. The old man looked at the barometer, and decided that we were in for a gale of wind. So he had the ship made snug under close-reefed main-topsail, a storm jib, and a rag of spanker. In those clothes she was ready for anything that might come along. We lay there rolling in that mad fashion until nearly midnight, and, boy as I was, I thought I should go insane with the deadly, inexorable, heartless swaying of the helpless fabric. I don't believe any man except a hardened old sailor and not many of them could keep this side of lunacy if he were becalmed under an equatorial sun in a swell like that for twenty-six hours.

"However, it ended all of a sudden about midnight. I was in my bunk, but I couldn't sleep because of the thumping of the cabin-doors on their hinges. I heard a man come lumbering down to call the Captain, and I slipped out of bed and into my clothes. I reached the deck in time to see a sudden glitter of stars in the northwestern horizon, and to feel a splash of cold wind on my cheek. The next instant the whole air above me was filled with a series of wild yells, as if a million souls were in agony. The gale had struck us, and for an instant I felt as if my breath were driven back into my lungs, so great was the pressure of the wind in my face. The ship heeled over till her lee scuppers ran two feet deep in bubbling water.

"Down with your helm! Hard down!" shouted the Captain.

"Slowly the vessel's head came up, and she righted herself. She was now close-hauled, and she began to thresh out to windward with a fearful bellowing of the wind out of the straining main-topsail. There was no sea yet; on the contrary, the terrific force of the wind cut down the great swells, and blew the ocean out flat in a sheet of ghostly foam. But that did not last long. The sea began to run, and the *Ellen Burgee* began to rear and plunge over the ragged crests, and to thunder down into the black hollows that looked like clefts extending to the bottom of the ocean. At daybreak a mad, a crazy sea presented itself to the sight. The effect of the gale blowing at right angles to the original swell was to pile up the billows in great writhing pyramidal masses. The ship labored and groaned fearfully. Tons of water broke over the forecastle deck, and the Captain was alarmed lest the deck seams should open. At six bells in the morning watch the main-topsail blew out of the bolt-ropes with a report like a gun's, and went swirling away into the flying spindrift down on our lee quarter. A stay-sail was set to do the main-topsail's work, but nothing would prevent the ship from falling so far off at times that the seas broke on her decks in masses. All day long she was driven by the wind, and pounded by the seas. Our drift was something frightful, but it was not much out of our course. At four bells in the first watch, ten o'clock at night—but I forget you know all the bells—the carpenter reported a foot of water in the hold. Then began the heart-breaking business of working the

pumps. All night long I heard the weary clank, clank, under-running, as it were, the yelling of the wind, the roaring of the sea, and the groaning of the stricken ship. At daylight the gale broke, and a few hours later there was only a gigantic swell to tell the story of the storm. But the *Ellen Burgee* had received her death warrant. She was slowly filling under us in spite of all that we could do. The Captain gave orders to prepare to abandon ship. The crew was at work at this when a new idea seemed to strike the skipper.

"We can't be more than a few miles from St. Paul's Rocks," he said; and he set to work to make some calculations. The result was that a man was sent to the masthead to look for the rocks, sail was made on the ship, and the pumps were manned again. St. Paul's Rocks, you must know, are a small cluster of rocky projections, rising at the highest point about sixty feet above the sea. They are in latitude 56° N., longitude 29° 20' W., and our old man figured that we weren't over fifteen miles away from them. Half an hour later the mast-head lookout sighted the rocks, and a little later we sighted them from the decks.

"My idea is," said the Captain to the mate, "to run the ship on the rocks. That will enable us to save all our dunnage and all the boats, and give us a breathing-spell to decide what's the next best move."

"The mate agreed that it was a great scheme. The Captain went aloft to pick out a place to run the ship ashore. He found a good spot where her bow would wedge up on the rocks, so that she would not slip off and sink, and he headed her for it. She struck pretty hard, and the foretop-gallant-mast went by the board, taking the flying jib-boom along with it; but we did not mind that, for we found that the ship had taken the ground for nearly half her length, and was in what you might call a mighty comfortable berth for a sinking craft. Two of our boats were smashed by the falling spars, but the long-boat was all right, and that was what the Captain counted on to take us off the rocks.

"Now the nearest land to St. Paul's Rocks is the northeastern extremity of Brazil, Cape St. Roque, and that's something over 500 good sea miles away. I was only a small boy, but I had sense enough to know that a voyage of that length in a ship's boat would be a desperate undertaking, and even if successful, sure to embrace terrible hardship and exposure. The Captain and the mate knew it, too, and they decided to remain right where they were for a few days on the chance of sighting a passing ship. That was a mighty poor chance, too, for very few vessels pass within sighting distance of St. Paul's Rocks. The great circle track from England to the Cape of Good Hope lies between fifty and sixty miles to the westward of them, and vessels are more likely to deviate to the westward of the track than to the eastward. Every sensible navigator gives those rocks a wide berth, anyhow. It was when I heard the Captain and the mate talking those matters over that I conceived my great fire-balloon scheme. I didn't say a word, but fished out a lot of stont wire that was aboard the ship, got my stock of tissue-paper together, and set about making one of the biggest fire-balloons on record. It was a whopper, and no mistake, for, you see, I wanted it to have carrying and travelling power. When I had it finished, I secured a stont bottle. Then I wrote this brief and direct message on a piece of brown paper:

"The ship *Ellen Burgee* is on St. Paul's Rocks. All hands safe and well, but would like to get away."

"I put that in the bottle and corked it up tight. Then with a stiff piece of wire and a square of red bunting I made a flag, which I stuck up on top of the cork. Next I made a wire bridge, and swung the bottle below the neck of the balloon, so far down that the flag could not catch fire. I ballasted the bottom of the bottle first, and experimented with it so that it would float upright, even with the weight of wire hanging to it. The Captain saw me at work, and said,

"What are you up to, Elias?"

"Oh," I said, "I'm getting up a balloon ascension to kill time."

"That night, as luck would have it, there was a nice gentle southeasterly breeze, and I made ready to send up my balloon. The Captain and the crew gathered around me and chafed me a little, but I didn't mind that.

"What's the bottle for?" asked the mate.

"Just for a sort of ballast," I answered.

"What do you have the flag for?" asked one of the men.

"Oh, for instance," I answered, in school-boy fashion.

"I now lighted the flare in the neck of my balloon, and had the pleasure of seeing my contrivance slowly but surely inflated with the heated air. In good time it was ready to rise, and as I released it, to my intense satisfaction it gently rose toward the sky, carrying the bottle with it.

"Hooray for the Fourth of July!" cried one of the sailors, and the crew gave three hearty cheers.

"Then they all stood about, watching it as it soared away into the nor'west like a comet.

"If some ship sights that thing," said one old fellow, 'she'll think a picnic has got lost.'

"By the great hook block!" exclaimed the mate, 'maybe they'll hunt around and find us.'

"If that should happen," said the Captain, 'it would turn out that your sport paid, Elias.'

"Yes, sir," said I, smiling, and rubbing my hands behind my back.

"Well, we're pretty near the end of this yarn now, gentlemen. I watched that fire-balloon till it faded out of sight in the nor'west, and then I turned in and dreamed all night about ships picking up bottles with messages in them, and saving shipwrecked crews. And the next day I did nothing but go aloft and look for a sail, but not one hove in sight. The following day I did the same thing, and that night I think I cried a little because no vessel appeared. On the third day I didn't go aloft till after breakfast, and then I nearly burst my lungs screaming, 'Sail ho!' Sure enough, there was a vessel about twenty miles off to the nor'west. The Captain had a big fire started on the rocks, and sent a good column of smoke into the air. The vessel rose, and in a couple of hours we saw plainly that she was heading right for us. Maybe we didn't all dance for joy! In another hour she hove to abreast of the rocks and sent a boat. The officer in charge of it stepped out, and holding up my bottle with a tangled mass of wire and pulp, said,

"How did you get this thing out there?"

"Out where?" demanded our Captain.

"We picked it up forty miles nor'west of you."

"Hurrah for my fire-balloon!" I cried. 'And was the message all right?'

"Of course. Ain't we here?"

"And he handed my message to our Captain, who threw his arms around me, and exclaimed:

"You little angel! You'll be a sailor yourself some day."

"And sure enough," said Captain Elias Joyce, rising from the table, "he told the living truth."

self. The mistake often made by invalids is that their world being narrowed by confinement to their rooms or by the care their illness makes necessary, they fancy that their aches and pains, the medicines they have to take, and the diet they are obliged to be contented with are as important to other people as to themselves. This is a point to guard against. Let nothing about liniments and pills and prescriptions creep into your talk, for though you are an invalid to-day, you expect to be well to-morrow or next week, and illness is only temporary, while health is the rule, and the state to look forward to with eagerness and hope.

It is worth while for us all, even when suffering pain, to refrain from frowning and wrinkling up our faces, and saying impatient words. Every passing thought and feeling write themselves upon the countenance, and the young girl is making day by day not only the woman she will be in character later on, but the woman she will be in looks. Handsome or plain, agreeable or the opposite, the woman of forty is dependent for her looks on the girl of fourteen. You owe an amount of thought and consideration to the woman you are going to be, and the friends who will love her, and so you must not let needless lines and furrows come to your pretty brows, but keep your foreheads smooth, and do not draw your lips down at the corners, nor go about looking unhappy. It is possible, even when bearing much pain, to wear a tranquil expression if one will, but remember that the tranquil mind in the end can conquer pain.

CROSSING TOWN the other day in haste to catch a train, the horse-car was three times blocked by great vans which stood upon the track. The van-drivers appeared to be unloading their goods in a very leisurely manner; to us in the car, with the precious minutes slipping away like grains of sand in the hour-glass, they seemed exceedingly slow and unhurried. I looked about on my fellow-passengers. Some had flushed and angry faces, some could not sit still, but tapped the floor with their feet, and uttered exclamations, and looked at their watches. One or two stepped out with their bags and walked hastily onward. But a dear old lady in the corner of the car was a pattern of sweetness and amiability, and I heard her observe to her neighbor, "We will probably lose our train, but at this time of the day there are trains every half-hour, and it's never well to be put out by little accidents of this sort." She had the right philosophy.

THROUGH life when little things go wrong it will be wise to accept the situation without fretting, and by maintaining composure, you will often be able to set them right again.

MINA K. asks whether it is proper to allow a friend whom she happens to meet in a public conveyance to pay her car fare and ferrage. As a rule it is not proper. The meeting is an incident, and does not affect the relative positions of either friend. Each should pay for herself, precisely as if she had not met the other. Of course, this rule is equally and perhaps more imperative when a girl happens to meet a man whom she knows, her friend or her brother's chum. He should not offer to pay for her, nor should she accept the offer if he make it. The only exceptions to this rule are such as commonsense indicate. A girl will not make a fuss nor quarrel about a matter of five cents with an elderly acquaintance, who might easily be her father or mother. Generally speaking, however, each person pays her own way, except when in company with others by invitation, and where she is the guest of her entertainer, who does not permit her to be at expense when sight-seeing or jamming about.

Margaret E. Langster.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address E. L. L.

IF I were you I would make up my mind, once for all, never to talk about ailments. A headache or neuralgia or a cough is hard enough to bear in one's own case; there is no need of troubling other people about it. Among so many girls there are no doubt those who are not always well, and there may be some who have to suffer a great deal of pain, but the pain must be kept in its place, which is in the background, not the forefront of conversation.

TALK always of pleasant things, if you can, and of what is interesting to others rather than of what concerns your-

GREAT STATE PAPERS.

OUR LAWS AND PROCLAMATIONS.

BY HENRY CLEMENT HOLMES

"FATHER," said my fourteen year-old son, "Ted Nichols declared to-day that he had the Wilson tariff bill in his pocket. He said Mr. Wilson gave it to him to take to Ted's father, who is also from West Virginia, you know, to read, and say what he thought of it."

My son's tone had in it both incredulity and interest, and so I replied:

"I thought you had lived long enough in Washington not to be surprised at anything. Did not Senator Maybee

"But that was before the day of type-writing machines. Nowadays first draughts of most bills are prepared on type-writers. In this form a bill is introduced into Congress, read by the clerk by title, a number is given to it, and it is referred to the committee having in charge the business to which it relates. Once in committee, it is ordered printed, and the first draught, often bearing the compositor's marks, may be returned to the author of the measure as a souvenir. At least the first draught of the legal-tender act,

bearing Mr. Chase's and Mr. Lincoln's suggestions about changes, was returned to Mr. Spalding, and by him kindly shown to me.

"Great measures, such as the Wilson, the McKinley, and the seigniorage bills, are changed many times before they are passed by Congress, and each change means new printed copies. Some of these copies are printed on paper about the size of a HARPER'S ROUND TABLE leaf. The type is very large, and the lines are very wide apart and numbered. Other printed copies are in the form of a pamphlet, in order that they may be mailed to friends of the member whose measure it is, and to men whose business is likely to be affected.

"Only a very small fraction of the bills that reach the pamphlet stage are ever finally passed and become laws. But even this small fraction is large enough to fill many shelves in the State Department, where originals of all laws are kept. The

originals are engrossed on parchment that is fourteen by nineteen inches in size, and bound into book form. The penmanship is coarse, but very regular, and all of the signatures are originals, not copies, because this form of the law is the one that all copies must conform to—the one that the President of the United States is sworn to execute.

"But let me tell you just how the Sherman silver-purchase law looks. You remember this law. Or at least you recollect how Congress sat in extra session for several months of 1893 in order to repeal one clause of it. At the top of the large parchment sheet there is a printed heading:

'FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES,
AT ITS FIRST SESSION,
Begun and Held in the City of Washington,' etc.

"In the middle of the line are these words,

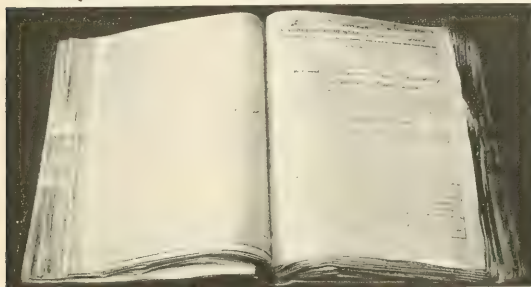
AN ACT.

read his speech to us the other evening, before he had delivered it in the Senate? And did we not, in the corridor of the State Department, recently, meet the original Constitution of the United States coming down the granite staircase three steps at a bound? You and I helped pick up the bits of glass from the broken frame, which our friend Cochrane had dropped, greatly to his alarm, in carrying it from a closet to the library.

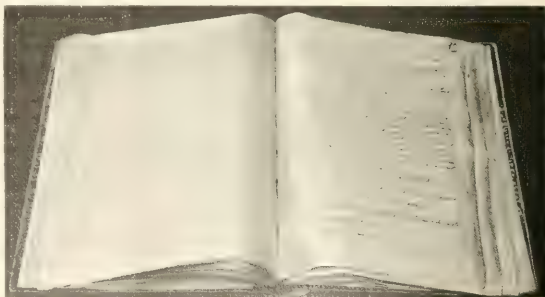
"It would be quite possible for Ted Nichols, or any other lad, to have the Wilson tariff bill in his pocket, provided he took it at the right time. If Mr. Wilson should give it to you to carry to your father for examination, while your father's opinion was wanted regarding a proposed change, you could readily carry it in your empty lunch-basket. But if he waited until his bill became a law, you would need to be pretty big and pretty strong to carry it far.

"The Wilson, McKinley, and all tariff bills, the silver bill, on the authority of which the silver dollar in your pocket was coined, the anti-Chinese, and all similar laws of the United States, have, in their early stages, half a dozen different forms, but when engrossed and signed they have one unchangeable form that has obtained ever since the first law was passed by the First Congress.

"I remember having seen in one of your Round Table puzzles a question about the 'Father of the Greenback.' The first draught of the law, which gave Mr. Chase this nickname, was written by Congressman Spalding, of the Buffalo, New York, district, on both sides of four sheets of common legal cap paper. Mr. Chase then made some changes in it, using red ink. President Lincoln suggested some additional changes, making his notes on a slip of paper, which he pinned to one of the sheets.

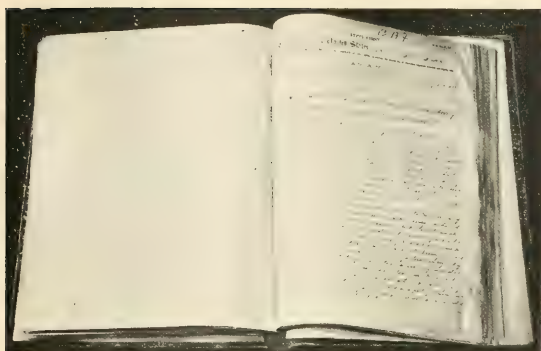


THE "McKINLEY" TARIFF LAW—TITLE PAGE



THE "McKINLEY" TARIFF LAW—LAST PAGE WITH SIGNATURES.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE



THE "SHERMAN" SILVER LAW—TITLE PAGE

"Immediately thereafter follows the writing, which extends in a single line across the entire page. It describes the bill thus, 'Directing the purchase of silver bullion, and the issue of Treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes.' There is a space, and then follows the enacting clause, 'Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives,' etc. The text of the law, written in this large hand, fills two and a half pages, the right-hand page containing the text, and the left-hand page being blank. Around the edge of both written and unwritten pages is a pale red line or border rule.

"At the head of the first sheet, and written over the printed title, appears the name 'Kennedy,' carelessly written with a blue pencil, and the initials 'C. B. F.' scrawled across the top in red. These are the attestations of the Representative and Senator, respectively, who examined this engrossed copy of the law before it had been sent to the President for his signature, to make certain that the engrossing clerk had committed no errors, and that this original was the same as the form that passed Congress.

"At about the middle of the third page are the signatures of the presiding officers of the Senate and House. Vice-President Morton did not sign the original Sherman silver-purchase law on behalf of the Senate, but Speaker Reed did on behalf of the House. Senator Ingalls, as President *pro tem.* of the Senate, signed on behalf of that body, and when he had affixed his name he thoughtfully noted in the margin the hour of the day—"12:37 P.M." The signature of President Harrison comes last, and is at the lower left-hand side of the paper.

"The original McKinley tariff law is written on parchment similar to that of the Sherman law, and like it, it is bound into a big book that contains the original documents of many other laws. It fills sixty-three of these large parchment sheets, and the engrossing of it was done by three different clerks. The title of the bill is, 'An Act to Reduce the Revenues and to Equalize Duties.' It is attested in the same manner as the Sherman law, and signed by Speaker Reed, Vice-President Morton, and President Harrison. The Wilson bill, which supplants the McKinley bill, fills about as many pages of the heavy unrulled parchment, which, by-the-way, we send to England to buy. The Wilson bill mentions almost every article of commerce that one can think of, grouping similar things into paragraphs, and naming the duties that shall be paid upon each. There is a long list of articles on which there is no duty.

"Proclamations by the President of the United States have maintained one form since the foundation of the government. The original Emancipation Proclamation issued by President Lincoln is written upon very heavy white unrulled paper that is folded once. The fold is at the left, like a sheet of four-paged letter-paper, and each page is ten by fourteen inches in size. It begins, as do all Presidential proclamations, 'By the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation.'

The first line is written with a pen in a bold hand, and the words, 'A Proclamation,' form a line of themselves—printing characters, although executed with a pen. It proclaims that on a certain date, and under certain conditions, a race is free from bondage, but it nowhere calls itself an 'Emancipation Proclamation.' That is a popular name given to this, one of the most famous of state papers. The text is in the hand-

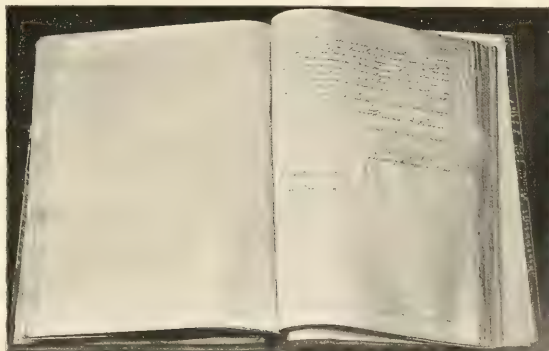
writing of Secretary Seward—a hand that was strikingly like that of Mr. Lincoln.

"Thanksgiving proclamations, which you see reprinted in the newspapers, are prepared in the same form. The one issued by President Cleveland last autumn fills only two pages.

Our reciprocity treaty with the Brazil Republic is similar to other treaties, with original and exchange copies, and is written in English and Spanish. The document proclaiming it begins by quoting from the McKinley law, by which it is authorized, and recites that we, having agreed to let in free of duty sugar, coffee, molasses, and hides from Brazil, are entitled to send to Brazil, and have admitted to that country free of duty, a long line of products of the United States.

"At the bottom of the third page—proclamations, unlike laws, are written on both sides of the paper—is the Great Seal of the United States, and near this seal is the signature of President Harrison, preceded by the words, 'By the President.' At the left, and just beneath the great seal, is the signature of the Secretary of State, James G. Blaine.

"Mr. Blaine's writing, like Mr. Cleveland's, was small, regular, and easily mistaken for a feminine one. His signature to this reciprocity proclamation is so small and effeminate that it does not seem to stand for the stalwart man who wrote it. Even less does President Cleveland's womanlike signature hint the giant in stature that he is."



THE "SHERMAN" SILVER LAW—LAST PAGE WITH SIGNATURES.

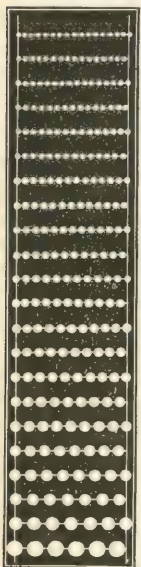
STAMPS

This Department is concerned with the related subjects of Stamp Collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any questions on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

LAST WEEK we printed an illustration of the different kinds of perforations. This week we illustrate the scale of regular perforations. If you will look at your U. S.

stamps of the 1857 issue you will see that the scale is "perforated 15." The Baden stamps of 1864 are "perforated 10." To find the scale take the stamp and lay it face down toward the scale and when the perforations on the stamp correspond exactly to those on the scale you have the required scale of perforations. Take the common 2c. of the current U. S. issue, lay it on the line of dots marked 12 on the scale, and you will find it just fits. By moving the stamp just one-half the distance between two dots, and placing the stamp just a little below the row of white dots, you will get a series of black circles, the top of which is made by the row of white dots on the scale, and the bottom by the row of perforations on the stamp. This is a very important matter, as a stamp perforated 12½ may be very common and cost little, while the same stamp perforated 15 may be a very rare and a very valuable stamp. All U. S. stamps since 1861 are perforated. One of the chief merits of stamp-collecting is that it strengthens the powers of observation in so many different directions.

COPIES OF THE "Bismarck celebration postal-card" are now on sale with the dealers. There are a number of varieties, some printed in tint, others in three or four colors. It has not been established whether these cards were good for postage without any stamp being affixed or not.



Perforation sizes are determined by the number of holes contained in the space between the two vertical white lines.

THE ORANGE SPECIAL delivery stamp will probably be the most valuable of this class, as it was in circulation a short time only. Some of the previous issues can still be had at the smaller post-offices.

IT IS RUMORED that the \$1 black of the current issue will soon be printed in another color. Collectors should secure it now.

THE EIGHT-CENT current issue it is said will soon be issued with the "white line" triangles.

Mr. J. H. S. MAYOR.—The stamp you have is probably one of the first imported under the present contract. Most collectors consider it valuable.

Any lesson. You probably have the 30 rose of 1861. The price is \$450.00, but you could make a cash good.

HISTAL Waxes: The Histal stamps are suitable for the one Zr₂(HfO₄)₂ and the other Zr₂Mg₂ for the six cases. The Sr₂Mg₂ stamps are available for the two special cases. It used on the same four as above procedure.

GRADUATE B. WHEELER Post-graduate and college editions of *W. and C.* copies have no A.V.

E. G.—I have never seen the 3c. embossed stamp mentioned by you. Probably it is blurred in printing. The German stamp is a local, the Italian a revenue.

J. S. GREEN.—There are two kinds of 10c. Confederate blue which are very common. Stamp dealers sell them at 10c and 25c respectively.

A. GRANT.—As the date cannot be seen on the coin it has no value for collection purposes.

J. G. W.—There is no 25c. Columbian. The stamp you mention is twenty-five centavos Venezuela, which looks just like the Columbian issues.

LAWRENCE.—Blood's Despatch, gold, is worth from \$2 to \$3 if on the original letter. Bouton's Rough and Ready is quoted from \$5 to \$25 if on original envelope. Boyd's have been reprinted and affixed to old letters so much that genuine copies have suffered in value.

D. McKILLOP.—The 10. green U. S. 1861 is worth 6c., the 6c. Lincoln 2c., the one shilling English 15c., the threepenny English 1c.

PHILATUS.

THE OLD STAGE-COACH.

DIXIEY and old and worn,
Battered and scratched and torn,
Flapping in every sudden gust
Doors that creaked with their ancient rust,
So it stood in the Burbank shed—
One hundred and ten years old, they said—
When I was a lad, and used to play
"Driving stage," at the close of day.

Never an inch did the old wheels stir;
Rusted fast at the hubs they were.
Yet how strong were my steeds, and fleet,
Streaming out 'neath the driver's seat!
Over what hills and plains I sped,
Rocking there in the Burbank shed!
Crack! and the leaders sprang away;
Satin-sheened in their coats of bay,
Six broad backs at the driver's feet,
Surging into the village street.
Oh, it was grand! What a race we led!
Though the stage stood still in the Burbank shed.

Ah! the fright of a certain day,
 Just at dusk, in the month of May,
 When I climbed to the creaking door—
 Bolder, surely, than e'er before—
 Crying, "Our here, ye ghosts—be quick!"
 And struck the seat with resounding stick.
 Ha! with a din that would wake the dead
 Straight there sprang at my shrieking head
 Something winged and as white as snow!
 Down I sank in a heap below,
 While with cackle of loud reproach
 Flew a *hen* from the old stage-coach,
 Leaving there on the tattered seat
 Something fit for a king to eat!

Long ago to the junkman's store
Last of the old stage-coach they bore;
Bolt and axle and rusty tire
All were mixed in the forge's fire.
But I can see it in tattered state
Waiting yet for its ghostly freight:
Powdered sirs with their shovel-hats,
Stately dames with their cloaks and mats;
While to the box, with a shivering joy,
Climbs a rosy-faced country boy!

Oh, the charm of the Long Ago,
 Youth's Valhalla, and Fancy's glow
 Lighting many a dim old page
 With such a relic as Burbank's stage!
 Just for a glimpse of its chrome and red,
 Fading there in the ruined shed!
 Just for an hour of the rare old play,
 "Driving stage" at the close of day!
 What are all one may say or do
 To what he *dreams* when his life is new?

JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE PROPER USE OF A SHOT-GUN.

THOUGH shooting, like many other sports, can be a very dangerous amusement for boys—and men, too, for that matter—there is no reason why boys as well as men should not learn how to use a gun, and get much amusement and benefit out of hunting. It is all a question of learning what the dangers of gunning are, and learning how to avoid them. Fire is a dangerous thing in its way, and yet we all have fires. Gunning is no more dangerous, if carefully taken up, and a boy of fifteen or sixteen is quite old enough to learn what the dangers of a shot-gun are, to respect them and avoid them. Naturally any parent, especially one who knows nothing about rides or shot-guns himself, is very chary about letting his son go off alone with one on his shoulder, and it is quite as natural for his mother to think she has seen the last of her boy as he disappears in the woods on his first sporting expedition. But there is really no other reason for this than that boys are naturally careless, and guns can be dangerous and deadly if treated in a careless manner.

The whole secret of shooting and the use of fire-arms can be stated in a few words: *Never, under any circumstances, point a gun at any one, whether loaded or not, whether in pieces or ready for use.* If it is never pointed at any one, it cannot very well kill or wound any one. In like manner you can never succeed in shooting yourself unless you have already pointed the muzzle at yourself. I have seen many a crack shot and old-time sportsman shudder as he saw a green hand hold up the detached barrel of a shot-gun while cleaning it, and point it at some one. Of course the two steel barrels could not possibly "go off" by themselves, with no butt and no cartridges, and the sportsman shudders only because he dreads the greenhorn who, even under such circumstances, allows himself to get into the habit of putting up the muzzles in such a position. If he does it at home while cleaning the barrels, he may do it out in the woods some day when the barrel is attached to the stock, and perhaps loaded with cartridges, and then there may really be danger for any one who is near by.

The only accidents that can occur if the muzzle is never pointed at any one are, first, the bursting of the gun itself, which is unlikely, unless the piece is badly made, cheap, or very old; and secondly, the presence of some one in the woods who is not within the cognizance of the sportsman. As I say, the first is uncommon nowadays with the carefully made breech-loading guns. The second never occurs if the sportsman invariably keeps his muzzle pointed toward the earth, about five feet or less in advance of him, and if, when he does fire, he makes sure what he is firing at and where his shot is likely to go after firing.

A good sportsman is familiar with his piece, and brave enough to be afraid of it. From the time he takes it out of the case the muzzle of the barrels is on his mind until he has taken it to pieces, cleaned it, and put it away in his case. When he starts out in the morning, he takes out the barrels, and pointing them towards the earth as he holds them in his left hand, he springs the stock into its place with his right. Then having fixed on the little piece of wood which clutches the two parts together, he passes his right arm around the barrels, so that as he carries it the stock points up and behind him at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the barrels point down toward the earth at a similar angle in front of him. Around his waist or in his pockets he carries cartridges. No charge goes into his gun until he has not only left the house but actually arrived on the grounds where he expects to find game. If he has to drive to the proper woods or the shooting-stands or blinds, he places the piece in the bottom of the wagon, pointing out towards the rear, never once allowing it to point towards himself or any one else who may be standing by. If he is near enough to the woods or shore to walk he carries the gun as described, unloaded, until he reaches the proper place. When climbing over fences, whether with cartridges in place or not, he places the gun under the fence flat on the ground, climbs over or under, and then picks it up from the other side. Resting a shooting-piece against a fence or wall in an upright position shows the greenhorn or the

careless and therefore poor sportsman. The fence may be rickety, or the stones on the wall easily detached. In either case it only takes a little jarring to cause the shot-gun to slide one way or the other and fall to the ground, and in doing so it may very easily go off. If it is unloaded this would, of course, do no harm. But if it is never allowed to get into the position where it may so slide, it certainly can never go off, loaded or unloaded. In other words, form the habit of never giving a gun the chance of sliding or going off, and then you can never have an accident. This is not a sign of timidity, and you would soon realize it if you could see how carefully some famous old sportsman who is a friend of your father's handles his firing-piece.

On arriving finally at the particular woods you have planned to cover, or the "blinds" which you are going to lie in, put in the charges, and then all is ready for the sport.

Most of the danger after this stage of the proceedings has been reached is again only through carelessness or excitement over the sport, which is only another word for carelessness. For example, you are in the woods and a bird flies out among the branches. In your excitement at the sudden flush of the partridge you throw up your gun and "blaze away," forgetting that the other man with you is just ahead. That is rank carelessness. For no two sportsmen ever lose track of each other. If they happen to be out of sight of each other, and within range, they keep up a constant conversation, or call to each other continually, so that from moment to moment each knows where the other is. Again, when two men are standing close beside each other and a covey jumps up under their guns, there has to be a quick swing to right or left. Usually, under these circumstances, the man on the right takes the right-hand shot, and the one on the left takes the left-hand shot. If the right-hand man swings to the left he may very easily bring his friend in the line of his muzzle.

As regards the half and full cock of the hammers, there is one safe rule to follow. When on the actual ground, and following dogs on the scent or pointing, the gun must, of course, be at full cock. But whenever a fence is to be climbed, or a bad bit of close underbrush broken through, the hammers should be dropped carefully to half cock, or, if the gun is hammerless, the half-cock trigger should be sprung.

In all this the important point is that every man or boy, while carrying a shooting-piece, should have his mind on what he is doing, and should never for a moment lose his head. It is far better to lose a shot than to hit a friend or take the slightest chance of hitting him. On the other hand, if a boy thinks the matter over and follows out these rules, there is not the least danger in his owning and using a shot-gun, and the amount of exercise to both brain and body which he can get out of it is astonishing. When you begin you need your father's advice as to the proper way of holding the gun, taking aim, and bringing down the game. But after that nothing is necessary but your own coolness, presence of mind, and care.

The butt should come up quickly and firmly to the shoulder, resting against the shoulder itself rather than the biceps or top of the arm, and you should acquire the habit, which can only come with practice, of getting it up quickly, steadily, and firmly the first time in the right place. Otherwise the "kicking" may be severe and painful. The aim should be taken with both eyes open, though the right eye does the aiming. The objection to sighting with the left eye closed is that the operation of closing the left eye always half closes the right, and hence makes your sight a little less distinct and somewhat unnatural. This sighting with both eyes open is a little bewildering at first, but it soon becomes natural, and the whole operation then becomes a kind of second nature. For quick wood shots, the left hand should hold the barrels some distance out towards the muzzle, the left arm being almost extended to its full length, while the right arm is bent up short, the right elbow stuck out in a nearly horizontal position to the cheek hugging the stock. At the same time stand firmly on the feet, and do not, as many older and supposed-better sometimes do, bend the knees just as you fire.



WHEN YOU FIRST BEGIN, YOU NEED YOUR FATHER'S ADVICE
"THE PROPER USE OF A SHOT-GUN," SEE PAGE 631.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

THE SQUABBLE WHICH HAS DISGRACED the close of the New York Interscholastic baseball season was as undignified as it was unnecessary, and it has surely brought no credit to the Harvard School or to any of its athletic authorities. Knowing, as it seems they all did, that Ehrlich was absolutely and unequivocally disqualified from competing in sports held under the rules of the N.Y.I.S.A.A., he was nevertheless put in to catch in the most important game of the season. Zizinia, the captain of the Harvard team, had been advised to substitute Dillenback if Ehrlich was protested on the field, but for some unexplained reason, when De La Salle did protest him, he was nevertheless allowed to play. This was a bit of gross misjudgment, to say the least, and has resulted in Harvard losing the pennant, which might have been won with Dillenback behind the bat. By pursuing this course, Harvard School not only allowed an inferior team to represent the N.Y.I.S.B.B. League at Eastern Park on June 8th, thus doing an injustice to the entire association, but made itself liable to expulsion and disgrace, which will probably only be avoided because of the personal friendship of the League delegates for the Harvard representatives. As for the unsportsmanlike spirit of the whole performance, perhaps the less said about it the better.

THE DE LA SALLE NINE is, no doubt, inferior both in fielding and batting qualities to the Harvard team, but I do not believe that the latter would have made a much better showing against the strong men from Garden City had they met them. These are baseball-players, and no mistake; and they worked just as hard all through the game with De La Salle as if they were not having a "merry-go-round," as their rooters constantly exclaimed. It certainly was a merry-go-round, and all the mirth was on the St. Paul side of the fence, for a poorer exhibition of baseball-playing has doubtless seldom been seen at Eastern Park than the game put up by the representatives of the New York Association. The out-fielders could not judge the easiest of flies, and dropped almost every ball that they did manage to get their hands on, and the in-fielders were not much better.



OAKLAND HIGH-SCHOOL ATHLETIC TEAM,
Champions of the Academic Athletic League of the Pacific Coast.

To any one who saw the game, or who was acquainted with the record of the St. Paul nine, it was not surprising that the Garden City players piled up thirty-five runs to their opponents' one, or that they made twenty-six base hits, with six home runs.

THE ST. PAUL NINE have played thirteen games this season, and have not suffered a single defeat. They have scored 179 runs to their opponents' 51; they have made 192 hits to their opponents' 69; and they have committed only 54 errors to their opponents' 84. Their batting and fielding averages reckon up as follows:

	Batting.	Fielding.
Hall, p.....	.407	.915
S. Starr, c.....	.371	.867
E. Starr, 1 b.....	.393	.945
Foster, 2 b.....	.375	.893
Baker, 3 b.....	.375	.714
Mortimer, s. s.....	.333	.709
Lum, i. f.....	.360	.923
Flippen, c. f.....	.339	.813
Goldsborough, r. f.....	.378	.900

It is evident from the above that St. Paul had a hard-hitting team, and I have no doubt the fielding averages—especially of Baker, Flippen, and Foster—would have been higher if the men had tried to make records rather than to accept every chance that came their way. Hall's pitching throughout the season has been up to a high standard, and his fielding has been excellent. In one game he had thirteen fielding chances, which he accepted without making an error. Foster, too, has done well, and has spoiled many an apparent base hit. Next year the managers of this nine should seek games with stronger teams than can be found in either the New York or the Long Island leagues. I should like to see them play Andover or Lawrenceville. The latter claim they cannot find

Baker, 3d b. Howard, sub. Foster, 2d b. Henderson, coach. Goldsborough, r. f. Robinson, sub. Hill, sub.



Hall, p. Lum, i. f. and capt. S. M. Starr, c. Flippen, c. f. Mortimer, s. s. E. Starr, 1st b.

ST. PAUL'S, GARDEN CITY, BASEBALL NINE.

Winners of the Inter-City Championship, Eastern Park, Brooklyn, June 8, 1895.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Event.	Central H.S.A.A. Team, Hartford, June 8, 1893.		Western Massachusetts I.S.A.A. Team, Amherst, June 7, 1893.		Dual Games between Phillips Andover and Worcester Academies, Worcester, June 8, 1893.	
	Winner.	Performance.	Winner.	Performance.	Winner.	Performance.
100 yd. dash	Conner, L.	10 1-2 sec.	Coit, H.	10 4-5 sec.	Sargent, W.A.	11 1-5 sec.
200 yd. dash	Duck, L.	22 1-5 "	Coit, H.	24 4-5 "	Emery, W.A.	23 2-5 "
400 yd. dash	Freder, F.H.-S.	23 1-2 "	Perkins, C.	27 2-5 "	Fish, W.A.	23 2-5 "
1 1/2 mile run	Bassett, N.B.	2 m. 7 1-5 "	Travers, H.	2 m. 30 1-5 "	Laing, P.A.	2 m. 7 "
1 mile run	Buckingham, B.H.-S.	5 " 8 1-5 "	Prayer, H.	5 " 16 "	Emery, W.A.	4 " 47 4-5 "
1/2 mile run	Baker, L.	7 " 17 2-5 "			Lockwood, W.A.	8 " 3 "
250 yd. hurdle	Freder, F.H.-S.	17 4-5 "	Phillips, M.	16 3-5 "	Holt, P.A.	15 3-5 "
250 yd. hurdle	Freder, F.H.-S.	26 1-2 "	Phillips, M.	29 4-5 "	Becken, W.A.	28 "
1/2 mile hurdle	Baker, L.	5 " 18 2-5 "	Chien, M.	5 ft. 4 3-4 in.	Compton, W.A.	5 " 48 4-5 "
Running high jump	Sturtevant, H.H.-S.	5 ft. 5 in.	Gladwin, W.	19 " 3 "	Edmonds, W.A.	5 ft. 5 in.
Running broad jump	Cooper, L.	29 " 7 1-4 "	Scott, W.	10 " 1 1-2 "	Williams, P.A.	19 " 2 "
Downward	Sturtevant, H.H.-S.	9 " 8 1-2 "	Carter, M.	94 " 8 "	Johnson, W.A.	10 " 2 1-2 "
Upward	Beck, H.	" 11 " 10 "	Anstin, M.	92 " 8 "	Holt, P.A.	1104 " 3 1-2 "
Putting the hammer	Beck, H.	76 ft. 8 1-2 "			Holt, P.A.	73 " 6 "

AGGRAVATIONS. Connecticut H.S.A.A.: L. H. Beck, H.S. School, New Haven; H.H.S., Hartford High School; B.H.S., Bridgeport High School; H.C., Hartford Classical School; N.B., New Britain High School; B.M.T., Broomfield Manual Training School; B. B. Key School, New London. Western Massachusetts I.S.A.A.: M. M., Middlebury; H. H., Holyoke; W. W., Westfield; C. C., Chicopee; A. A., Amherst. Dual Games: P. A., Phillips Academy, Andover; W. A., Worcester Academy.

opponents worthy of them outside the colleges. Perhaps Garden City can give them good practice.

THE MEN STOWN in the picture of the Oakland High-School Athletic Team are Cheek, Jackson, Jenks, Gooch, Hoffman, Cappy, Russ, McConnell, Hanford, Rosborough, and Dawson. They won the championship of the A.A.L. for the O.H.S. at the last two field meetings—March 16th and May 4th—and most of them return to school next year. W. B. Jackson, the mile runner, enters the University of California this fall, and if that enterprising college sends a team to Mott Haven next spring, Jackson will be one of its members, and he will push the Eastern cracks in the mile run.

A MERE GLANCE at the reports of the three interscholastic meets held in New England a week ago Saturday will demonstrate that scholastic sports, in spite of their prominence and excellence, are still in a sort of "go-as-you-please" state of perfection. For instance, half the associations



F. G. BECK, HILLHOUSE HIGH-SCHOOL, NEW HAVEN.

use a 16-lb. hammer and a 16-lb. shot, whereas the other half use 12-lb. weights. In some instances, such as at the Worcester-Andover dual games, the contestants put a 16-lb. shot, but throw a 12-lb. hammer. It is impossible to make a comparison of relative efficiency under such conditions. Why is it not just as easy for all the schools to use a 16-lb. hammer, and thus equalize things? Then they could not only compare their own records, but they could see in what relation they stand to college men. The principal argument in favor of the 12-lb. shot and hammer is that school boys are not strong enough to use the heavier weights. This does not seem to me to be a good argument, because fully half the associations use the 16-lb. hammer and shot, and there are no reports of resultant evil effects. Besides, a school athlete who goes in for those events is usually a well-built and muscular boy, who, if he is going to college, will probably continue to put the shot and throw the hammer. It is pure nonsense, therefore, to limit technique according to lighter weights; for it will be like beginning all over

again for him when he enters college sports, and his classmate who started with a 16-lb. hammer will have a considerable advantage over him.

FOR SOME TIME I have wanted to speak of this matter and of kindred subjects, but as I have not space enough to go into it fully this week, I shall only say a few more words to start those interested in it to thinking. The kindred subjects are the other events on the scholastic programmes. Why not have the card at school meetings identical with the inter-collegiate programme? We all know that there are too many events, anyhow, on both cards, and I am glad to hear that next year the colleges will eliminate the mile walk and the bicycle race. The schools cannot do better than follow this example, and those leagues which have throwing the baseball, standing high jump, standing broad jump, and other acrobatic feats on their lists will do well to start in on sweeping reforms. There is nothing athletic about throwing the baseball, especially, and it certainly is not a picturesque feature of any meeting.

UNIFORMITY IS A GREAT thing in any branch of human endeavor, and the sooner we can attain to it in interscholastic sport the farther advanced we shall be. The formation of a general interscholastic league, such as I spoke of last week, will be of great service in that very direction; for the greater association would adopt a definite programme, and all of the schools holding membership would have to accept it, and would no doubt be delighted to do so. I am glad to say that the suggestion of forming a general league has been favorably received by many enthusiasts in interscholastic sport, and, so far as I know, has been unfavorably commented on by no one. I have received, already, several letters endorsing the scheme, and the only point so far on which my correspondents differ is concerning the best place to hold the annual meeting. Until representatives from all sections are heard from, however, it will be impossible to say what the preponderance of opinion really is. Mr. Evert Wendell is heartily in favor of the formation of a joint league. In his letter he says that such a thing would increase the interest in the subject every where, and would prove a great success.

CONTINUING, HE WRITES: "The only part of it of which I disapprove is the holding of the meeting in a distinctly college town. The interests of so widely representative an interscholastic meeting must be so diverse that it would be unwise, for many reasons, to hold it in a town identified only with one of them. New York would be the most central place for it, and, to my mind, the most advisable choice. The best tracks are here, the best-known officials are here, and the greatest number of spectators would doubtless be gathered here. The Inter-collegiate Association has chosen New York as the most central and representative place in which to hold its annual meeting, and the localities of the various associations which you propose to have constitute members of the new-school athletic body would in general be drawn from about the same parts

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

of the country as the colleges in the other organization. So have the meeting, by all means, but have it in New York."

FOR THE FIFTH TIME SINCE 1889 the Hartford Public High-School won the championship of the Connecticut High-School A.A. at the games held in Charter Oak Park, Hartford, June 8th. They scored 38½ points out of a possible 112, their nearest rival, the Hotchkiss School of Lakeville, being just ten points behind them. Some very good performances were made, and eight records were broken, and if it had not been for a strong wind blowing up the track the time in the sprints might in many cases have been better. In spite of the breeze, however, the three trial heats of the 100 were run in 10½ sec., 10½ sec., and 10½ sec., respectively, and the final was made by Conner in 10½ sec. He ran a strong race, finishing a yard ahead of Dyer, his school-mate, with Davenport third. Ingraham, unfortunately, had to be put back a yard at the line for a false start, and could not overcome the handicap. Dyer turned the tables on Conner in the 220, finishing ahead of him. It was a pretty race, all the contestants running in one heat, the track being sixty yards wide. Luce proved a disappointment for the Hartford High-School in the quarter by going to pieces in the last half of the race after earning a good lead at the start. Consequently Foster passed him, and took first easily in 53½ sec. Luce has done better than 52 in practice, and may learn from his experience of last week not to take any chances with his diet on the eve of a race.

THE HALF-MILE RUN was one of the most exciting events of the day. The runners kept bunched at first, but soon Bassett, Kearney, and Lawrence plunged ahead of the field, each one struggling for the lead. Bassett and Lawrence ran almost abreast until within fifty yards of the finish, when the latter was taken with a cramp in the leg, which forced him to third place, behind Kearney, while Bassett crossed the line in 2 m. 7½ sec. This time would certainly have been bettered but for Lawrence's misfortune, for both he and the winner have done better in practice. I was surprised at Chapman's defeat in the mile, for I think he could have won if he had shown more "sand." He led until within sixty yards of the finish, when Buckingham passed him. Then he gave up, and straggled in second. The high hurdles made a pretty race for two Hartford High-School men—Field and Cady. Field is a most graceful runner, and he scraped the sticks in fine form, with Cady snapping along barely a yard behind. The time was comparatively poor, but I dare say this was largely due to Cady's weakness, he having dislocated his shoulder a few weeks before the race. He is a brother of the Yale sprinter, and from present appearances I believe he will do better than his senior when he gets the advantage of college methods and training. The improvement over his last year's style is marked. He came in third in the low hurdles, with Field again in the lead.

four of the riders. The remainder bunched again and pedalled along pretty evenly, until Steele, Rutz, and Baker forged ahead in the stretch and finished in that order. The time, 5 min. 1½ sec., is excellent. Another unusually good performance at the Connecticut games was Butler's winning of the walk in 7 min. 17½ sec. He forged ahead at the start with such a rapid gait that I felt certain he must give out before he could cover half the distance, but he kept it up, and finished strong fully a hundred yards ahead of Tichbourne. Sturtevant and Beck carried off the honors in the field events, the former winning both the pole vault and the high jump, breaking the record in each case. He is only seventeen years old, but he is a promising man. He won the vault at 9 feet 6 inches without ever touching the bar; then he had it raised to 9 feet 8½ inches, and cleared it at the first trial. He could have gone higher, but was reserving his force for the jumps. In the high, he repeated his performance of the vault by winning first at 5 feet 4½ inches, then by having the bar raised to 5 feet 8 inches and clearing it at the first attempt. In taking both the hammer and the shot Beck did excellent work, as our table of records will show. Both weights were 16 pounds, and I feel confident that he can make a better

put in the shot when not competing in so many events.

IT IS TO BE REGRETTED THAT the Springfield High-School decided not to enter any team at the Western Massachusetts I.S.A.A. games, held on Pratt Field, Amherst; but the meeting was most successful, and Monson Academy again left the field a victor. The success of the Monson athletes was entirely due to their careful training, and to the systematic way and the earnestness with which the men went into every event. I have heard many complaints to the effect that Monson's annual victory in the shot and hammer was always due to the fact that her representatives in these events were larger men than the other schools could produce. That excuse cannot hold this year, for both O'Connor of Holyoke H.-S., and Clark of Amherst H.-S., were giants alongside of Austin, the Monson shot champion. Considering this was the Chicopee High-School's first year in the association, her representatives did remarkably well in spite of the fact that they finished fourth. Amherst High made the lowest score, with only 6 points to her credit, while Chicopee got 25, and Westfield, next ahead of Chicopee, only scored 27. The winning score of Monson was 53 points.

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THE FIFTEEN STARTERS in the bicycle event kept well bunched until a collision scattered the crowd and spoiled things for



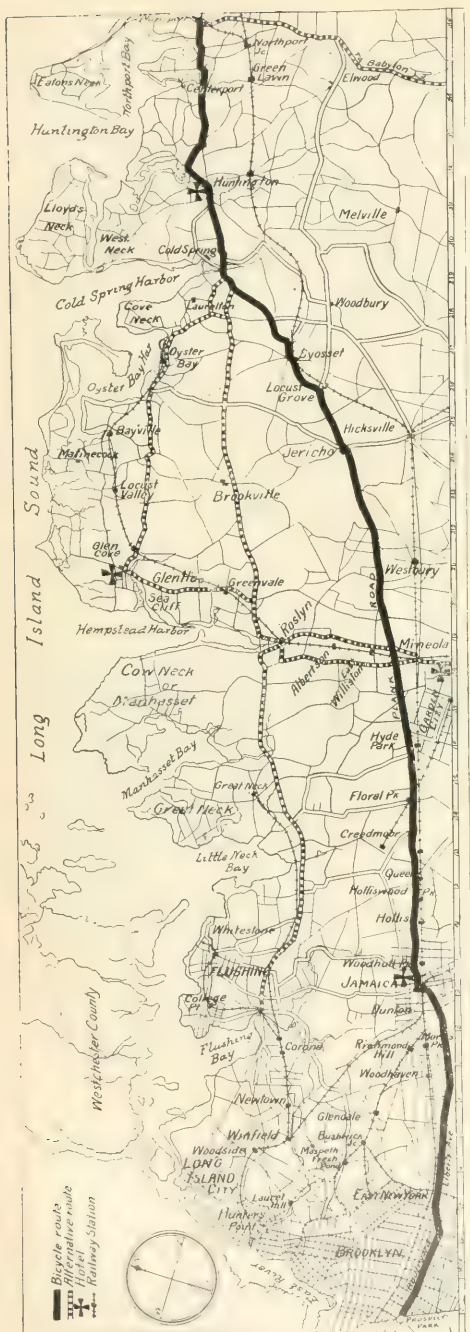
This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road books of the League of American Wheelmen. Regarding the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blank and information so far as possible.

THE ONLY OTHER really good ride on Long Island out of Brooklyn, besides the one given in last week's issue to Babylon, is over the same route as already described to Jamaica, and from thence as on the Babylon route, on through Hollis and Holliswood Park. Just beyond Holliswood Park the fork is reached whose right leads to Babylon, and whose left runs out over the plank-road to Jericho, and thence up along the north shore of Long Island. There are almost no hills along the entire route until the rider gets up to the north shore at and beyond Huntington. On taking the left fork, after passing Holliswood Park, the rider gets into Queens, continues on through Floral Park, Hyde Park, and Mineola straight out to Jericho, on a remarkably good road for Long Island, and a creditable road for any country. Jericho is practically the end of this plank-road. After leaving Jamaica and passing by the toll-gate, the rider may to advantage take to the side paths, for these will give him considerable help; but complaints against bicyclists have grown so numerous of late, and there is so much danger that severe legislation will be pushed against bicyclists, that every one is urged never to ride on side paths or sidewalks within the limits of a village or a thickly populated town.

THERE ARE SEVERAL ROADS which may be taken out of Jericho. One of these is to turn right from Jericho and go on southward to Hicksville (and turn at the bottom of the hill), about a mile beyond, near the edge of the plain. Take the left fork and continue on this until the railroad is crossed. After crossing the railroad turn left and keep to this road until the railroad is again crossed, when a turn to the right should be made at the next fork, and the rider will soon run into Farmingdale. Running through Farmingdale, and turning sharp to the right at the next cross-roads, the wheelman crosses the tracks and runs to the Holycross Mission-House, two miles away, turns sharp to the right a little beyond, and runs into Amityville, three miles further on. The road is good, and the side paths may be taken here to advantage also. After leaving Amityville, cross the railroad, and turn to the left to the shore road on the south shore of Long Island. A turn to the left carries the rider into Babylon, and he may here rest, and run back to Brooklyn by the route described last week.

ANOTHER RUN, and the one marked on the map accompanying the Department this week, is to continue on from Jericho until the turning to the right is reached, and then the wheelman can run up to the north shore through Huntington to Northport. There should be a turn made to the left at Jericho, and, after a short distance, a turn to the right, thence crossing the railroad track after passing Locust Grove and running into Syosset. The road is somewhat hilly there, though not bad. On passing the station the wheelman should turn right and take the next turn to the left. It will bring him into Cold Spring. Turning right from here and taking the main road he runs on three miles into Huntington over a somewhat hilly road; thence the route is direct to Centreport and Northport, a little over five miles further on, and the rider may then keep on along the north shore as far as he likes. Huntington, however, makes thirty three or four miles, which is enough for an ordinary bicyclist, who would naturally return by train, or, if the return route be made in the same day, sixty-five to seventy miles would be covered.

NOTE.—Map of New York City and adjacent streets in No. 509. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 510. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 511. New York to Staten Island in No. 512. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 513. Brooklyn in No. 514. Brooklyn to Babylon, in No. 515.



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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

IF THE RETURN TRIP be made, it is possible to take a pleasant run out to Glen Cove by keeping to the road after passing (going west) Cold Spring. The run then will be through Laurelton, Oyster Bay, Bayville, Locust Valley, into Glen Cove, and the road can then be followed without difficulty. From Glen Cove it is somewhat hilly. There is a pretty run through Greenville, Roslyn, back to plank road at Mineola. This return detour adds three or four miles, but makes a variety in the road.



Any questions in regard to photograph matters will be willingly answered by the editor of this column, and we should be glad to hear from any of our club who can make helpful suggestions.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, No. 4.

HOME-MADE APPARATUS.

A DARK-ROOM LANTERN.

A WOODEN starch-box can be made into a good dark-room lantern with very little trouble. Across the cover at each end nail a thin strip of wood an inch wide. In the centre of the cover cut a hole 4 by 6 inches, and over this paste two thicknesses of yellow post-office paper. The strips of wood are to prevent the cover splitting. For the chimney, remove the bottom from a round tin spice-box, and in one end of the box cut slashes an inch in depth and half an inch apart. In one end of the wooden box cut a hole into which this tin shall fit snugly. Slip it into the hole as far as the slashes are cut in the tin, turn the piece of tin back against the wood, and fasten them with small brads or tacks. For the covering of the chimney, to prevent the escape of white light, take an empty tin fruit or vegetable can—the cans used for corn are the best size—cut slashes in the tin the same as in the small can, and above these slashes for about two inches puncture the tin full of holes. Turn back these pieces of tin at right angles, place it over the chimney, and tack it in several places to the box. This arrangement will allow plenty of air to enter for ventilation, but no white light will escape. For a light get a small brass candlestick like those used for camping, and use adamantine candles.

A NEGATIVE WASHING RACK.

If one has an old washing half the work of making a negative rack is already done. From the washboard cut two strips seven inches long and three inches wide. The strips must be cut so that the corrugations go across, instead of lengthwise, the strips. These two pieces are for the sides of the rack. Now take four pieces of wood six inches long and about an inch square, and nail a piece to the end of each strip so that they project an inch beyond the strip at one edge and two inches the other. Fasten these two side pieces together by nailing pieces of wood from one of the ends of the projecting sticks to the one opposite, allowing just space enough for a 4 by 5 plate to slip between the corrugated zinc as they are turned in toward each other. On the bottom nail a thin piece of board to the

four pieces of wood on which the plates may rest when in the rack. You thus have a skeleton box, grooved on the inside, which can be filled with plates; and when necessary to change the water the box can be lifted out of the pail without danger of breaking the plates. A negative-box costs from \$1.75 to \$5.00, and this negative-box costs but half an hour of time.

A HYPO-TRAY.

A tray for hypo may be made by lining a small wooden box with enamel cloth. Have the cloth a little larger than the inside of the box; fit it smoothly, and fold it at the corners, instead of cutting it; turn the edges over and tack in a few places. The cloth for a box 8 by 10 costs only five cents, and will last a long time if rinsed thoroughly each time after using.

A PLATE-LIFTER.

To make a plate-lifter, take a stiff piece of wire, bend it exactly in the centre, and twist the halves together so as to make a loop. Bend over the ends of the wire a half-inch, bending them far enough to make a sharp angle, and with the ends turned toward each other. The ends of the wire should be a little less than four inches apart, so that when the hooked ends are slipped over a 4 by 5 plate there will be enough tension to hold the plate without slipping. This lifter is as useful as those bought for fifteen or twenty-five cents, and costs nothing.

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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

At Home at "Mona."

We reached our place, "Mona," about a month ago, coming over in our own carriages. It's about sixty miles from "Round Hills," where we first were. Two of my brothers rode over on their bicycles. There is a high mountain, called Mount Diablo, five miles up and three down, that has to be climbed and descended. There are two fair hotels on the road. Between them is a small village, called Kwatron, where we passed the night.

The scenery all along the road is lovely, and when you get in among the mountains and drive along the banks of the Rio Cobra River, it is superb! On all sides rise those great blue mountains, and the river rushes and roars below them, and everything beautiful is there. The railway runs beside the mountains, and after a little enters a tunnel right through the heart of the biggest mountain. The sky is the loveliest blue, and little white clouds float in it, big, white sails in it, and tall royal palms stand up against it and wave their great fronds. Pretty soon you get out of all this and into a long, hot, dusty road, the bushes on each side of which are so covered with dust that the rain cannot clean them; so they remain dirty, and are not worth looking at.

The hotel in Spanish Town is one of the best in Jamaica—cool, with large rooms and wide verandas. There is a garden in front of it with a thick royal palm in the middle. Kingston City is the hottest place on the island; but we are higher up, and that is much better, though in summer it is none too cool. I should like correspondents of my own age, seventeen, but foreign to the United States, and not boys. GWENDOLEN HAWTHORNE.

MONA, KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. L.

Those Funny Foxes.

Some time ago we offered a bound volume of a former year of this periodical for the finest picture or pictures of a fox. Permission was given to take any sort of liberty with Sir Reynard, but the

Another is the William D. Moffatt Chapter, of Oakland, Md., a third is the Whitlitt Library Chapter, of Milwaukee, Wis., and a fourth is the Eugene M. Camp Chapter, of Brooklyn, N. Y. A society in Stillwater, Minn., wants to send one, and the Thaddeus Stevens Chapter, of Philadelphia, who has lost by death the Knight who founded it, may give a stone as a memorial.

The face of each stone would bear the letters, as: "W. D. Moffatt Chapter, Oakland, Md." or, "In Memoriam: R. K. McCullough." It would be ideal to have enough of these memorials for the entire base-line, so that a person walking round the building could read the name of many Chapters from many States. Can't you help? Ask your Sunday-school class about it, or propose it at your Chapter meeting.

With each stone some contribution should be made. It was suggested that at least \$5 should be given to the Fund; but perhaps it will be as well to allow donors of stones to give any amount they are able to. Suppose, this summer, you give an entertainment on the lawn. We can furnish an easily arranged programme. You can clear \$10 easily. You could give to the Fund one half of it, and have the stone dressed, marked, and delivered for the other half. Several Chapters are to be represented. Let's have more of them. Write to us for particulars.

The Decisions of the Founders.

The flood of votes from Founders shows that the original members of the Order are as interested as ever in its welfare. The Order is, it may be well to explain, conducted by its members, and finally by its Founders, who vote on all important matters. Three questions were put to the Founders.

1. Should the eighteen-year age limit be abolished? 2. Should there be a new membership certificate to be called a "Patent"—a patent of noble chivalry? 3. Should the Order have a new badge?

On the first question very sound judgment was

Thinks.

NO. 3.—CHARADE.

A worthy foe: a trusty friend, the safest friend to have,

For if you differ, never mind, no danger is to brave.

A friend so easily shut up, so readily put down, Can give no cause for sore regret, for deep remorse to drown.

A thing almost all people hate, and nervous people fear.

So ugly, that to naturalists it only can be dear. Yet when that hateful stage is past it lives its little hour.

A floating gleam of beauty, it blossoms like a flower.

The very happiest life on earth, I do believe, is this.

He sits and lets your world go by, and his own world is his.

And if he does no good at all, he surely does no harm.

And science, wisdom, wit, and song, fill all his days with clamor.

Possibly 'tis an idle life, only a life of ease, Or worse than all, a selfish life, but don't disturb him, please!

NO. 388.—A STUDY IN CATS.

1. A list of numerous things of worth.

2. An inundation of the earth.

3. A kind of useful fishing-bait.

4.5. Some helps to sailors when afloat.

6. A mineral used for making soap.

7. A transformation of a trope.

8. The parent of the butterfly.

9. A bad affection of the eye.

10. A surgeon's amputating knife.

11. A poultice that may save your life.

12. A book that should be oftener read.

13. A resting-place for honored dead.

14. A sepulchre in foreign lands.

15. A cruel whip with many strands.

16. A catarrh or waterway.

17. Take your senses quite away.

18. A spicy sauce to use with meat.

19. A class of workers with four feet.

20. A kind of ivy often found.

21-22. Sciences of reflected sound.

23. A heavy armor used of old.

24. The doctrines of the church, I'm told.

25. A mineral used for isologs.

26. A useful herb you often pass.

27. An engine used for throwing stones.

28. A remedy for broken bones.

29. I form a chain of many links.

30. A philosophic list, methinks.

31. Essential to the violin.

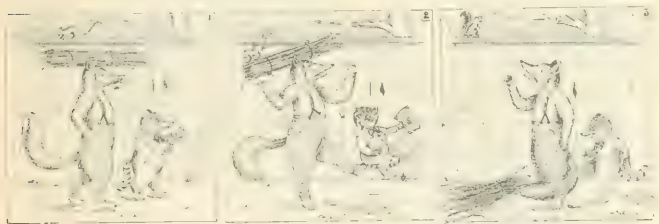
32. I'm noted for my scaly skin.

The Prize Story Contest.

Members forget that it takes a much longer time to read several hundred stories and weigh their merits than it does to examine puzzle answers. To this fact is due the necessary delay over our last Story Competition. But the decisions have been made, and the First Prize Story, with names of all successful contestants, will be announced next week.

Want Corner.

Janet Priest writes to say that the yell of the University of Minnesota is "Rah, rah, rah, Ski-U-mah, Aah-sity, Varsity, Minne-Sota," and the colors old-gold and maroon. Ralph Cotter and others are reminded that one certificate admits to all branches of the Order. The new certificates will be called "Patents." They will be very handsome. Due notice will be given when they are ready, and all will receive who ask for them. Camera prize offers are now under consideration. M. B. Y.: Rose Standish, mentioned by Longfellow, came in the *Mayflower*, the wife of Miles Standish. She was of English stock, but we can find little about her. ~~However~~ one around the Table know of her early life? She died of famine and privation in the next January but one after the Pilgrims landed. It was the second courtship of Miles that Longfellow describes.



condition was made that the drawing would reproduce for printing. About one hundred members tried their hands, but almost all sent pencil sketches, or those done on common paper in common ink. Such we could do nothing with, though a few were quite funny. Here is the best—the prize-winning drawing. The series was made by Beverly S. Klug.

Memorial Stones in the School Building.

Recently two Founders suggested that Chapters, classes, and individual contributors give memorial stones for the Round Table School Building, said stones to bear the names of the giver. The thought was to have as many States represented as possible. Another Founder, fearing the cost of transportation, and that so many different colors of stone as would, of course, result, wrote to say that it might be better to have the stones made at a quarry near Good Will.

The suggestion is that any person, old or young, a Chapter or a class or a society of young persons furnish these memorial stones made of the uni, form-sized 20 inches long, 10 inches wide, and 4 inches thick; they form the base upon which the bricks will rest. They thus come a few feet from the ground, where they may be easily read. Several Chapters have responded already, and say they are ready to forward memorials. One of these is the Robert Louis Stevenson Chapter, of Cincinnati.

exercised, we think. Indeed, you showed a keener insight and greater breadth than we expected. There is no doubt about the decision, for it is a three-to-one one. It is that the eighteen-year age limit be retained; but once a member, always a member, without age restriction. That is, members do not cease to be members upon reaching their eighteenth birthday.

Founders in very large numbers urge the admission of persons of any age, upon application, to be styled not Knights and Ladies, but Patrons of the Order. We think this a happy solution of the problem, and shall unless we hear objection, provide a Patron Patent, similar in design to the member's patent.

The second point is unanimously agreed, and so is the third, save that many ask that badge designs be submitted. To this we agree, and will submit the same as soon as possible. When the new patents and badges are ready we will announce the fact, and old members may have new Patents by asking for them. The prices of the new badges cannot be told until the design is selected; but an effort will be made to have one at ten cents, and one in gold at somewhere between fifty cents and \$1. So many new readers have come to us lately, that as early as we can find space, we will print again the objects of the Order, how to join it, the story of the Good Will School, etc. The Order is to have some splendid prize and other offers soon.

LARRY, JACK, AND THE BELLS.

A GOODLY number of years ago there dwelt in Ireland two brothers whose names were Larry and Jack. They were witty and humorous, and played many a mad prank on their unsuspecting neighbors. Now it seems that the town they lived in had in its church steeple two uncommonly large bells, and the clatter, when rung, was a source of annoyance to many people. Being church bells, no complaints were made, although they were the subject of many a conversation.

Larry and Jack for a long time had their eyes and minds on these same bells, and finally they decided to effectually stop the ringing by cutting the ropes off close to the clappers. Accordingly one night they effected an entrance to the church steeple, but were at a loss how to reach the bells without climbing the ropes, the only means of communication. This they finally decided to do, but first they piled a lot of cushions on the floor to break any fall that might take place. Then Larry, throwing off his jacket, grasped one of the ropes and very slowly worked his way up to the bells.

It was either stupidity or forgetfulness on Larry's part, but when he reached the bells he whipped out his knife and cut the rope close to the bell over his head. Consequently down came poor Larry, striking the cushions with a sounding thump. It knocked the breath out of him, and Jack thought surely the fall had killed him. Larry, however, quickly put him at ease by crying out: "Faith, Jack, o'm all right. If it wasn't in a church of am, o'd swear, Begorra either the earth struck me, or of struck the earth, but heaven knows we have a very strong attachment for each other."

"Larry, you're stupid, me boy; yer head is as thick as sour cream. O'll show yez how to manage a little affair like that," and Jack commenced climbing the other rope. "Now, Larry," he cried, when he reached the top, "watch me show yez how to do it," and, unlike Larry, he cut the rope from under his feet, and hung there dangling without means of reaching the floor.

Afraid to drop, his brother was forced to seek assistance from the town, and for a long while the two brothers were the laugh of the county.

A SOLDIER'S ANSWER.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON, after one of his great battles, gathered the remnant of his forces around him, and proceeded to compliment them in his characteristic manner, so endearing to the hearts of his soldiers. Finally Company D, of the Guards, who had been in the thick of the fight, were ordered to present themselves, and to the astonishment of the Emperor a single soldier appeared. He was bound up in bandages, and could barely walk.

"Where is the rest of your company?" asked the Emperor.

A tear welled in the old soldier's eye as he answered, "Your Majesty, they lie on the field dead," and then wofully added, "They fought better than I."

IVORY SOAP

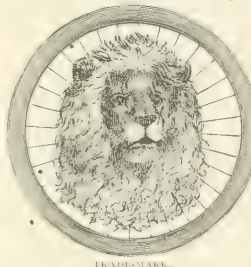
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TWO AMBITIOUS CUBS.

AN EXPLANATION.

MAMMA. "Willie, how did that candle-grease come to get all over your bureau?"

WILLIE. "I suppose, mamma, it was because it couldn't get into the wick to burn up."

BOBBY'S TROUBLE.

I'm generally contented
Than any boy I know,
I'm satisfied most always
Whate'er may come or go.
But this time I'm dissatisfied,
A most peculiar biz!
There's something that I want to do,
But I don't know what it is.

PHRENOLOGIST. "I see that you have a good many lumps on your head; they all mean something."

CHARLIE. "I guess they do. The larger one is where Fred Mason struck me with a bat; the one next to it I got from falling down the stairs."

MOTHER. "Jack, what are you going to do with the screw-driver?"

JACK. "I'm going to fasten the screw which Willie Mason said I had loose this morning."

THE STEAMBOAT.

THE steamboat is a wagon;
On wheels it runs its course.
The machinery's the harness,
The engine is the horse.

AN EXTRAORDINARY HAPPENING.

"I SAW my papa's last book before he wrote it," said Jimmieboy.

"How did that happen?" asked the visitor.

"It was a blank-book then," said Jimmieboy.

BOBBY (on ferry-boat). "I know why the river is so angry to-day."

JACK. "Why?"

BOBBY. "Because it is crossed so often."

UNCLE JOHN. "Jimmie, if I were to take one dollar and divide it into four parts, and give a quarter to each of your brothers, what would be left?"

JIMMIE. "I would."

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

MAMMA. "You must take this medicine like a good boy, Tommy; it is spring medicine."

TOMMY. "All right, mamma, if it will only make the spring come, so's I can play ball."

AN old gentleman, within a short distance of the grave, remarked to his coachman, "Alas, James, I shall shortly go on a longer journey than you have ever driven me."

JAMES (who had often been berated for reckless driving). "Rest easy, master, for it's a journey down hill all the way."

"I DON'T know why it is, Charlie, but you are always quarrelling. I dare say you quarrel with yourself."

"Can't help it; every one does that has a nose and chin."

"Why, how do you make that out?"

"Words always pass between them, you know."

LITTLE fishy in the brook,
Went out one day on his own hook,
Despite the warning of his mother.

And then, alas,
It came to pass
He found the hook of Jimmie's brother,
And no one knows where he is at
Since he went whisking off on that.

GENTLEMAN. "Here Pat, pull off these boots of mine."

PAT (looking at the gentleman's extraordinary large foot). "Sure your honor, I'd willingly do that same for yez, but it's beyond me power. The forks of the road below here might git the better of them."

A CRITICISM.

THE baby's picture is not good,
I tell you plain and flat;
Not even when he's eatin' food
Is he as still as that.

"Diss is to-morrer," said Russell, as he waked early one morning.

"No, it ain't," said Jimmieboy. "This is to-day."

"No, 'tain't," said Russell. "Yesterday was to-day. Mamma said so, and she said last night when I waked up it would be to-morrer. Dissen to-morrer."



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a large house, standing well back from the broad highway that leads from Brenton to Pelham, so far back, indeed, and at the end of such a long shady drive, that it could not be seen for some few minutes after turning in from the road.

The approach was pretty, the avenue winding through the trees, with an occasional glimpse of the meadows beyond. The road forked where the trees ended, and encircled the lawn, or the "heater-piece" as the family called it, being in the exact shape of a flatiron. The

house stood on high ground, and there were no trees very near.

It was a white house, with green blinds, solid and substantial looking. The roof of the piazza was upheld by tall white columns, and vines growing at either end relieved the bareness. On the southern side of the house a small conservatory had been added. On the other side the ground sloped to the Charles River, though in summer one could see only the water from the upper windows, because of the trees which grew so thick upon the banks.

This was Oakleigh, the home of the Franklins, so named

because of a giant oak-tree which spread its huge branches not far from the back of the house.

As to the Franklins, there were five of them, and they were all assembled on the front porch.

Thought it was the last day of April, spring was unusually early for Massachusetts this year, and the day was warm and clear, suggesting summer and delightful possibilities of out-door fun.

Edith, the eldest, sat with her work. It was unusual work for a girl of barely sixteen. A large old-fashioned basket was on the floor by her side, with piles of children's clothes in it, and she was slowly and laboriously darning a stocking over a china egg.

The children had no mother, and a good deal devolved upon Edith.

Jack and Cynthia, the twins, came next in age, and they were just fourteen. They looked alike, though Jack was much the taller of the two, and his hair did not curl so tightly as Cynthia's. She sat on the steps of the piazza. Her sailor hat was cast on the ground at her feet, and her pretty golden-brown hair was, as usual, somewhat awry.

It was one of the trials of Edith's life that Cynthia's hair would not keep smooth.

Jack lay at full length on the grass, sometimes flat on his back, staring at the sky, sometimes rolling over, the more easily to address his sisters.

Jack had a project in his mind, and was very much in earnest. Cynthia, of course, was already on his side—she had known of it from the first moment the idea popped into his head, but Edith had just been told, and she needed convincing.

Janet and Willy, "the children," were playing at the other end of the porch. They were only six and five, and did not count in the family discussions.

"There's money in it, I'm sure," said Jack; "and if I can only get father to agree with me and advance some money, I can pay him back in less than a year."

"Papa hasn't much money to spare just now," said Edith, "and I have always heard that there was a good deal of risk about raising chickens from an incubator."

"My dear girl," returned Jack, with an air of lofty authority, "allow me to say that you don't know much about it. I've been reading upon hens for two days, and I find that, allowing for all risks—bad eggs, inexperience, weasels, and skunks, and diseases, you're sure to make some profit at the end of a year. Now, I'm late in thinking of it, I know. To-morrow is the 1st of May, and I couldn't get more than three hatches this summer, but that would probably pay the cost of the incubator. I can get a first-rate one for forty dollars, and I can buy one 'brooder.' If I bought one I could make the others like it."

"But your eggs?" said Edith. "You would have to pay a great deal for eggs."

"Eggs would be about five or six dollars a hundred, and it takes two hundred to fill the machine. I should want to get a fine breed, of course—Brahmas, or Cochins, or Leghorns, probably, and they cost more; but, you see, when they begin to lay, there comes my money right back to me."

"When they do," said Edith, sceptically.

"Edith, don't be so mean!" cried Cynthia. "Jack wants to begin to make money, and I think he's right. I'm going to help him all I can, and we want you to be on our side to help talk over papa. He is always telling Jack that he'll soon have to begin to work, and now here's a chance."

"Papa wants Jack to make some money to help support us when he is old enough, but he wants him to finish his education first, of course. And I am sure he doesn't want him to lay out a lot of money, as he would have to do in raising hens."

"That's just like a girl," said Jack, scornfully. "Don't you know that there's always a lot of risk in anything you undertake, and you've got to take the chances? There are very few things you don't have to put money into."

"Of course, for a grown man. But a boy of your age ought to work for a salary, or something of that sort—not go investing."

Cynthia stirred uneasily. She knew this was just the wrong thing to say to Jack. Unfortunately, Edith was so apt to say the wrong thing.

Jack sprang to his feet. "There's no use arguing with girls. I may be a boy of my age, but I've got some sense, and I know there's money in this. I'm not going to say another word about it to anybody until father comes home, and I can talk it over with him."

And Jack walked off around the corner of the house, whistling to Ben and Chester, the two big setters, to follow him, which they did with joyful alacrity.

"There!" exclaimed Cynthia, "now he's gone off mad. I don't see why you said that, Edith."

"Said what? I'm sure it is true. The idea of a boy of his age—"

"There you go again. Jack may be young, but he is trying awfully hard to help papa, and you needn't go twitting him about his age."

"I'm sure I never meant to twit him," said Edith; "and I think he's awfully touchy. But it is half past four, Cynthia, and time to go meet papa. Won't you be sure to brush your hair and put on a fresh neck-tie or something? You do look so untidy. That skirt is all frayed out around the bottom."

"Oh, bother my hair and my neck-tie, and everything else!" cried Cynthia, though with perfect good-nature. "Edith, you make such a fuss! Shall I go meet papa?"

"No, I'll go; but I wish you would order the horse. Now, Cynthia, don't forget your hair; will you? Papa hates to see you untidy."

For answer Cynthia banged the screen-door as she disappeared into the house and walked through the wide hall, humming as she went.

"What shall I do with these children?" sighed Edith to herself, as she laid down the stocking, mended at last, and prepared to put up her work. "I'm sure I do the best I can, and what I think our mother would have liked, but it is very hard. If Cynthia only would be more neat!"

A loud crash interrupted her thoughts. At the end of the piazza, where the children had been playing, was a mass of chairs and tables, while from the midst of the confusion came roars of pain, anger, and fright.

"What is the matter?" cried Edith, running to the scene, and overturning her work-basket in her flight.

It took several minutes to extricate the screaming children, set them on their feet, and ascertain that no bones were broken.

"Get the red oil!" shrieked Janet: "that naughty boy has killed me! I'm dead! I'm dead! Get the red oil!"

"It's no such a thing!" shouted Willy. "I didn't do it, and I'm dead, too. Ugh! I'm all bludge. Get the red oil!"

Cynthia had witnessed the scene from the window, and appeared just in time with the bottle of red oil, the panacea for all the Franklin bumps and bruises.

"What were you doing, you naughty children?" said Edith, as she wiped the "bludge" from Willy's lips, and found that it came from a very small scratch, while Janet was scarcely hurt at all.

"We were only playing cars, and Willy would ride on the engine, and made it topple over, and—"

"It's no such a thing!" interposed Willy. "Girls don't know nothin' 'bout steam-cars, and Janet went and put her feet on the back of my chair, and—"

He was interrupted by a blow from Janet's small fat fist, which he immediately returned in kind, and then both began to scream.

"You are both as bad as you can be, and I've a good mind to send you to bed," said Edith, severely, shaking Janet as she spoke.

Janet cast herself upon Cynthia. "Edith's horrid to us! She is so cross. Cynthia, don't let her send us to bed. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I hit Willy; I'm sorry we upset the chairs; I'm sorry for everything."

"Well, here comes the horse, and I must go," said Edith. "Oh, look at my basket!"

And it was indeed a sight. Spools, scissors, china eggs, stockings, everything lay in wild confusion on the floor.

"Never mind. I'll pick them up," said Cynthia. "Don't bother about them, Edith. The children will help me. Come along, Willy and Janet. Let's see which can find the most spoils."

Edith looked back doubtfully as, having put on her hat, she got into the carriage. What would her basket be like when she next saw it? But it was kind of Cynthia, and how much better Cynthia managed the children than she did. What was the reason? She was thinking it over, when she heard her name called loudly from behind, and, pulling in the horse quickly, she waited, wondering what had happened now.

Cynthia came flying down the avenue. "Edith! Edith! Wait a minute! I forgot to tell you. Don't say anything to papa about Jack's scheme, will you? Let him tell."

"Oh, Cynthia, how you frightened me! I thought something dreadful was the matter."

"But don't, will you, Edith? Promise! You know—well, Edith, Jack can explain it so much better himself."

Cynthia was too kind-hearted to tell Edith that she would spoil it all if she said anything first, but Edith knew that was what she meant. A sharp reply was on her lips, but she controlled herself in time.

"Very well," she said, quietly, "I won't."

And then she drove on, and Cynthia went back to the house satisfied.

Edith had a quick, impatient temper, and it was not an easy matter for her to curb her tongue. Her mother had died five years ago, when she was but eleven years old. Then an aunt had come to live with them, but she had lately married and gone to South America, and now there was no one else, and Edith was considered old enough to keep house and look after the children.

The road wound through the woods, with here and there a view of the river, leading finally into the old New England town and forming its main street.

Tall elm-trees shaded the approach to the village, and fine old houses, with well-kept lawns in front, were to be seen on either side.

The horse that Edith drove was by no means a fine one, and the old buggy was somewhat unsteady and rattled alarmingly. In other words, the Franklins were poor, but they had hosts of friends; and as Edith entered the village she nodded right and left to the various people she met. Every one liked the Franklins, and the family had lived at Oakleigh for generations.

As she reached the station the train came in. A throng of carriages filled the broad space in front, and Edith was obliged to draw up at some little distance from the cars. Presently she saw her father coming towards her, and with him was an odd little figure, the sight of which made Edith's heart sink with apprehension.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" she exclaimed to herself, "if there isn't Aunt Betsey!"

Then she shrank back into the corner of the buggy, and watched the amused glances that were cast upon her relative by all who saw her.

Miss Betsey Trinkett, of Wayborough, was Edith's great-aunt, and constituted one of the largest thorns in her side. She was old, she was odd, she was distinctly conspicuous; and Edith disliked above all things to be conspicuous.

Miss Betsey trotted along the platform by her nephew's side, quite unconscious of the tumult she was raising in the breast of her grandniece. She was dressed in a short, scant velvet gown that might have belonged to her grandmother, and a large bonnet of the same date, from which hung a figured lace veil. A gay shawl was folded about her slender shoulders, and Mr. Franklin carried her carpet-bag with the silver lock and key.

She waved a welcome to Edith with a mitted hand, and Edith, recovering herself, nodded in response.

"How do you do, Aunt Betsey? What a surprise!"

"Yes, my dear, I like to surprise you now and then. I came up to Boston town on business, and your father insisted upon my coming out to see you all. In fact, I knew he would, so I just popped my best cap and my knitting into my bag, along with some little things for you children, and here I am."

And she stepped nimbly into the buggy, followed by Mr. Franklin.

"We shall be a 'Marblehead couple,'" he said, as he balanced himself on the seat and took the reins.

Edith detested "Marblehead couples," otherwise driving three on a seat, and she hid herself as much as possible in her corner, and hoped that people would not know she was there.

Miss Betsey chatted away with her nephew, and in time the three miles were covered, and they turned into the Oakleigh drive. Edith had recovered somewhat by this time, having been engaged in scolding herself all the way from the village for her uncordial feelings.

The others welcomed Aunt Betsey most cordially. Her carpet-bag always contained some rare treat for the little ones; and, besides, they were a hospitable family.

"But come with me, girls," said Miss Betsey, mysteriously, when she had bestowed her gifts. "There is something I want to consult you about."

She trotted up the long flight of stairs to her accustomed room with the springiness of a young girl, Edith and Cynthia following her. She closed the door behind them, and seating herself in the rocking-chair, looked at them solemnly.

"Do you remark anything different about my appearance?"

"Why, of course, Aunt Betsey!" exclaimed Cynthia; "your hair!"

"Well, I want to know! Cynthia, you are very smart. You get it from your great-grandmother Trinkett, for whom you were named. Well, what do you think of it?"

Edith had hastened to the closet, and was opening drawers and removing garments from the hooks in apparently a sudden desire for neatness. In reality she was convulsed with laughter.

Cynthia controlled herself, and replied, with gravity, "Did it grow there?"

Miss Betsey rocked with satisfaction, her hands folded in her velvet lap.

"I knew it was a success. No one would ever know it, would they? My dears, I bought it to-day in Boston town. The woman told me it looked real natural. I don't know as I like the idea exactly of wearing other people's hair, but one has to keep up with the times, and mine was getting very scant. Silas said to me the other night, said he, 'Betsey, strikes me your hair isn't as thick as it used to be.' That set me thinking, and I remember I'd heard tell of these frontpieces, and I then and there made up some business I'd have to come to Boston town about, and here I am. I bought two while I was about it. The woman said it was a good plan, in case one got lost or rumpled, and here it is in this box. Just lay it away carefully for me, Cynthia, my dear."

The old lady's thin and grayish locks had been replaced by a false front of smooth brown, with puffs at the side, and a nice white part of most unnatural straightness down the middle.

"You see, I like to please Silas," she continued. "I'll tell you again, as I've told you before, girls, Silas Green and I've been keeping steady company now these forty years. But I can't give up the view from my sitting-room windows to go and live at his house on the other hill, and he can't give up the view from his best-room windows to come and live at my house. We've tried and tried, and we can't either of us give up. And so he just comes every Sunday night to see me, as he's done these forty years, and I guess it'll go on a while longer."

They were interrupted by the sound of the tea bell.

Miss Betsey hastily settled her cap over the new front, and they all went down stairs, Cynthia pinching Edith to express her feelings, and longing to tell Jack about Aunt Betsey's latest.

But they found Jack having an animated discussion with his father, his thoughts on business plans intent.

Cynthia anxiously surveyed the two, and she feared from appearances that Mr. Franklin did not intend to yield.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE IN A LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY A. J. ENSIGN.

A COLD biting west wind was blowing. The sea close under the beach was smooth and steel blue, and the breakers reared their white crests slowly, falling in dull booms of muttered thunder. Beyond the rollers a wide expanse of ice-hard gray water swept away to the iron line of the horizon, where strange shapes of writhing billows roared against the glow of the rising moon. Half a dozen stars of the first magnitude swam in moisture in the zenith, and far away in the west a smudge of black cloud, touched on its lower edge with blood red, kept the record of the swift winter sunset.

"It will blow from the south'ard and east'ard afore mornin', an' it'll snow," said the light-house keeper, as he peered out into the growing gloom, pierced as it was by the rays of the lamp which he had set burning half an hour before.

"Ay," said his assistant, "an' we'll have fog, too, I'm thinkin'."

"Well, get steam up for the siren, an' stan' by fur trouble afore dawn."

The predictions of both men came true. Before two o'clock in the morning the wind had shifted to the southeast, and was blowing a gale. Great tangled masses of brown cloud were flying across the sky at terrific speed, and in and out of the rifts shot the red moon flaming like a comet. The breakers no longer reared and fell slowly, but hurried themselves in shrieking masses of foam upon the stricken beach. A yelling as of ten thousand evil spirits surrounded the caged lantern; but the great yellow light blazed out its warning upon the black waters. But not for long; for out of the southeast swept the impenetrable gray fog that no light could pierce. Then the hoarse moaning blast of the steam-siren sent its cry of warning out over the raging waters. At four o'clock the gale was terrific, and ever and anon the shriek of a steam-whistle told that some vessel was groping her way toward the entrance to the harbor. Suddenly the whistle burst into a series of rapid screams.

"Wake up, Tom!" shouted the assistant keeper, who was on watch. "There's a tug out yonder that's parted the hawser of her tow."

The keeper sprang to his feet and listened to the despairing screams of the whistle out in the fog.

"You're right!" he exclaimed. "And whatever's gone adrift 'll be ashore in less than an hour. They'll never hear those whistles at the station with the wind in this quarter."

He jumped to the telephone and called up the life-saving station a mile above.

"There's a tug off here," he said, "and she's lost her tow."

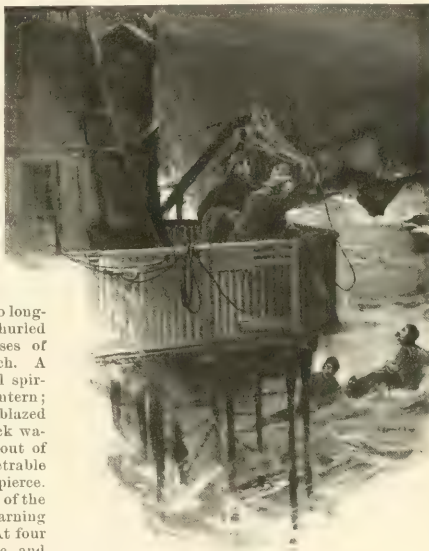
"All right," came the answer; "we'll look out for 'em." Half an hour later a big three-masted coal barge, which thirty years earlier had been an English bark, was in the breakers half a mile above the life-saving station; but owing to the sharp lookout for her, all her people, three men, a boy, and a woman, were taken ashore safely in the breeches buoy. At sunup the other barge, which had been in tow of the tug, was seen three miles off shore having

to under her leg-of-mutton canvas. She was picked up by an incoming steamer, and towed into the harbor.

That is a sample of the experience of a light-house keeper whose light is on the land. He has a comparatively comfortable berth; but all lights are not so pleasantly situated. Some are situated at considerable distances from the shore, on dangerous reefs. Most of the houses so situated are built on iron-screw piles, like those at Thimble Shoals, Virginia, Fowey Rocks, Alligator Reef, and Sombrero Key, Florida. These houses stand on iron legs, which are screwed down into the rocks on the bottom, and the keeper's only means of leaving his confined dwelling is by the boat, which swings at davits, as it would aboard a ship. It has been found that a light-house built in this manner will stand the shocks of heavy weather much better than one made of solid masonry. The storm wave of the Atlantic Ocean travels at the rate of about thirty miles an

hour, and when one of these waves, towering from fifteen to thirty-five feet, strikes an obstacle, such as a light-house, it deals a blow whose force can be measured only in hundreds of tons. The iron-screw pile-house, however, is elevated far enough above the level of the sea to escape the blows of the waves, which meet with no greater resistance than that offered by the slender legs of the structure.

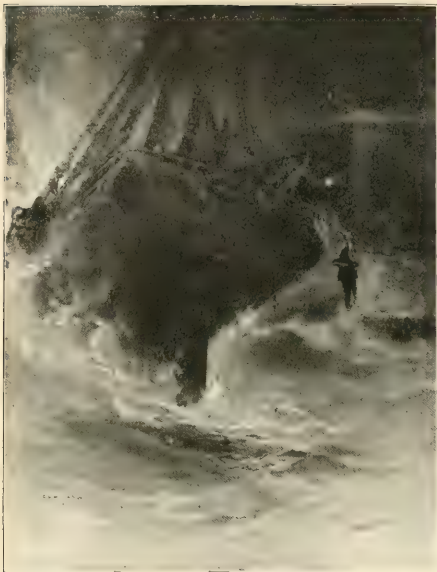
Let us imagine the experience of a keeper of one of these lights in a great storm. It is September. All day the sea has been deathly calm, but with a slow swell of ominous breadth and weight. The sky has been of a dead gray color, and has seemed to hang so low that one might almost reach it from the top of the lantern. Toward night the wind begins to come in fitful gusts that moan around the light-house like the voices of warning spirits. The keeper goes out on the balcony and looks anxiously around



A RESCUE FROM THE LIGHT.

the horizon. He knows that they are in for a bad night, and he knows that even iron-screw light-houses have been carried away in great gales. But he goes calmly and carefully about his work. He sees that the boat and all other objects outside the house are well secured. He sees the lamp well supplied with oil and trimmed wicks. He gives the lenses and reflectors a few more affectionate rubs, and as the sun goes down fire-red into a crimson sea he lights the wicks and goes down to his supper.

The gusts of wind outside increase in number and in force. Strange shriekings and moanings break from the crannies of the light-house. It is blowing half a gale now, and the sea is beginning to rise. Fiercer and fiercer come the blasts. The light-house begins to vibrate like a fiddle. A strange humming, as of the giant strings of some enormous Æolian harp, is added to the shriller screams of the wind. It is the gale singing through the iron legs and braces of the structure. And now a squall more violent than any that have preceded it comes yelling across the sea. It tears the foaming crests off half a dozen waves, and sends them swirling down to leeward in shivering sheets of snowy spindrift. With fearful force the blast strikes the light-house, at the same time hurling some of



TAKEN ASHORE IN A BREECHES-BUOY.

the spooindrift against its weather side with a crash. What was that? Did the whole building sway?

The keeper shuts his lips tightly and goes up to look at the lamp. It is burning brightly. He descends again, and puts on his oil-skins and sou'wester. Waiting for a lull in the gale, he bolts out upon the balcony, hastily closing the door behind him. For a moment he stands, clinging with all his might to the iron railing, while the mad wind seems to try to strip his clothing from him. How the building trembles under the furious assaults of the wind! What an awful roar the conflicting elements make around its iron walls! The keeper's eyes are half blinded by the driving rain and salt spray. But he can see by the light of the faithful lamp above him towering walls of black and shining water sweeping down out of the fathomless darkness beyond as if to engulf his little refuge. They rush forward and disappear within the circle of gloom below the light, and the next instant he hears them hissing and shrieking around the sturdy iron leg.

There! There is the monster wave of all, heaving its mighty crest twenty-five feet, so that the keeper sees it level with his eyes as he gazes, fascinated. It is coming, it is coming. Ah, it is too big to pass the reef without breaking. See! It has toppled over, and goes boiling under the gallery in a wild mass of ghostly foam. The keeper shivers a little, shakes his head, and goes back to his warm room, muttering a prayer for the safety of the sailors on the sea. You and I would mutter one for our own, perhaps, if we stood on a swaying balcony above a storm-torn ocean.

Before morning the keeper hears the report of a gun. He knows too well the meaning of that sound. It is a signal of distress. He rushes out on the balcony again, and sees the dim form of a dismayed ship driving upon the reef. What can he do? Not a thing. He calls up his assistants, and they helplessly watch the vessel strike. They hear the cries of her people. They see the waves burst over her in great clouds of seething spray. Suddenly one of the men utters a shout.

"See! There's a spar driving down on us with some one on it."

Now the keeper and his assistants can do something, and they move with the rapidity of men whose wits are accustomed to the emergencies of the deep. Projecting from one side of the house is an iron arm, at the end of which hang a block and tackle. This is used for hoisting supplies from the boat which brings them off. Quickly a line is fastened around the hook at the bottom of the tackle. This is to give the shipwrecked mariner something by which to hold. The broken and half-buried spar sweeps down toward the light-house. Two men are clinging to it with the strength of despair. The tackle is lowered, and as the spar drives against one of the stout iron legs of the light-house one of the two men catches the rope, and is quickly hauled up to the gallery. At once the tackle is lowered again, and the other man is hauled up. Half blind, half drowned, staggering with exhaustion, they are taken into the house where warm drinks and dry clothing revive them. Then they sit beside the stove and tell the dreadful story of the wreck, while the howling of the wind, the thunder of the seas, and the swaying of the house remind them all that the storm still rages without.

Finally the great gale ends, and gradually the sea goes down. The shipwrecked seamen are anxious to reach land, and the light-house keeper, upon whose stores two extra mouths make serious inroads, is willing to have them go. Late in the afternoon of the third day they see smoke on the horizon. By-and-by the smoke appears to rise from a little black speck. Gradually the speck grows larger, and at length it assumes the outlines of a small steam-vessel.

"That's her," says the keeper. "Now you'll be able to get ashore."

"Is it the tender?" asks one of the wrecked sailors.

"Yes," says the keeper. "She was due here just about the time the gale set in."

It is the stanch little light-house tender, whose duty it is to visit the various lights in her district, and replenish their supplies. Many a rough time she has at sea, and many a narrow escape; but the pressing necessities of the keepers of the isolated lights embolden the captains of tenders to brave many dangers. The tender is alongside



RECEIVING SUPPLIES IN CALM WEATHER

the light-house in due time, and the tackle which so lately saved human lives hoists up boxes of provisions, cans of oil, and other articles. The two shipwrecked sailors are put aboard the tender to be landed at the nearest port, and in a short time the little vessel is once more a smudge of smoke upon the horizon.

And so let us bid good-by to the light-house and the keeper. We know now that he is a brave and faithful fellow, who, if need be, will lower away his little boat, and pull to the rescue of those in danger. We know that in spring and in summer, in autumn and in winter, in calm or storm, in clear weather or in fog, in health or in sickness, he will be found always at his post, always at his duty. We know that when the skies are clear, and the sea smooth, and the stars bright, the lamp will burn and send its gentle yellow rays out upon the inky waters to guide the mariner over the trackless sea. We know that when the gray curtain of the fog hides the light, the hoarse scream of the steam-siren or brazen clang of the fog-bell will echo over the water, and warn the sailor against hidden dangers. For always and everywhere the light-house keeper is a brave, honest, faithful man; humble, indeed, but the reliance and the guide of "those who go down to the sea in ships."



The Department is indebted to the interest of American Photographers, and the Editor will be pleased to accept of any photograph or subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor, American Department.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, No. 6.

SIMPLE DEVELOPMENT.

A GIRL who was taking her first lesson in developing said that developing was dozens of "whens" and "ifs," and one must learn them all at once or else spoil all one's plates.

Our first directions for development will not be with the kind of pictures which the beginner usually takes, but the kind he ought to take, and which are simplest and easiest to develop. These are time landscape pictures.

By time pictures is meant those which are taken with a short-time exposure instead of with a drop-shutter in bright sunlight. The day for making a successful time picture is when the sky is slightly clouded and the light soft, so that there are no deep shadows.

The picture being made, and everything ready for development, remove the plate from the holder and lay it face up in the tray. Turn the developer—which is ready in the glass graduate—quickly over the plate, taking great care that the whole surface is flooded instantly. If the developer is not applied uniformly patches will appear on the negative which print darker, the dark spots being where the developer did not reach the plate as quickly as it did the other parts.

As soon as the developer has covered the plate, move the tray gently to and fro, tipping it this way and that, but not enough to expose the plate. In about a half-minute the high lights will begin to appear. The high lights are those parts of the plate which have been exposed to the strongest light, and which will show white, or light, in the printed picture. The sky, which has reflected the strongest light, will appear first. It will show as black patches here and there at one edge of the plate.

By the time the sky is well out other objects will begin to show, those which were in the deepest shadow will be the longest coming out. After the image is well defined on the plate, lift it carefully from the tray and look through it toward the light, holding rather near the lantern so as to see if the detail is out.

To explain what is meant by detail, we will suppose that there is a mass of shrubbery in the picture. If this part

of the picture is developed far enough, the lights and shadows and the forms of the bushes will show when the plate is looked at against the light, but if the glass is clear there is no detail, and the development has not been carried far enough. It must be put back in the developer and allowed to remain longer.

When the plate has been sufficiently developed, which will be in from three to five minutes, the yellow color will begin to fade, and the outlines, which have been quite sharp, will grow dim. At this point, if one looks at the plate the picture can be quite distinctly seen on the back.

Take the plate from the developer, rinse it thoroughly in clean water, and place it, film side up, in the tray of hypo solution, which is made by dissolving 1 oz. of hyposulphite of soda in 4 oz. of water.

This bath, which is usually called the fixing-bath, though the proper term would be clearing-bath, removes from the negative the sensitive silver salts which have not been affected by light or by development, and makes the image permanent. After the plate has remained in the clearing-bath for five minutes it will be found on looking at the back of the plate that the yellow color has almost entirely disappeared, leaving on the glass the clear image of the landscape. The plate should remain in the hypo for ten minutes, so that the salts of silver may be thoroughly dissolved, or the plates will look streaked, and will not make satisfactory prints.

The plate must next be washed to remove all traces of hypo. Hypo stains the negative, and if not thoroughly washed out is apt to form again in crystals and ruin the negative.

An hour is long enough to wash the negative in running water, and two hours, with four or five changes of water, where there is no running water. When the negative has been washed long enough, take a small wad of soft cotton, and holding both plate and cotton in the water wipe the film gently with the cotton to remove any dirt which may have settled in the film. If one has no drying-rack set the plate on a shelf, with the film side toward the wall to avoid the settling of dust in the film.

When the negative is dry, place it in an envelope, number and mark it, and place it in some place where it may be found without trouble.

BILL TYBEE AND THE BULL.

YARN OF A WHALEMAN ON SHORE.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"AND didn't you never have nothin' more to do with a whalin'?" asked Farmer Joe.

"Oh, well," Handsome answered, "I never said that I gave up whaling for good and all. You know, sailors never know when they're well off."

"Waal," said Farmer Joe, "it 'pears to me that this 'ere's about a good time to tell us some more out."

"Did I ever tell you about going whaling on shore?"

"Git aout!" exclaimed Farmer Joe.

"You don't believe it, eh? Did you never hear of Amagansett, Long Island? That's where all good whalemen go when they get to be too old to go to sea. They have their boats there, and when a whale heaves in sight off shore they put right out through the surf, and generally there's one dead whale in those parts when they come back. But it isn't about that I'm going to tell you, because chasing whales in boats is all the same whether you start from shore or a ship. But down there's where I met old Bill Tybee."

"Who were he?" asked Farmer Joe.

"He was a very old sailor, who'd quit the sea, and was running a sort of express business. That is, he had a horse and wagon, and used to cart things for people. He was a great old chap, I tell you, and the yarns he used to tell would have scraped barnacles off the back door of the North Pole. His horse was so old he couldn't move at any pace except a sort of dog-trot, and the wagon rumbled and squeaked like a life-and-drum corps. One day I said to Bill that I'd like to know why he didn't get a new horse

and wagon, and then he told me a regular hair-twister. I'm going to tell it to you, and I'm going to tell it just the way Bill told it to me."

Handsome shifted his seat a foot or two, took a round turn around his foot and tested the splice which he had been making, and then screwing his face up in imitation of "old Bill Tybee," he began.

"Git a new hoss an' waggin, hey? I ain't no dude. Nex' thing I 'spect you'll be wantin' me to run a tally-hoo coach to take beach-combers out a clam-diggin'. New hoss an' waggin! Say, I had 'em once, an' I don't want 'em no more. I got all the trouble I want now, without havin' a cantankerous young colt a tryin' to jump fences with me an' the waggin. Say, I'm goin' to tell you 'bout the new hoss an' waggin I had once, an' then I leave it to you, if you was me an' I was you, would you try it on some more. 'Bout two year ago come Thanksgiving I got so sot up in bizniss that I bought Farmer Hiram Snoggs's brown colt, that was jes seven year old that fall, an' his one-hoss farm waggin wot Fin Dooley had jes painted redder 'n a new can-buoy on the starboard side o' a ship channel. I gave him this 'ere hoss an' waggin wot I'm a-drivin' now to boot. Werry good. I got aboard my new waggin, and h'isted my whip, an' whistled the 'Star-Span-gled Banner,' and sez I, 'Thar, gol bust ye, you're in commission, ye wall-sided hooker,' sez I. Then I got under way fur my first cruise. It were plain sailin' gittin' out o' the harbor, an', as the weather were fair with a stiddy wind, I let the colt go along under plain sail. Waal, I hadn't gone more'n a couple o' cable-lengths w'en ole Widdy Moriarty she comes down to the sea-wall at her place, an' slugs out to me. So I hove the colt to, an' I axes her, 'Wot's up, mate?' An' she says she wants me fur to take a box o' heggs down to the Fraser Bellew's grocery store. So I filled away on the colt, an' luffed up alongside o' the sea-wall, an' made him fast to a pile wot were stickin' up. I got the heggs, an' stowed 'em right forrard in the forepeak o' the waggin. I got aboard, an' filled away on my course ag'in.

"Werry good. Nex' I war hove to by Pete Magnif, a cullud man, who put a bar'l o' maple syrup aboard. Then Jim Penn he puts in a bar'l o' flour fur me to take back to ole man Bellew's 'cos 'twarn't the right kind. Them two bar'l's pooter nigh filled up the whole waist o' the waggin. Howsomer, w'en Hank Mosher axed me to take a bar'l o' apples aboard I carkulated I could git her under the break o' the tailboard, an' I did. Fussually, I war now usin' the box o' heggs fur a bridge, an' were a-steruin' the colt from there. Bein' loaded right down to the Plimsoll's mark, I didn't got to crackin' on sail, but let the colt go along under his lower top's like. All right, sez you. But allus keep a bright lookout fur squalls, sez I. Werry good. I hadn't logged off more'n half a knot w'en Farmer Powley's ten-acre pasture were on my starboard hand, an' his black-an'-white bull, Napoleon Bonaparty, were standin' plum in the middle o' the same. Now w'en that 'ere bull seed that 'ere red waggin he knowed it warn't the ole merchant hooker wot he'd seed me a-steruin' up an' down that road so long. Nope; he med up his mind it were a foreign cruiser, an' sez he to hisself, 'This are where I shows 'em wot kind o' a coast-defense ram I are.' So he blowed one whistle, hooked on, an' come down the field under forced draught, turnin' up a mos' terrible staru wave o' dust on account o' the pasture bein' werry shallow water. I hailed him, an' told him it war me, but he couldn't hear nothin'. All he could do war to see a red waggin. So, seein' that he war a-goin' to ram, I ups an' I lets fall to gallants an' royals onto the colt, an' away we went dead afore the wind at a twelve-knot gait. The bull didn't stop fur to jump the fence. He jes went through it. Now it were a staru chase right up the hill.

"Werry good. But afore I'd got fur I heard a thump, an' lookin' round I seed Hank Mosher's bar'l o' apples'd bounced out over the staru, an' were a-rollin' down the hill at a generally lively gait. Gosh! You'd ort to see the bull clear that bar'l. Say, flyin'-fish would have to take lessons from him. Waal, havin' lightened ship by losin' some o' my cargo I reckoned I'd make better speed; but I

didn't seem to gain werry much onto the bull. He follered me right slap inter town, an' then there war a sort o' grand general mixification, sich as never war seed afore or sence.

"Fust place, everybody begin fur to yell. One sez murder, an' another sez fire. Wimmen screamed an' boys hollered, an' the bull he belled louder'n any on 'em. Jehosaphat Book, the cullud dominie, he run out an' tried to jump inter the waggin. Jes at that minnute the bar'l o' flour give a bounce up in the air. The head o' the bar'l fell out, an' the bar'l, flour, an' all came down over Jehosaphat's head. Afore he could git it off the bull war there, an' he jes picked up Jehos an' his bar'l an' fired 'em right through the winder o' the school-haouse. Jehos landed in the middle o' the floor, an' comin' out o' the bar'l he war all white. The children set up a yell, 'Ghost! ghost!' an' afore the teacher knowed wot'd happened school war out. Jehos picked hisself up, an' saw hisself in the lookin'-glass. Then he let out a squeal an' started fur the street. He thort he'd turned white.

"But that warn't the wust o' t. That there bar'l o' apples a-rollin' down-hill had fatched up ag'in the feet o' Blind Billy Bunker's team o' mules, an' they'd started off on a dead run with bar'l hoops a flappin' round their legs. They came into town a quarter o' a mile astarn o' me, and jes in time to meet Jehos w'en he come out in the street all white. He scared them mules so bad that they stopped right in their tracks, an' Billy Bunker war shot off the seat o' his waggin an' out into the road on his head. He got up an' made a grab fur the fust thing that he could feel, an' it were Jehos. Billy war so mad that he punched Jehos's head an' Jehos punched back, an' there war the cullud minister, all white, a-fightin' in the middle o' the street with a blind man. An' the sheriff he came along an' arrested 'em both, an' Judge Sooter fined Jehos five dollars fur disturbin' o' the peace, w'en he'd ort to have fined the bull.

"But that warn't the wust o' t. All this time me an' the bull was still a-goin'. Somebody'd hollered fire, an' somebody else'd run off to the fire-engine house, an' told 'em that they'd got to come quick or the whole bloom'n' town'd go. Jes then the red waggin hit a stone in the middle o' the street, an' she pitched so hard she hove her tailboard right up into the air an' overboard. That tailboard were jes as red as anythin', an' w'en the bull seed it scarin' in the air like a ole-time round shell with a navy time-fuse, he jes got clean crazy. He ketched it onto his horns, an' lowerin' his head scraped up about two tons o' dust, an' hove dust an' all right through the big front winder o' Jeremiah Boggs's book an' newspaper store. The firemen seein' all the dust, thought it war smoke, an' they comes up with their engine an' lets drive a stream o' water a foot thick right through the hole in the winder, an' completely sp'iled the whole shop.

"But that warn't the wust o' t. Jeremiah's brindle bulldog were asleep under the counter, an' that there stream o' water hit him ca-plum in the middle o' the back. He let out one yell, an' out o' the shop he went an' down the street all droppin' wet an' squealin' like a pig. Everybody wot seed him hollered 'Mad dog! mad dog.' An' then ole William Henry Peet, the constable, he got clean rattled, an' pulled out his revolver an' began to shoot all over the country. As me an' the bull was still a-goin' I didn't see that, but I could hear it. Waal, William Henry's shootin' started up some other folks, an' putty soon there war a whole regiment o' people out in the street a-shootin', an' not hittin' anythin' 'ceptin' winders, w'ich the same they busted forty-seven. 'The firemen findin' they'd made a mistake, an' there warn't no fire, said as how Jeremiah'd sent out a false alarm, an' they started to lick him. Some o' his friends come to help him, an' in five minutes there war a reg'lar riot right out in front o' his store.

"All this time me an' the bull war still a-goin'. I didn't seem to gain much onto him, so I set the royals an' the stu's'ls onto the colt, although it were werry stormy weather, an' I made up my mind that if somethin' didn't carry away I'd be able to hold him right where he war. I had to keep goin' right straight ahead. 'Cos w'y; if I'd 'a' put the helm hard over fur to turn a corner, I'd 'a' rolled



"ALL THE TIME THE BULL WERE ATTENDIN' STRICTLY TO BIZNESS."

the deck-house right off'n my red hooker. Waal, a leetle funder up the street we comes to Peanut Brewer, with his black horse a-standin' dead still. He'd balked, an' Peanut war sittin' on top o' a load o' hay a-sayin' bad words at him. Mrs. Mehitabel Saggs's little boy come out with a big fire-cracker to set off under the hoss an' make him start. At that werry minute Pete Maguff's bar'l o' maple syrup on my waggin' give a jounce, and went by the board over the port rail. That there bar'l rolled right under Peanut's hoss jes as the fire-cracker busted. It sot fire to the bar'l, an' she blazed right up. 'Now,' sez Peanut, 'my ole black hoss 'll start,' sez he. An' so he did. He started an' went jes fur enough to pull the waggin' right over the fire, an' then he stopped. Waal, sir, Peanut had to jump fur his life, fur that load o' hay blazed up in half a second. The fire company war on the dead run fur home w'en they seed the blaze, an' down tley come at their finest gait, with Jeremiah Boggs an' his gang astarn o' them, keepin' up a permiskious fire o' stones, sticks, an' termatter cans an' sich things. Jes then Jeremiah's dog come around the corner with forty boys a-chasin' him an' yellin' 'Mad dog.' He run right under Peanut Brewer's black hoss, an' that started him. Yaas, sir, he got right up onto his hind legs, an' away he went down the street licketty-split, pullin' a load o' hay on fire. By that time everybody in town were putty nigh crazy, an' the President o' the village had telegraphed for the militia to come.

"All the time the bull were attendin' strictly to bizness. The colt war all covered with foam, an' I made up my mind that afore long he war a-goin' fur to give out, an' me an' the bull would have to settle the question atween ourselves, in w'eb case the bettin' would all 'a' bin in favor o' the bull. So I kinder considers a little, an' all on a sudden I remembered them heggs. I yanked the top off'n the box, an' disklivered that most o' the heggs was scrambled—raw—but still scrambled. Howsomer, there was a few that wasn't. So I took one o' them an' hove it at the bull. It hit him smack on the middle o' the forehead. Waal, if he'd been mad afore, he war crazy now. He let out a roar that made my bones rattle, an' he opened out

his last link o' speed. Now he commenced fur to gain on me, hand over fist; so I made up my mind to do somethin' desprit. I put the helm hard a-starboard, an' steered the colt into a narrer channel wot led right down to the bay. The bull he tried to cut short goin' round the corner, an' he run into the lamp-post, w'ich the same he knocked clean down into Parker's basement, where Johannes Pfeifenschnneider, the cobbler, works, an' scared Johannes so that he sp'iled Miss Beasley's Sunday shees, an' lost putty nigh all his trade.

"Down at the foot o' the street war Mark Rogers's oyster sloop *Betsy Jane*, lyin' alongside o' the wharf. On the wharf war about ten million oyster shells, all piled up. 'Now,' sez I to myself, sez I, 'here's where I've got to stop the bull.' I steered the colt right straight at that reef o' shells, trustin' to our speed an' our shaller draft to carry us right over. There war a smash, crash, biff! an' over we went. Then I jumped up, grabbed the box o' scrambled heggs, an' hove 'em straight in the bull's face. Waal, golf bust me if that there bull didn't look like the gran'father o' all omlets. He was clean blinded fur a minute, an' he kicked out with all four legs in the middle o' the reef, till the air war white with flyin' oyster shells. He kicked so many o' 'em into the bay that Mark had to dredge out a new channel. Then he got his eyes clear a minute an' he seed me a-laffin'. He jes made one jump, an' he got under the waggin' with his head. The next thing I knowed I war in the bay. That there bull jes picked up waggin', colt, an' me, an' he hove us straight off the dock an' into the bay."

"And what happened after that?" I asked.

"Waal, we had to swim out, o' course. It killed the colt, that cold bath arder bein' so heated, an' the waggin' was busted into kindlin' wood. An' the bull? Oh, yaas, the bull. Waal, he was pufkicky satisfied, an' he went up along the side o' the road an' eat grass jes as if he'd never did nothin' else in all his life. Now, my son, you know w'y I don't git a new hoss an' waggin'. I bin there, an' w'en I bin to a place wot's not to my likin' I knows enough not to go back. Git up!"

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.
LOST IN A MOUNTAIN BLIZZARD.

Tired as were the occupants of that lonely camp after a day of exhausting climbing through the timber, their slumbers were broken and restless. The uncertainties of the morrow, the peculiar nature of the road they had yet to travel, and the excitement consequent upon nearing the end of their journey, which none of them believed to be over fifty miles away, all combined to render them wakeful and uneasy. So they were up by the first sign of daylight, and off before sunrise.

As there were now but three dogs to a sledge, the load of the one driven by Serge was divided between it and the one that brought up the rear in charge of Jalap Coombs. A few sticks of dry wood were also placed on each sledge, so that in crossing the upper ice-fields they might at least be able to melt snow for drinking purposes.

"Now for it!" cried Phil, cheerfully, as they emerged from the scanty timber, and shivered in the chill blast that swept down from the towering peaks above them. Between two of these was a saddlelike depression that they took to be the pass, and to it the young leader determined to guide his little party.

"Up you go, Musky!" he shouted. "Pull, Luvtnuk, my pigeon! Amook, you old rascal, show what you are good for! A little more work, a little more hunger, and then rest, with plenty to eat. So stir yourselves and climb!"

With this the long whip-lash whistled through the frosty air, and cracked with a resounding report that would have done credit to the most expert of Eskimo drivers, for our Phil was no longer a novice in its use, and with a yelp the dogs sprang forward.

Up, up, up they climbed, until, as Phil remarked, it didn't seem as though the top of the world could be very far away. The sun rose, and flooded the snow-fields with such dazzling radiance that but for their protecting goggles our travellers must have been completely blinded by the glare. The deep gulch whose windings they followed held in summertime a roaring torrent, but now it was filled with solidly packed snow from twenty-five to one hundred feet deep.

As they advanced the gulch grew more and more shallow, until at length it was merged in a broad uniform slope so steep and slippery that they were obliged to cut footholds in the snow, and at frequent intervals carve out little benches two feet wide. From one of these to another they dragged the sledges, one at a time, with rawhide ropes. Even the dogs had to be assisted up the glassy incline, on which they could gain no hold. So arduous was this labor that three hours were spent in overcoming the last five hundred feet of the ascent. Thus it was long past noon when, breathless and exhausted, the party reached the summit, or rather a slope so gentle that the dogs could once more drag the sledges.

Here, at an elevation of nearly five thousand feet above the sea, they paused for breath, for a bite of lunch, and for a last look over the way they had come. From this elevation their view embraced a sweep of over one hun-

dred miles of mountain and plain, river and forest. It was so far-reaching and boundless that it even seemed as if they could take in the whole vast Yukon Valley, and locate points that common-sense told them were a thousand miles beyond their range of vision. Grand as was the prospect, they did not care to look at it long. Time was precious; the air, in spite of its sunlight, was bitterly chill, and, after all, the mighty wilderness now behind them held too many memories of hardship, suffering, and danger to render it attractive.

So, "Hurrah for the coast!" cried Phil.

"Hurrah for Sitka!" echoed Serge.

"Hooray for salt water! Now, bullies, up and at 'em!" roared Jalap Coombs, expressing a sentiment, and an order to his sailor-bred dogs, in a breath.

In a few moments more the wonderful view had disappeared, and the sledges were threading their way amid a chaos of gigantic boulders and snow-covered landslides from the peaks that rose on both sides. There was no sharp descent from the summit, such as they had hoped to find, but instead a lofty plateau piled thick with obstructions. About them no green thing was to be seen, no sign of life; only snow, ice, and precipitous cliffs of bare rock. The all-pervading and absolute silence was awful. There was no trail that might be followed, for the hardest of natives dared not attempt that crossing in the winter. Even if they had, their trail would have been obliterated almost



FOR A MOMENT THE SENSATION WAS SICKENING.

as soon as made by the fierce storms of these altitudes. So their only guide was that of general direction, which they knew to be south, and to this course Phil endeavored to hold.

That night they made a chill camp in the lee of a great bowlder; that is, in as much of a lee as could be had where the icy blast swept in circles and eddies from all directions at once. They started a fire, but its feeble flame was so blown hither and thither that by the time a kettle of snow was melted, and the ice was thawed from their stew, their supply of wood was so depleted that they dared not use more. So they ate their scanty supper without tea, fed the dogs on frozen porridge, and huddling together for warmth during the long hours of bleak darkness were thankful enough to welcome the gray dawn that brought them to an end.

For three days more they toiled over the terrible plateau, driven to long detours by insurmountable obstacles, buffeted and lashed by fierce snow-squalls and ice-laden gales, but ever pushing onward with unabated courage, expecting with each hour to find themselves descending into the valley of the Chilcat River. Two of the dogs driven by Serge broke down so completely that they were mercifully shot. The third dog was added to Jalap Coombs's team, and the load was divided between the remaining sledges, while the now useless one was used as firewood. After that Phil plodded on in advance, and Serge drove the leading team.

The fourth day of this terrible work was one of leaden clouds and bitter winds. The members of the little party were growing desperate with cold, exhaustion, and hunger. Their wanderings had not brought them to a timber-line, and as poor Phil faced the blast with bowed head and chattering teeth it seemed to him that to be once more thoroughly warm would be the perfection of human happiness.

It was already growing dusk, and he was anxiously casting about for the sorry shelter of some bowlder behind which they might shiver away the hours of darkness, when he came to the verge of a steep declivity. His heart leaped as he glanced down its precipitous face; for, far below, he saw a dark mass that he knew must be timber. They could not descend at that point; but he thought he saw one that appeared more favorable a little further on, and hastened in that direction. He was already some distance ahead of the slow-moving sledges, and meant to wait for them as soon as he discovered a place from which the descent could be made.

Suddenly a whirling, blinding cloud of snow swept down on him with such fury that to face it and breathe was impossible. Thinking it but a squall, he turned his back and stood motionless, waiting for it to pass over. Instead of so doing, it momentarily increased in violence and density. A sudden darkness came with the storm, and as he anxiously started back to meet the sledges he could not see one rod before him. He began to shout, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of hearing an answering cry. Directly afterwards Serge loomed through the driving cloud, urging on his reluctant dogs with voice and whip. The moment they were allowed to stop, Musky, Luvtak, and big Amook lay down as though completely exhausted.

"We can't go a step further, Phil! We must make camp at once," panted Serge. "This storm is a regular *poorga*, and will probably last all night."

"But where can we camp?" asked Phil, in dismay. "There is timber down below, but it looks miles away, and we can't get to it now."

"No," replied Serge; "we must stay where we are and burrow a hole in this drift big enough to hold us. We've got to do it in a hurry too."

So saying, Serge drew his knife, for the outside of the drift close to which they were halted was so hard packed as to render cutting necessary, and outlined a low opening. From this he removed an unbroken slab, and then began to dig furiously in the soft snow beyond.

In the mean time Phil was wondering why Jalap Coombs did not appear; for he had supposed him to be close behind Serge; but now his repeated shoutings gained no reply.

"He was not more than one hundred feet behind me when the storm began," said Serge, whose anxiety caused

him to pause in his labor, though it was for the preservation of their lives.

"He must be in some trouble," said Phil, "and I am going back to find him."

"You can't go alone!" cried Serge. "If you are to get lost, I must go with you."

"No. One of us must stay here with Nel-te, and it is my duty to go; but do you shout every few seconds, and I promise not to go beyond sound of your voice."

Thus saying, Phil started back, and was instantly swallowed in the vortex of the blizzard. Faithfully did Serge shout, and faithfully did Phil answer, for nearly fifteen minutes. Then the latter came staggering back, with horror-stricken face and voice.

"I can't find him, Serge! Oh, I can't find him!" he cried. "I am afraid he has gone over the precipice. If he has, it is my fault, and I shall never forgive myself, for I had no business to go so far ahead and let the party get scattered."

Serge answered not a word, but fell with desperate energy to the excavating of his snow-house. His heart was nigh breaking with the sorrow that had overtaken them, but he was determined that no other lives should be lost if his efforts could save them. The excavation was soon so large that Phil could work with him, but with all their furious digging they secured a shelter from the pitiless *poorga* none too soon. The sledge was already buried from sight, and poor little Nel-te was wellnigh smothered ere they lifted him from it and pulled him into the burrow.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

COASTING FIVE MILES IN FIVE MINUTES.

In spite of their faintness and weakness from hunger and exhaustion, Phil and Serge were so stimulated by the emergency that within half an hour they had dug a cavity in the great drift sufficiently large to hold the three dogs as well as themselves. The excavation was driven straight for a few feet, and then turned to one side, where it was so enlarged that they could either lie down or sit up. Into this diminutive chamber they dragged their robes and sleeping-bags. The shivering dogs crept in and curled up at their feet. The sledge was left outside, and the opening was closed as well as might be by the slab of compacted snow that had been cut from it. Poor little Nel-te, who was numbed and whimpering with cold and hunger, was rubbed into a glow, comforted and petted, until at length he fell asleep, nestled between the lads, and then they found time to talk over their situation. For a while they had no thought save for the dear friend and trusty comrade, who, alive or dead, was still out in that terrible storm, and, as they believed, lost to them forever.

"I don't suppose there is the faintest hope of ever seeing him again," said Phil. "If he went over the precipice he must have been killed, and is buried deep in the snow by this time. Even if he did not, and is still wandering somewhere in this vicinity, he must perish before morning. Oh, Serge, can't we do anything for him? It makes me feel like a cowardly traitor to be sitting here in comfort while the dear old chap may be close at hand, and perishing for want of our help. And it is my fault, too! The fault of my inexcusable carelessness. It seems, old man, as if I should go crazy with thinking of it."

"But you mustn't think of it in that way, Phil," answered Serge, soothingly. "As leader of the party it was your duty to go ahead and pick out the road, while it was ours to keep you in sight. If either of us is to blame for what has happened, I am the one. I should have looked back oftener and made sure that he was still close behind me. Now there is nothing we can do except wait for daylight and the end of the storm. We have our parents, this child, and ourselves to think of first. Nor could we accomplish anything even if we tried. The storm has doubled in fury since we halted. A foot of snow must already have fallen, and to venture a single rod outside of this place would serve to lose us as certainly as though we went a mile. We mustn't give up all hope, though. Mr. Coombs is very strong, and well used to exposure. Of course, if he has

gone over the precipice there is little chance that we shall ever see him again; but if he escaped it, and has made a burrow for himself like this one, he will pull through all right, and I feel sure we shall find him in the morning."

"Why haven't we dug places like this before?" asked Phil. "It is actually getting warm and comfortable in here. We might have had just such a warm cave every night that we have been in the mountains and spent so miserably."

"Of course we might," agreed Serge, "and we would have had, but for my stupidity in not thinking of it sooner. While I never took refuge in one before, I have often heard of them, and ought to have remembered. I didn't, though, until this storm struck us, and I knew that without shelter we must certainly perish."

"If you hadn't thought of a snow-burrow," said Phil, "it is certain I never should. It is snug, though, and if only poor Jalap were with us, and we had food and a light of some kind, I wouldn't ask for a better shelter. I can understand now how an Eskimo stone lamp, with seal oil for fuel, and a wick of moss, can give out all the heat that is needed in one of their snow huts, and I only wish we had brought one with us."

After this the boys grew drowsy, their conversation slackened, and soon all their troubles were forgotten in sleep. Outside through the long hours the gale roared and shrieked with impotent rage at their escape from its clutches. It hurled its snow legions against their place of refuge until it was deep buried, and then in a frenzy tore away and scattered the drifted accumulation, until it could once more beat directly upon their slender wall of defence. But its wiles and its furious attacks were alike in vain, and at length its fierce ravings sank into whispers. The *poorga* spent its force with the darkness, and at daylight had swept on to inland fields, leaving only an added burden of millions of tons of snow to mark its passage across the mountains.

When the boys awoke a soft white light was filtering through one side of their spotless chamber, and they knew that day had come. They expected to dig their way to the outer air through a great mass of snow, and were agreeably surprised to find only a small drift against the doorway. As they emerged from it they were for a few minutes blinded by the marvellous brilliancy of their sunlit surroundings. Gradually becoming accustomed to the intense light, they gazed eagerly about for some sign of their missing comrade, but there was none. They followed back for a mile over the way they had come the evening before, shouting and firing their guns, but without avail.

No answering shout came back to their straining ears, and there was nothing to indicate the fate of the lost man. Sadly and soberly the lads retraced their steps, and prepared to resume their journey. To remain longer in that place meant starvation and death. To save themselves they must push on.

They shuddered at the precipice they had escaped, and over which they feared their comrade had plunged. At its foot lay a valley, which, though it trended westward, and so away from their course, Phil determined to follow; for, far below their lofty perch, and still miles away from where they stood, it held the dark mass he had seen the night before, and knew to be timber. Besides, his sole desire at that moment was to escape from those awful heights and reach the coast at some point; he hardly cared whether it were inhabited or not.

So the sledge was dug from its bed of snow and reloaded; the dogs were harnessed. Poor little Nel-te, crying with hunger, was slipped into his fur travelling-bag, and a start was made to search for some point of descent. At length they found a place where the slope reached to the very top of the cliff, but so sharply that it was like the roof of a house several miles in length.

"I hate the looks of it," said Phil, "but as there doesn't seem to be any other way, I suppose we've got to try it. I should say that for at least three miles it was as steep as the steepest part of a toboggan slide, though, and I'm pretty certain we sha'n't care to try it more than once."

"I guess we can do it all right," replied Serge, "but there's only one way, and that is to sit on a snow-shoe and slide. We couldn't keep on our feet a single second."

They lifted Nel-te, fur bag and all, from the sledge, tightened the lashings of its load, which included the guns and extra snow-shoes, and started it over the verge. It flashed down the declivity like a rocket, and the last they saw of it it was rolling over and over.

"Looks cheerful, doesn't it?" said Phil, firmly. "Now I'll go; then do you start the dogs down, and come yourself as quick as you please."

Thus saying, the plucky lad seated himself on a snow-shoe, took Nel-te, still in the fur bag, in his lap, and launched himself over the edge of the cliff. For a moment the sensation, which was that of falling from a great height, was sickening, and a thick mist seemed to obscure his vision.

Then it cleared away, and was followed by a feeling of the wildest exhilaration as he heard the whistling backward rush of air, and realized the tremendous speed at which he was whizzing through space. Ere it seemed possible that he could have gone half-way to the timber-line trees began to fly past him, and he knew that the worst was over. In another minute he was floundering in a drift of soft snow, into which he had plunged up to his neck, and the perilous feat was successfully accomplished.

Poor Serge arrived at the same point shortly afterwards, head first, and dove out of sight in the drift; but fortunately Phil was in a position to extricate him before he smothered. The dogs appeared a moment later, with somewhat less velocity, but badly demoralized, and evidently feeling that they had been sadly ill-treated by their driver. So the sledge party had safely descended in five minutes a distance equal to that which they had spent half a day and infinite toil in ascending on the other side of the mountains.

When Nel-te was released from the fur bag and set on his feet he was as calm and self-possessed as though nothing out of the usual had happened, and immediately demanded something to eat.

After a long search they discovered the sledge, with only one rail broken and its load intact.

"Now for a fire and breakfast!" cried Phil, heading towards the timber, as soon as the original order of things was restored. "After that we will make one more effort to find some trace of poor Jalap, though I don't believe there is the slightest chance of success."

They entered the forest of wide-spreading but stunted evergreens, and Phil, axe in hand, was vigorously attacking a dead spruce, when an exclamation from his companion caused him to pause in his labor and look around. "What can that be?" asked Serge, pointing to a thick hemlock that stood but a few yards from them. The lower end of its drooping branches were deep buried in snow, but such part as was still visible was in a strange state of agitation.

"It must be a bear," replied Phil, dropping his axe and springing to the sledge for his rifle. "His winter den is there, and we have disturbed him. Get out your gun—quick! We can't afford to lose him. Meat's too scarce in camp just now." Even as he spoke, and before the guns could be taken from their moose-skin cases, the motion of the branches increased, then came a violent upheaval of the snow that weighted them down, and the boys caught a glimpse of some huge shaggy animal issuing from the powdered whiteness.

"Hurry!" cried Phil. "No, look out! We're too late! What? Great Scott! It can't be. Yes, it is! Hurrah! Glory, hallelujah! I knew he'd pull through all right, and I believe I'm the very happiest fellow in all the world at this minute."

"Mebbe you be, son," remarked Jalap Coombs, "and then again mebbe there's others as is equally joyful. As my old friend Kite Roberson used say, 'A receiver's as good as a thief,' and I sartainly received a heap of pleasure through hearing you holler jest now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STORIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

LATE in the eighteenth century the village of Coopers-town lay almost in the midst of the primeval forest, which extended for miles around. Here the future novelist James Fenimore Cooper had been brought while yet an infant by his father, who had built the family mansion, Otsego Hall, in this secluded spot, far from the highways of travel, designing to make it the centre of a settlement of some note, if possible. Here, as the boy grew older, he learned wood-lore as the young Indians learned it, face to face with the divinity of the forest. He knew the language of the wild animals, and could distinguish their calls far across the gloomy spaces of the wood; he could follow the deer and bear to their retreats in dim secluded recesses; he could trace the path of the retreating wolf by the broken cobwebs glistening in the early sunlight; and the cry of the panther to its mate high overhead in the inter-lacing boughs of the pines and hemlocks was of a speech as familiar as his own tongue.

When he was thirsty he made a hunter's cup of glossy leaves and drank in true Indian fashion; when fatigued, he could lie down and rest with that feeling of security that only comes to the forest-bred; when thoughtful, he could learn from the lap of the waves against the shore, the murmur of leaves, and the rustle of wings those lessons which Nature teaches in her quiet moods.

These experiences and impressions sank into Cooper's heart, and were relived again long after in the pages of his romances with such vividness that they are plainly seen to be real memories.

Leaving his home while still a young boy, Cooper went to Albany to study under a private tutor, and in 1803 entered Yale College, which, owing to some trouble with the authorities, he left in the third year of his course. It was now decided that he should enter the navy, and he left New York in the autumn of 1806, being then in his fifteenth year, on a vessel of the merchant marine. There was then no Naval Academy in America, and a boy could only fit himself for entering the navy before the mast; his ship, the *Sterling*, visiting Portugal and Spain, carrying cargoes from port to port, and taking life in a leisured manner that belonged to the merchant sailing-vessels of that day. It was a time of interest to all seamen, and Cooper's mind was keenly alive to the new life around him. The English were expecting a French invasion, and the channel was full of ships of war, while every port on the southern coast was arming for defence. The Mediterranean was yet subject to incursions of the Barbary pirates, who would descend under cover of night upon any unprotected merchant-vessel, steal the cargo, scuttle the ship, and carry away the crew to be sold as slaves to the Tripolitan and Algerian husbandmen, whose orchards of dates were cultivated by many a white person from across the Atlantic, held there in cruel slavery.

The waters of the Mediterranean were full of merchantmen of all nations. Here, side by side, could be seen the Italian, French, and English sailor, while the flags of Russia, Turkey, Egypt, and Greece dotted the farther horizon.

Cooper passed through all these stirring scenes, known to those around him only as a boy before the mast, but in reality the clever student and observer of men and events.

His work was hard and dangerous; he was never admitted to the cabin, though an equal, socially, to the officers of the ship; in storm or wind or other danger his place was on the deck among the rough sailors, who were his only companions during the voyage. But this training developed the good material that was in him, and when, in 1808, he received his commission as midshipman, he entered the service better equipped for his duties perhaps than many a graduate of Annapolis to-day.

Cooper remained in the navy three years and a half, seeing no active service. He finally resigned his commission, and passed several succeeding years of his life partly in Westchester County, New York, and partly in Cooperstown, and having no ambition beyond living the quiet life of a country gentleman.

It was not until 1820, when he was in his thirty-first year, that he produced his first book or novel of English

life, which showed no talent, and which even his most ardent admirers in after-years could not read through. It was not until the next year, 1821, that a novel appeared from the hand of Cooper which foreshadowed the greatness of his fame, and struck a new note in American literature. American society was at that time alive with the stirring memories of the Revolution. Men and women were still active who could recall the victories of Bunker Hill and Trenton, and who had shared in the disasters of Monmouth and Long Island. It is natural that in choosing a subject for fiction he should turn to the recent struggle for his inspiration, and American literature owes a large debt to him who thus threw into literary form the spirit of those thrilling times.

His first important novel, *The Spy*, was founded upon a story which Cooper had heard many years before, and which had made a profound impression upon him. It was the story of a veritable spy, who had been in the service of one of the Revolutionary leaders, and whose daring and heroic adventures were related to Cooper by the man who had employed him.

Cooper took this old spy for his hero, kept the scene in Westchester, where the man had really performed his wonderful feats, and from these facts wove the most thrilling and vital piece of fiction that had appeared in America.

The novel appeared in December, 1821, and in a few months it was apparent that a new star had risen in the literary skies. The book made Cooper famous both in America and Europe. It was published in England by the same publisher who had brought out Irving's *Sketch-Book*, and it met with a success that spoke highly for its merit, since the story was one telling of English defeat and American triumph. It was put into French by the translator of the *Waverley* novels, and before long versions appeared in every tongue in Europe. It was regarded not merely as a tale of adventure in a new department of story-telling, but it was generally conceded to be a fine piece of fiction in itself, and its hero, Harvey Birch, won, and has kept for himself, a place hardly second to any creation of literature.

Cooper had now found his sphere, and his best work henceforth was that in which he delineated the features of American history during the struggle for independence. His greatest contributions to literature are found in the short



HE DISTINGUISHED THE CALL OF ANIMALS.

series of novels called "The Leatherstocking Tales," and in his novels of the sea. "The Leatherstocking Tales" consist of five stories, in which the same hero figures from first to last. The series began with the publication of Cooper's second novel, *The Pioneers*, but the story of the hero really begins in the fascinating pages of *The Deerslayer*, where he is represented in the first stage of his career.

The series grew much as Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* grew, the same man being introduced in different parts of his career, though each separate book did not follow in exact order from the author's hand. The success of *The Pioneers* was remarkable. Thirty-five hundred copies were sold before noon on the day of publication, and although, perhaps, the least powerful of the "Tales," it was read with the same interest that had been given to *The Spy*.

In the new novel *Leatherstocking* was first introduced as the philosopher of nature, ignorant of books, but wise in the lore that is taught by the voices of Nature. It is a story of the primitive life of the frontiersmen of that day, and their occupations, interests, and ambitions form the background to the picture of the hero, *Leatherstocking*, who embodies the author's idea of chivalrous manhood, and whose creation is one of the noblest achievements of fiction.

The scene of *The Pioneers* was laid in the vicinity of Cooper's boyhood home, and all the exquisite pictures wrought into the setting are vivid and lifelike illustrations of the little frontier village, where man received his sustenance first hand from Nature, and where all his surroundings partook almost of the simplicity of the first ages of the world. It was an appropriate theatre for the actions of that rustic philosopher *Leatherstocking*, and there is a vein of tender reminiscence through the book that must always give it a charm apart from the rest, though in itself it is the least perfect story of the series.

The story of *Leatherstocking* begins in *The Deerslayer*, though it was not written until twenty years after the publication of *The Pioneers*. The scene was laid on Otsego



HIS PLACE WAS ON THE DECK AMONG THE SAILORS.

Lake, and the character of *Leatherstocking* was drawn as that of a young scout just entering upon manhood. The next year, 1841, came *The Pathfinder*, having for its background the shores of Lake Ontario, with which Cooper had become familiar during the winter there in the service of the navy.

In these two books Cooper reached the highest point of his art. *Leatherstocking* appears in *The Deerslayer* as a young man full of the promise of a noble manhood. And this ideal character is developed through a succession of stirring adventures, the like of which are to be found only in the pages of Scott. Side by side with *Leatherstocking* stand those pictures of Indian character, which became so famous that the Indian of that day has passed into history as represented by Cooper.

The Pathfinder carries *Leatherstocking* through some of the most exciting episodes of his adventurous career, and belongs to the same part of his life as *The Last of the Mohicans*, published sixteen years before, the scene of which is laid near Lake Champlain. *The Last of the Mohicans* takes rank with *The Deerslayer* and *The Pathfinder* in representing Cooper at his best. In these three novels we see *Leatherstocking* as a man in the prime of life battling with

the stirring events that were making the history of the country. All the story of the war of the white man with nature, with circumstances, and with his red brother in civilizing the frontier, is told in these books. It is the romance of real history, and *Leatherstocking* had his prototype in many a brave frontiersman whose deeds were unrecorded, and whose name was never known beyond his own little circle of friends.

In *The Pioneers* *Leatherstocking* has become an old man who has sought a home in the forest to avoid the noise and strife of civilized life, and he closes his career in *The Prairie*, a novel of the plains of the great West, whither the old man has gone to spend his last days. It is the story of a lonely life of the prairie-hunter of those days, whose love for solitude has led him far from even the borders of the frontier, and whose dignified death is a fitting ending to his noble and courageous life. It is supposed that this end to *Leatherstocking's* career was suggested to Cooper by the ever-famous Daniel Boone, and some of the inci-



COOPER READING TO AN OLD SHIPMATE.

deuts of the story read like real life. One of Cooper's most famous descriptions—that of the prairie on fire—occurs in this book—a scene excelled only by the description of the panther fight in *The Pioneers*, or the combat between Deerslayer and his foe.

Cooper began his series of sea novels by the publication of *The Pilot* in 1824, and stands as the creator of this department of fiction. He was the first novelist to bring into fiction the ordinary, every-day life of the sailor aloft, whether employed on a merchant vessel or fighting hand to hand in a naval encounter. Scott's novel, *The Pirate*, had been criticised by Cooper as the evident work of a man who had never been at sea, and to prove how much better an effect could be produced by one familiar with ocean life he began his story, *The Pilot*.

The period of the story is the American Revolution, and the hero was that famous adventurer John Paul Jones, introduced under another name. It was such a new thing to put into fiction the technicalities of ship life, to describe the details of an evolution in a naval battle, and to throw in as background the vast and varying panorama of sea and sky, that Cooper, familiar as he was with ocean life, felt some doubt of his success. In order to test his powers, he read one day to an old shipmate that famous account of the passage of the ship through the narrow channel in one of the thrilling chapters of the yet unfinished work. The effect was all that Cooper could desire. The old sailor got into such a fury of excitement that he could not keep his seat, but paced up and down the room while Cooper was

reading; in his excitement he was for a moment living over again a stormy scene from his own life; and the novelist laid down the manuscript, well pleased with the result of his experiment. *The Pilot* met with an instant success both in America and Europe. As it was his first, so it is perhaps his best sea story. In it he put all the freshness of reminiscence, all the haunting memories of ocean life that had followed him since his boyhood days. It was biographical in the same sense as *The Pioneers*, a part of the romance of childhood drafted into the reality of after-life.

Red Rover, the next sea story, came out in 1828. Other novelists had begun to write tales of the sea, but they were mere imitations of *The Pilot*. In the *Red Rover* the genuine adventures of the sailor class were again embodied in the thrilling narrative that Cooper alone knew how to write, and from its first appearance it has always been one of the most popular of the author's works. In these pages occurs that dramatic description of the last sea fight of Red Rover, one of Cooper's finest achievements.

Cooper's popularity abroad was equalled only by that of Scott. His works as soon as published were translated into almost every tongue of Europe, and were sold in Turkey, Prussia, Egypt, and Jerusalem in the language of those countries. It was said by a traveller that the middle classes of Europe had gathered all their knowledge of American history from Cooper's works, and that they had never understood the character of American independence until revealed by this novelist.

PRIZE-STORY COMPETITION.

FIRST-PRIZE STORY.

Betty's Ride: A Tale of the Revolution.—By Henry S. Canby.

THE sun was just rising and showering his first rays on the gambrel-roof and solid stone walls of a house surrounded by a magnificent grove of walnuts, and overlooking one of the beautiful valleys so common in southeastern Pennsylvania. Close by the house, and shaded by the same great trees, stood a low building of the most severe type, whose time-stained bricks and timbers green with moss told its age without the aid of the half-obliterated inscription over the door, which read, "Built A. D. 1720." One familiar with the country would have pronounced it without hesitation a Quaker meeting-house, dating back almost to the time of William Penn.

When Ezra Dale had become the leader of the little band of Quakers which gathered here every First Day, he had built the house under the walnut-trees, and had taken his wife Ann and his little daughter Betty to live there. That was in 1770, seven years earlier, and before war had wrought sorrow and desolation throughout the country.

The sun rose higher, and just as his beams touched the broad stone step in front of the house the door opened, and Ann Dale, a sweet-faced woman in the plain Quaker garb, came out, followed by Betty, a little blue-eyed Quakeress of twelve years, with a gleam of spirit in her face which ill became her plain dress.

"Betty," said her mother, as they walked out towards the great horse-block by the road-side, "thee must keep house to-day. Friend Robert has just sent thy father word that the redcoats have not crossed the Brandywine since Third Day last, and thy father and I will ride to Chester to-day, that there may be other than corn-cakes and bacon for the friends who come to us after monthly meeting. Mind thee keeps near the house and finishes thy sampler."

"Yes, mother," said Betty; "but will thee not come home early? I shall miss thee sadly."

Just then Ezra appeared, wearing his collarless Quaker coat, and leading a horse saddled with a great pillion, into which Ann laboriously climbed after her husband, and with a final warning and "farewell" to Betty, clasped him

tightly around the waist lest she should be jolted off as they jogged down the rough and winding lane into the broad Chester highway.

Friend Ann had many reasons for fearing to leave Betty alone for a whole day, and she looked back anxiously at her waving "farewell" with her little bounet.

It was a troublous time.

The Revolution was at its height, and the British, who had a short time before disembarked their army near Elkton, Maryland, were now encamped near White Clay Creek, while Washington occupied the country bordering on the Brandywine. His force, however, was small compared to the extent of the country to be guarded, and bands of the British sometimes crossed the Brandywine and foraged in the fertile counties of Delaware and Chester. As Betty's father, although a Quaker and a non-combatant, was known to be a patriot, he had to suffer the fortunes of war with his neighbors.

Thus it was with many forebodings that Betty's mother watched the slight figure under the spreading branches of a great chestnut, which seemed to rustle its imnumerable leaves as if to promise protection to the little maid. However, the sun shone brightly, the swallows chirped as they circled overhead, and nothing seemed farther off than battle and bloodshed.

Betty skipped merrily into the house, and snatching up some broken corn-cake left from the morning meal, ran lightly out to the paddock where Daisy was kept, her own horse, which she had helped to raise from a colt.

"Come thee here, Daisy," she said, as she seated herself on the top rail of the mossy snake fence. "Come thee here, and thee shall have some of thy mistress's corn-cake. Ah! I thought thee would like it. Now go and eat all thee can of this good grass, for if the wicked redcoats come again, thee will not have another chance, I can tell thee."

Daisy whinnied and trotted off, while Betty, feeding the few chickens (sadly reduced in numbers by numerous

raids), returned to the house, and getting her sampler, sat down under a walnut-tree to sew on the stuit which her mother had given her.

All was quiet save the chattering of the squirrels overhead and the drowsy hum of the bees, when from around the curve in the road she heard a shot; then another nearer, and then a voice shouting commands, and the thud of hoof-beats farther down the valley. She jumped up with a startled cry: "The redcoats! The redcoats! Oh, what shall I do!"

Just then the foremost of a scattered band of soldiers, their buff and blue uniforms and ill-assorted arms showing them to be Americans, appeared in full flight around the curve in the road, and springing over the fence, dashed across the pasture straight for the meeting-house. Through the broad gateway they poured, and forcing open the door of the meeting-house, rushed within and began to barricade the windows.

Their leader paused while his men passed in, and seeing Betty, came quickly towards her.

"What do you here, child?" he said, hurriedly. "Go quickly, before the British reach us, and tell your father that, Quaker or no Quaker, he shall ride to Washington, on the Brandywine, and tell him that we, but one hundred men, are besieged by three hundred British cavalry in Chichester meeting-house, with but little powder left. Tell him to make all haste to us."

Turning, he hastened into the meeting-house, now converted into a fort, and as the doors closed behind him Betty saw a black muzzle protruding from every window.

With trembling fingers the little maid picked up her sampler, and as the thud of horses' hoofs grew louder and louder, she ran fearfully into the house, locked and bolted the massive door, and then flying up the broad stairs, she seated herself in a little window overlooking the meeting-house yard. She had gone into the house none too soon. Up the road, with their red coats gleaming and their harness jangling, was sweeping a detachment of British cavalry, never stopping until they reached the meeting-house—and then it was too late.

A sheet of flame shot out from the wall before them, and half a dozen troopers fell lifeless to the ground, and half a dozen riderless horses galloped wildly down the road. The leader shouted a sharp command, and the whole troop retreated in confusion.

Betty drew back shuddering, and when she brought herself to look again the troopers had dismounted, had surrounded the meeting-house, and were pouring volley after volley at its doors and windows. Then for the first time Betty thought of the officer's message, and remembered that the safety of the Americans depended upon her alone, for her father was away, no neighbor within reach, and without powder she knew they could not resist long.

Could she save them? All her stern Quaker blood rose at the thought, and stealing softly to the paddock behind the barn, she saddled Daisy and led her through the bars into the wood road, which opened into the highway just around the bend. Could she but pass the pickets without discovery there would be little danger of pursuit; then there would be only the long ride of eight miles ahead of her.

Just before the narrow wood road joined the broader highway Betty mounted Daisy by means of a convenient stump, and starting off at a gallop, had just turned the corner when a voice shouted "Halt!" and a shot whistled past her head. Betty screamed with terror, and bending over, brought down her riding-whip with all her strength upon Daisy, then, turning for a moment, saw three troopers hurriedly mounting.

Her heart sank within her, but, beginning to feel the excitement of the chase, she leaned over and patting Daisy on the neck, encouraged her to do her best. Onward they sped. Betty, her curly hair streaming in the wind, the color now mounting to, now retreating from her cheeks, led by five hundred yards.

But Daisy had not been used for weeks, and already felt the unusual strain. Now they thundered over Naaman's

Creek, now over Concord, with the nearest pursuer only four hundred yards behind; and now they raced beside the clear waters of Beaver Brook, and as Betty dashed through its shallow ford, the thud of horse's hoofs seemed just over her shoulder.

Betty, at first sure of success, now knew that unless in some way she could throw her pursuers off her track she was surely lost. Just then she saw ahead of her a fork in the road, the lower branch leading to the Brandywine, the upper to the Birmingham Meeting-house. Could she but get the troopers on the upper road while she took the lower, she would be safe; and, as if in answer to her wish, there flashed across her mind the remembrance of the old cross-road which, long disused, and with its entrance hidden by drooping boughs, led from a point in the upper road just out of sight of the fork down across the lower, and through the valley of the Brandywine. Could she gain this road unseen she still might reach Washington.

Urging Daisy forward, she broke just in time through the dense growth which hid the entrance, and sat trembling, hidden behind a dense growth of tangled vines, while she heard the troopers thunder by. Then, riding through the rustling woods, she came at last into the open, and saw spread out beneath her the beautiful valley of the Brandywine, dotted with the white tents of the Continental army.

Starting off at a gallop, she dashed around a bend in the road into the midst of a group of officers riding slowly up from the valley.

"Stop, little maiden, before you run us down," said one, who seemed to be in command. "Where are you going in such hot haste?"

"Oh, sir," said Betty, reining in Daisy, "can thee tell me where I can find General Washington?"

"Yes, little Quakeress," said the officer who had first spoken to her; "I am he. What do you wish?"

Betty, too exhausted to be surprised, poured forth her story in a few broken sentences, and (hearing as if in a dream the hasty commands for the rescue of the soldiers in Chichester Meeting-house) fell forward in her saddle, and, for the first time in her life, fainted, worn out by her noble ride.

A few days later, when recovering from the shock of her long and eventful ride, Betty, awaking from a deep sleep, found her mother kneeling beside her little bed, while her father talked with General Washington himself beside the fireplace; and it was the proudest and happiest moment of her life when Washington, coming forward and taking her by the hand, said, "You are the bravest little maid in America, and an honor to your country."

Still the peaceful meeting-house and the gambrel-roofed home stand unchanged, save that their time-beaten timbers and crumbling bricks have taken on a more sombre tinge, and under the broad walnut-tree another little Betty sits and sews.

If you ask it, she will take down the great key from its nail, and swinging back the new doors of the meeting-house, will show you the old worm-eaten ones inside, which, pierced through and through with bullet-holes, once served as a rampart against the enemy. And she will tell you, in the quaint Friend's language, how her great-great-grandmother carried, over a hundred years ago, the news of the danger of her countrymen to Washington, on the Brandywine, and at the risk of her own life saved theirs.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.

IV.—THE FINAL TRIAL.

"TEN Knights, as before, were put by the stone to guard it until the new trial," continued the Story-teller. "The Archbishop was not going, through lack of care, to have it said that anything had been done to the stone meanwhile to make it harder for the contestants to pull forth the sword, or easier for Arthur to perform that feat."

"I'll bet those Knights practised on it, though," said Jack. "I would have."



THEY ALL KNELT BEFORE HIM, AND HE WAS CROWNED.

"It wouldn't have done any good, I imagine," said his father. "There was something mysterious about it all, and whatever that was it worked in favor of Arthur and against all the others."

"I don't believe all ten of 'em together could have pulled it out," Mollie put in. "It was one of those trick swords, like men swallow at circuses, I guess, and I'm certain that Mr. Merlin put it there, and showed Arthur how the trick worked. It had a spring in it, which he could touch with his thumb to make it come out, maybe."

"Maybe so," said her father, "although I doubt it. There were lots of queer things happening in those days that we of to-day would hardly believe if we saw them with our own eyes—things that sound in the telling of them quite like fairy stories."

"Like Merlin being able to tell what was going to happen next week?" suggested Jack.

"Exactly," said the Story-teller. "If anybody claimed to be able to do that now, we'd laugh at him."

"He'd be a great man for a newspaper," said Jack. "If a newspaper had a man like that on it, it could tell the people in advance that such and such an accident was going to happen at such and such a time on such and such a railroad, and then the people wouldn't go on that road at that time, and their lives would be saved."

"That's so," said Mollie. "And if the accident was going to happen because a switchman was asleep, somebody could be sent ahead to wake him up, so that the accident wouldn't happen at all."

"There is no doubt about it," said the Story-teller. "A man like Merlin would be very useful in these days, but his kind is very much like the leviathans and mastodons that lived before the flood. The race has died out, and true prophets are as scarce now as luckleberries in December. But to come back to the story, whether there was a spring in the sword or not, Merlin was undoubtedly responsible for it, and whatever he did, he did it in Arthur's behalf, for when Candlemas day came about again the same thing happened that had happened before. The sword would not budge for any one but Arthur, and a great many people began to be convinced that he was the rightful King. There were enough dissatisfied persons, however, to make one more trial necessary, and the Archbishop, yielding to these, set one more date, that of Easter, for the final contest."

"He had to earn it, didn't he," said Mollie.

"You bet he did," said Jack. "It must have been like our medals at school. You've got to win it six times in succession, once every month, before it's yours for keeps."

"But you know about that rule before you begin," said Mollie. "It's fair enough in school, but it seems to me Arthur won it at the start, and ought to have had it."

"He certainly did win it at the start, under the terms of the contest," said her father. "Still it was just as well, under the circumstances, that there should be no dissatisfaction among those who lost, and as it wasn't at all hard for Arthur to pull the sword out, he couldn't complain. The others had to work a great deal harder than he did, and, in the end, got nothing for their pains."

"I guess the Archbishop kind of liked to see all those people pulling and hauling at it," suggested Jack, with a grin. "It must have been something like a circus for him, anyhow, with all those knights in their fine spangles, and their horses with splendid harness, and all that."

"Very likely," said the Story-teller.

"That view of it never occurred to me before. It has always been a matter of wonder to me that the Archbishop made poor Arthur go through the ordeal so many times, but now I begin to understand

it. He wanted to be entertained as much as anybody else, and very possibly he ordered so many repetitions of the performances to that end, knowing, of course, that by so doing he could not injure Arthur's chances. Arthur had to be very careful of himself, however, between times. The other Knights were too anxious for the prize to stop at playing tricks on him, and Sir Ector saw to it that wherever he went he had a strong guard about him to keep him from harm. These guards, made up of the most faithful men in his father's service, kept watch over him night and day until Easter, when the final trial came off with no change in the result. Arthur pulled the sword lightly out of the stone, but despite their struggles the others could do nothing with it. Then the people themselves were satisfied. The Knights may not have liked it any better than before, but the people did, and they cheered him to the echo, and said that the question was now settled for once and for all, and offered to slay any man who now dared to say that Arthur was not entitled to the throne. They all knelt before him, and he was knighted by one of the bravest men of the day, and shortly after he was crowned. It was a long trial for him, but he was patient and worthy, and withstood every test, and in the end he got his reward."

"Well, I'm glad of it," said Jack. "The way they made him work for it seems to me to have entitled him to it."

"Papa," said Mollie, after a little thought on the matter, "was this King Arthur any relation to the man Jack-the-Giant-Killer was always sending giant's heads to?"

"He was the very same man," replied her father. "Why?"

"I was only thinking," said Mollie, "that if it was the same man, Jack couldn't have tried to pull that sword out, because I'm pretty certain he could have done it."

"Perhaps," said her father, "but that could only have left the question as to the rightful King unsettled."

"I don't think so," cried Jack. "Because then they'd have had to have a match between Arthur and Jack. That would have settled it."

"And who do you think would have won in that event?" asked the Story-teller.

"Well," said Mollie, dubiously, "of course, I don't know, but I'd have stood for Jack."

"I'm with you, then," said the modern Jack. "A boy who could handle giants the way he did wouldn't have had much trouble with a fellow like Arthur."

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

NEW ENGLAND I.S.A.A. GAMES, HOLMES FIELD, CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 15, 1895.

Event.	Score.	Made by	Winner June 15, 1895.	Performance.	Points made by Schools.	
100-yard dash	10 1-5 sec.	F. H. Bigelow, W.H.-S., 1894	J. T. Roche, W.H.-S.	10 3-5 sec.	Worcester H.-S. 33	
220-yard dash	22 2-5 "	F. H. Bigelow, W.H.-S., 1894	J. T. Roche, W.H.-S.	22 2-5 "	Andover	25
440-yard dash	50 3-5 "	T. E. Burke, E.H.-S., 1894	R. S. Hull, W.H.-S.	52 3-5 "	English H.-S.	12 1-2
880-yard dash	1 4 "	S. Wesson, W.A., 1894	A. Albertson, W.H.-S.	1 4 "	Worcester Academy	9 2-5
1760-yard dash	2 m. 6 "	W. T. Loring, P.A., 1894	D. T. Sullivan, W.H.-S.	2 m. 5 "	Hopkinson	6
3520-yard dash	4 " 34 2-5 "	P. J. McLaughlin, W.H.-S., 1894	C. V. Moore, N.H.-S.	4 " 42 1-5 "	Newton H.-S.	5 1-5
7040-yard dash	7 " 36 "	W. W. Hoyt, R.L.S., 1893	A. H. Hine, P.A.	7 " 18 3-5 "	Somerville H.-S.	5
14080-yard dash	17 2-5 "	A. H. Hine, P.A., 1894	A. H. Hine, P.A.	17 1-5 "	Noble's	4 1-5
28160-yard dash	27 "	A. A. Deansmore, Hopkinson, '93	E. Freyberg, W.H.-S.	27 1-5 "	Boxton Latin	3 1-2
56320-yard dash	2 " 41 3-5 "	C. J. Paine, Hopkinson, 1893	F. Holt, R.L.S.	2 " 40 3-5 "	Cambridge H. and L.	3
Run and high jump ..	5 ft. 7 3-4 in.	C. J. Paine, Hopkinson, 1893	R. Ferguson, E.H.-S.	5 ft. 7 1-2 in.	Lynn H.-S.	2 1-5
Run and board jump ..	32 " 6 "	C. Brewer, Hopkinson, 1890	E. L. Mills, S.-S.	29 " 3 "	Chelsea H.-S.	2
Pole vault	10 " 6 3-4 "	R. F. Johnson, B.H.-S., 1894	E. Fournier, W.A.	10 " 7 "	Chaucey Hall	1
Tower and 12-lb. ham ..	125 " 3 "	R. F. Johnson, B.H.-S., 1894	M. Sargent, Hopkinson	119 " 4 "	Total	112
Putting 16-lb. shot ..	39 " 3 "	M. O'Brien, E.H.-S., 1894	E. Holt, P.A.	35 " 11 1-2 "		

First's count 5. Second's 2. Third's 1.

given by the Andover players to any pitcher this season. He struck out nine of his opponents and gave only two bases on balls, whereas he was hit safely only six times. Drew, who caught him, played an errorless game; in fact, every man on the team did, with the exception of Harker, who made in the first inning the only misplay for the side.



A. H. HINE.

THE HARD HITTING OF THE home team would have won the game even if Lawrenceville had shown better field-work. P.A. made twelve hits, including a two-bagger, two three-base hits, and a home run. Greenway led with two singles and a three-bagger, while Barton made a two-bagger and a home run. As for the error-making, Lawrenceville took the lead in that in the fourth inning. Sedgwick got his base on balls, and was thrown out at second; Greenway took first on an error and second on an error; Elliott got to first on balls; Dayton followed him on an error, which let Greenway home; Waddell went to first after being struck by a ball, and after Davis had struck out both Dayton and Elliott scored on an error. Fortunately for Lawrenceville, the inning was closed by Waddell's being thrown out at third.

THIS IS THE THIRD CONSECUTIVE DEFEAT that Lawrenceville has suffered at the hands of Andover in baseball, and never before has the victory of the Massachusetts team been so decided. The only way to account for the Jersey-men's weakness is that they were affected by the long journey, and were probably "rattled" by the Andover crowd. This Lawrenceville nine can do better. A team that can play the University of Pennsylvania 6-8 and Princeton 2-5 ought not to succumb to Andover by 11-0. The following day Lawrenceville met Exeter, but only seven innings were played, as the visitors had to catch a train for home. When play was stopped the score stood 3-3, and there was considerable dissatisfaction on Exeter's part because the last two innings could not be finished. Lawrenceville showed better form than was exhibited at Andover, making only two errors; but Exeter was playing good ball too, and it is an open question now as to which is the better team. Next year more careful arrangements should be made, for the memory of this season's game will always be unsatisfactory.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP PENNANT OF THE NEW ENGLAND I.S.A.A. remains at Worcester. It was carried down there by the High-School athletes last March, and they made their title to it secure on Holmes Field a week ago Saturday by rolling up a score twenty points greater than any

Boston school—greater, in fact, than the scores of all the Boston schools put together. Andover had the satisfaction of finishing second, with her old rival, the Worcester Academy, who defeated her the week before, in fourth place. The games were well managed, and, considering the fact that there were 335 entries, the events were run off with commendable promptness. Four records were broken, and a good many others that are up pretty high already were closely approached, as the accompanying table will show. The marks that went were the half-mile, the walk, the bicycle, and the pole vault. Albertson, W.H.-S., has held the record for the 1000-yard run for two years, and his practice at that distance has made him a capable runner for the half. He kept well back in the bunch when the race started, and waited until the very last corner was behind him before he attempted to pull away from his companions. Then he spurted, and passed the three men ahead of him, winning easily a full second under record time.

THE BIGGEST ALTERATION of figures, however, was made after Moore of Newton H.-S. had won the mile walk. He was looked upon as a winner at the start, but no one anticipated such an excellent performance as 7 min. 18 3/4 sec. He is as graceful in his work as any man can be in this acrobatic event, and will surely be heard from in years to come if the walk is not abolished from the amateur and collegiate programmes. The probabilities are, however, that in a very few years the walk, like the tug-of-war, will be a back number; but Moore is a good athlete, and he will surely be able to be just as prominent in some other branch of sport. The spectators were almost as deeply interested in Rudischhauser and Williams's contest for last place, as they were in Moore's struggle for first.

A PLEASING FEATURE of the bicycle races was the absence of accidents. There was not a single spill, and every man rode for all he was worth. New men took the points; and that is a good thing. Both Freyberg and Druett broke the tape ahead



E. G. HOLT.

of record time in the second heat, but in the finals they ran four seconds behind. The final heat, although not the fastest, was the most interesting. Six men started, and for the first quarter Freyberg held the lead. Then he was passed by Boardman and Cunningham,

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

who set the pace for a lap, after which the W.H.-S. rider pushed ahead, and left every one behind. The finish spurt was good, but it was evident that every rider was tired from the effects of the trial heats. It would be well next year to follow the plan adopted by the Inter-collegiate Association of having the preliminary heats on the previous day.

NONE OF THE FIELD EVENTS were particularly interesting, except the pole vault, in which Johnson of Worcester Academy broke Hoyt's record by a quarter of an inch. The high jumpers only reached 5 ft. 7½ in., where Holt, R.L.S., and Ferguson, E.H.-S., tied for first place. Mills of Somerville High came in as an unknown quantity, and took the broad jump with a leap of 20 ft. 3 in. Andover's strong men were Holt and Hine. At the dual games at Worcester, Holt did giant's work, but at the Interscholastics he only took one first, in the shot, defeating O'Brien, whom many had looked upon as a sure winner, and a place with the hammer. Hine's hurdling was most graceful, and both races were exciting. In the high finals the racers kept well abreast for thirty yards; then Hine forged slowly ahead, but was overtaken by Ferguson, whom he beat home by a few feet only. The low hurdles were even more thrilling. Fuller led at the start, but was caught by Hine at the fourth hurdle. Then it was jump and jump for twenty-five or thirty yards; but Hine had better form, and came in several feet ahead. The day was most satisfactory from the point of view of sport, and every performance of the New-Englanders made me wish they might meet the New York school athletes on an open track and a level field. What a contest that would be! No effort should be spared to bring it about, and the only way to do it is to form one large all-embracing Interscholastic Association.

ONE CORRESPONDENT URGES Hartford as the most suitable place for the meeting. He believes it would be preferable to New Haven for many reasons, one of which is that the Yale field track is only a quarter of a mile around, whereas the track at the Charter Oak Park is a mile in circumference and sixty feet wide. It is a question whether, for the purposes of an Interscholastic meet of this kind, a mile track would be as good as a lesser one. The time made might be faster if the road-bed were in good condition, but the spectators would not enjoy the races so much as if the runners passed the grand stand a number of times; and the men themselves would find greater difficulty in gauging their speed, most of them being accustomed to four or five lap tracks. A better argument in favor of Hartford is that three railroads centre there.

OF THE SCHOOL ATHLETES who took part in the New York A.C. games at Travers Island, several secured places. Baltazzi won first in the high jump, clearing 5 ft. 10½ in. Fisher went into the 100 and the 220, but was distanced, and Powell got a tumble in the bicycle race. Whether it was his own fault I cannot say; but there are very few races he has ridden in this year where he has been able to keep in his saddle all the way around the course. He retained his

seat in the Interscholastics and won. W. T. Laing came down from Andover, and entered the mile with Connett and Orton. He had 40 yards handicap, and came in second, with Orton behind him. Orton, however, was pretty well fagged out from the effects of his half-mile race with Walsh. F. W. Phillips, of Bryant and Stratton's, had a handicap of 6 inches in the pole vault, and by making an actual leap of 10 ft. 3 in., secured first, over Baxter at scratch, who cleared 10 ft. 6 in.

SOME CREDITABLE PERFORMANCES were made at the field meeting of the Pittsburg Interscholastic A.A., which was held at the Pittsburg Athletic Club Park last week. Only four schools were represented, but the crowd was enthusiastic and the events well managed. Graff, of Shadyside Academy, did the best all-round work. He won the 100 in 10½ sec., and the 220 in 24 sec., besides taking first in the hop, step, and jump (another of those acrobatic events which have

been handed down from the Dark Ages), and third in the shot. If the Pittsburg H.-S. athletes had been better trained they would have made a more creditable showing, for there is good material there. As it was, they managed to score 21 points out of a possible 135. Shadyside Academy, the winner, got 51, and was followed by the Park Institute with 44. Allegheny, the tail-enders, scored 19 points.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP of the Southern Connecticut Baseball League went to the Black Hall School again this year. The final game was played on June 1st, against the Norwich Free Academy. The Black Hall team suffered only one defeat out of the six games of the series—a very creditable performance, considering the numerical size and athletic strength of the other schools in the League. Their success was due to the steady work of the battery, their strong batting, and careful base-running.

THE GRADUATE.

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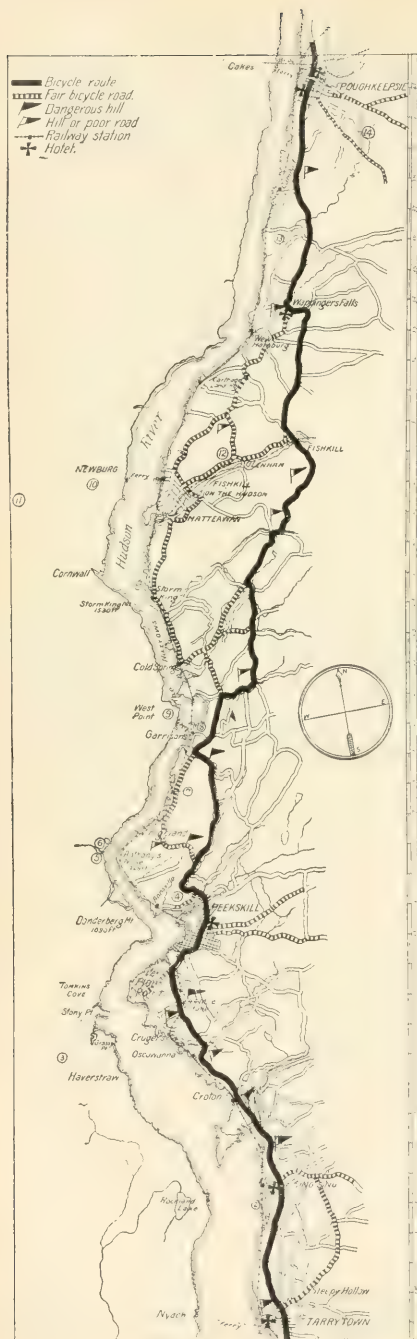
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This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THE map this week continues from the point, Tarrytown, reached on map published in No. 810 of the ROUND TABLE, to Poughkeepsie, a ride of over forty miles, which would be another and second stage on the route from New York to Albany. All routes of this nature must, of course, be divided by wheelmen reading this Department into sections of a length which is most suitable for their own special purposes. It is perfectly simple, for example, for a good rider to go from New York to Poughkeepsie in one day. On the other hand, for one who is unaccustomed to long distances the route shown on this map, from Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie, is a very good ride. When the series, therefore, covering a distance from New York to Albany is published, by putting the maps together each wheelman may choose how far he will go each day.

Running out of Tarrytown, the rider takes the Albany Post Road and passes the André Monument (1), which he should pause to examine. After leaving this monument he will come to St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church. Here he should turn to the left and go down a long hill, thence following the turnpike, which is unmistakable, until he reaches Sing Sing, a distance of seven miles. If the wheelman takes time for it, he may turn down to the river, about a mile before reaching Sing Sing, and stop a moment to take a look at the State-prison. From Sing Sing the road to Peekskill is direct; but it is a difficult twelve-mile ride, with hills all along the way, especially just before crossing to Croton Point, again on the Point, and then all the way up to Peekskill. The road itself is sandy, and occasionally covered with loam. The riding is not very good, and the wheelman is wise if he dismounts frequently. After leaving Croton, and when approaching Verplank Point, he can look across the river to Haverstraw, and see Treason Hill, where the meeting between Arnold and André took place, and the terms of the surrender of West Point were made. From Peekskill the rider runs out about half a mile to the north, then turns to the left and follows the telegraph poles to Garrison's. Immediately after crossing the bridges, on going out of Peekskill, he will notice on the left the State Camp (4). The road is sandy, and there are some bad hills over these eight miles.

If the rider has time to stop for a look at historic places, he should turn to the left after leaving the Peekskill encampment-grounds and run down to Highland Station, from whence he can see across the river the site of old Forts Clinton and Montgomery (5 and 6). Keeping on this road and running up to Garrison's along the shore, he will pass Beverly House, Arnold's old headquarters (7). At Garrison's is the old Phillipse Manor, and directly across the river is the United States Military Academy of West Point. The best road from this point to Wappinger's Falls is to follow the black route on the map, keeping to the right beyond Garrison's, and running on through Fishkill to Wappinger's Falls, a distance of eighteen miles.

It is possible, however, to keep to the left just beyond Garrison's, and following the fair bicycle route, keep to the shore of the Hudson. The road, however, is much more hilly through these highlands. By taking this route the wheelman may cross the ferry at Fishkill village to Newburgh, where he may see the Washington headquarters (10), and Knox's headquarters and winter camp (11) just outside Newburgh. On the road from Fishkill-on-the-Hudson to Fishkill itself he will pass the State Hospital for the Insane (12). The road from Wappinger's Falls into Pough-

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn to No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816.

keepsie, a distance of eight and a quarter miles, is moderately good. The roads are easy riding, and the grades are not bad. The rider should turn to the right on leaving Wappinger's Falls, cross Wappinger's Creek, and take South Avenue direct into Poughkeepsie. On the way he passes at the right of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes (13), and if he cares to, after reaching Poughkeepsie, he may struggle up the Poughkeepsie Hills to take a look at Vassar College (14).

A CITY BOY'S CONCLUSION.

THE cricket 'neath the old rail fence
His song forever toots,
And sounds as if he's breaking in
A brand-new pair of boots.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

AMONG the accomplishments which girls may cultivate to advantage none surpasses that of reading aloud to the satisfaction of others. It is singular that more of us do not acquire this delightful art. I do not mean that we should become elocutionists, or study to be proficient in dramatic effects; I simply advise girls who wish to give pleasure to their families and friends to practise the art of reading intelligently, in a clear and distinct voice, pronouncing their words plainly, giving each sentence its full meaning, and being careful not to drop the voice too suddenly at the end of a paragraph. It is so natural to let the voice fall too much and too far at the close of a paragraph, that those who wish to be heard make a point of learning how to use the rising inflection—not to the degree which implies interrogation, but, so to speak, leaving off with tones on the level, so that the voice carries well across the room.

DURING VACATION you will have opportunities to exercise this gift if you possess it. Half a dozen girls may enjoy the same story if one reads aloud while the rest work. The dear auntie whose sight is failing, and who is bidden by the doctor to rest her eyes, will be very much obliged to you if you will read to her an hour or more a day at intervals, as she and you may find convenient.

I HAVE FOUND in my own experience that when I am reading with a view to remembering a poem or essay or chapter of history, it is fixed upon my mind more readily than otherwise if I read the passage aloud to myself. Hearing as well as seeing the words, two senses aid in carrying the message to the brain. I like to read poetry aloud when I am alone, thus doubly enjoying its music and its feeling.

***AS EVERY BRIGHT** young woman should be informed about current events, my girl friends hardly need the reminder to read the daily papers. In doing this, read according to system. You will be able to se-

ure better results if you have a plan than if you scan the journal taken in your home in a slipshod, heedless way.

EVERY NEWSPAPER has its summary of contents, in which the news of that day and paper are condensed and presented in a compact form. Read this first. Select from this what you most wish to read—the foreign letters, the society gossip, the political leaders, the description of a prominent personage. Whatever you read, read with your whole attention, and learn how to skip a great many things which, while coming under the head of news, are not important to you. Reports of crime, for example, must be published, but you and I can very well omit reading them.

SOMEBODY IN THE HOUSE, and it may as well be you, dear daughter Jane or Charlotte, should take upon herself to see that the daily papers are not spirited off to line closet-shelves or kindle the kitchen fire before they are a week old. Father often wishes to refer to last Thursday's *Sun* or *Tribune*, Brother Tom wants another look at yesterday's *Herald* or the *Weekly Record* or *Register*, whatever the favorite paper may be. Nothing is more annoying than to search the house over—mother's room, the library, the back parlor, the halls—and discover no trace of the longed-for sheet, which probably has been dissolved into ashes, fluff, and smoke, to save Bridget a little trouble. You might charge yourself with seeing that no paper is ever destroyed until it is a whole week old. Also when a paper contains an item or a story which will probably interest grandmother or Uncle Roger in another town, it is very sweet in you to slip a wrapper around the paper, first marking the column in question, and mail it to the person to whom it will give pleasure. Do not forget the marking. Nobody likes to spend a morning hunting for the reason why a paper has been sent to him.

Margaret E. Langster.

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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Prize Story Awards.

The Round Table offered a First Prize of \$50, a Second of \$25, and a Third of \$25 for the best original stories written by authors who had not passed their eighteenth birthday. There was no condition about the kind of a story required, but appearance of manuscript, spelling, construction, character, and plot were to be considered. Stories were required to contain not more than two thousand nor fewer than one thousand words. There were a few under five hundred contestants, some of whom were as young as ten, and in one case seven years. Many stories were extremely clever, considering the ages of their authors.

The First Prize is won by a Knight who lives in Delaware. His name is Henry S. Canby, aged sixteen. A Knight, also from a Southern State (South Carolina), won the first prize in the Table's previous story contest. The Second Prize is won by a Lady. She is thirteen, and lives in Minnesota. Her name is Nancy Howe Wood, and the title of her story, which will be published in order, is "An Exciting Game." The story standing third is "Joey's Christmas." It reached us bearing no name of the writer, although it said it was intended for this contest. Owing to this oversight by the author we cannot award it the Third Prize. We will, however, give the author, when found, an extra prize of \$10. Will he or she write us? The Third Prize is awarded to the story standing fourth. It is "The Beverly Ghost," by Jennie Mae Blakeslee, aged fifteen, a resident of New Jersey. The Table congratulates the winners.

Stories by the following authors are specially commended, the order of that praise being indicated by the order in which names are printed: Upton B. Sinclair, Jun., Frances Chittenden, Constance F. Wheeler, Edith den Bleyker, Alice E. Dyer, Maudie Newhol, A. D. Parsons, Oliver Bunce Farris, Agnes Barton, Fanny Fullerton, Joseph B. Ames, Helen H. Hayes, Louis E. Thayer, George Clarkson Hirts, George W. Halliwell, Jun., Janet Ashley, Ray Bailey Stevenson, Edith Eckfield, Guy Hugh Leland, Helen L. Birnie, Virginia Louise De Caskey.

An Old Civil War Veteran.

Living here is the oldest cavalry horse of the civil war. He belongs to Sergeant B. F. Crawford, Company C, Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, who captured him in Virginia just after his owner had been shot from his back. He was then eight years old. Now he is forty, as black as coal, save for some gray hairs in mane and tail, and still fond of martial music, especially on Decoration day, the local parade of which he always forms a part. Last year he went to the National Encampment of the Grand Army at Pittsburgh, but he is too feeble to go to another. "Old Ned" is his name, and he is a universal favorite. His greatest war service was his three days at Gettysburg, where he was in at the beginning and finish, and didn't get a scratch.

HARRY MOORHEAD.

NORTH EAST, PA.

Care and Food of Fresh-water Turtles.

Several members ask about the care and food of turtles—really fresh-water tortoises. They should be kept in a tank or vessel, with some sort of an island upon which they may crawl when tired of swimming. The best food for them is fresh animal food—flies, worms, or very tiny live fish. If a live fry is put on the water so that it will kick, the tortoise will come up and get it, as he will not be so apt to do with a dead one. A worm may be dropped in for him once in a while; but as these are sometimes hard to find, he may be fed with bits of meat, raw or cooked. As a rule, tortoises will not eat vegetables or bread, though these will not hurt them. They can go for a long time without food, but it is better to feed them every day.

A Jaunt Up Mount Macedon.

One fine day in December a few girl friends and I thought of walking from Woodend to the top of Mount Macedon and back again. The first part of the road leading to the Mount was smooth, and the shade thrown by the eucalyptus-trees was very

pleasant. As we got further on it became rather hot, and we were glad to rest and eat our luncheon in a cool spot about half-way up the Mount. Lilac Walk is a beautiful spot at the top of Mount Macedon, and is so called because wild lilac blooms there in profusion. The trees, which are tall, interfere and form arches, which almost shut out the sun.

The Camel's Hump is the highest peak of Mount Macedon. It was a very steep climb, but we were rewarded for it. We could see around us miles and miles of beautiful country, with here and there a tiny house among the trees. On a fine day you can see Port Phillip Bay, which is over forty miles distant. On our way back we saw a beautiful place thickly covered with ferns, with a tiny stream running through it. We did not feel very tired when we got there, although we had walked fourteen miles. I intend forwarding you next time a brief description of the Hanging Rock near Woodend.

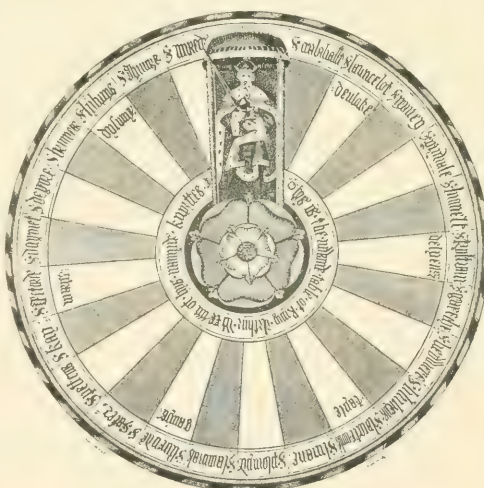
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TASMA, MORELAND RD., W. COBURG.

What Shall Our Badges Be?

The Founders decided the Order is to have a new badge, to be made in two styles. One is to be of silver, or at least of some material that may be secured at a low price, say ten cents, and the other of gold, or gold and enamel, to cost as much as fifty cents, perhaps; certainly little if any more. A score or more Founders suggested that designs be submitted. Very good. Now where shall we get the designs? Do members wish to give us some? If so, send them in. Draw them in either India or wash, that we may reproduce them.

Here is the top of what is said to be the original



King Arthur's Table. It is preserved in the cathedral at Winchester, England. The figure is that of Arthur, and the names are those of the original Knights. It was suggested that the badge be a reproduction of this, but if the entire table-top be employed designs will be so small they cannot be read. Besides, we Americans hardly want to wear badges bearing a figure of royalty, do we? Why not use the rose in the centre—the rose is historic—and vary the inscription around it?

In making designs, be careful to consider the time and nation. One member sends us a design in which appears the fleur-de-lis, which is French, not English. The sword, ancient pattern, the red and white rose, the cross, other than the Latin—all these may be used. Of course we will keep the "K. L. O. R. T." If need be, the words could be spelled out: "Knights: Ladies: Order: Round: Table." Let us have your designs at once. Any

who wish may submit them. The two or three best will be published, if made so we can reproduce them. Possibly an artist can select the best features of several and combine them. So send along your ideas.

How to Plan a Gala Evening.

For July or August there are few entertainments more novel and delightful than out-of-door ones. Why not have some in aid of the School Fund? Or they might be partly in aid of the Fund and partly for the benefit of a Chapter. The way to begin is to get together from ten to a dozen friends, and then write to us for particulars.

Here is briefly what we shall recommend, but be sure to write, because we can give you more explicit directions than we have space for here. We shall give you titles of some very funny farces and pantomimes, similar to those that college students give as burlesques, and which any company of persons of any age can learn and render with very little trouble and with certain success. We shall also tell you how to build a rustic stage out of doors, to arrange hemlocks or spruces for "scenery," etc. A good way is to charge a fee of twenty-five cents, and give, after the stage entertainment is over, a plate of ice-cream free. You will have plenty of fun—and help a good cause, and perhaps yourselves. Write us, sure.

A Natural History Bit.

There are a great many violets about here, and the ones we have the most of are the swamp violets and the little ones that grow in the first place. The swamp violets are a very light purple with darker

lines on the lower petal. There are from two to twenty violets on one plant. They grow in the woods and in wet places. The white violets also grow in the woods. They are very much smaller, and are entirely white and are entirely white except the lower petal, which has purple lines. They are very sweet. I have never seen more than seven or eight violets on one plant.

There are three other kinds that I know of that grow in the woods. One is the yellow violet. It grows in dry places, and there is usually more than one violet on a stem. The leaves also grow on the stem, instead of starting from the roots, as most others do. The flower is a bright yellow, with purple lines on the lower petal. There is the crow's-foot violet, which grows in dry places and is a deep purple; also a little purple violet whose name I do not know. It grows much like the yellow violet, only it is much

smaller, and often grows on rocks, where there is very little earth.

The violet that grows in the fields is very small, and is oftentimes a deep purple, but sometimes the petals are purple and white mottled together.

CONNECTICUT.

H. W. S.

A Bit of An Old Fort.

Not very far from Bluffton near Beaufort is situated the island called Farris Island. A friend of my father's owns a part of this, and he says that on it are the remains of old Fort Charles, built by the Huguenots in 1562. Will some one please write for me? I am fourteen. Bluffton is in the very southwestern part of Beaufort County, S. C. The steamer Alpha plies between Bluffton, Beaufort, and Savannah, but she is the slowest steamer in existence.

BLUFFTON.

AUGUST MITCHELL.

This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any queries on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

PHILATUS.

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"NOW I KNOW PUSSY ATE UP MY GOLDFISH, FOR YOU CAN SEE THE BONES STICKING OUT OF HER CHEEKS."

A QUESTION OF PEDIGREE.

"Now who is that?" asked a dignified hen;
 "That chicken in white and gray!
 She's very well dressed, but from whence did she come?
 And her family, who are *they*?"
 "She never can move in our set, my dear,"
 Said the old hen's friend to her, later;
 "I've just found out you'll be shocked to hear—
She was hatched in an incubator!"

PATRICK, in answer to an advertisement for a coachman, applied for the position. He was one of three applicants, and patiently waited until his turn arrived to offer his services. The gentleman who wanted the coachman loved a joke, and when the first applicant had answered a few of his questions, he finally asked him,

"How near to the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage?"

"Your Honor, I'd come within a foot of it."

The same question was put to the second applicant, who replied,

"I'll drive within three inches of it all the way, and never slip a wheel."

Patrick was then asked what he would do. "Faith, your Honor, I'd kape as far away from the idge as possible." Patrick was engaged.

EVERY boy and girl has doubtless heard of the great composer Handel. Here is a little story told of him and of Dr. Maurice Green, a musician whose compositions were never remarkably fine. It seems he had sent a solo anthem to Handel for his opinion, and Handel invited him to take breakfast, and he would say what he thought of it. After coffee, Green's patience became exhausted, and he said, "Well, sir, what did you think of it?"

"Oh, your anthem! Ah, I did t'ink dat it wanted air."

"Air?" cried Green.

"Yes, air; and so I did hang it out of de vindow," replied Handel.

"JAMES," asked the school teacher, "what do you do with your odd moments after school?"

"I waits until they adds up into an hour, and then I goes fishin'."

FREDDY (*five years old*). "Boys, keep away from me."

CHORUS. "Why, what's the matter?"

FREDDY. "The teacher said I was sharp to-day, and you might get cut."

MOTHER. "Frank, what is baby crying about?"

FRANK. "I guess because I took his cake and showed him how to eat it."

THERE is a story going the rounds of the British press about two very distinguished archaeologists—Sir William Wilde and Dr. Donovan. It seems that these two gentlemen made an excursion to the Isles of Arran, where interesting remains of archaeological nature have been found.

They came across a little rough stone building, and both entered into a fierce argument as to the exact century of its erection. Finally each claimed a date, one giving it the sixth century, and the other a later one.

A native who had listened with gaping mouth and ears to the lengthy and learned terms used by the disputants, broke into the conversation with the remark, "Faix, you're both wrong as far as that little buildin' is consarned; it was built just two years ago by Tim Doolan for his jackass."

variation with the remark, "Faix, you're both wrong as far as that little buildin' is consarned; it was built just two years ago by Tim Doolan for his jackass."



A highwayman grim—here's a picture of him—
 A traveller once did waylay,



But his pistols were rusted; he fired: they busted.



RCC

And the traveller went on his way.
 THE HIGHWAYMAN AND THE TRAVELLER.



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FIVE CENTS A COPY
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



A MISPLACED "FOURTH."

BY JAMES BARNES.

THE male population of Middleton, Ohio, in the early summer of 186—appeared to consist altogether of old men and boys. True, a few young men, most of them dressed in blue coats with brass buttons, were to be seen on the streets, but nearly all of them carried their arms in slings, and one tall lad of twenty, who had once been the best runner in the village, hobbled along on crutches, with an empty trouser leg pinned up at the knee.

One bright morning three Middleton boys were sitting astride the top rail of a zigzag fence that ran along a hill-side at the edge of a thicket of underbrush. A long Kentucky rifle lay across a near-by log. One of the boys held in his hand a glass bottle stoppered with a bit of rag. Another had on a leather belt with "U.S." on the brass plate—upside down. The third boy was digging at the rail with a dull jackknife.

"I came near to running away and goin' as a drummer-boy," said the youngster with the belt, "but they wouldn't take me on account of my age. I'll be old enough this fall," he added. "Then you'll see."

"Your mother wouldn't let you go, Skinny," said the boy with the bottle. "She told Grandad that two was enough." "Father'd let me go if he warn't with Sherman," said Skinny, "and brother Bill said I drummed good enough."

"My father wants me to stay home and look after ma," the second boy sighed. There had been no news of his father for six months, now.

"I've got a letter from Alfred, written jes before he was taken prisoner, I guess," said the third boy, closing his knife. He drew out of his pocket an envelope with the picture of an American flag on it.

"Go on and read it to us," said the oldest boy, wriggling himself up closer. And Hosmer Curtis began—following the words with his thumb:

"CICERO'S LANDING.

"DEAR BROTHER, I wish I was to home to-night, with you all sitting in the kitchen, and mother reading to us the way she used to, rather than being here. I am writing this by moonlight mostly, as it is getting late. We have

had a big fight all day, but drove the Rebs back across a creek into a swamp, where we captured a lot of them stuck in the mud. I am dreadful sorry to say that Tom Ditchard was killed. Poor Tom! I suppose the home papers will tell all about it: he was shot fording the creek. I have his watch; he gave it to me to bring back home. I hope I shall do so. To-morrow we will move westward to head off Morgan, I guess; I hope we won't march far, for my boots are all worn out, and my feet are sore. But I am well; love to all, and kiss mother. I wrote her two days ago.

"Your affec. brother,

ALFRED.

"P.S.—The Fourth of July will soon be here. I suppose you will have no fireworks, though perhaps we shall. Good-by."

"I don't know as I'd like to be a soldier," said the boy with the gunpowder bottle—he was also the proud possessor of the long rifle. "Tisn't so much fun, I guess. Think so, Skinny?"

"You're a 'fraid-cat," returned the boy with the belt. "That's what you are, Will Tevis."

The other flushed, but said nothing; he was by far the smallest of the three.

"How do you know Alfred was captured?" said the thin one, after a silence of a minute.

"He was on the missing list—that's all we know," said Hosmer, putting the letter back into his pocket.

"It will be the Fourth in two days, now," remarked Skinny, as if to change the subject. "But I hain't heard any talk about any celebration."

"Let's have one all to ourselves," suggested Hosmer.

"That's what?" asked the smallest boy. "I guess this is all the gunpowder there is in town." He held up the bottle. "Tain't more'n three charges, any how," he added.

"I know where there's all the powder you want to look at," said the thin warrior, who jumped suddenly down from the fence. "Oh! and I say, you know the two old iron cannon—if we could only get them out—hey?"

"They're locked up in the engine-house," rejoined Master Tevis.

"What's the matter with an anvil? It makes a lot of noise," suggested Hosmer. "Where do you get the powder, Skinny?"

"Skinny," whose real name was Ambrose F. Skinner, Jun., assumed a very mysterious air.

"Now, listen, and I'll tell you," he said. "You remember when they had that smash up on the railroad last week—don't you?"

"You mean the train going South to the army?" asked Hosmer.

"Yep, that's it. Happened last Thursday," responded Ambrose, growing excited. "Well! they ran two banged-up cars back on the siding above the river-bridge, and left 'em. I guess they forgot, p'raps. But the worst-busted car is loaded with powder. I saw the barrels; one of them had a big hole in it. I say, come along, I'll show you. Tain't far."

"Come on; let's!" was the united answer. The two listeners jumped to the ground, and Master Tevis picked up the rifle. Then the three struck off across the hill, and walked along a path through the thicket of scrub-oak.

In a few minutes the boys were standing beside two heavy freight-cars on a crooked timber switch. The end of one had been broken in as if by a collision, and the trucks of both were injured.

Skinny climbed into the wrecked car, and lifted the end of a tarpauling that covered some barrels.

"There you are," he said, triumphantly. "All the powder you want—nuff to blow up the town."

"I don't suppose they'll let 'em stay here very long," said Hosmer.

"But they can't send them South on the road now," remarked Tevis. "The big bridge is down ten miles below—heard tell of it last night. They will have to go back the other way; not a train's been through for forty hours."

Tevis's grandfather was the station-agent at Middleton, and he spoke with an air of certain knowledge.

"Come, hand up your bottle and we will fill her up," said Skinner, extending his hand.

Will Tevis paused. "I say, fellows," he said, "I don't think it would be right. Do you, Hosmer?"

"A bottleful would never be missed," interposed Skinny. "There's more'n that spilled here on the floor. We must celebrate the Fourth. Why not, boys? Eh?"

It was evident that Master Skinner's intentions were liable to change, however, and that some scruples were arising even in his mind, for he said, testily,

"You're a 'fraid-cat, Will Tevis."

The latter put down the rifle. "If you say that again, Ambrose Skinner, I'll fight you," he said.

"Oh, come, don't talk like that," said Hosmer, quietly. "Will is right, Skinny; we oughtn't to touch the powder. It belongs to Uncle Sam."

"He would not miss a handful," said Skinny, shamefacedly. Then he added, "I guess you are right, though, come to think. Let's go back to the village; it's most four o'clock."

The boys walked down the grade. A mile away was a wooden box-bridge with a carriage-way on one side and the single track on the other. It spanned a deep and swiftly running stream that opened into the Ohio River a few leagues below. It was here the accident had taken place.

As they came into the village street they saw that a crowd had collected around the post-office.

"News from the front!" shouted Tevis, in the familiar words they had so often heard; and the trio started forward on a run.

On the outside of the post-office shutters was a big placard drawn hastily up in red ink:

THE REBELS ARE IN OHIO!
GENERAL MORGAN CROSSES THE RIVER!
GREAT ALARM! TWO BATTLES FOUGHT!

These words stared them in the face. The news had come by telegram from Turkeyville; but soon after the line had ceased to work, and no particulars could be obtained. It was late that night when the boys went to bed. The morrow was to be an eventful one for Middleton, and there was a feeling of uneasiness in the air.

The next day was the 3d of July.

Will Tevis was awakened by a tremendous clangor of bells.

"Fire!" shouted Will, making one dive from the bed to the window.

He opened the shutters with a crash; but not a sign of smoke was there to be seen. What could it mean?

"Sounds like the Fourth," he said, leaving over the sill and craning his neck to right and left.

The Tevis house was far up the slope, on which the village stood, and Will could look down one of the long streets. He saw people running from the houses and heading for the Court-house square.

He hurried on his clothes, jumped down the back stairs, and rushed to the street, joining his grandfather on the way. At the gate as they turned into the dusty road they met Ambrose Skinner.

"Heard the news?" he yelled, as he approached.

"What is it? Has any one surrendered?" asked old Mr. Tevis, breathlessly.

"No!" shouted Skinny, at the top of his lungs, although he was quite near. "The Rebels are coming! I'm off to summon Judge Black. They're going to hold a meeting at the Court-house." On he ran.

Grandfather Tevis surprised himself, for in his excitement he had struck into a long swinging gait that compelled Will to his best efforts to keep up.

At the square all was confusion. The Middleton "Home Guards" were there, forty-eight in number, composed mostly of men who were too old for service. There was not a leader among them.

Mr. Tevis forced his way into a room on the ground-floor of the Court-house. Somebody held up his hand to enjoin silence.

"They are receiving a telegram from Dresden down the

river," whispered a short, pale-faced man, in Mr. Tevis's ear.

There was a single wire connecting Middleton with Dresden, twenty-one miles to the westward. The nervous operator was translating the dots and dashes into words.

"The rebels are in full sight - now - entering the town. The home guards have run away." Then there was a pause. "The rebels are breaking into the stores. They have not come to the railway station yet."

"He is a brave man to stick to his post so," said Mr. Tevis, out loud.

"Hush," said the pale-faced man; "here he comes again." "Tick-a-tick," began the instrument. "A battery of artillery is with them. They are here at the station. I —" The instrument stopped suddenly.

"Something has happened," said the operator, breathlessly. "Call him up," said some one.

"He does not answer," said the operator, after a few minutes. But as he spoke a slow ticking came from the receiver.

"Hello!" it spelled, laboriously.

"That isn't Jed Worth," said the operator. "Some one else has got hold of the wire."

"Hold on; ask who it is," said Mr. Tevis.

Then an idea came in Will Tevis's head, and he spoke up. "Ask if it is Frank," he said.

"What for?" inquired the operator, with his fingers on the key.

"Because if they answer yes, you will know they are trying to fool you," he said.

There was a murmur of approval.

"Is that you Frank?" telegraphed the operator.

"Yes," came the unhesitating answer.

"Ask him if he has seen anything of the Rebs," suggested Mr. Tevis.

"No," was the response to this inquiry, "not one."

"He's a pretty good liar," said the pale-faced man, half to himself. The instrument began to work again.

"Are there any troops at Middleton," slowly asked the Reb operator down the line.

An answer was clicked back hastily.

"I told him that we had a regiment and two batteries of artillery," whispered the young man at the desk, smiling.

"Why under the sun didn't you make it an army corps," said Mr. Tevis.

The operator tried again, but no answer came. Dresden had switched off for good. A bustle and a cheer outside in the square showed that something was going forward. Judge Black had arrived. The Judge was a veteran of the Mexican war; his age alone had prevented him from accepting a commission in the army; but the village had a great respect for his military knowledge. He was offered the command of the forces by the Mayor; about four hundred had gathered; but there were no more than seventy muskets, with less than four rounds apiece. A search of the town shops disclosed the fact that there were but ten pounds of good powder to be had. Now "Skinny" came to the rescue with the same words he had used on the day before.

"I know where there's all the powder you want," he said, and he told of the freight-car on the siding. Despite the broken truck it was brought down the grade to the station, and two barrels were unloaded.

"Why not blow up the bridge?" suggested Will to his grandfather in a whisper, which the Judge overheard.

"We may have to come to that," said the Judge, turning.

"We'll leave that to the last, though. Now we must throw up intrenchments, and mount our two field-pieces. What's in those crates?"

"Uniforms, by jingo!" said a man inside the car.

"Get them out," said the Judge; "our forces must be uniformed. Have those mounted scouts been sent out?" he added.

"Yes, sir," said the Mayor; "an hour ago."

In a short time the slope below Middleton presented a curious sight; four hundred men and boys dressed in new uniforms with shining brass buttons were digging a long trench that stretched from the railway track to a steep bluff on the east. The old iron guns were in a position to

command the bridge and the further bank. The freight-car with over two tons of gunpowder on board was anchored firmly in the centre of the bridge.

One man was left at the bridge to fire the train of powder if the enemy advanced. About four o'clock a very respectable fortification had been made at the bottom of the hill, and the few guns were distributed along it. The little army paused to rest. The women and children had long ago been sent north across the hills. At half past four a man on horseback thundered across the bridge; he was closely followed by two others.

"The Rebs are coming!" they shouted. "Thousands of them."

In fact, almost at their heels rose a cloud of dust, and two or three cavalrymen rode out on the bank of the river. They appeared surprised at the line of earthworks, and the blue coats that here and there showed plainly. In a few minutes more the bank was lined with rebel horsemen.

"Why doesn't he light the fuse?" said the Commander-in-chief, nervously looking toward the bridge.

As he spoke a man ran up the track from the bridge; he turned and looked back two or three times as if expecting something to happen. But nothing happened.

"It failed to go off," said the man, out of breath, as he jumped into the trench.

The Judge scowled at him. "Let go that battery," he said. "Commence firing."

At the first discharge one of the old cannons burst, luckily hurting no one, and the straggling volley that followed only showed to the enemy the weakness of their opponents. A rebel with a powerful field-glass had climbed a tree and taken in the situation. The enemy was preparing for an advance. That was evident.

"Hang that fool!" said the Judge; "if he'd kept his wits about him, we'd be safe. I don't believe he waited to strike a match. They could never ford the river."

But he or no one else had seen a figure in a uniform much too big for his small body steal across the track and crawl on all-fours down the embankment on the further side. All at once they saw him emerge into sight and dive into the shadow of the bridge. It was Will Tevis.

Just as the cavalry were preparing to charge, he came into sight again, running swiftly down the middle of the track. A faint smoke arose from the bridge entrance, several shots were fired at him; but on he came. The intrenchments now broke out into flame just as there came a terrific roar, a bursting rending sound, and the bridge disappeared. Will Tevis in the ill-fitting uniform was a hero. The rebels were forced to keep the other side of the swollen river, but exchanged shots for some time before they drew away.

Coming up the hill late in the evening Hosmer and Will met Skinny. "Where have you been?" they asked.

"Up in town looking for a drum," Skinny replied, flushing. "Will, I 'pologize for callin' you a 'fraid-cat."

The next day there was again no powder in the village; but Judge Black made a speech which began, "On this glorious occasion."

"I wish we had some fireworks for to-night," said Hosmer, after the old veteran had concluded.

"Never mind that, boys," said Grandfather Tevis, who had overheard. "You boys had your Fourth yesterday."

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW JALAP COOMBS MADE PORT.

THE things on which we are apt to set the highest value in this world are those that we have lost, and even our friends are, as a rule, most highly appreciated after they have been taken from us. Thus, in the present instance, Phil and Serge had so sincerely mourned the loss of their quaint but loyal comrade, that his restoration to them alive

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 391.

and well, "heartily and hungry," as he himself expressed it, filled them with unbounded joy. They hung about him, and lovingly brushed the snow from his fur clothing, and plied him with many questions.

Even Nel-te showed delight at the return of his big playmate by cuddling up to him, and stroking his weather-beaten cheeks, and confiding to him how very hungry he was.

"Me too, Cap'n Kid!" exclaimed Jalap Coombs; "and I must say you're a mighty tempting morsel to a man as nigh starved as I be. Jest about boiling age, plump and tender. Cap'n Kid, look out, for I'm mighty inclined to stow ye away."

"Try this instead," laughed Phil, holding out a chunk of frozen pemmican that he had just chopped off. "We're in the biggest kind of luck to-day," he continued. "I didn't know there was a mouthful of anything to eat on this sledge, and here I've just found about five pounds of pemmican. It does seem to me the very best pemmican that was ever put up, too, and I only wonder that we didn't eat it long ago. I'm going to get my aunt Ruth to make me a lot of it just as soon as ever I get home."

As they sat before the fire on a tree felled and stripped of its branches for the purpose, and munched frozen pemmican, and took turns in sipping strong unsweetened tea from the only cup now left to them, Jalap Coombs described his thrilling experiences of the preceding night.

According to his story, one of his dogs gave out, and he stopped to unharness it with the hope that it would still have strength to follow the sledge. While he was thus engaged the storm broke, the blinding rush of snow swept over the mountains, and as he looked up he found to his dismay that the other sledge was already lost to view. He at once started to overtake it, urging on the reluctant dogs by every means in his power; but after a few minutes of struggle against the furious gale, they lay down and refused to move. After cutting their traces that they might follow him if they chose, the man set forth alone, with bowed and uncertain steps, on a hopeless quest for his comrades. He did not find them, as we know, though once he heard a faint cry from off to one side. Heading in that direction, the next thing he knew he had plunged over the precipice, and found himself sliding, rolling, and bounding downward with incredible velocity.

"The trip must have lasted an hour or more," said Jalap Coombs, soberly, in describing it, "and when I finally brung up all standing, I couldn't make out for quite a spell whether I were still on top of the earth, or had gone plumb through to the other side. I knowed every rib and timber of my framing were broke, and every plank started; but somehow I managed to keep my head above water, and struck out for shore. I made port under a tree, and went to sleep. When I woke at the end of the watch, I found all hatches closed and battened down. So I were jest turning over again when I heard a hail, and knowed I were wanted on deck. And, boys, I've had happy moments in my life, but I reckon the happiest of 'em all were when I broke out and seen you two with the kid, standing quiet and respectful, and heerd ye saying, 'Good-morning, sir, and hoping you've passed a quiet night,' like I were a full-rigged cap'n."

"As you certainly deserve to be, Mr. Coombs," laughed Phil, "and as I believe you will be before long, for I don't think we can be very far from salt water at this moment."

"It's been seemin' to me that I could smell it!" exclaimed the sailorman, eagerly sniffing the air as he spoke. "And, ef you're agreeable, sir, I moves that we set sail for it at once. My hull's pretty well battered and stove in, but top works is solid, standing and running rigging all right, and I reckon by steady pumping we can navigate the old craft to port yet."

"All aboard, then! Up anchor, and let's be off!" shouted Phil, so excited at the prospect of a speedy termination to their journey that he could not bear a moment's longer delay in attaining it.

So they set merrily and hopefully forth, and followed the windings of the valley, keeping just beyond the forest

edge. In summer-time they would have found it filled with impassable obstacles—huge bowlders, landslides, a network of logs and fallen trees, and a roaring torrent; but now it was packed with snow to such an incredible depth that all these things lay far beneath their feet and the way was made easy.

By nightfall they had reached the mouth of the valley, and saw, opening before them, one so much wider that it reminded them of the broad expanse of the frozen Yukon. The course of this new valley was almost north and south, and they felt certain that it must lead to the sea. In spite of their anxiety to follow it, darkness compelled them to seek a camping-place in the timber. That evening they ate all that remained of their pemmican, excepting a small bit that was reserved for Nel-te's breakfast.

They made up, as far as possible, for their lack of food by building the most gorgeous camp-fire of the entire journey. They felled several green trees close together, and placed it on them so that it should not melt its way down out of sight through the deep snow. Then they felled dead trees and cut them into logs. These, together with dead branches, they piled up, until they had a structure forty feet long by ten feet high. They set fire to it with the last match in their possession, and as the flames gathered headway and roared and leaped to the very tops of the surrounding trees even Phil was obliged to acknowledge that at last he was thoroughly and uncomfortably warm.

The following morning poor Jalap was so stiff and lame that his face was contorted with pain when he attempted to rise. "Never mind," he cried, cheerily, as he noted Phil's anxious expression, "I'll fetch it. Just give me a few minutes' leeway."

And sure enough in a few minutes he was on his feet rubbing his legs, stretching his arms, and twisting his body "to lumber up the j'ints." Although in a torment of pain he soon declared himself ready for the day's tramp, and they set forth. Ere they had gone half a mile, however, it was evident that he could walk no further. The pain of the effort was too great even for his sturdy determination, and when he finally sank down with a groan, the boys helped him on the sledge, and attached themselves to its pulling-bar with long thongs of rawhide.

The two stalwart young fellows, together with three dogs made a strong team, but the snow was so soft, and their load so heavy, that by noon they had not made more than ten miles. They had, however, reached the end of their second valley, and came upon a most extraordinary scene. As far as the eye could reach on either side stretched a vast plain of frozen whiteness. On its further border, directly in front of them, but some ten miles away, rose a chain of mountains bisected by a deep wide cut like a gateway.

"It must be an arm of the sea, frozen over and covered with snow," said Phil.

"But," objected Serge, "on this coast no such body of salt water stays frozen so late in the season; for we are well into April now, you know."

"Then it is a great lake."

"I never heard of any lake on this side of the mountains."

"I don't reckon it's the sea; but salt water's mighty nigh," said Jalap Coombs, sniffing the air as eagerly as a hound on the scent of game.

"Whatever it is," said Phil, "we've got to cross it, and I am going to head straight for that opening."

So they again bent to their traces, and a few hours later had crossed the great white plain, and were skirting the base of a mountain that rose on their left. Its splintered crags showed the dull red of iron rust wherever they were bare of snow, and only thin fringes of snow were to be seen in its more sheltered gorges.

Suddenly Phil halted, his face paled, and his lips quivered with emotion. "The sea!" he gasped. "Over there, Serge!"

Jalap Coombs caught the words, and was on his feet in an instant, all his pain forgotten in a desire to once more catch a glimpse of his beloved salt water.

"Yes," replied Serge, after a long look. "It certainly is a narrow bay. How I wish we knew what one! But, Phil!

what is that, down there near the foot of the cliffs? Is it—a can it be—a house?"

"Where?" cried Phil.

"Yes, I see! I do believe it is! Yes, it certainly is a house."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE MOST FAMOUS ALASKAN GLACIER.

THAT little house nestling at the base of a precipitous mountain, and still nearly a mile away, was just then a more fascinating sight to our half-starved, toil-worn travelers than even the sea itself, and filled with a hopeful excitement they hastened toward it. It was probably a salmon cannery or saltery, or a trading-post. At any rate the one house they had discovered was that of a white man; for it had a chimney, and none of the Tlingits or natives of southern Alaska build chimneys.

While Phil and Jalap Coombs were full of confidence that a few minutes more would find them in a settlement of white men, Serge was greatly puzzled, and, though he said little, kept up a deal of thinking as he tugged at the rawhide sledge-trace. He felt that he ought to know the place, for he did not believe they were one hundred miles from Sitka; but he could not remember having heard of any white settlement on that part of the coast, except at the Chilkat cannery, and this place did not correspond in any particular with what he had heard of that.

At length they rounded the last low spur of the ridge, and came upon the house only a few rods away. For a few moments they stood motionless, regarding it in silence, and with a bitter disappointment. It was roughly but substantially constructed of sawed lumber, had a shingled roof, two glass windows, a heavy door, and a great outside chimney of rough stone. But it was closed and deserted. No hospitable smoke curled from its chimney, there was no voice of welcome nor sign of human presence. Nor was there another building of any kind in sight.

"I suppose we may as well keep on and examine the interior, now that we've come so far," said Phil, in a disgusted tone that readily betrayed his feelings. "There doesn't seem to be any one around to prevent us. I only wish there was."

So they pushed open the door, which was fastened but not locked, and stepped inside. The cabin contained but a single large room furnished with several sleeping bunks, a stout table, and a number of seats, all home-made from unplanned lumber. Much rubbish, including empty bottles and tin cans, was scattered about; but it was evident that everything of value had been removed by the last occupants. The chief feature of the room was an immense and rudely artistic fire-place at its farther end. Above this hung a smooth board skillfully decorated with charcoal sketches, and bearing the legend "Camp Muir."

As Serge caught sight of this he uttered an exclamation. "Now I know where we are!" he cried. "Come with me,



SERGE'S METHOD OF LIGHTING A FIRE

Phil, and I will show you one of the grand sights of the world."

With this he dashed out of the door, and ran toward the beach ridge behind which the cabin stood. Phil followed, wondering curiously what his friend could mean. As they reached the low crest of the ridge he understood; for outspread before him, bathed in a rosy light by the setting sun, was a spectacle that tourists travel from all parts of the world to gaze upon.

A precipitous line of ice cliffs of marble whiteness or heavenly blue, two miles long and hundreds of feet in height, carved into spires, pinnacles, minarets, and a thousand other fantastic shapes, rose in frozen majesty at the head of a little bay whose waters washed the beach at their feet. Ere either of the boys could find words to express his delight and wonder, a huge mass of the lofty wall broke away and plunged into the sea, with a thunderous roar that echoed and re-echoed from the enclosing mountains. For a moment it disappeared in a milky cloud of foam and spray. Then it shot up from the depths like some stupendous submarine monster, and with torrents of water streaming from it in glittering cascades, floated on the heaving surface a new-born iceberg.

"It must be a glacier," said Phil, in an awe-stricken tone. "It is a glacier," answered Serge, triumphantly, "and one of the most famous in the world, for it is the Muir, which is larger and contains more ice than all the eleven hundred glaciers of Switzerland put together. That cabin is the one occupied by John Muir and his companions when they explored it in 1890. To think that we should have come down one of its branches, and even crossed the great glacier itself without knowing what it was! I believe we would have known it, though, if the snow hadn't

been so deep as to alter the whole character of its surface."

"If this is the Muir Glacier," reflected Phil, "I don't see but what we are in a box. We must be to the westward of Chilkat."

"Yes," said Serge. "It lies to the eastward of those mountains."

"Which don't look as though they would be very easy even for us to climb, while I know we couldn't get Jalap and Nel-te over them. I don't suppose any tourist steamers will be visiting this place for some time, either."

"Not for two months at least," replied Serge.

"Which is longer than we can afford to wait without provisions or supplies of any kind. So we shall have to get away, somehow, and pretty quickly too. It doesn't look as though we could follow the coast any further, though; for just below here the cliffs seem to rise sheer from the water."

"No," said Serge, "we can't. We can only get out by boat or by scaling the mountains."

"In which case we shall starve to death before we have a chance to do either," retorted Phil, gloomily, "for we are pretty nearly starved now. In fact, old man, it looks as though the good fortune that has stood by us during the whole of this journey had deserted us at its very end."

By this time the boys had strolled back to the cabin, which was left by the setting sun in a dark shadow. As they turned its corner they came upon Nel-te standing outside clapping his chubby hands, and gazing upward in an ecstasy of delight. Following the child's glance Phil uttered a startled exclamation, and sprang through the doorway. A moment later he emerged, rifle in hand.

High up on a shoulder of the mountain, hundreds of feet above the cabin, sharply outlined against the sky, and bathed in the full glory of the setting sun, a mountain-goat, with immensely thick hair of snowy white, and sharp black horns, stood as motionless as though carved from marble. Blinded by the sunlight, and believing himself to be surrounded by a solitude untenanted by enemies, he saw not the quietly moving figures in the dim shadows beneath him.

Twice did Phil raise his rifle, and twice did he lower it, so tremulous was he with excitement, and a knowledge that four human lives depended on the result of his shot. The third time he took a quick aim and fired. As the report echoed sharply from the beetling cliffs, the stricken animal gave a mighty leap straight out into space, and came whirling downward like a great white bird with broken wings. He struck twice, but bounded off each time, and finally lay motionless, buried in the snow at the very foot of the mountain that had been his home.

"Seeing as how we hain't got no fire nor no matches I reckon we'll eat our meat raw like the Huskies," said Jalap Coombs, dryly, a little later, as they began to skin and cut up the goat.

"Whew!" ejaculated Phil. "I never thought of that. But I know how to make a fire with the powder from a cartridge, if one of you can furnish a bit of cotton cloth."

"It seems a pity to waste a cartridge," said Serge, "when we haven't but three or four left, and a single one has just done so much for us. I think I can get fire in a much more economical way."

"How?" queried Phil.

"We won't find no brimstone nor yet feathers here," suggested Jalap Coombs, with a shake of his head.

"Never mind," laughed Serge; "you two keep on cutting up the goat, and by the time your job is completed I think I can promise that mine will be." So saying, Serge entered the cabin and closed the door.

In a pile of rubbish he had noticed several small pieces of wood, and a quantity of very dry botanical specimens, some of which bore fluffy seed-vessels that could be used as tinder. He selected a bit of soft pine, and worked a hole in it with the point of his knife. Next he whittled out a thick pencil of the hardest wood he could find, sharpened one end and rounded the other. In a block of hard wood he dug a cavity, into which the rounded top of the pencil would fit. He found a section of barrel hoop, and

strung it very loosely with a length of rawhide from a dog harness, so as to make a small bow. Finally he took a turn of the bow-string about the pencil, fitted the point into the soft pine that rested on the floor, and the other end into the hard wood block on which he leaned his breast.

With one hand he now drew the bow swiftly to and fro, causing the pencil to revolve with great rapidity, and with the other he held a small quantity of tinder close to its point of contact with the soft pine. The rapid movement of the pencil produced a few grains of fine sawdust, and this shortly began to smoke with the heat of the friction. In less than one minute the sawdust and tinder were in a glow that a breath fanned into a flame, and there was no longer any doubt about a fire.*

That evening, as our friends sat contentedly in front of a cheerful blaze, after a more satisfactory meal than they had enjoyed for many a day, Jalap Coombs remarked that he only wanted one more thing to make him perfectly happy.

"Same here," said Phil. "What's your want?"

"A pipeful of tobacco," replied the sailor, whose whole smoking outfit had been lost with his sleds.

"All I want," laughed Phil, "is to know how and when we are to get out of this trap and continue our journey to Sitka. I hate the thought of spending a couple of months here, even if there are plenty of goats."

"I can't think of anything else we can do," said Serge, thoughtfully.

And yet those who were to rescue them from their perplexing situation were within five miles of them at that very moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER II.

THEY were all in the "long parlor" after tea. It was a beautiful room, extending the length of the house, and it was large enough to contain four windows and two fire-places. The paper on the walls was old-fashioned—indeed, it had been there when the children's grandmother was a girl, and the furniture was of equally early date.

It was all handsome, but shabby-looking. A few dollars wisely spent would have made a vast difference in its appearance; but, unfortunately, there were never any dollars to spare.

Jack had resumed the argument. "Nonsense, nonsense, Jack!" said Mr. Franklin. "It is absurd for a boy like you to ask me for so much money. Incubators are of no good, anyhow. Give me a good old-fashioned hen."

"Perhaps, papa," said Cynthia, demurely, "Jack will give you a good old-fashioned hen if you let him buy an incubator to raise her with."

Mr. Franklin laughed. Then he grew very grave again. "There's no doubt about my making something of it," persisted Jack. "I wish you would let me try, father! I'll pay back whatever you lend me. Indeed I will. It's only forty dollars for the machine."

Mr. Franklin was very determined. He could seldom be induced to change his mind, and his prejudices were very strong. Jack's face fell. It was of no use; he would have to give it up.

Presently Aunt Betsey spoke. She had been an attentive listener to the conversation, and now she settled herself anew in her rocking-chair, and folded her hands in the way she always did when she had something of especial importance to say.

"How much money do you need, Jackie? Forty dollars, did you say?"

"Forty for the incubator," said Jack, rather shortly. He felt like crying, though he was a boy, and he wished Aunt Betsey would not question him.

* This is the Eskimo method; and I have seen a Norton Sound Eskimo woman obtain fire by this simple means inside of ten seconds.—K. M.

"And then you must buy the eggs," put in Cynthia.

"And what do the chicks live in after they come out?" asked Miss Trinkett, who knew something about farming, and with all her eccentricities was very practical.

"They live in brooders," said Jack, warning to his beloved subject. "If I could buy one brooder for a pattern I could make others like it. I'd have to fence off places for the chicks to run in, and that would take a little money. I suppose I'd have to have fifty-five or sixty dollars to start nicely with and have things in good shape."

"Nephew John," said Miss Betsey, solemnly, turning to Mr. Franklin, "I don't wish to interfere between parent and child, it's not my way; but if you have no other objections to Jackie's hen-making machine—I forget its outlandish name—I am willing, in fact I'd be very pleased, to advance him the money. What do you say to it?"

Jack sprang to his feet, and Cynthia enthusiastically threw her arms about Aunt Betsey's neck.

"You dear thing!" she whispered. "And you look sweet in your new hair." Upon which Miss Trinkett smiled complacently.

Mr. Franklin expostulated at first, but he was finally persuaded to give his consent. So it was finally settled.

"I will lend you seventy-five dollars," said Miss Trinkett. "You may be obliged to pay more than you think, and it's well to have a little on hand in case of emergencies."

The next day Miss Trinkett took an affectionate farewell from her nieces and nephews, promising to send Jack the money by an early date.

"And a book on raising poultry that my father used to consult," she added; "I always keep it on the table in the best parlor. I'll send it by mail. It's wonderful what things can go through the post-office nowadays. These are times to live in, I do declare, what with chicks without a mother and everything else."

Aunt Betsey was true to her word. During the following week a package arrived most lightly tied up, and addressed in an old-fashioned, indefinite hand to "Jackie Franklin, Brenton, Mass." Within was an ancient book which described the methods of raising poultry in the early days of the century, and inside of the book were seventy-five dollars in crisp new bank-notes.

It was a week or two after the installation of the incubator that Edith was seized with what Cynthia called "one of her terribly tidy fits."

"I am going to do some house-cleaning," she announced one beautiful Saturday morning, when Cynthia was hurrying through her Monday's lessons in a wild desire to get to the river. "Cynthia, you must help me. We'll clear out all the drawers and closets in the 'north room,' and give away everything we don't need, and then have Martha clean the room."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Cynthia; "everything in this house is as neat as a pin. And we haven't got anything we don't need, Edith. And I can't. I must go on the river."

"You can go afterwards. You can spend all the afternoon on the river. This is a splendid chance for house-cleaning, with the children off for the morning. Come along, Cynthia, there's a dear."

Cynthia slowly and mournfully followed Edith up the stairs. She might have held out and gone on the river, but she knew Edith would do it alone if she deserted her, and Cynthia was unselfish, much as she detested house-cleaning.

"I am going to be very particular to-day," said Edith, as she wiped the ornaments of the room with her dusting-cloth and laid them on the bed to be covered, and took down some of the pictures.

"More particular than usual?"

"Yes, ever so much. I've been thinking about it a great deal. In all probability I shall always keep house for papa, and I mean to be the very best kind of a house-keeper. I am going to make a study of it. The house shall always be as neat as it can possibly be, and the meals shall be perfect. Then another thing," pursued Edith, from the closet where she was lifting down boxes and pulling out drawers. "I am going to be lovely with the children. They are to be taught to obey me implicitly, the very minute I speak.

I am going to train them that way. I shall say one word, very gently, and that will be enough. I have been reading a book on that very subject. The eldest sister made up her mind to do that, and it worked splendidly."

"I hope it will this time, but things are so much easier in a book than out of it. Perhaps the children were not just like our Janet and Willy."

"They were a great deal worse. Our children are perfect angels compared to them."

"Here they come now, speaking of angels," announced Cynthia, as the tramp of small but determined feet was heard on the stairs and the door burst open.

"Dear me, you don't mean to say you are back!" exclaimed Edith. "I thought you were going to play out-of-doors all the morning."

"We're tired of it, and we're terrible hungry."

"An' we want sumpun to do."

"If this isn't the most provoking thing!" cried Edith, wrathfully, emerging from the closet. "I thought you were well out of the way, and here I am in the midst of house-cleaning! You are the most provoking children—don't touch that!"

For Janet had seized upon a box and was investigating its contents.

"Go straight out of this room, and don't come near me till it is done."

"We won't go!" they roared in chorus; "we're going to stay and have some fun."

Edith walked up to them with determination written on her face, and grasped each child tightly by the hand. The roars increased, and Cynthia concluded that it was about time to interfere.

"Come down-stairs with me," she said, "and I'll give you some nice crackers. And very soon one of the men is going over to Pelham to take the farm-horses to be shod. Who would like to go?"

This idea was seized upon with avidity. The three departed in search of the crackers, and quiet reigned once more. When Cynthia came back Edith said nothing for a few minutes. Then she remarked:

"Those children in the book were not quite as provoking as ours, but I suppose I ought to have begun right away to be gentle. Somehow, Cynthia, you always seem to know just what to say to everybody. I wish I did! Janet and Willy both mind you a great deal better than they do me."

She was interrupted by a shout of joy from Cynthia.

"Edith, Edith, do look at this! Aunt Betsey's extra false front! She left it behind. Don't you know she told me to put it away? It's a wonder she hasn't sent for it. There, look!"

Edith turned with a brush in one hand and a dust-pan in the other, which dropped with a clatter when she saw her sister.

Cynthia had drawn back her own curly bang, and fastened on the smooth brown hair of her great-aunt. The puffs adorned either side of her rosy face, and she was for all the world exactly like Miss Betsey Trinkett, whose eyes were as blue and nose as straight as those of fourteen-year-old Cynthia, who was always said to greatly resemble her. "You're the very image of her," laughed Edith. "No one would ever know you apart, if you had on a bonnet and hawl like hers."

"Edith," exclaimed Cynthia, "I have an idea! I'm going to dress up and make Jack think Aunt Betsey has come back. He'll never know me in the world, and it will be such fun to get a rise out of him."

Cynthia's enthusiasm was contagious, and Edith, leaving bureau drawers standing open and boxes uncovered, hurried off to find the desired articles.

Cynthia was soon dressed in exact reproduction of Aunt Betsey's usual costume, with a figured black-lace veil over her face, and, as luck would have it, Jack was at that moment seen coming up the drive. She hastily descended to the parlor, where she and Edith were discovered in conversation when Jack entered the house.

"Holloa, Aunt Betsey!" he exclaimed, as he kissed her unsuspectingly. "Have you come back?"

"Yes, Jackie," said a prim New England voice with a



MISS TRINKETT TOOK AN AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL THE NEXT DAY.

slightly provincial accent. "I thought I'd like to hear about those little orphan chicks, and so I said to Silas, said I, Silas—"

Edith darted from her chair to a distant window, and Cynthia was obliged to break off abruptly, or she would have laughed aloud. Jack, however, took no notice. The mention of the chickens was enough for him.

"Don't you want to come down and see the machine? I say, Aunt Betsey, you were a regular brick to send me the money. Did you get my letter?"

"Yes, Jackie, and I hope you are reading the book carefully. You will learn a great deal from it about hens."

"Yes. Well, I haven't got any hens yet. Look out for these stairs, Aunt Betsey. They're rather dangerous."

This was too much for Cynthia. To be warned about the cellar stairs, over which she gayly tripped at least a dozen times a day, was the crowning joke of the performance. She sat down on the lowest step and shouted with laughter. Jack, who was studying his thermometer, turned in surprise.

It was too good. Cynthia tossed up her veil, and turned her crimson face to her brother.

"Oh, Jack, Jack, I have you this time! Oh, oh, oh! I never dreamed you would be so taken in!" And she danced up and down with glee.

Jack's first feeling was one of anger. How stupid he had been! Then his sense of the ludicrous overcame him, and he joined in the mirth, laughing until the tears rolled down his face.

"It's too good to be wasted," he said, as soon as he could speak. "Why don't you go and see somebody? Go to those dear friends of Aunt Betsey's, the Parkers."

"I will, I will!" cried Cynthia. "I'll go right away now. Jack, you can drive me there."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Edith. "They would be sure to find you out, and it would be all over town. You shan't do it, Cynthia."

"They'll never find me out. If Jack, my own twin bro-

ther, didn't, I'm sure they wouldn't. I'm going! Hurry up, Jack, and harness the horse."

Jack went up the stairs like lightning, and was off to the barn. All Edith's pleadings and expostulations were in vain. Cynthia could be very determined when she pleased, and this time she had made up her mind to pay no attention to the too-cautious Edith.

She waved farewell to her sister in exact imitation of Aunt Betsey's gesture, and drove away by Jack's side in the old buggy.

They drew up at the Parkers' door, and Jack politely assisted "Aunt Betsey" from the carriage. He ran up the steps and rang the bell for her, and then, taking his place again in the buggy, he drove off to a shady spot, and waited for his supposed aunt to reappear.

"Don't be too long," he had whispered at parting.

It seemed hours, but it was really only twenty minutes later, when the front door opened, and the quaint little figure descended the steps amid voluble good-byes.

"So glad to have seen you, my dear Miss Trinkett! I never saw you looking so well or so young. You are a marvel. And you won't repeat that little piece of news I told you, will you? You will probably hear it all in good time. Good-by!"

It was a very quiet and depressed Aunt Betsey who got into the carriage and drove away with Jack, very different from the gay little lady who had entered the Parkers' gates.

"Well, was it a success? Did she know you? Tell us about it," said Jack, eagerly.

"Jack, don't ask me a word."

"Why? I say, what's up? What's the matter? Did she find you out?"

"No, of course not. She never guessed it. But—but—oh, Jack, she told me something."

"But what was it?"

"I—I don't believe I can tell you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]



THE KNAVE OF HEARTS

A Fourth-of-July Play in One Act.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHARACTERS:

QUEEN OF CLUBS. QUEEN OF SPADES. KING OF SPADES. JOKER. KING OF HEARTS. KNAVE OF HEARTS. KNAVE OF DIAMONDS.
QUEEN OF HEARTS. QUEEN OF DIAMONDS. KING OF DIAMONDS. KING OF CLUBS. KNAVE OF SPADES. KNAVE OF CLUBS.

SCENE.—Audience-chamber in the palace of the King of Hearts. The thrones of the King and Queen in the centre of the stage at back. Near the King's throne a small gilded three-legged stool. Entrances R. and L. Three arm-chairs R. A bench L. At the rising of the curtain the Joker is discovered seated on the King's throne, leaning on one elbow, his rattle hanging idly in the other hand. He is apparently meditating. He speaks slowly, with a pause between each sentence.

Joker. Peradventure it may seem improper for a fool to leave his lowly place and climb upon the throne. But no one's here to say me nay; and by my faith fools have sat on thrones before. What odds, then, if there's one fool more or one fool less beneath the dais? To be sure, my crown's a fool's cap and my sceptre's a rattle, and so, perhaps, not imposing; but it pleases me to sit here and fancy myself a King. Nay, laugh not. It's the province of a fool to be foolish. And verily am I not a king? Am I not monarch of all I survey? In truth I am, for I survey nothing, and am therefore King of Nothing. There's a title for you—his Majesty the King of Nothing! (Laughs and strikes and rises from the throne; picks up his stool, places it near the front, and sits down.) In faith the throne's no softer than the stool, and perhaps it is best for me to cling to this. It affords at least one advantage over the King. If he falls—and I fall—he gets the greater injury, for he tumbles from a higher place. (Laughs softly, and then sings:)

“For it's nonny, hey nonny, the Jester's song,
It's nonny, hey nonny, hey oh!
For it's nonny, hey nonny, no life is long;
Oh, merry be ye here below!”

[As he sings the last line there is a loud noise of exploding fire-crackers behind the scenes, and the four Knaves come tumbling in at the door L. in great confusion, all talking at once. The Knave of Hearts holds a lighted taper in his hand, and the other Knaves carry fire-crackers and other fireworks under their arms.

Knave of Spades. Thou didst it.

Knave of Hearts. Thou speakest false. 'Twas he.

Knave of Diamonds. Never. Hearts did it.

Knave of Clubs. Hearts held the taper. He did it. Thou didst it.

Knave of Spades. Ay, ay, 'twas he.

Knave of Hearts. I say thee nay.

Knave of Diamonds. He gives him the lie direct.

Knave of Clubs. I saw him. I saw him.

Joker (rising, shakes the stool in one hand, the rattle in the other, and shouts). Silence! silence, ye riotous varlets! What is this now? What is it? Why all this noise and debate?

Knave of Hearts. Nay, Sir Joker, but it was the Kuave of Spades.

Knave of Spades. Thou speakest false.

Knave of Diamonds and Knave of Clubs. Ay, ay, Hearts held the taper.

[The Knave of Hearts quickly blows out the taper and

throws it away. The Knaves all begin to talk to the Joker at once. He stops his ears and shouts.

Joker. Silence, I beg of ye! Silence! What is it, I say? The four Knaves (speaking all together). Good Sir Joker, let me explain.

Joker. One at a time, I pray of ye! Now speak thou, Spades. What is this alarm? Whither go ye? And what bear ye? And bearing what, whither do you bear it?

Knave of Spades. Good Sir Joker, if you would ask but one question, and that direct, making it simple too, it were the easier to give a reply.

Joker (sitting down again). Troth, for a fat Knave thou speakest plainly. 'Tis to be hoped thou canst hear as well. Now listen. Whither go ye?

Knave of Spades. To the banquet hall.

Joker. And what bear ye?

Knave of Spades. Fireworks.

Joker. Fireworks?

Knave of Spades. Indeed, fireworks.

Knave of Hearts (poking a large fire-cracker into the Joker's face). Art blind? Canst not see?

Joker (much alarmed). Away there, varlet, away!

Knave of Spades. Ay, fireworks, Sir Joker, for to-day 'tis the glorious Fourth.

Joker. To-day the Fourth of July?

Knave of Diamonds (to the other Knaves in a mocking tone). He was well named “Fool.”



“HEARTS DID IT!”



"ART BLIND? CANST NOT SEE?"

Knave of Clubs. In truth he was; yet no name was necessary. 'Tis plain writ upon his face.

[*The Knaves laugh loudly.*]

Joker. Marry, for a pack of rowdy varlets ye four do verily hold first claim, although yon rotund Knave of Spades doth possibly deserve exemption. I prithee, Spades, whyfore all this preparation? Why these fireworks? And why so many large red fire-crackers?

Knave of Spades. Have you not heard of the King's banquet?

Knave of Hearts (*sitting down on the bench and shaking his head wearily*). Nay, Spades, ask him not. He has the ass's ears, but hears naught.

Knave of Diamonds. Or hearing, understands naught.

Joker. By my halidame an ye ruffians bridle not your tongues, I will even on this torrid night fall to and smite ye till ye whine like hounds for mercy!

[*Threatens them with his rattle.*]

The four Knaves. Oh, but that is a fierce threat!

[*They nod their heads to one another in mock seriousness, and point at the Joker with the big fire-crackers.*]

Joker. And now, Spades—?

Knave of Spades. Ay, Sir Joker, to-night the King and Queen of Hearts do hold a sumptuous feast, and afterward there are to be fireworks galore. To the banquet have been invited the King and Queen of Spades, the King and Queen of Diamonds, and the King and Queen of Clubs.

Joker. A right royal company, Spades.

Knave of Spades. Indeed right royal. And the feast too shall be right royal. My liege the King of Spades brings with him his fiddlers three.

Joker. So, so! Ha, ha!

[*Sings.*]

"Old King Kole
Was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
He called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three."

Knave of Hearts. Nay, but methinks the Joker hath his rhyming mood to-day. Sit thee down, Diamonds, and be a comfortable listener.

[*The Knave of Diamonds sits down on the bench beside the Knave of Hearts.*]

Joker. It is meet that I should have my rhyming mood to-day; for at the feast will there not be mirth and rhyme and wit?

Knave of Hearts. Ay, mirth and doggerel, Joker; but what wit there may be thou'lt not answer for't.

Joker (*rising and shaking his fist*). I can answer for thee, though, thou churl!

Knave of Hearts (*boiling*). Gramercy, but I can answer for myself.

Joker. And 'twill not be the first time. Methinks, as a

thief thou hast already been called upon to answer once. (*Sits down again.*) And now, Spades, I beg of thee, proceed.

Knave of Spades. There is little more to tell, Sir Joker, save that the Queen of Hearts herself did fashion these large fire-crackers—eight of them, that there should be one for a salute to each guest. We bear them now to the banquet hall.

Knave of Diamonds. Ay, and the quicker we go hence the wiser; for time moves on apace, and the guests will soon be here.

Joker (*rising from his stool and making a mock obeisance*). My gratitude, gentle Knaves, for your varied courtesies. (*The Knaves bow and retreat, R., in single file. Joker puts his stool back in its place beside the throne.*) Of two misfortunes, rather let me suffer that of being a fool than a knave. The one knows nothing of the evil he does; the other knows nothing of the evil he does not do. And methinks whether of evil or of good those Knaves know but little of what they now perform. They bear those explosive bombs to the banquet hall? Surely they err. But of my affair it is none, and so I shall sagely hold my peace upon it, and—tap my wit! For here come the King and Queen.

[*Music. Enter the King and Queen of Hearts, L., the Joker bowing and dancing before them as they come. They take their seats upon the thrones.*]

King of Hearts. Well, Sir Joker, what was this riot that I lately heard? What this odor of powder and salt-petre?

Joker. The Knaves, my lord, the Knaves, the sorry Knaves. They did but even pass this way toward the banquet hall, bearing fireworks. (*Sits down in one of the arm-chairs, and juggles with his rattle.*) They did by mischance set off several of the pieces, and wellnigh scared me of the possession of my wits.

King of Hearts (*laughing*). Yet thou hast thy fool's cap still well on, I hope?

Joker. That I have, sire. So well on that even should you wish to borrow it, you could not get it off.

King of Hearts. Thou needst have no fear that I shall care to deprive thee of that honor.

Joker. Nay, but Kings have played the fool before.

King of Hearts. True. And thou mayst well add—many a fool has played the King.

Joker. But do not accuse me, sire. I never played you. I do but play upon you.

King of Hearts. Thou playest upon me?

Joker. Only to hear your sweet notes, my liege.

Queen of Hearts. Thou hast a well-turned speech to-day, Joker.

Joker. Well turned, my Queen? Yet not so well turned as those giant fire-crackers which you have fashioned for the feast. Those indeed are royal bombs!

Queen of Hearts. Bombs? They are indeed harmless. There is nothing in them, but I warned the Knaves to han-



"WE DID HASTEN BEYOND ALL REASON!"

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

dle them carefully, saying they might unexpectedly explode. [Laughs.]

Joker. And so, if they exploded, 'twould in truth be unexpected!

[As the Joker finishes this speech, enter Knave of Diamonds, L. He holds the portières up and announces in loud and formal tones.

Knave of Diamonds. Their Majesties the King and Queen of Diamonds.

Music. Enter the King and Queen of Diamonds, L.

King of Hearts. Welcome, my cousin of Diamonds. Welcome this glorious July day.

Queen of Hearts. Welcome, fair lady. "First come, best loved," is the saying, you know—and ye are the first come. Pray be seated.

[At the entrance of the King and Queen of Diamonds the King and Queen of Hearts rise to greet them. The King of Diamonds bows to the King of Hearts and kisses the hand of the Queen of Hearts. The Queen of Diamonds courtesies. She then sits down in an arm-chair, R., and the King of Diamonds takes his stand behind her. The Knave of Diamonds drops the portière and sits on the bench.

Joker (to Queen of Diamonds). Even the sun, fair lady—which is said by the poets to shine brightest this fair month of July—even the sun fails to outsparkle your priceless precious stones.

Queen of Diamonds. Ah, you have a pretty wit, Sir Joker. But are they not truly the most brilliant of jewels?

Joker. The most brilliant of jewels, yes; but they pale before their wearer's beauty.

[Takes his seat on the stool near the throne.

Enter, L., Knave of Clubs, who announces,

Knave of Clubs. Their Majesties the King and Queen of Clubs.

Music. Enter the King and Queen of Clubs, L.

King of Hearts. Welcome, welcome, good Clubs. My best wishes, fair lady, my best wishes!

Queen of Hearts (to Queen of Clubs). Greeting to you, and pray take seat beside our cousin of Diamonds.

[At the entrance of the King and Queen of Clubs the King and Queen of Hearts arise, as before. The King of Clubs bows to the King of Hearts, and kisses the hand of the Queen of Hearts. The Queen of Clubs courtesies. She then sits down in an arm-chair next to the Queen of Diamonds, the King of Clubs stands behind her, and the Knave of Clubs takes his place on the bench.

Queen of Hearts. It is indeed a pleasure to have you here again. 'Tis now many a long day since I have seen you.

Queen of Clubs (fanning herself, and affecting an air of great weariness). Ah, dear lady of Hearts, you cannot conceive of my perplexities. What with tournaments and levees and audiences at large, the days do slip so swiftly by, giving me no pause for rest or recovery, that I do find myself ending the week ere I realize it to have begun.

Joker. Yet time, fair Queen, seems to have touched your comely brow with a light finger. The winged hours fly swiftly past you, but yourself dwell at the one sweet station of constant youthfulness.

Queen of Clubs (haughtily). So graceful a speech, Sir Joker, were worthy of a knight rather than of a fool.

Joker. It is for the listener to detect when the fool

speaks foolishly. For he himself is too great a fool to judge of the burden of his speech.

Queen of Diamonds (sarcasically, to Queen of Clubs). Methinks his words have a double edge.

Joker (to Queen of Diamonds). You wrong me, good lady, for he that playeth with edged tools is most apt to cut himself.

Enter, R., Knave of Spades, who announces,

Knave of Spades. Their Majesties the King and Queen of Spades.

Music. Enter, L., in great haste, the King and Queen of Spades.

King of Spades (breathlessly). Ah, I so greatly feared, my lord—

King of Hearts. A hand to thee, cousin of Spades, a hand to thee, and welcome.

Queen of Hearts. And a fair day to you, good dame of Spades.

Queen of Spades (panting). Sweet cousin, we did so greatly fear to be behindhand that we did hasten beyond all reason. I am quite forlorn of breath.

Queen of Hearts. Seat you, seat you, good lady.

[The King and Queen of Spades are very much out of breath, and very warm. The King and Queen of Hearts arise at their entrance to greet them, but the

King and Queen of Spades are so overcome with excitement that they forget the conventionalities, and the Queen of Spades flops into the third arm-chair without making any courtesies. The King of Spades takes his stand behind her, wiping his brow vigorously with his handkerchief, then suddenly remembers he has omitted to kiss the hand of his hostess. He hastens across the stage, falling as he goes, and makes up for the omission. The Knave of Spades sits on the bench.

Queen of Hearts. There, now, rest you easily, for there is small haste for the feast.

King of Spades (still mopping his face and puffing). I am much relieved that we were not late on the banquet.

King of Hearts. The banquet should have waited on you, cousin.

King of Spades (pacing about the stage, nervously fanning himself; occasionally he stumbles and falls). Ay, but I

might not so well have waited on the banquet.

Queen of Spades. True, he hungers mightily.

[Fans herself vigorously with her handkerchief.

Queen of Hearts (to Joker). Sir Joker, the Queen of Spades suffereth of her exertions. I beg of you seek a fan.

[Joker bows, and exit R.

Queen of Clubs (aside to Queen of Diamonds). I marvel at the rapacity of some folk.

Queen of Diamonds. Verily one might think that there lacked meat and cooks and scullions in the land of Spades.

Queen of Clubs. Nay, but I dare say they be short two scullions at the present hour. [They laugh.]

Queen of Hearts (to Queen of Diamonds). What say you?

Queen of Clubs. I was saying that if haste might always so trim our cheeks with color as that which now blooms upon the fair face of our cousin of Spades, it were worth the discomfort of so great an energy.

Enter Joker, R. He presents fan to Queen of Spades, who fans herself boisterously.

Joker. Would I were a fan, that even my whispers might be of such grateful reception to a lady's ear!



"WHAT IS THIS MYSTERY?"



"DIDST THOU STEAL THE FIRE-CRACKERS?"

Queen of Spades. Not my ear, Sir Joker, not my ear. It is my nose that reddens from my efforts.

King of Spades (wiping his brow and neck with his handkerchief). And as to me, it is my neck. 'Tis the pity of being stout.

Joker. The neck, Sir King? Aha, but I warrant that even if it be moist without, it is dry within.

King of Spades (with asperity). Ay, marry, fool; but not so dry as thy wit.

King of Hearts. Come, come, cousin, heed him not. (The Joker moves over to the throne of the Queen of Hearts, and enters into earnest conversation with her.) It pleases me to hear you say you bring a good appetite to the feast.

King of Spades. Verily I feel as though I were one vast incuration of appetite.

King of Hearts. All the more honor will you do us, and we shall ever recall this Fourth of July as one that pleased you. And the good lady of Spades, has she too—

Queen of Diamonds (screams). Ah, me! Ah, lackaday, lackaday!

King of Hearts. What is this? What is this? The Queen faints! A cup! a cup!

Queen of Diamonds, Queen of Clubs, Queen of Spades (rising and rushing to the Queen of Hearts' seat. They pat her hands and fan her). Yes, a cup, a cup!

[The three Knaves rush out, R., tumbling over one another and shouting "Water, water!" The Knaves return, one at a time, bearing glasses of water, but they are met each time by the King of Spades, who takes the glass, goes half-way to the Queen of Hearts, and then, in his excitement, drinks the water himself. This "business" can be carried on while the ensuing dialogue is being spoken.

Queen of Hearts (recovering herself). Nay, nay, trouble not. I am myself again. It was merely the Joker.

[The three Queens resume their seats.

King of Hearts (angrily). The Joker?

Queen of Hearts. Ay, he spake in my ear, and said—

King of Hearts (threatening the Joker). What, Sir Joker! Hast thou dared to frighten or disturb the Queen?

Queen of Hearts (expostulating). Nay, nay, the Joker is good! Good Sir Joker, tell the King. Tell them all, that they may know!

King of Hearts (sternly). Come, Sir Joker, what is this mystery?

Joker. There is no mystery, my lord. It is all but too plain. Her Majesty the Queen, as you know, did fashion eight large fire-crackers of fine red paper, the which were

placed upon the board for the banquet. I went to seek a fan for her Majesty of Spades, and in passing the banquet hall curiosity did impel me to look in upon the tables. The fire-crackers are not there, my liege. They have been purloined. They have been stolen.

[Great excitement. The Kings and Queens talk and gesticulate with one another.

King of Hearts. What? The fire-crackers are stolen?

Joker. Ay, my lord, stolen.

King of Spades. And will there be no fireworks after the feast?

King of Hearts. And the thief?

Joker. It is but left for us to guess.

King of Hearts. And thou hast suspicion?

Joker. True, my lord, I have.

King of Hearts. Name him, Sir Joker.

All. Ay, name him—name him!

Joker. Nay, nay, my liege. 'Twere unjust falsely to accuse—

King of Hearts. Name him, Sir Joker!

All. Ay, name him!

Joker. My lord—

King of Hearts. Name him. I command thee!

Joker. Hath no man stolen before?

King of Hearts. Thou meanest—

Joker. The Knave of Hearts.

All (lifting their hands). The Knave of Hearts!

King of Hearts. The rascal Knave! Where is he? Come, come, I must have him! He is not here? Then hale me hither that churlish lout, and heavily shall he pay his sins! (Exeunt the three Knaves, L.) Aha! but there is no cause for laughter here!

King of Spades (very much excited, throws himself in an exhausted condition on the bench, L.). Laughter! laughter! Well, I should say thee nay! Is the larder robbed?

King of Hearts. Nay, he has but taken the fire-crackers.

King of Spades. The crackers—the crackers! Did he take the cheese too?

Joker. Nothing else is gone.

King of Spades. Ah, fortune be praised!

Queen of Clubs (to Queen of Hearts). And did you fashion these fire-crackers?

King of Hearts. With her own hands she fashioned them.

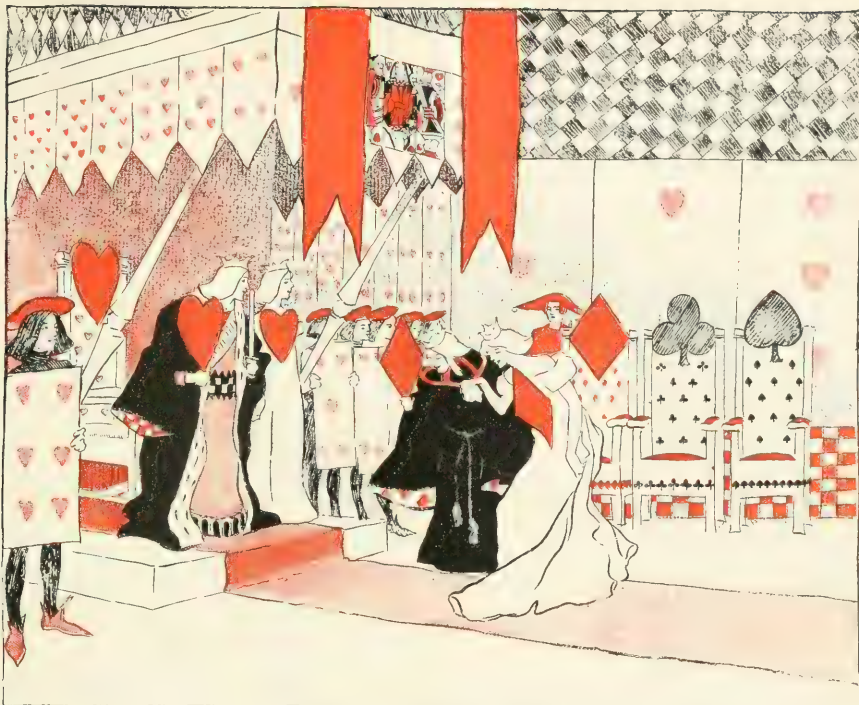
Joker. One for each guest.

Queen of Clubs. Indeed—indeed! And is the Queen as dexterous at the fashioning of fire-crackers as she is at the baking of water-crackers and other light confections?

Queen of Hearts. You are sweet so to flatter me.



"THE IDENTICAL TARTS!"



ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL GUESTS.

Queen of Clubs. But I so well remember the Christmas pie.

King of Spades. Pie! Where is the pie?

Joker. It was eaten last Christmas, the pie.

King of Spades. Oh, alack!

Joker. But it was a noteworthy pie. I have rhymed upon it. Pray listen. [Sings.

"Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie;
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish to set before the King?"

King of Spades. Indeed that must have been a toothsome dish.

[Noise and commotion without. Enter the Knaves, L., two dragging, one pushing the Knave of Hearts. He is forced to his knees in front of the King of Hearts' throne.

King of Hearts (sternly). There be severe accusations against thee, Knave.

Knave of Hearts. Oh, my King! I pray—

King of Hearts. Silence, churl! Answer but my questions. Didst thou steal the fire-crackers?

Knave of Hearts. Not "steal," my lord.

King of Hearts. I did but take them from the table.

King of Hearts. Thou makest confession, then?

Knave of Hearts. My lord, my lord, I would but say one word in explanation.

King of Hearts. Thou shalt say nothing. This is the second time thou art taken a thief. Last summer thou didst

steal the Queen's tarts, and now thou takest the fire-crackers. Thou shalt pay for it with thine head! Thou shalt be blown up to-night upon a monster pile of fireworks.

Knave of Hearts. Mercy, my lord—mercy! Let me explain.

King of Hearts (to the other Knaves). Remove him.

[The Knave of Hearts is dragged out, L.

Queen of Diamonds. And did he steal once before?

King of Hearts. That he did, and was therefore severely punished. I myself did beat him full sore.

King of Spades (slapping King of Hearts on the back). Do it again, cousin—do it again!

King of Hearts (approringly). That shall I! Thou speakest well. I beg your patience, ladies; but I will beat this Knave before he dies.

[Exit King, L., rolling up his sleeves.

King of Spades (to Queen of Spades). 'Tis fortunate he did but take the fire-crackers. I should have grieved sorely had they been tarts; for tarts one may eat, but fire-crackers they be somewhat indigestible, I fear.

Queen of Clubs. I had not heard of this previous theft.

Queen of Hearts. It was similar to this, fair cousin. And the Joker hath likewise rhymed upon it.

Queen of Clubs. Indeed. And may we hear the verse, Sir Joker?

Joker. It is a pleasure to sing it.

[Sings

"The Queen of Hearts
She baked some tarts
All on a summer's day—"

[Sounds of beating without, and loud cries by the Knave of Hearts of "Oe!" "Oe!" "Oe!" "Merry, my lord!" "Hold!" "Hear me!"

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Queen of Spades. 'Tis evident the punishment hath begun.

Queen of Clubs. Oh, the poor Knave! the poor Knave!

[*Many sounds of beating and more cries. The King of Spades becomes very much excited.*]

King of Spades (*shaking his fist in the direction of the cries*).

Have at him, good cousin of Hearts, have at him! Ah, but those are lusty blows! By my halidame, I would fain witness that controversy! [*Slaps his knee.*]

Joker. A most one-sided controversy, my lord.

King of Spades. Nay, but I warrant the King doth lay it on both sides. [*More beating and cries.*]

Joker. Ay, from the sounds, he doth lay it on. But, doubtless, it will whet his appetite.

King of Spades. His appetite? Now, by St. Dagobert, I have already an appetite as I had beaten an hundred knaves!

Joker. Then will it also be a one-sided controversy when you meet the banquet board.

King of Spades. I would fain go out and beat the Knave for causing this delay. [*Sounds and cries.*] Have at him! Have at him, sir! Now, a good one for me, sir, a good one! [*The sounds and cries gradually cease.*]

Queen of Clubs. Prithee, Sir Joker, finish your rhyme; you did but sing the first lines.

Joker (*sings*).

"The Queen of Hearts
She baked some tarts
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts
He stole those tarts,
And bore them far away.

"The King of Hearts,
Called for those tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore—"

Enter the King of Hearts, L., somewhat out of breath, rolling down his sleeves, and followed by the Knaves of Diamonds, Clubs, and Spades.

King of Hearts. Ah, but I did ply the rod right lustily! I am quite weary. [*Sits down.*]

King of Spades (*rubbing his hands*). We did much enjoy the music!

Queen of Hearts. Good sponse, I would beg one thing of thee. It being the Fourth of July, and so our nation's birthday, spare the rogue his life. Let him come before us again. You heard him say he would make explanation. Let him come and speak. Perchance it is not too late for him to make restitution.

King of Hearts (*in astonishment*). Dost thou truly desire that the varlet should be spared?

Queen of Hearts (*pleading*). Ay, truly, my lord. And I do especially yearn for the return of the fire-crackers.

King of Spades. Ay, cousin, if he would but return the fire-crackers, hear him, I urge, hear him.

King of Hearts (*to the three Knaves*). Hail me hither that Knave again. (*Escort the Knaves, L.*) I greatly doubt me, sweet lady, that the thieving churl will return the crackers. He did not return the tarts. But if he can and does return the fire-crackers, then at your request will I spare him his life.

Queen of Hearts. You make me promise of that, my King?

King of Hearts. You have my word upon it.

Enter, L., the three Knaves escorting the Knave of Hearts, who is very sore as a result of his beating.

King of Hearts. Knave, the Queen hath begged of me to let thee speak ere the headsman seals thy lips forever.

Knave of Hearts. A blessing upon you, good lady.

King of Hearts. And now speak what thou hast to say, and may thy words be brief.

Knave of Hearts. My liege, I did not steal the fire-crackers. I did but see them near the tapers, and I did fear lest they catch fire and explode upon the table. Methought they were the daintier did they hold some sweet contents, and so I took them and bore them off, and found them void. So then I was about to bring them back to the banquet board, when your messengers did seize me and hale me roughly before your Majesties.

King of Hearts. And thou didst have intention to return them?

Knave of Hearts. Ay, verily, my liege. Verily I did. I plead now that I be allowed to bring them to the board.

King of Hearts. Speakest thou the truth, Knave?

Knave of Hearts. Every word is truth, sire.

King of Hearts. Then go thou and seek the fire-crackers. (*To the other Knaves.*) And go ye with him. (*To the Knave of Hearts.*) The Queen holds my word that if thou bringest them back, I spare thy life. Now look to thyself. Away! [*Escort, L., the four Knaves.*]

Joker. It is a cheap life that costeth but eight fire-crackers!

King of Spades. Ay, but the fire-crackers be worth more than you Knave's life.

Queen of Hearts. Come, speak no more of his life. It is no longer forfeit. He hath promised restitution, and the King will bestow plenary pardon.

King of Spades. Well, as for me, I am more anxious as to the crackers than as to any Knave's life.

[*Musical. Enter, L., the four Knaves, each bearing two large fire-crackers. They are tarts in each. The Knaves stand side by side along the wall, L.*]

King of Spades. Aha, the fire-crackers, the fire-crackers!

Queen of Spades. And most wondrous, wondrous are they!

Queen of Diamonds. Truly they be most marvellously fashioned.

King of Hearts. Now, Knave, according to my promise, and because of the gracious intercession of the Queen, thy life is spared, for thou hast brought back the fire-crackers. Take them to the board. And if ever again thou art taken a thief, thou needst not reckon thy life at the hundredth part of a farthing.

King of Spades. But, Sir King, the Knave did say he took the fire-crackers that he might place somewhat therein.

King of Hearts. True, I remember he said so. Hast thou placed aught within them, Knave?

Knave of Hearts. Ay, my lord. When I did first purloin the Queen's tarts last summer, methought to eat them. But being so sorely beaten by your Majesty, I did refrain, and so kept the tarts uneaten. To-day I return the tarts in the fire-crackers, thereby making double restitution to her most charitable and generous Majesty the Queen of Hearts.

[*The Knaves open the fire-crackers and shake out the tarts into a tray held by the Joker.*]

Queen of Hearts. The tarts?

Knave of Hearts. Ay, my Queen, the identical tarts.

Queen of Clubs. But they must be stale of the last summer?

Joker. Nay, fair lady. These be royal tarts, and not of the general. Age cannot stale them, nor can human possibility limit their infinite variety.

Queen of Hearts. Taste them, fair cousins, taste them.

[*The Joker passes around the tarts; each player takes one.*]

King of Spades. And do I not taste? Do I have no tart?

Queen of Hearts. Ay, Sir King, there shall none go hungry here.

King of Spades (*having taken a tart with each hand, bites out of each in turn as he speaks*). Ah, a strawberry tart and a gooseberry tart. But they be both most toothsome. Most excellent, most excellent, my lady of Hearts.

Queen of Diamonds. Verily they are as if they had but just come from the oven!

Queen of Clubs. Most deliciously sweet.

Queen of Spades. So good I never tasted before.

King of Hearts (*to Knave of Hearts*). It is well for thee, Knave, that thou hast so wisely demeaned thyself. The return of the tarts cleanses thee of all past evil-doing. Henceforth I hope thou wilt be, as before, a good Knave, a strong Knave, and a loyal Knave. Good friends, let us now to the banquet.

King of Spades. A most laudable purpose!

[*The King of Hearts offers his hand to the Queen of Hearts, and conducts her from the throne to the front of the stage. The three other Queens rise and group themselves in a semicircle behind the King and Queen of Hearts. Thus, beginning from the right side of the stage, the characters stand in this order in the semicircle: King of Spades, Queen of Spades, King of*

Clubs, Queen of Clubs, King of Diamonds, Queen of Diamonds, Joker, Knave of Hearts, Knave of Spades, Knave of Diamonds, and Knave of Clubs.

Queen of Hearts (addressing the audience).

Kind friends, our play is done.

The crackers are returned;

Our end is won,

The lesson's learned;

And all that's left to do

Upon this festive eve

Is that we give to you

Our thanks before you leave.

But as you go, take this;

It is not quite a moral—

Yet the point you cannot miss,

And so we shall not quarrel:

'Tis well the Knave did not retain

These things, but brought them back.

'Tis good we made the King refrain

From executing Jack,

Else none could play at cards again

Short one Knave in the pack.

[CURTAIN.]

The costumes of the Kings and Queens and Knaves should be made to correspond as nearly as possible with the costumes of those characters in a pack of playing-cards, the colors used being red, white, yellow, and black. The Joker should be dressed in the regulation costume of a court jester of the sixteenth century, with cap and bells. This player should be selected with particular regard for his ability to enact the part, which requires gracefulness, some ability to sing, and a careless, debonaire manner of speaking. If there are enough players available, the spectacular effect of the piece can be greatly enhanced by adding soldiers and court attendants to the speaking characters. The latter should be dressed like the lower Heart cards of the pack. This effect may be obtained by dressing the players in tunics (something like the placards worn by the "sandwich-men" who display advertisements on the streets), on which the face of the card may be easily represented with pieces of red flannel cut into the shape of hearts.

The stage decoration should be entirely of hearts arranged in every conceivable combination. The fire-crackers should be of papier-mâché, and made so as to open at one end. Such can be obtained at almost any confectioner's. The larger they are, the better. The tarts should be real tarts. Portières should be hung in the two entrances, and if possible should resemble ancient tapestry. The effect of beating (when the King is punishing the Knave of Hearts) is easily obtained by having some one behind the scenes beat a rug or carpet with a cane—the louder the better. The fire-crackers in the opening scene should be set off in an empty barrel behind the scenes. The characters must remember that they are representing figures on playing-cards, and should be careful always to take the attitudes familiar to us on such cards. This is not required of the Joker. A pianist can add greatly to the effect of the performance by playing appropriate music at the entrance of the various characters, and at such other periods of the performance as may seem proper.

The four royal couples are supposed to represent different human characteristics. The Hearts are lovable, gentle, well-bred people. The Diamonds are rich, overbearing persons, and the Queen should be decked out with jewels. The Clubs represent social and political prominence and arrogance, and should hold themselves accordingly. The Spades are the exponents of the under-bred, uneducated, but well-meaning portion of society. Thus the Knave of Spades should be a good-natured fat fellow, meaning no harm, but not particularly comely or graceful.

If soldiers are added to the cast, they should enter with the King and Queen of Hearts, and take up their positions along the back of the stage at either side of the thrones. They should also stand by the doors, and should take the parts assigned to the Knaves in the scene where the Knave of Hearts is dragged before the King, and led away to be punished. But the returning of the fire-crackers must be done by the four Knaves.

The players who take the parts of the red cards should, if possible, be light haired, those who represent the black cards should be dark haired.

In the stage directions, R. stands for Right; L. for Left. The right and left sides of the stage correspond to the right and left sides of the spectators, not of the players.

HOW TO BUILD AN INEXPENSIVE SHOOTING-BOAT.

ANY boy with ordinary intelligence and mechanical skill can build this inexpensive and useful shooting-boat. Because it is called a shooting-boat it does not mean that it can be used for shooting only; on the contrary, a great many of these little boats are used for tenders to cat-boats on Barnegat Bay.

First, procure two hemlock boards—being the cheapest—10 feet long. Take off in the proper scale, from body plan of boat, Fig. 3, the sections numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. Instead of cutting out curve of deck, as shown in body plan, make the part flat where the curve should be, as shown in mould No. 6. Carefully draw them upon pieces of planed pine boards. With a saw go over the lines and cut the sections out, taking great care, as the shape of your boat will depend upon these sections.

Lay the hemlock boards on the floor, and nail strips across them, leaving an opening of 8 inches between the boards. Turn the boards over, and with pencil marks divide them at every foot, and fasten the sections, narrower side up, strongly upon these boards in the order and manner shown in Nos. 6 and 7. It is better to fasten the mould (planks and sections) together with screws, as it will be easier to take apart when done with, thus enabling the wood in it to be used in the construction of the boat.

We will now commence on the boat proper. The work so far is only preparatory, it being necessary to have the mould to hold the planking of the boat in place until the braces and ribs can be put in. Take two half-inch pine boards 10½ feet long, and nail one lightly on each side of the mould. With a fine gimlet bore a small hole through the board where it meets the angles formed by each section, as shown in No. 7 on mould. Take the board off again, and bending a thin moulding so that it passes through each gimlet hole, trace a pencil line around the outside of the moulding. After having done this with the four lines of holes, go over the pencil lines with a saw, and you have your side planks finished. Nail one of these on each side of the mould narrower ends to section No. 2, allowing the extra ends to project beyond 2, driving the nails in the holes made the first time, using as few nails as possible, and taking care that the upper edges of boards are on a level with the upper edges of the sections.

Select a nice piece of wood—oak, if possible—18 inches long, 6 inches wide by 3¼ inches thick, and make the horizontal stern-post (No. 9). The side and half-breadth plans are shown in the cut, but to get section through A B see section No. 1, body plan (Fig. 3). The rabbeting is half-inch deep, and is intended to receive the side, deck, and bottom planking.

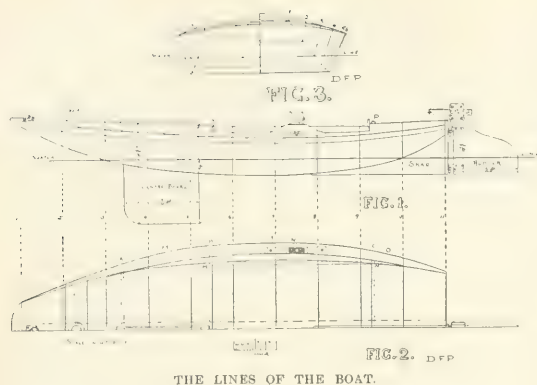
Cut from a piece of three-quarter-inch plank the section numbered 11. This is the stern-board. Withdraw the nails holding the side planks to section 11 in the mould, and knock the section off the mould, substituting for it the stern-board. You are now ready to put on the bottom boards, which are of half-inch material. These are nailed on crosswise, the ends of the boards resting on the top of the sides. Screw on the stern-post, putting side BC uppermost.

We have now finished the shell of our boat, and we must dispense with the mould before the work can continue. Having placed braces between sides at M, N, and O, Fig. 2, carefully withdraw the nails that hold the sides to the sections, and lift the mould out.

Take a three-quarter-inch board 10 feet 5 inches long by 4 inches wide, and measure off from one of the ends two points 2 feet 4 inches and 4 feet 1½ inches distant, respectively, marking these points with a pencil. Between these points cut with a chisel a slot 1½ inches wide, extending through the board, and at each end, distant a half-inch from end of slot, cut a hole 1 inch long and half an inch wide. Nail this plank down the centre of the boat, inside, nailing it securely and with plenty of nails to the bottom boards, where the slot is cut in the plank (keelson). Now, with a chisel, continue the slot through the bottom boards. Take two pieces of wood 2½ inches wide, 1½ inches thick, and

GEORGE. "Mamma, baby's a stupid little fellow: the other day he cried for an hour, and then he didn't get it."

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE



THE LINES OF THE BOAT.

12 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, respectively, and cut them at one end, so that they will fit tightly in the little slots in keelson, and put them in place, the shorter one nearest bow (No. 5). Cut out deck beams B and C, fastening them at B and C, and knock away braces.

To get the curve of the deck beams A, B, and C (Fig. 2), we will take curve of A. To proper scale draw a line equal to width of boat at A. Measure height from gunwale to crown of deck at A, and draw a perpendicular at centre of line equal to this distance. Describe an arc touching the extremities of the line and passing through the top of the perpendicular, and this arc is the curve desired.

We will now plank the centreboard trunk, and this should be done with care, as there is nothing more annoying and troublesome than a leaky trunk. Put in brace A, which is in two pieces, extending from each side of trunk to gunwale. Nail on the keelson, alongside the board trunk, two strips of wood, which will serve as braces for the trunk. At the top, nail between A and B two strips of wood to support the top of trunk, making the upper edges of these braces come half an inch above the deck beams. Now fasten in the beams at sections 4 and 5, taking the curves of the beams from the respective sections. Make mast step, and bolt it to the middle of keelson. Take a piece of wood 2 feet 6 inches long, 6 inches wide, cut a hole in the centre of it, and shape and fit it in at D (Fig. 2). This is to serve as the mast brace. Cut from a piece of three-quarter-inch board two pieces of wood 3 feet 9 inches long and 2 inches thick, and fasten them between beams B and C, one on each side, and eighteen inches from the centre of the boat. Put in deck beams 6, 7, 8, and 9 from gunwale to these frames, taking the curves for the requisite length from the respective sections. Put in the rest of deck beams. Now with half-inch boards plank the deck. Between 6 and 7, 8 and 9, on each side, fit in a piece of three-quarter-inch board, which is to hold the oarlocks.

Take a quarter-inch board, 4 inches wide, and cut from it two pieces 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. These will form the side coaming of the cockpit, screwing them on so that their bottom edges shall be flush with bottoms of cockpit braces, M' N' (Fig. 2). From a piece of quarter-inch plank cut the two pieces of end coaming, making these follow the curve of the deck, and projecting 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches above it.

Cut from a piece of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stuff the oarlocks shown in No. 12. Through centre of raised part bore hole to receive iron ring. Screw projection at top to lock. The lock is now completed, and the next thing is to

secure it to the deck of the boat with bolts. The skag comes next. Out of a three-quarter-inch board cut the pattern shown in Fig. 1, and with bolts and screws secure it to the boat's bottom in the position shown in Figs. 1 and 2. From a piece of oak 15 inches long, 2 inches wide, and three-quarters of an inch thick cut the stern-post shown in No. 10, and fasten it, broader side on stern-board and narrower side on end of skag. Screw in the stern-post the rudder braces, making one on narrow end 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches from end, and the other 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches above this.

Give the deck of your boat a good coat of paint, and after it has dried tack heavy canvas over it. The centreboard is of the "dagger" pattern so commonly seen in the small bateau and skiff on the Shrewsbury River and vicinity. Fig. 1 shows all the essential points. The rudder is of seven-eighths-inch plank, and after a careful study of No. 4 its construction can be readily understood.

The hull of the boat is now complete, and we will turn our attention to the rigging.

The mast is 7 feet 3 inches long, and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick at the deck, tapering towards the top. The boom is 9 feet 1 inch in length, excluding jaws, and should be about the same thickness throughout the whole length, having only a slight taper towards the end. Each jaw should be made of a separate piece of wood, in shape shown in No. 2, and fastened to boom in manner shown in cut. The sprit is a three-quarter-inch pole 9 feet 9 inches long.

The sail is the next thing to attend to, and being quite small, may be made at home. Its dimensions are: along the mast, 5 feet; on boom, 9 feet; top, 5 feet; from end of boom to end of sprit, 11 feet 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The general shape may be taken from drawing, and it will be necessary to give only a few hints in addition. The extra patches seen at corners of sail are pieces of heavy canvas put there to prevent it from ripping, the heaviest strain coming at the corners. The eyelets at the corners had best be formed by first cutting a round hole in the canvas, and then, with an "over-and-over" stitch, sewing a small iron ring in the hole. The edges are bound with strips of canvas enclosing a small cotton rope. The sail is laced to mast and boom in manner shown in cut, and in No. 3 is seen the manner of slinging lower end of sprit, whilst the upper end, which is sharpened, is poked through the eyelet.

To reef the sail it is only necessary to remove the sprit, and this will reduce the area of the sail nearly half. The sheet rope is rigged in the manner shown in No. 8, the boom block being fastened at Y (No. 1), boom rope at Z, and the snap-hook caught in the staple P in deck (Fig. 1). To take down sail, unhook snap-hook, take out sprit, raise boom up alongside the mast, and lift the mast out.



DETAILS OF THE BOAT.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

THE CONTROVERSY OVER EHRRICH, the Harvard School catcher, has been settled by the I.S.A.A. Executive Committee, and the championship pennant has been awarded to the protested nine. More inconsistent and illogical action could not have been taken, and the way it was done reflects little credit upon the dignity of the association. Controversies such as this one are always regrettable; but when they do arise they ought to be settled upon their merits, and all personal feeling in the matter should be disregarded. Ever since De La Salle protested Ehrich, the delegates from the various schools to the I.S.A.A. have dodged around the question to be decided by them, and have adopted a policy of irresolution and delay. Several meetings have been called, but not until this last one was there a quorum present—and this was a quorum with a very small q. The delay between the time the protest was filed and the day the decision was made was put to very good use by the Harvard scholars. They did what politicians would call "some talk lobbying." They did it to such good effect that the vote stood 15 to 5 in favor of Ehrich.

THE ARGUMENTS ADVANCED BY THEM in favor of their man were truly amusing, and none but the most obliging of delegates would have consented to allow the wool to be so gracefully pulled over their drooping eyes. These arguments were to the effect that although Ehrich had spent a year in the sub-Freshman class of the College of the City of New York, he had failed to pass his entrance examinations into the Freshman class in 1894. Nevertheless, he was admitted to that class, and remained a member of it until the Christmas term examinations, when he failed again, and so left C.C.N.Y. for the more congenial precincts of the Harvard School. Therefore, according to the Harvard representatives, Ehrich was never really a member of the C.C.N.Y. Freshman class, because he did not pass his Christmas examinations. The mere fact that he attended recitations with the class, and enjoyed other privileges of Freshmen, has nothing to do with the case. This is inconsequential, and the De La Salle men were really drawing the line too fine when they referred to it. At least so must have thought the members of the I.S.A.A. committee, for they so decided. If Ehrich had passed his examinations he would have gone on with his class at C.C.N.Y. This was no doubt his intention before Christmas.

BUT THE INCIDENT IS CLOSED NOW. Harvard School has the pennant, and the whole matter may as well be dropped. I don't suppose the members of the I.S.A.A. committee feel very proud of their work. They find themselves now in a peculiar position. By awarding the championship to Harvard they practically admit that they had no business sending the De La Salle nine to represent the League at Eastern Park four weeks ago. Their only justification for sending that team to Brooklyn would have been to award them the championship. But in all these incidents some lesson is to be learned. From this one I think we can gather that protestors should not wait until the last moment to make their objections, unless, of course, the act to be protested is not committed until this very last moment arrives. Another lesson is that executive committees ought to attend to their business promptly, and decide knotty points in time for their decision to be of some value—not a month after the contest to be affected has been settled.

THE STANDING OF THE SEVERAL NINES in the N.Y.I.S.B.B. League, according to the games played, is therefore as follows:

FIRST SECTION.

April 23.—Harvard, 8; Berkeley, 7.
April 30.—Woodbridge, by default from Columbia Inst.
May 7.—Columbia Gram., 30; Barnard, 4.
May 14.—Harvard, 15; Woodbridge, 0.
May 21.—Harvard, 19; Columbia Gram., 1.

SECOND SECTION.

April 25.—Condon, 20; Columbia Inst., 19.
May 2.—Cutler, 7; Drisler, 3.
May 9.—De La Salle, by default from Hamilton.
May 16.—Cutler, 13; Condon, 0.
May 23.—De La Salle, 25; Cutler, 5.

FINAL GAME.

May 31.—Harvard, 12; De La Salle, 8.

The Harvard School team suffered no defeat, and had to play three games to win the first section series. The De La Salle team had only one game to play to win the second section, Hamilton defaulting on May 9th. Few of the games were close or exciting, as most of the scores will show, and it is to be hoped that next year a greater interest will be displayed in our national sport.

THE AUTHORITIES AT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, Concord, go to the opposite extreme, in matters connected with out-door sport, from the course adopted by many other large schools. I mean in regard to publicity. In New York, especially, many principals of schools believe that the welfare of the institutions over which they preside is best promoted by a reasonable amount of newspaper notoriety. The students at those schools hold the same opinion; and as a result we read a good deal about what is going on in the scholastic circles in this city, and we constantly see portraits of the rising young athletes printed in the daily papers. In Boston they go even further. For a column about schools printed in New York there is a page printed in Boston. The faces of the school athletes there are as well-known to the public as those of the most prominent amateurs or professionals. Too much of that sort of thing, of course, is bad, because there are young men who are thus led to believe themselves much more important than they are.



ANDOVER'S TRACK ATHLETIC TEAM.

HARPER'S FIELD TABLE

WISCONSIN INTERSCHOLASTIC A.A. FIELD-DAY AT MADISON, JUNE 8, 1895.

Events.	Winners.	Performance.	Second.	Third.
100-yard dash.....	A. Kraenzlein, E.S.	10 2-5 sec.	J. Fox, M.A.	C. May, E.S.
120-yard hurdle.....	A. Kraenzlein, E.S.	17 3-5 "	J. Fox, M.A.	C. Brauch, S.S.
220-yard dash.....	C. May, S.S.	24 3-5 "	M. Price, Edg.	A. Blodgett, E.S.
220-yard hurdle.....	A. Kraenzlein, E.S.	27 4-5 "	S. Lyle, M.H.-S.	
440-yard run.....	E. Baer, M.A.	55 3-5 "	A. Blodgett, E.S.	Berryman, M.H.-S.
880-yard run.....	A. Donkle, M.H.-S.	2 m. 14 1-5 "	B. Stonel, E.S.	Mueller, S.S.
Mile run.....	A. Donkle, M.H.-S.	5 " 3-5 "	P. Estes, S.S.	K. Martin, M.A.
Mile walk.....	F. Shepard, M.H.-S.	9 " 36 "	H. Helms, S.S.	Brown, M.H.-S.
Putting 12-lb. shot.....	A. Kraenzlein, E.S.	37 ft. 7 1-2 in.	Worthington, W.H.-S.	Knapp, M.H.-S.
Throwing 12-lb. hammer.....	B. Worthington, W.H.-S.	103 " 11 "	Schilling, M.H.-S.	Rapp, M.H.-S.
Running high jump.....	A. Kraenzlein, E.S.	5 " 6 1-8 "	J. Fox, M.A.	Wilson, W.H.-S.
Running broad jump.....	Chiford, M.H.-S.	20 " 6 "	Trot, W.H.-S.	Wilson, W.H.-S.
Pole vault.....	Smith, E.H.-S. Doonittle, S.S.	10 " 1-2 "		Lean, W.H.-S.

First count 5. Seconds 3. Thirds 1.
 E.S., East Side, Milwaukee. S.S., South Side, Milwaukee. M.A., Milwaukee Academy. M.H.-S., Madison High-School.
 W.H.-S., Whitewater High-School. E.H.-S., Evansville High-School. Edg., Edgerton High-School.

Really, the worth of a man in this world—no matter what his sphere in life may be—is not gauged by the number of inches he can occasionally command in a double-leaded column with a spread head and a portrait.

THE VICE-RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S is of the conviction that school sports of late have run wild, and that the best way to keep them within bounds is to avoid any publicity whatever. I agree with the vice-rector that this is a good enough way, but I am not at all of the opinion that it is the best way. Newspaper enterprise and competition have become so great of late that it is very difficult to withhold from the public any matter of real importance. If one paper does not get it, another will. If the newsgatherer does not obtain all the facts, there will be just enough printed to give an erroneous and unfortunate impression to the reader. It is my opinion that a regulated publicity is best. Any newsgatherer who feels confident that he is getting just as much as his neighbor, and that the information given to him is reliable, will never abuse the privilege by making sensational use of the material. It is usually when information is withheld that sensationalism is called in. The reading public wants something, and the paper that has not got facts to give cooks up something as a substitute. The man who withheld the facts seldom like the substitution.

THESE REFLECTIONS HAVE BEEN CALLED UP by the reminiscence of the manner in which the Halcyon and Shattuck boat club races of St. Paul's were conducted three weeks ago. They were held on June 11th, at eleven o'clock in the morning; but as this fact had been withheld from public knowledge the spectators were practically limited to the boys of the school. Of course that is just what the vice-rector wanted. But is he right in this? Why not let the good people of Concord stand upon the shores of Penacook Lake and watch the race between these crews of healthy American boys? Is there anything about sport, as conducted at St. Paul's School, that the vice-rector, or any one else, should be ashamed of? Of course not! Then why not be open and aboveboard about it? Why race when the townsman's back is turned? Why deprive him of a little heartful cheering and an inspiring sight? He would surely be the better for it, and the St. Paul's crew would be none the worse.

THE RACES THIS YEAR were most interesting, and one incident of the six-oared race was thrilling. At a point about half-way down the course, while the Shattucks and the Halcyns were still about even, Oglebay, who was rowing No. 2 in the Shattuck boat, broke his oar-lock. Of course his muscle was of no further avail, and thenceforth he could be but a passenger, so he did what every level-headed oarsman does under the circumstance—he leaped into the water. He was picked up by a boat near by. But with only five men the Shattucks were unable to win. It is a sandy thing to do, this jumping into the water from a racing-shell, and while Oglebay is entitled to praise for leaping, he would most certainly have deserved censure if he had not jumped. In the race between Yale and the Atalanta crew on New Haven Harbor, in 1890, Phil Allen, stroke and captain, broke his oar and jumped into the sea.

He was picked up by the referee's tug, and stood at the bow dripping wet as he watched his seven men defeat the crack amateur crew of New York. Allen got his training at St. Paul's—in fact, most of the best oarsmen of Harvard and Yale learned to row on Lake Penacook.

THE FIRST RACE OF THE DAY at this regatta was a contest between the Halcyon and Shattuck four-oared shells, which was easily won by the former, in 11 min. 21 sec., by about six lengths. The second race was the one in which Oglebay jumped, and the last was the contest for the school championship between the two eight-oared crews of the same clubs. The outcome replaced the Shattuck blue above the Halcyon crimson—the latter having been the champions for the past four years. The Shattuck stroke started at 39 to the minute, but soon fell to 37, and about half-way down the course dropped to 36. The winning crew led the entire distance, and their time was 9 min. 14½ seconds.

ROWING AS A SCHOLASTIC SPORT has never been much practised in this country except at St. Paul's School, which aims rather more than any other American institution to follow the manners and customs of our Eton and Rugby consins. And, as far as following the athletic customs and usages of the Britons is concerned, they could not do better at Concord, or anywhere else. There have been races every year on Lake Penacook since 1871, when the Halcyon crew defeated its rivals over a one-mile course in 8 min. 32 sec. But St. Paul's has peculiar advantages for the sport that other schools are deprived of. Years ago there was rowing at St. Mark's School, Southboro', but it was given up for a number of reasons. The sport is to be resumed, however, next spring; but the contests will be inter-class affairs. The day when we shall see interscholastic boat-races is far distant, I am afraid; although there is no reason why it should be.

EXETER AND ANDOVER used to row, too; but I don't remember that there ever was an Exeter-Andover race. Exeter is situated near enough to the sea to feel tide-water; and the Swanscott River is very broad near the town. Above it is dammed off, and the upper portion is locally known as Fresh River. The rowing used to be done on Salt River, below the dam. Shells were sent up to the school Athletic Association by Yale and Harvard, who were anxious to encourage the sport so as to obtain good material for their own crews, and for a number of years there were class races in the fall and spring. But after the novelty of the thing had worn away, and no race was arranged with Andover, interest flagged, and in 1883 or 1884 the sport was abandoned, and the old boat-house was left to decay and fall to pieces. The colleges sent shells to Andover, too, and there was some desultory rowing there for a few years, but it was finally abandoned ten or twelve years ago, probably for the same reason that Exeter gave it up—because no interscholastic contest was arranged. It is to be hoped that it will be revived, for there is no better sport on the calendar, and, from a spectacular point of view, it is far ahead of many games that now enjoy wide popularity.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

THE ACCOMPANYING TABLE SHOWS what records were made by the athletes of the Wisconsin I.S.A.A. at their first annual field day which occurred on June 8th, on the campus of the University of Wisconsin at Madison. The 8th day of June was a great one for track and field sports all over the country, apparently. For a youngster this Wisconsin association is in a flourishing condition, and great is its prowess. Ten schools constitute its membership, and nearly one hundred entries were down on the programme for the field day. The Milwaukee East Side High-School took first place with 32 points, 25 of which were made by Kraenzlein, who won five firsts. He is a promising all-round athlete. When it is taken into consideration that he ran his three races within an hour or so, such time as 10½ sec. for the 100, 17½ sec. for the high, and 27½ sec. for the low hurdles is remarkable. These records will doubtless stand at Madison for some years to come.

THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW will be another great day for out-door sports. The biggest field meeting in the neighborhood of New York will be that of the New Jersey Athletic Club at Bergen Point. Several of the school athletes who have made records for themselves the past season have entered, and if they manage to do as well as they did at Travers Island on the 15th of last month they will soon establish a high reputation. Baltazzi will jump, but only high enough to win. He has been training hard lately, and can do six feet now beyond question. But he is keeping these extra inches up his sleeve for the Britishers in September.

THE GRADUATE.

services, and everybody, young and old, listened to the Declaration of Independence read by some Senator, or ex-Governor, or other distinguished personage. The Sunday-schools walked in procession, all the girls in white, with badges or sashes of the dear colors we loved, the boys with white duck trousers, and blue jackets with brass buttons, and they had badges too. It was really fine. Soldiers and martial music—bugles, drums, fifes, playing their loudest—picnics, and fire-crackers galore signalized the day, which was further endeared to children by cherry-pie at dinner, and ice-cream following fireworks in the evening. Tired and happy we went to bed, and we were confirmed by these delightfully patriotic Fourth's in our love of country.

FLORENCE and Eva, looking languidly up at this point, observe that the Fourth in these days is too warm for so much exertion.

It is very much as one looks at it whether one is to suffer or enjoy most during the summer. Fretting and fidgeting and violent fanning add to one's discomfort. To go right on with one's work, and neither think nor care for the heat, often enables one to forget it, and if the mind be only held superior, the body does not so much mind being too warm or too cold. Some foolish

people actually fass and fume themselves into fevers, when summer is reigning in her bounty, ripening fruits and grains, and giving us her splendid skies and sunsets.

To keep the house cool in July, air it thoroughly in the early morning, then close the windows and screen doors, and darken bedrooms and parlors. A dark closed room will be comfortable at mid-day. Select a cool window, or a corner of the veranda, and carry your books and sewing there, or establish yourself under a tree. Eat cold dishes and ripe fruit. Fan moderately. Do not drink quantities of iced tea or coffee. Do not let yourself be annoyed or vexed with any one. Bathe at least twice a day, and think pleasant thoughts.

A LAWN PARTY is charming for a late afternoon in summer. Invite your friends to come from five to eight o'clock. Spread rugs on the grass, and bring out some small tables and rocking-chairs. For refreshments have lemon sherbet, sponge-cake, ice-cream, snow-pudding, iced tea or coffee, thin sandwiches, or anything else you like. Play lawn-tennis or croquet, or any other game you choose.

Margaret E. Langster.

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This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

WARM? Well, what else can we expect? Here it is July, with our thoughts all flying out like banners in the breeze toward the day of which we are proudest in the whole year, The Fourth! No other day has "the" before it, and no other has so splendid a meaning for us Americans. I never think of it without a thrill of joy, and a sort of happy "Hail Columbia" feeling, and no matter how sultry it may be I want to go to the piano and play

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring!"

In my childhood we used to keep Independence Day in a very patriotic spirit. Waking in the morning, our eyes saw flags and festoons of bunting—the red, white, and blue—interwoven with evergreens on churches, houses, and lamp-posts. Scaffolds were erected from which eloquent speakers addressed open-air meetings, churches held

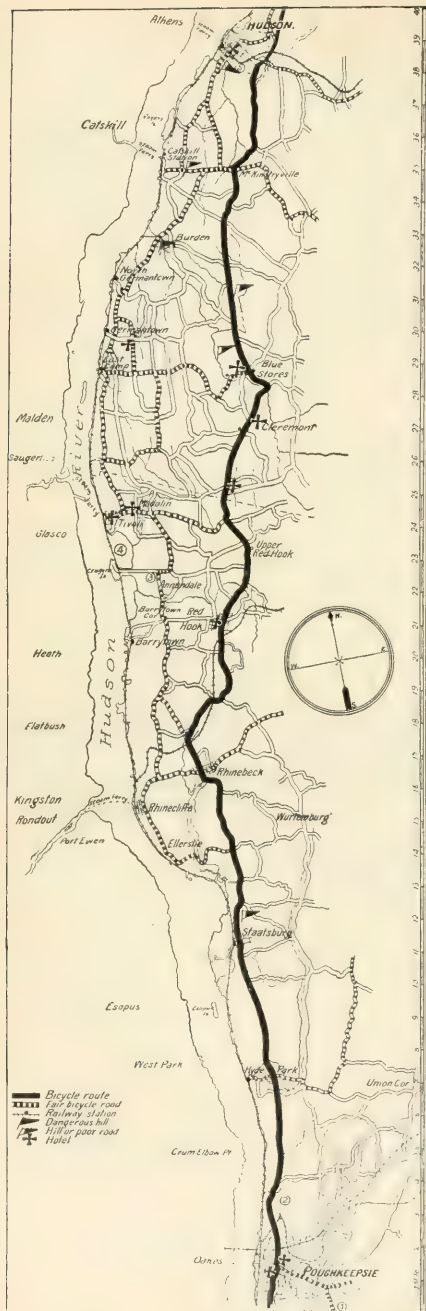


This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THE COURSE THIS WEEK to be described is the third stage from New York to Albany on a reasonably slow plan of movement. The first two trips, which have already been described in the ROUND TABLE, are from New York to Tarrytown, and from Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie. The third stage then continues from Poughkeepsie to Hudson, a distance of somewhat over forty miles. Starting from the Nelson House, at Poughkeepsie, at the top of the hill running up from the river, the rider runs out of Poughkeepsie on the Albany Post Road to Albany, following the telegraph wires six miles to Hyde Park. From this point the run up to Blue Stores, altogether twenty-six or twenty-seven miles, the road cannot be mistaken, and over these twenty-seven miles it is as fine a stretch of bicycling journey as one could well desire. There are almost no hills, with the exception of a small stretch, which is rolling country and not difficult. The Madeline House at Red Hook is a good resting-place, and the rider on the journey passes through Staatsburg, Rhinebeck, Red Hook, Upper Red Hook, Clermont, and thence, after a two-mile run, enters Blue Stores. From this point on to Hudson, a distance of eleven or twelve miles, there are more hills, though no very bad ones, and the road is not so good. It is six and three-quarter miles to McKinstryville. On leaving Blue Stores the rider should keep to the left around the hotel, and the road is then direct for McKinstryville. The road-bed is of clay, and is rather poor, though it improves as you approach McKinstryville. Out of McKinstryville the road runs direct to Hudson, about five miles away. It is sandy, with occasional bits of loam, and is by no means as good riding as from Poughkeepsie to Blue Stores.

IT WILL BE NOTICED by looking at the map that the best bicycle route, which is, of course, the Albany Post Road, keeps on the higher ground, somewhat back from the river, after leaving Staatsburg. This is the road that is, on the whole, easier for the wheelman to take. It is, however, possible, and to one who is anxious to see the country and the places of historic interest, it would perhaps be more pleasant to turn to the left about two and a half to three miles out of Staatsburg, and run down to the river on the road marked as a fair bicycle road. This route can be followed without description by carefully studying the map. It keeps the Hudson in view most of the time, passes through Rhinecliff, Barrytown, Amandale, Tivoli, East Camp, Germantown, North Germantown, Burden, Catskill Station, and runs into Hudson near the two best hotels in the town—the Worth House and the Hotel Lincoln. Furthermore, if the rider is making a trip to Albany by much slower stages, and thus giving himself time to make somewhat extended detours, he can stop along this road at Rhinecliff, at Tivoli, and at Catskill Station, and make short trips across the river and into the country on the other side. Indeed, if the time is at his disposal, this is much the most interesting method to follow, and any wheelman who plans to take the Albany trip is vigorously urged to make it a matter of a week rather than of two or three days. There are good hotels at Tivoli; the Blue Stores Hotel at Blue Stores is a reasonably comfortable stopping-place. The points of especial interest along the way are Vassar College (1); Hudson River State Hospital (2); St. Stephens College (3); North Bay, where the first steamboat was built by Fulton and Livingston (4); New York State Reformatory for Women (5).

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817.





This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects as far as possible. Correspondence should be sent to the Stamp Department.

THIS Department is conducted in the interest of the readers of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE: (1) "to give the important stamp news of the day; (2) to assist the young collectors to collect intelligently by giving them hints on those subjects which are usually so difficult to understand, such as perforations, water-marks, papers, colors, methods of manufacture, varieties of dies, and the care and management of their philatelic treasures; (3) to answer questions in this column, or by letter, provided a stamped and addressed envelope be enclosed with the inquiry. I hope, however, all collectors will provide themselves with a catalogue, sold by all stamp-dealers, as this will in itself answer such questions as "What is the value of a — U. S. stamp?"

MOLLIE DAVIS.—The stamp is catalogued at 2c.
LANTIER V. BLEM.—I advise young collectors always to buy stamps from well-known, respectable dealers. See our advertising columns for names.

C. P. McKILLARY.—The 10c. green U. S. 1851 unperforated is worth 60 to 75 cents. The same stamp perforated is worth 25 cents. The 10c. 1861 is worth 5 cents; the same stamp grided is worth 40 cents. The 6c. Lincoln 1870, grided, is worth \$4, but without grill 2 cents.

F. G. CLAPP.—The Richmond stamp is a fraud. Look a little sharper, and you will find the 2c. current issue with a white line inside the frame of the triangle. There is a new issue of U. S. envelopes. The water-mark has been changed.

L. H.—The gold coin has no premium, owing to the monogram. I should prefer to see the Blood, Boyd, and Bouton stamps before making any definite answer, as you do not give the dates of the letters to which they are affixed.

MURRAY CAMPBELL.—The various Confederate bills are worth very little. The stamp-dealers sell them very cheaply.

E. F. TRIPP.—The revenue-stamp is worth 2 cents. The 1c. 1851 without the outer line at the bottom, and the same stamp perforated (1856) with the line are the scarce varieties.

ROY THOMPSON.—There is no premium on the fractional currency used during the war, unless it is perfectly fresh and has never been circulated.

C. G. ATKERTON.—Sverige means Sweden. The French stamp is a revenue, not a postage-stamp. The Brazil is a newspaper-stamp.

E. C. CROCKET.—The scarce variety of the 7c. 1870 U. S. is the one without the line around the inner circles of the bulb.

J. K.—The Kow-Kiao, Wuhu, etc., are Chinese local stamps, and were issued primarily to sell to collectors. I would not advise buying them, as, speaking philatellically, they are simply trash.

A. E. BARROW.—English stamps surcharged I. R.—Official, are simply official stamps used for governmental mail matter. The blue, green, and red "Junkin Camden Despatch" are either reprints or counterfeits. In either case they are of no value. The New Zealand and Confederates mentioned by you are all catalogued regularly.

A. B. JOHNSON.—The 1852 re-engraved of U. S. 1870 has more of their lines deepened. It is almost impossible to explain by words, but a single look at the originals and the re-engraved will show you once for all the difference. The embossing of the U. S. stamps was made on the supposition that the cancellation of an embossed stamp would make it impossible to use the stamp a second time. Possibly it would do so if the embossing were strong enough to pierce the stamp with numerous holes, but practically the idea was a failure. Clear embossing may be measured by a millimetre scale.

PHILATUS.

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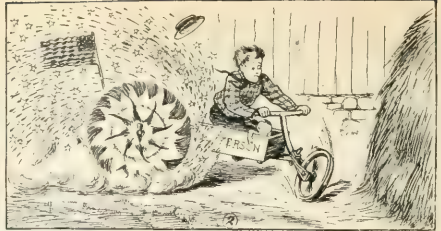
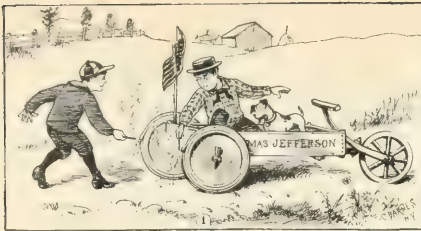
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FOURTH OF JULY.

"WELL," said Aunt Mary, "so the Fourth of July is here again. How many fingers do you expect it to leave you with, Tommy?"

"Ten," answered Tommy, promptly. "I didn't know there was anything about the Fourth of July to make extra fingers sprout out on a boy's hand."

"There isn't anything about it that is apt to increase the number of a boy's fingers; but there is something about it that makes it a good time for a boy to get rid of any extra or superfluous fingers he may have. Bursting cannon and big fire-crackers are very serious things for fingers."

"Well, I haven't any fingers that I want to get rid of," said Tommy.

"Of course you know what the Fourth of July commemorates?" remarked Aunt Mary.

"The signing of the Declaration of Independence," answered Tommy, promptly.

"Yes. Now suppose it had been signed the 15th of January, what sort of a Fourth of July do you suppose that would have made?"

"Too cold—snow would put out the fire-crackers," replied Tommy.

"Just what Thomas Jefferson said," returned Aunt Mary. "Charles Carroll of Carrollton wanted to sign it on the 15th of January, but Jefferson said, 'That's no time for fire-crackers. The snow will make 'em sputter and go out. We owe something to posterity.'"

"Now, Aunt Mary," broke in Tommy, "I believe you—"

"Listen," went on Aunt Mary. "Listen, and learn about history. 'I think it will do well enough,' said Charles Carroll of Carrollton. 'Fire-crackers are dangerous things. Let posterity go sleigh-riding on the glorious 15th of January, and make a noise by cracking the whip. Besides, Thomas A. Edison will soon invent snow-proof fire-crackers.'"

"Aunt Mary—"

"Don't interrupt me, Tommy. 'No,' said Jefferson, 'September is the time. We'll sign it on the 27th of September. Think of the glorious 27th! How the cannon will boom, and the rockets whiz, and—' 'I won't agree to put it off a moment beyond the 22d of February,' said Charles Carroll of Carrollton. 'That won't do,' answered Thomas Jefferson. 'That's the birthday of the father of his country. Two holidays rolled into one wouldn't be the thing. People would celebrate too hard. I'm willing to make it the 13th of August.' 'Let's settle on the 10th of March,' replied Charles Carroll of Carrollton. 'Thirty-first of July,' said Jefferson. 'Fourteenth of April,' answered Carroll. They finally compromised on the 4th of July."



THE "FOURTH."

PHILANDER BRIGGS PREDICTED THAT HIS PYROTECHNIC CYCLE WOULD BE THE SENSATION OF THE DAY. AND IT WAS.

"What history did you study?" asked Tommy, as the best way of exposing his aunt's romancing.

"All of the good ones," she answered. "Smith's, and Brown's, and Thompson's, and Robinson's, and Jones's. Wherever I found a good fact I picked it up. I was always very fond of facts when I went to school. Did you ever hear about the dispute Thomas Jefferson and Charles Carroll of Carrollton had when they came to write and sign the Declaration of Independence?"

"No," said Tommy, wondering what his aunt would say next.

"They had quite a little tiff. Jefferson, you see, wanted to have it written on a typewriter, and—"

"But, Aunt, the typewriter wasn't invented then."

"That's just what Charles Carroll of Carrollton told him. But Jefferson insisted on calling in the janitor, and having it invented while they waited. 'Posterity can't never read my handwriting,' said Jefferson. 'Besides, my fountain-pens won't work to-day; you know how it is with these fountain-pens—some days ink will shoot out of them like water out of a garden hose, and other times you can't get it out with a corkscrew.'"

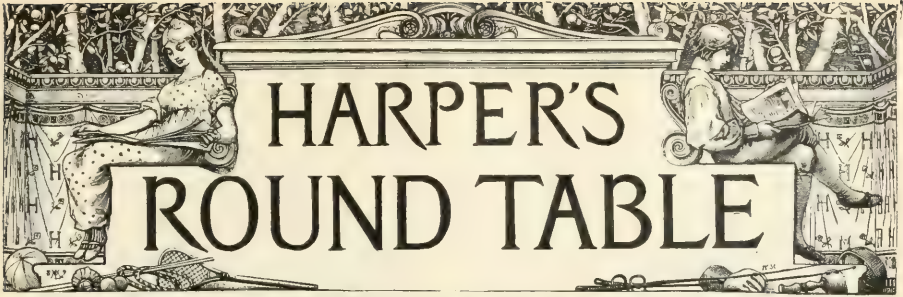
"Why didn't Charles Carroll of Carrollton tell Jefferson that fountain-pens weren't invented either?" asked Tommy.

"I don't think he knew it. A great many people then thought that fountain-pens were invented. And then they talked a long time, and Thomas Jefferson tried to get Benjamin Franklin to set it up in type and print it, but he said he had to go fishing with his kite that afternoon for electricity and so couldn't; and then the others sided in with Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Jefferson had to write it after all, with a quill pen, and with sand to dry the ink with instead of blotting-paper, because the man who had promised to invent blotting-paper had joined the army and gone off to fight the British. So you see, Tommy, the men that wrote and signed the Declaration of Independence had their troubles. But you ought to be thankful that they did it in July instead of January."

Tommy thought a moment, and then said, "Yes, I am; but if they'd done it about six weeks earlier it would have given us a holiday while there was school, and I think that's a pretty good time for holidays."

A GRAND DISPLAY.

WHEN I witness the destruction of famed cities of the past Reproduced in pyrotechnics on a scale superb and vast, How their ineffectual fires pale in potent power to charm Before that dollar-twelve assortment dad once set off at the farm!



HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE RALEIGH REDS.

BY JULIANA CONOVER.

"**A**TENTION! Right dress! Front! Order arms! Carry arms! Present arms! Right shoulder arms! Carry arms! Stand straighter, Billy. Can't you fellows keep in line? Right face! Left face! About face! Oh, all right, I won't go on with the drill if you don't try harder than that."

"Let us off this afternoon, Tommy? There's a good fellow," begged Billy Atkins, a fat little chap of twelve, who, between the heat and his exertions to keep his round body erect, was nearly used up.

"You won't ever learn to drill decently, then," answered the discouraged Sergeant.

"Oh, yes, we will, in double-quick time; but it is so hot, and we all want to be in good shape for to-morrow."

"What do you say, fellows?" asked Tommy, turning to the other panting recruits.

"Let's stop," they all responded, briskly, "and try to fix up some scheme for the Fourth."

"Very well," answered the Sergeant, a little reluctantly. "I did want to try the bayonet exercise; but I suppose we

can do that some other time." Then drawing himself up in true martial style: "Port arms! Dismissed!"

The boys took instant advantage of the command, and hastily stacking their arms, they squatted on the grass to try and cool off by means of mumble-the-peg and a discussion of Fourth-of-July plans.

Tom Porter, aged twelve, had spent a year at a military academy, and had come home for his summer holidays burning with military ardor, and primed with tactics from the latest manual of arms.

He soon fired the ambition of the other boys, and in a week had organized a company—or "squad," as he decided it really was—composed of ten raw recruits and a band of two, mustered under the banner of the Raleigh Reds.

They drilled faithfully day after day under the command of their enthusiastic Sergeant, and the discordant sounds from the fife and drum became a nuisance to the neighborhood.

But now that the novelty of the drill was wearing off, the boys began to pine for active service, and wild plans

of campaigns, with long marches, bloody battles, and glorious victories, floated through Tommy's brain as he nightly revolved the future of the Raleigh Reds.

"Well, how are we going to celebrate the Fourth?" asked Billy Atkins, throwing down the knife in disgust, after failing unanimously in the delicate operation known as "eating oysters." "It's no fun just marching at the tail end of a parade."

"We might make another raid on old Jones's cattle," suggested Herbert Day; "we know a lot more tactics and manoeuvres now."

"Not much, unless Tommy teaches us some slick barbed-wire-fence drill," said Dick. "I'm on my last pair of trousers."

"That was a pretty big fizzle," Tommy said, shaking his head. "And how they did jolly me at home! Did you ever hear the poem my sister wrote about it?"

"Not what was it?"

"Well, it was sort of like 'Half a League,' only different, about us, instead of the 'Six Hundred.' It's pretty good," modestly.

"Can't you say it?" asked Herbert.

"Yes, go ahead, Tommy," chimed in the others.

Tommy blushed. It seemed conceited to recite his sister's verses, and yet he was genuinely proud of them.

"It's a grind on us, you know," he said, warningly.

"Oh, that's all right; we're used to it; fire away."

Thus pressed, Tommy began:

"Half a mile, half a mile,
Dust-choked and solemn,
Straight for old Jones's field
Marched the brave cannon.
"Forward, the Raleigh Red!
Charge for the bull!" he said,
Into the grazing herd
Marched the firm column.

"Forward the squad brigade."

"That's wrong, you know," he stopped to explain, "but Alice wouldn't change it; she said it didn't matter."

"It doesn't a bit," Dick answered. "Go on; it's great!"

"Forward the squad brigade."

Went on Tommy.

"Was there a man afraid?
Not though the privates knew
Jones's bull's bad manners.
Theirs not to make a row,
Theirs not to question how,
Theirs but to charge the cow,
Into the grazed herd
Marched the red banners,
"Cows to the right of them,
Cows to the left of them,
Cows still in front of them,
Peacefully chewing,
Gazed at in wild surprise,
Boldly, with steady eyes,
Marched on at double-quick
Shouting their battle-cries,
To their undoing."

"Whisked all the tails so bare,
Whisked in the sultry air,
Staring, as cows do stare,
Chewing the cud the while.
When from the close ranks
Broke forth a muffled beat,
Not of bass drums, but feet,
Jersey and Alderney
Gazed on this mad retreat,
Gazed on the gay pranks
Of the old bull, who had
Broken the phalanx."

"Fence to the right of them,
Fence to the left of them,
Jones's bull behind them,
Pawing and bellowing,
What need commands to tell?
Boldly they ran and well,
Not one small private fell."

"Out of the horns of death,
Sergeant and squad pell-mell,
Through the barbed-wire fence
Crawled the torn column.
When can their glory fade,
Oh, the retreat they made,
All Raleigh applauded!
Honor the Sergeant's feet,
Honor the squad's retreat,
Long be it lauded!"

"Guy, that's fine!" ejaculated little Billy. "Isn't it, Dick?" enthusiastically.

"Slickest thing I've ever heard," answered Dick.

"We did get to that fence quick, and no mistake. And, George! I woke up every night for a week dreaming that the old bull was just running his horns into me."

"We'll have to do something to get a better 'rep,'" said Tommy; "we've done nothing but retreat so far. Old Farmer Applegate sent us flying, when he had nothing but cow-hide boots and a pitchfork."

"It was his garden," reflected Fatty Simmons; "that was why I ran."

"Well, what are we going to do to-morrow, that's what I want to know?" said Jack Green.

"I have it!" exclaimed the Sergeant, his eyes sparkling. "The very thing, fellows! I heard Davis and Jim White talking yesterday (they didn't know I was there), and they were arranging a scheme for the Fourth, which it would be dandy fun to break up."

"What was it?" the others asked, eagerly.

"You know the little cannon in Mr. Scott's field? he thinks no end of it; it's a Revolutionary relic or Waterloo or something. Well, those fellows are going to steal it to-night and have a great time to-morrow. Five of them are in it."

"Whew!" whistled Herbert Day. "I shouldn't like to be in their shoes when Mr. Scott finds it out; he'll make it hot for them! But how's that going to help us, Tommy; we're not in it?"

"I know; but what we want to do," answered the Sergeant, "is to guard the cannon and spoil their little game. It would be great to get ahead of Davis for once."

"Wouldn't they punch our heads?" said Billy, doubtfully: "they're bigger."

"I'd like to see them," blustered Fatty; "we'd run them through with our bayonets."

"What time did they agree to take the cannon, Tommy?" asked Bert.

"After dark, about nine, I suppose. They said they could drag it across the field to Davis's barn, and that nobody would catch on."

"What sport!" chuckled Green. "We'll go early, then, and form in single file round the old cannon, and I'd like to see the man who could take it from us."

"Mr. Scott has a big mastiff, hasn't he?" asked Billy.

"What of that?" scornfully, and Billy was silenced. The boys forgot their heat and fatigue in their eagerness to prepare for such a great undertaking, and over and over again the Sergeant's commands rang out: "Load! squad, ready! aim! fire! Order arms! Load! ready! aim! recover arms! fire!" etc., for a full hour.

At half past eight that same evening the Raleigh Reds, with rifle and drum silent, marched through the lane leading to Mr. Scott's field.

"Squad, halt!" was the command when they reached the fence. Then after a whispered consultation and a stealthy glance round, lest the enemy might attack them in the rear, they climbed carefully over the rails, and came down cautiously on the other side.

"Forward, march!" ordered the Sergeant, and his squad started by twos up the field.

The cannon was mounted at the other end, and the shadows which the moon cast across their path looked to the boys' excited fancy like figures rising from the ground.

"A little faster step—hep, hep!" urged the Sergeant, as they lagged. "Double time!" he commanded; but alas! a low ferocious growl, followed by a loud bark, caused a sudden panic in the dauntless Reds.

"The mastiff!" cried Joe Morris; "cut for your lives!" "Don't you do it! Charge bayonets!" shouted Tom, dismayed by this breaking of the close-locked ranks. "About face!" yelled Fatty Simmons, assuming the command in his terror; "quick to the fence, fellows—run!" and as the big dark object bounded towards them, the squad for the second time in its short history took to its heels without waiting further orders. Before the Sergeant could collect his scattered wits, a rough hand seized him by the collar, and a grim voice said, "I've caught you, hev I? You'll just come to Mr. Scott, young man; he's waitin' for you."

"Call that dog off; he'll chew them fellows up," gasped Tommy, trying to wriggle away from the tight grip.

"Sarve 'em right for sneaking in after dark and stealing the old cannon that's stood here over a hundred years."

"We didn't steal it," said the indignant Sergeant. "We came to guard it!"

"To guard it! Well, you didn't have much luck, then, for it's been gone this half-hour. Mr. Scott, he's in a terrible way about it."

"My, how early they must have come!" exclaimed Tom. "They? Who?"

"Why, the fellows we came to keep from taking it." And then he explained to the astonished farmer.

The result was that the "Raleigh Reds" were recalled, trembling, from their refuge behind the rail breastwork. Dom Pedro was quieted down, and the demoralized squad was marched sheepishly to the house as prisoners of war of the tall farmer.

Mr. Scott interviewed them, and his anger gave way to amusement as the boys told, in shamefaced confusion, of their part in the evening's work.

"What your men need, Captain, is experience," he said; "so I will make a bargain with you. If you manage to bring the cannon back by twelve o'clock to-morrow morning, I will promise to furnish the finest display of fireworks ever seen in this town, to celebrate the valor of the 'Raleigh Reds.'"

The boys blushed as crimson as their colors at these words, but Tom replied, stoutly:

"We'll do it, Mr. Scott. Just see if we don't. I know we deserve to be locked up in the guard-house for desertion; but give us one more chance, and if we can't do anything but retreat, and in disorder too, then we'd better give up the soldier business altogether."

And so Mr. Scott clinched the bargain.

How the little Sergeant racked his brains that night, as he tossed from side to side, trying to hit upon some plan by which they could get the field-gun away from its triumphant capturers!

It would be no easy matter to drag the heavy cannon so far even if they had a fair field; but when it was held by the enemy—five big boys—Tommy shook his head in doubt, for he had no longer confidence in the courage of his squad.

The more he thought of it, the more he felt convinced that the only thing to do was to decoy the guard in some way; but how? Suddenly he sat up in bed and looked out of the window. It was moonlight, and he could see some distance through the trees into a large field at the end of the garden.

"Yes, that will work," he murmured. "I don't want to do it, but it's the only thing I can think of; and we've got to get that field-gun somehow."

So, having at last made up his mind, he turned over and fell asleep.

"Fire! fire! fire!" clanged the great iron bell, putting all the toy cannons to shame.

"Fire! fire!" shouted the men and boys as they dropped their pipes and their fire-crackers, and started in the direction from which a volume of smoke rose black and dense against the clear sky. There were not many fires in Raleigh, and this looked like a promising one. From all parts of the little town the people swarmed, eager for any excitement that would help to celebrate the holiday.

"Now's our chance," whispered Tommy to the "Reds," as, ensconced behind a hedge, they watched the crowd assemble. "We've got to hustle, for the fire won't last long."

"The fellows are all there, except Jim White," returned Dick, "and there he comes, puffing like a steam-engine."

"Then were safe. Have you got the rope all ready, Billy?"

"Yes, slip-knot and all."

"Then come on, fellows."

And the boys cast one lingering glance at the crackling flames, the fire-engine, and the crowd, then turned round and started heroically in the opposite direction. They knew well where the cannon was, for had not the victorious party jeered at them from the top of the shed, when they went to reconnoitre early in the morning? They looked cautiously over the gate of Davis's barn-yard. All was quiet. They opened the gate, and walked softly in. Yes, there stood the bone of contention, alone, unguarded, its mouth pointed towards the barn.

"Hurry up, Bert; you understand about putting on the rope," said the nervous Sergeant, as he watched the smoke against the sky growing perceptibly less.

"They'll suspect us, sure," replied Joe, "when they find we're not there."

"Think of missing a fire!" groaned Bert; "and such a beauty too!"

By the time the boys were ready to start the smoke had almost died away, and the shouts had entirely subsided.

"We must fight to-day, fellows, or break up the company," said Tommy, as they toiled up the field dragging the gun after them over the rough ground.

"Does Pat Kinney know we're coming?" asked Dick.

"Yes; and he's going to bring Dom Pedro to back us up," answered "Fatty," straining away on the rope.

"Lucky for us," said Billy, his spirits rising.

Just as they reached the end of the field where the cannon always stood, a shout from the fence made them grasp their arms and fall quickly in line with bayonets fixed.

"Steady!" cried the Sergeant, his knees beginning to shake—"steady, fellows; don't run."

On the big boys came. Six or seven of them, headed by Davis, bearing down on the trembling squad with yells like wild Indians.

"Steady," said the Sergeant again, and immovable as the Incepace Rock the line received the charge.

"Get out of here or we'll break your necks!" cried White, as the squad closed in round the cannon.

"Throw a pack of big crackers at them," said a rough-looking boy; "that will break their ranks," and a shower of fire-crackers followed these words.

Still the squad stood firm.

"All right, then," said Harvey, solemnly; "if you don't surrender we'll have to wade in and do you up. Won't we, Davis?"

"Yield!" shouted Davis, flourishing a big stick; "the cannon or your life!"

"Come on," cried the undaunted little Sergeant, as a twenty-five-cent cracker went off under his nose. "We'll never surrender!"

"We'll never surrender!" echoed the rest of the squad, spurred on to resistance by their leader. "Come on!"

And the next moment the bayonets were shattered by the charge, the guns wrenched from the boys' hands, and down they went on the ground a wriggling mass of arms and legs.

It began to look very bad for the Raleigh Reds, when, to their great relief, the reserve force came up on a full gallop, urged on by the command of, "At 'em, Pedro, at 'em!"

This time Dom Pedro discriminated between his allies and the foe, for he dashed at Davis with a growl that struck terror to the stoutest heart.

"Here comes Mr. Scott, boys!" cried White, scrambling up from Dick's prostrate form; "we'd better skip;" and leaving the still unconquered squad fighting manfully on their backs, the big boys made for the fence, with Dom Pedro in hot pursuit.

The Reds picked themselves up, and looked ruefully for their scattered arms. They were pretty well battered and broken, but the cannon was safe.

"Fall in," commanded the Sergeant, as Mr. Scott walked up, holding Pedro by the collar.

"Good for you, boys," he said, smiling; "you held your own well. I watched from behind the fence, and was delighted with the way you stood up to those big fellows."

Tommy blushed with pride and pleasure. "They would have whipped us," he replied, modestly, "if Dom Pedro hadn't scared them off."

"At any rate you brought the field-gun back, and you deserve great credit for the way you stuck to your colors. But what is this that Kinney tells me about setting a barn on fire?"

"It belonged to Tommy," said the others. "It was an old tool-house which his father gave him to keep our things in. It made a beautiful fire." Regretfully.

"And you burnt it up just so as to decoy the boys?" Indcredulously.

"It was the only way to get the cannon," Tommy answered. "And the roof leaked, anyway."

"It certainly was a clever scheme, though rather a risky one," said Mr. Scott.

"I asked my father," Tommy hastened to explain. "And first he said no, we mustn't do it, but when I told him that it was military tactics, and how we wanted to prove to you that we were not such miserable cowards, he gave in and said to go ahead."

"Well, you certainly have proved it, and fulfilled your part of the contract with honor, so now I want to do my part. So you may invite everybody you want—the whole town, if you wish—in my name, to a grand exhibition of fireworks in honor of the Raleigh Reds."

The little Sergeant beamed from ear to ear. "Guy!" he ejaculated, fervently, "what a slick old time we'll have!" Then, turning to the smiling and embarrassed line, he cried, "Squad, *salute*" and every hand went up while the demoralized life and drum favored Mr. Scott with their wild-est and most discordant tones.

Then down the field they marched triumphantly, with town banner flying, and Dom Pedro stalking gravely on ahead.

THE LITTLE MINUTE-MAN.

BY H. G. PAINE.

ALL during the winter Brinton had been saying what he would do if the redcoats came, and grieving because his age, which was eight, prevented him from going with his father to fight under General Washington.

Every night, when his mother tucked him in his bed and kissed him good-night, he told her not to be afraid, that he had promised his father to protect her, and he proposed to do it.

His plan of action, in event of the sudden appearance of the enemy, varied somewhat from day to day, but in general outline it consisted of a bold show of force at the front gate and a flank attack by Towser, the dog. Should these tactics fail to discourage the British, he intended to retire behind a stone fort he had built on the lawn, between the two tall elms, and to fire stones at the invaders until they fell back in confusion, while his mother would look on and encourage him from the front porch.

When the redcoats unexpectedly appeared in the distance, one afternoon in May, what Brinton really did was to run helter-skelter down the road, up the broad path to the house, through the front hall into the library, close the door, and then peep out of the window to watch them go by.

When he first caught sight of the soldiers Brinton was sure that there was at least a regiment of them, but when they were opposite the front gate all that he could see were a corporal and three privates. Instead of keeping on their way, however, they turned up the path toward the house, and then it seemed to Brinton that they were the most gigantic human beings that he had ever seen.

His mother was away for the day, and had taken Towser with her. This, together with the fact that the enemy were now between him and his fort, entirely spoiled Brinton's plan of campaign, and he decided to seek at once some more secluded spot, and there to devise something to

meet the changed conditions. But when he started to run out of the room, he found that in his hurry he had left the front door open, so that any one in the hall would be in plain sight of the soldiers, who were now very near.

Unfortunately there was no other door by which Brinton could leave the room. What was worse, there was no closet in which he could hide. The soldiers were now so close at hand that he could hear their voices, and a glance through the window showed him that two of them were going around to the back of the house, as if to cut off any possible escape in that direction.

And his mother would not be back until six o'clock. Instinctively his eyes sought the face of the tall timepiece in the corner. It was just three; and he could hear the soldiers' steps on the front porch!

The clock!

Surely there was room within its generous case for a very small boy.

In less time than it takes to write it Brinton was inside, and had turned the button with which the door was fastened. As he pressed himself close against the door, so that there should be room for the pendulum to swing behind him, he heard the corporal enter the room. He knew it must be the corporal, because he ordered the other man to go up stairs and look around there, while he searched the room on the other side of the hall.

Brinton could hear the footsteps of the men as they walked about the house, and their voices as they talked to each other. Then all was quiet for a long while. He was just on the point of peeping out, when all four men entered the room.

"Well," said a voice that he recognized as the corporal's, "it is plain there is no one at 'ome. Me own himpresion is that the bird's down. 'E's probably started back for camp, and the wife and the kid with 'im. I don't believe in payink no hattention to w'at them Tories says, nohow, goink back on their own neighbors—and kin, too, like as not. It's just to curry favor with the hoficers, it's me own hopinion. 'Ow did 'e know the Major was comink 'ome to-day, anyhow?"

Nobody answered him. Perhaps he didn't expect any one to.

The Major! Brinton's own father! He was coming home! This, then, was the surprise that his mother had said she would bring him when she went off with Towser in the morning to go to Colonel Shepard's. And now those redcoats were going to sit there and wait until he came, and then—Brinton did not know what would happen, whether he would be shot on the spot, or merely put in prison for the rest of his life.

Oh, if he could only get out and run to meet his father and warn him! But the men seemed to give no signs of leaving the room.

"Perhaps he haven't come at all yet," suggested one of the privates.

"Perhaps 'e hasn't," answered the voice of the corporal; "but w'y, then, wouldn't his folks be 'ere a-waitink for 'im?" "Owever, I'll give 'im hevery chance. It's now five-and-twenty minutes after three. I'll give 'im huntil six, but if 'e doesn't turn hup by then, we'll start away for the shore without 'im."

"Six o'clock!" thought the boy in the clock. The very time his mother had told him she was going to be home again "with something very nice for him." And now she and his brave papa would walk right into the arms of these dreadful English soldiers, and he could not stop them!

Whang!

What a noise! It startled Brinton so much that he nearly knocked the clock over; and then he realized that it was only the clock striking half past three.

Half past three! He had been in there only half an hour, and already he was so tired he could hardly stand up. How could he ever endure it until four, until half past four, five, six?

"If only something, some accident even, will happen to detain papa and mamma!" he thought. But how much more likely, it occurred to him, that his father, having but

a short leave of absence, would hasten, and arrive before six.

"Tick-tock," went the clock.

"How slow, how very slow!" thought Brinton, and he wished there were only some way of hurrying up the time, so that the soldiers would go away.

Still the soldiers staid in the room, all but one, who had gone into the kitchen to watch from there.

"Tick-tock," went the clock, and "whang-whang-whang-whang!" Only four o'clock. Brinton began to fear that he could not hold out much longer.

"Tick-tock," went the clock. Each swing of the pendulum marked one second, Brinton's mother had told him. If he could only make it swing quicker, so that the seconds would fly a little faster!

"Why not try to?" Brinton was on the point of breaking down. He was desperate. He felt that he must do something. He took hold of the pendulum and gave it a little push. It yielded readily to his pressure. None of the soldiers seemed to notice it. He gave it another push. The result was the same. Brinton began to pick up courage, and he pushed the pendulum to and fro, to and fro, to and fro.

He tried to keep it swinging at a perfectly even rate, and apparently he succeeded. At any rate, the soldiers appeared to notice nothing different. Yet Brinton was sure that he was causing the old clock to tick off its seconds at a considerably livelier gait than usual. Half past four came almost before he knew it, but by five o'clock Brinton began to realize that he was very, very tired. He had already stood absolutely still in that cramped, dark, close case, and he had pushed the pendulum first with one hand and then with the other in that narrow space until both felt sore and lame. Yet now that he had once begun, he did not dare leave off, and still it did not seem possible that he could keep it up.

The soldiers had kept very quiet for a long time. Brinton thought that two of them must be napping.

At five o'clock the soldier who was awake aroused the corporal and the other private, whom the corporal sent to relieve the man on guard in the kitchen.

"I must 'ave slept mighty sound," remarked the corporal. "I'd never believe I'd been asleep an hour, if I didn't see it hon the clock."

"No soigns av any wan yit," reported the man who had been in the kitchen, whom Brinton judged to be an Irishman. "Be's ye going to wait till six?"

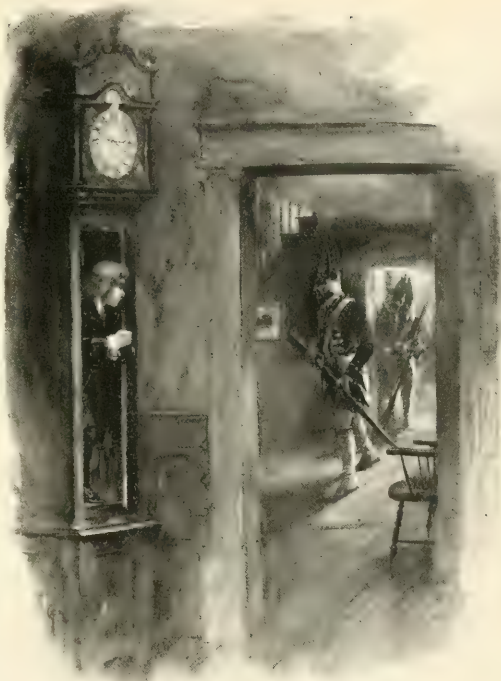
"Yes," answered the corporal. "But no longer."

Then they began talking about the British fleet that was cruising in Long Island Sound, and about the ship on which they were temporarily quartered until they could join the main body of the army, and how a neighbor of Brinton's father's and mother's had been down at the store when a ship's boat had put in for water, and how he had told the officer in charge that Major Hall, Brinton's father, was expected home for a few hours that day, and what a fine opportunity it would be to make an important capture.

The clock struck half past five.

"H'm?" grunted the corporal. "It doesn't seem that late; but, you know, you can't tell anything about anything in this blasted country."

Brinton now began to be very much afraid that his father would come before the soldiers left. He wanted to move the pendulum faster and faster, but after what the corporal had said he did not dare to. Then, when the men lapsed into silence, it suddenly came over Brinton how dreadfully weary he was, how all his bones ached, and how much, how very much, he wanted to cry. But he felt that



THE MINUTE-MAN TAKES HIS POSITION

his father's only chance of safety lay in his keeping the pendulum swinging to and fro, to and fro.

At last, however, came the welcome sound of the corporal's voice bidding the men get ready to start.

Whang-whang-whang-whang-whang-whang!

"Fall in!" ordered the corporal. "Forward, march!"

As the sound of their footsteps died away, Brinton, all of a tremble, opened the door of the clock and stumbled out. He knelt at the window and watched the retreating forms of the redcoats. As they disappeared down the road he heard a noise behind him, and jumped up with a start.

There stood his father!

The next instant Brinton was sobbing in his arms.

Brinton's mother came into the room. "Dear me!" she said; "what ever can be the matter with the clock? It's half an hour fast."

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HIG AMOOK AND THE CHILKAT HUNTERS.

"A GOAT is a good thing so far as it goes," remarked Phil, gravely, "but one goat divided among one man, two boys, a little chap, and three awfully hungry dogs isn't likely to last very long. With plenty of goats ready to come and be killed as we wanted them, we might hold out here, after a fashion, until the arrival of a tourist

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 801.

steamer. Wouldn't that be fun, though? And wouldn't we astonish the tourists? "But how we should hate goat by that time! Still, I don't think there is the slightest chance of our having that experience, for I understand that the mountain-goats are among the shyest and most difficult to kill of all wild animals.

"Which begu the case," continued Phil, "it won't do for us to live as though we had goats to squander. Consequently, we must make an effort to get out of here before our provision is exhausted. As we have no boat in which to go to Sitka, and the nearest point at which we can obtain one is Chilkat, that is the place we have got to reach somehow. So I propose that Serge and I take a prospecting trip into the mountains to-morrow and see what chance there is for our crossing them."

As no better plan than this was offered, Phil and Serge started early the following morning on their tedious climb. Each carried a gun, and they took Musky and Luytuk with them in the hope of getting a bear, as Serge had heard that bears were plentiful in those mountains. Nel-te was left to take care of the hospital, in which Jalap Coombs, with his many aches, and Amook, with his cut feet, were the patients.

That afternoon was so warm that the door of the little cabin stood wide open. Before a fire that smoldered on the broad hearth Jalap Coombs dozed in a big chair, while Nel-te rumped with Amook on the floor. Now the little chap was tantalizing the dog with the fur-seal's tooth, which, still attached to its buckskin thong, he had taken from his neck. He would dangle it close to Amook's nose, and when the dog snapped at it, snatch it away with a shout of laughter.

While the occupants of the cabin were thus engaged the heads of several Indians were suddenly but cautiously lifted above the beach ridge. After making certain that no one was in the vicinity of the house, one of their number swiftly but noiselessly approached it. Crouching under a side wall, he slowly raised his head.

This Indian was one of a party of Chilkat hunters who had come to Glacier Bay in pursuit of hair seals, which in the early spring delight to float lazily about on the drifting ice-cakes. They had camped at the mouth of Muir Inlet the night before, and during the day had slowly hunted their way almost to the foot of the great glacier. While there they discovered a thin spiral of smoke curling from the cabin chimney. This so aroused their curiosity that they determined to investigate its cause. They imagined that some of the interior Indians, who were strictly forbidden by the Chilkats to visit the coast, had disobeyed orders, and come to this unfrequented place to surreptitiously gather in a few seals. In that case the hunters would immediately declare war, and the prospect of scalps caused their stolid faces to light and their dull eyes to glitter.

When it was discovered that a white man was in the cabin, the Indians were greatly disappointed, but concluded to withdraw without allowing him to suspect their presence, for the Chilkats have no love for white men. But for Nel-te and Amook they would have succeeded in this, and our travellers would never have known of their dusky visitors, or the chance for escape offered by their canoes.

If the fur-seal's tooth had been able to speak just then, it would have said, "I am disgusted with the ways of white people. In their hands I am treated with no respect. They lose me and find me again with indifference. They even give me to children and dogs as a plaything. How different was my position among the noble Chilkats! By their Shamans and chiefs I was venerated; by the common people I was feared; while all recognized my extraordinary powers. To them I am determined to return."

With this the fur-seal's tooth, which was at that moment dangling from Nel-te's hand, gave itself such a vigorous forward swing, that Amook was able to seize the buckskin thong, which immediately slipped into a secure place between two of his sharp teeth. As Nel-te attempted to snatch back his plaything, the dog sprang up and darted from the open doorway.

At that moment the Indian who had inspected the cabin

was just disappearing over the beach ridge. At sight of him Amook uttered a yelp, and started in pursuit. The Indian heard him, and ran. He sprang into the canoe, already occupied by his fellows, and shoved it off as Amook, barking furiously, gained the water's edge. Lying a few feet away, and resting on their paddles, the Indians taunted him. Suddenly one of their number called attention to the curious white object dangling from the dog's mouth. They gazed at it with ever-increasing excitement, and finally one of them began to load his gun with the intention of shooting the dog, and so securing the coveted trophy that so miraculously appeared hanging from his jaws. Ere he could carry out his cruel intention little Nel-te appeared over the ridge in hot pursuit of his playmate. Without paying the slightest heed to the Indians he ran to the dog, disengaged the buckskin thong from his teeth, slipped it over his own head, tucked the tooth carefully inside his little parka, and started back toward the cabin. Amook followed him, while the Indians regarded the whole transaction with blank amazement.

Both Nel-te and Amook regained the cabin, and were engaged in another romp on its floor before Jalap Coombs awoke from his nap. An hour later, when he was surprised by the appearance of half a dozen Indians before the door, he thrust the child and dog behind him, and standing in the opening, axe in hand, boldly faced the newcomers. In vain did they talk, shout, point to Nel-te, and gesticulate. The only idea they conveyed to the sailor-man was that they had come to carry Cap'n Kid back to the wilderness.

"Which ye sha'n't have him, ye bloody pirates! Not so long as old Jalap can swing an axe!" he cried, at length wearied of their vociferations and slamming the door in their faces.

In spite of this the Indians were so determined to attain their object, that they were planning for an attack on the cabin, when all at once there came a barking of other dogs, and, looking in that direction, they saw two more white men, armed with guns, coming rapidly toward them.

"Hello in the house! Are you safe? What is the meaning of this?" cried Phil, in front of the closed door.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied Jalap Coombs, joyfully, flinging it open. "We're safe enough so far; but them black swabs overhauled us awhile ago, and gave out as how they'd got to have Cap'n Kid. I double-shotted the guns, stationed the crew at quarters, and returned reply that they couldn't have him; then they run up the black-flag and allowed they'd blow the ship out of water. With that I declined to hold further communication, cleared for action, and prepared to repel boarders."

In the mean time Serge was talking to the natives in Chinook jargon. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"They are Chilkats, Phil, and they want something that they seem to think is in Nel-te's possession."

"In Nel-te's possession?" repeated Phil, in a puzzled tone.

"What can they mean? I don't see how they can know anything about Nel-te, anyway. They can't mean the fur-seal's tooth, can they?"

"That is exactly what they do mean!" replied Serge, after asking the natives a few more questions. "They say it is hanging about his neck, inside of his parka."

"How long have these people been here, Mr. Coombs?" queried Phil.

"Not more 'n ten minutes."

"Have they seen Nel-te?"

"No, for he hain't been outside the door."

"Could they have seen him at any time during the day?"

"Not without me knowing it; for he hain't left my side since you boys went away."

"Then it is more certain than ever that there is magic connected with the fur-seal's tooth, and that the Chilkats are in some way involved in it. How else could they possibly have known that it was in our possession, just where to find us, and, above all, the exact position of the tooth at this moment?"

"It surely does look ridicerious," meditated Jalap Coombs; while Serge said he was glad Phil was becoming so reasonable and willing to see things in a true light.

"How did these fellows get here?" asked Phil.
 "They say they came in canoes," replied Serge.
 "Ask them if they will take us to Sitka, provided we will give them the fur-seal's tooth."
 "No; the Indians could not do that."
 "Will they give us a canoe in exchange for it?"
 "They say they will," replied Serge, "if we will go with them to their village, and allow their Shaman (medicine-man) to examine the tooth, and see whether or not it is the genuine article."

"Won't that be awfully out of our way?"
 "Yes. I should think about seventy-five miles; but then we may find a steamer there that will take us to Juneau, or even to Sitka itself."

"It would certainly be better than staying here," reflected Phil. "And I know that neither Serge nor I want to try the mountain trail again after what we have seen to-day. So I vote for going to Chilkat."

"So do I," assented Serge.
 "Same here," said Jalap Coombs; "though if anybody had told me half an hour ago I'd been shipping for a cruise along with them black pirates before supper-time, I'd certainly doubted him. It only goes to prove what my old friend Kite Roberson useter say, which were, 'Them as don't expect nothing is offenest surprised.'"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE TREACHEROUS SHAMAN OF KLUKWAN.

So delighted were the Chilkat hunters to know that they were to have the honor of conveying the fur-seal's tooth back to their tribe, that they wished to start at once. The whites, however, refused to go before morning, and so the Indians returned down the inlet to their camp of the preceding night, where they would cache what seals they had obtained in order to make room in the canoes for their unexpected passengers. They agreed to be back by daylight.

After they were gone, and our travellers had disposed of their simple but highly appreciated meal of goat meat and tea, they gathered about the fire for the last of those "dream-bag talks," as Phil called them, that had formed so pleasant a feature of their long journey. Without saying a word, but with a happy twinkle in his eyes, Jalap Coombs produced a pipe and a small square of tobacco, which he began with great care to cut into shavings.

"Where on earth did you get them?" asked Phil.
 "Found the pipe in yonder rubbish," replied the sailor-man; "and Cap'n Kid give me the 'baccey just now."

"Nel-te gave you the tobacco! Where did he get it?"
 "Dunno. I were too glad to get it to ask questions."
 "Well," said Phil, "the mysteries of this place are beyond finding out."

"This one isn't," laughed Serge; "though I suppose it would be if I hadn't happened to see one of the Indians slip that bit of tobacco into Nel-te's hand."

"What could have been his object in giving such a thing as that to a child?"

"Oh, the Chilkat children use it as well as their elders; and I suppose he wanted to gain Nel-te's good-will, seeing that he is the guardian of the fur-seal's tooth. I shouldn't be surprised if he hoped in some way to get it from the child before we reached the village."

"Which suggests an idea," said Phil, removing the trinket in question from Nel-te's neck and handing it to Serge. "It is hard to say just who the tooth does belong to now, it has changed hands so frequently, but it will be safer for the next day or two with you than anywhere else. Besides, it is only fair that, as it came directly from the Chilkats to you, or, rather, to your father, you should have the satisfaction of restoring it to them."

So Serge accepted from Phil the mysterious bit of ivory that he had given the latter more than a year before in distant New London, and hung it about his neck.

"Last night," said Phil, after this transfer had taken place, "Mr. Coombs and I only needed a pipeful of tobacco and a knowledge of how we were to escape from here to make us perfectly happy. Now we have both."

"The blamed pipe won't draw at all," growled Jalap Coombs.

"While I," continued Phil, "am bothered. I know we must go with those fellows, but I don't trust them, and shall feel uneasy so long as we are in their power."

"Do you think," asked Serge, "that these things go to prove that there isn't any such thing in this world as perfect happiness?"

"No," answered Phil; "only that it is extremely rare. How is it with you, old man? Does the approaching end of our journey promise you perfect happiness?"

"Of no indeed!" cried Serge, vehemently. "In spite of its hardships, I have enjoyed it too much to be glad that it is nearly ended. But most of all, Phil, is the fear that its end means a parting from you; for I suppose you will go right on to San Francisco, while I must stay behind."

"I'm afraid so," admitted Phil. "But, at any rate, old fellow, this journey has given me one happiness that will last as long as I live, for it has given me your friendship, and taught me to appreciate it at its true worth."

"Thank you, Phil," replied Serge, simply. "I value those words from you more than I should from any one else in the world. Now, I want to tell you what I have to thank the journey for besides a friendship. I believe it has shown me what is to be my life-work. You know that missionary at Anvik said he was more in need of teachers than anything else. While I don't know very much, I do know more than those Indian and Eskimo boys, and I did enjoy teaching them. So, if I can get my mother to consent, I am going back to Anvik as soon as I can and offer my services as a teacher."

"It is perfectly splendid of you to think of it," cried Phil, heartily, "and all I can say is that the boys who get you for a teacher are to be envied."

So late did the lads sit up that night talking over their plans and hopes that on the following morning the Indians had arrived and were clamorous for them to start before they were fairly awake. By sunrise they, together with the three dogs, were embarked in a great long-beaked and marvellously-carved Chilkat canoe, hewn from a single cedar log, and painted black. Two of the Indians occupied it with them, while the others and the sledge went in a second but smaller canoe of the same ungraceful design as the first.

As with sail set and before the brisk north breeze that ever sweeps down the glacier the canoes sped away among the ice floes and bergs of the inlet, our boys cast many a lingering backward glance at the little cabin that had proved such a haven to them, and at the stupendous ice-wall gleaming in frozen splendor on their horizon. Under other conditions they would gladly have staid and explored its mysteries. Now they rejoiced at leaving it.

So favoring were the winds that they left Glacier Bay, passed Icy Strait, and headed northward as far as the mouth of Lynn Canal before sunset of that day. During the second day they ran the whole fifty-mile length of the canal, which is the grandest of Alaska's rock-walled fiords, entered Chilkat Inlet, passed the canneries at Pyramid Harbor and Chilkat, which would not be opened until the beginning of the salmon season in June, entered the river, and finally reached Klukwan, the principal Chilkat village.

Here, as the smaller canoe had preceded them and announced their coming, our travellers were welcomed by the entire population of the village. These thronged the beach in a state of wildest excitement, for it was known to all that the long-lost fur-seal's tooth was at last come back to them. Even the village dogs were there, a legion of snarling, flea-bitten curs. Ere the canoe touched the beach, Musky, Luvtku, and big Amook were among them, and a battle was in progress that completely drowned the cries of the spectators with its uproar. The fighting was continued with only brief intervals throughout the night; but in the morning the three champions from the Yukon were masters of the situation, and roamed the village with bushy tails proudly curled over their backs, and without interference. "For all the world," said Phil, "like the Three Musketeers."



THEY WERE WELCOMED BY THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF KLUKWAN.

The guests of the village were escorted to the council-house, to which were also taken their belongings. Here they were supplied with venison, salmon, partridges, and dried berries; and here, after supper, they received many visitors all anxious for a sight of the magic tooth. Most prominent of these were the head Shaman of the village, and the principal woman of the tribe, whose name was so unpronounceable that Phil called her "The Princess," a title with which she seemed well pleased.

She was the widow of Kloh-kutz, most famous of Chilkat chiefs, and the one who had presented the fur-seal's tooth to Serge Belcofsky's father. On the occasion of this visit she wore a beautifully embroidered dress, together with a Chilkat blanket of exquisite fineness thrown over her shoulders like a shawl, and fastened at the throat with a stout safety-pin. The Princess devoted herself to Serge, whom she evidently considered the most important person in the party, and to little Nel-te, who took to her at once. While she pronounced the fur-seal's tooth to be the same that had belonged to her husband, the Shaman shook his head doubtfully. Then it was handed from one to another of a number of lesser Shamans and chiefs for inspection. Suddenly one of these dropped it to the floor, and, when search was made, it could not be found.

Phil was furious at the impudence of this trick. Even Serge was indignant, while Jalap Coombs said it was just what might be expected from land sharks and pirates.

The Shaman insisted that the tooth was not lost, but had disappeared of its own accord. If it were not the same fur-seal's tooth that belonged to their tribe in former years, it would not be seen again. If it were, it would appear within a few days attached to a hideously carved representation of Hurtle, the thunder-bird that stood in one of Kloh-kutz's houses, now used as a place for incantation.

"We don't care anything about all that!" exclaimed Phil, when this was translated to him. "Tell him he can do as he pleases with the tooth, so long as he gives us the canoe we have bargained for."

To this the Shaman replied that they should surely have a canoe as soon as the tooth proved its genuineness by re-appearing. In the mean time, if they were in such a hurry to get away that they did not care to wait, he had a very fine canoe that he would let them have at once in exchange for their guns and their dogs. "You may tell him that we will wait," replied Phil, grimly, "but you need not tell him what is equally true that we shall only wait until we find a chance to help ourselves to the best canoe and take French leave."

So they waited, though very impatiently, in Klukwan for nearly a week, during which time Phil had ample op-

portunities for studying Chilkat architecture and totem poles. The houses of the village were all built of heavy hewn planks set on end. They had bark or plank roofs, with a square opening in each for the egress of smoke. Many of them had glass windows and ordinary doors; but in others the doors were placed so high from the ground as to be reached by ladders on both outside and inside. The great totem poles that stood before every house were ten, twenty, or thirty feet tall, and covered with heraldic carvings from bottom to top.

During this time of waiting the Shaman made repeated offers to sell the strangers a canoe, all of which were indignantly declined. That they did not appropriate one to their own use was for the very simple reason that all, except a few very small or leaky canoes, mysteriously disappeared from the village that first night.

At length the tricky medicine-man was forced to yield to the threats of the Princess, who had taken the part of our travellers from the first, and to popular clamor. He therefore announced one evening that he had been informed during a vision that the fur-seal's tooth would reappear among them on the morrow.

On the following morning Phil and his companions were aroused by a tremendous shouting and firing of guns, all of which announced that the happy event had taken place.

"Now," cried Phil, "perhaps we will get our canoe."

But there were no canoes to be seen on the beach, and the Shaman coolly informed them that, though the precious tooth had indeed come back to dwell with the Chilkats, they would still be obliged to wait until some of the canoes returned from the hunting expeditions on which they had all been taken.

At this Phil fell into such a rage that, regardless of consequences, he was on the point of giving the old fraud a most beautiful thrashing, when his uplifted arm was startlingly arrested by the deep boom of a heavy gun that seemed to come from the mouth of the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Cynthia asked at Mrs. Parker's door if that lady were at home it was not necessary for her to give her name. The maid recognized Miss Trinkett at once.

"Yes, she's at home, ma'am. And won't you please step into the parlor, Miss Trinkett? Mrs. Parker'll be glad to see you."

Mrs. Parker came hurrying down.

"Dear Miss Trinkett, how are you? Why, I should scarcely have known you! What have you done to yourself?"

Cynthia laughed her great-aunt's high *staccato* laugh.

"Well, now, I want to know, Mrs. Parker! Don't you see what it is? Why, my nieces at Oakleigh, they saw right away what the difference was. I thought 'twas about time I was keeping up with the fashions, and so I bought me a fine new piece of hair for my front. I was growing somewhat gray, and I thought 'twas best to keep young on Silas's account. It isn't that I care for myself, but you have to be particular about men-folks, as you'll know when you've seen as much of them as I have."

Cynthia was a good actress, and she carried herself precisely as Miss Betsey did, and imitated her voice to perfection.

She repeated some of her aunt's best-known tales, and good Mrs. Parker never dreamed of the possibility of her caller being any one but worthy Miss Betsey Trinkett, of Wayborough, whom she had known for years.

Mrs. Parker was a great talker, and usually she was obliged to fight hard to surpass Miss Trinkett in that respect. During the first part of the call to-day it was as difficult as usual, but Mrs. Parker presently made a remark which reduced her visitor to a state of alarming silence.

"I suppose you have come to announce the news," said the hostess, smiling sympathetically.

"Now I don't know a bit of news. Why, my dear Mrs. Parker, Silas and I we never—"

"Ah, but this has nothing to do with Silas, though it may affect you, more or less. Surely you know what I am alluding to?"

"I haven't the least idea."

And Cynthia bridled with curiosity on her own account as well as Aunt Betsey's. She thought something interesting must be coming.

"Well, now, to

think of my being the one to tell you something about your own family! I don't know whether I ought to, but I think it must be true, and you'll hear it in other ways soon enough. You know I have relatives in Albany, where she lives."

"Where who lives?"

"Miss Gordon, Hester Gordon. They say—but, of course, I don't know that it's true, it may be just report, but they do say—I don't know whether I ought to tell you, I declare! that it won't be long before she's Mrs. Franklin."

"Mrs. Franklin?"

"Yes, Mrs. John Franklin. Hasn't your nephew told you? Well, well, these men! They do beat all for keeping things quiet."

"Is it true?"

It was Cynthia's natural voice that asked this question. She quite forgot that she was supposed to be Miss Betsey Trinkett.

"I suppose it is. But, dear me, Miss Trinkett, don't be worried! Seems to me you look very queer, though I can't see your face very well through that veil, and you with your back to the light. Your voice sounds sort of unnatural, too," added Mrs. Parker. "Let me get you some water."

"Oh no, it is nothing," said Cynthia, who had quickly recovered herself, and was now summoning all her energy



"YOUR VOICE SOUNDS SORT OF UNNATURAL, TOO," ADDED MRS. PARKER.

to finish the call in a proper manner. "You surprised me, that's all, and I never did care much for surprises. But I think there's not much truth in that, Mrs. Parker. I don't believe my fa—nephew is going to be married again. In fact, I'm very sure he is not." And she nodded her head emphatically.

"Ah, my dear Miss Trinkett, you never can tell. Sometimes a man's family is the last to hear those things. And it will be a good match, too. She comes of an old family, and she has a great deal of money. The Gordons are all rich."

"Do you suppose he'd care for that?" exclaimed her visitor, wrathfully.

"Well, well, one never knows! And think how much better it would be for the children. Edith is too young to have so much care, and they say Cynthia runs wild most of the time, just like a boy. Indeed, I call it a very good thing. Though I must say she is a pretty brave woman to take on herself the care of that family."

Here "Miss Betsey" suddenly darted for the door. It could be endured no longer. Mrs. Parker bade her farewell, and then went back to tell her daughters that Miss Trinkett was sadly changed. Though she was still so young in appearance, she was evidently very much broken.

For some time Jack could obtain no reply to his questions, but at last Cynthia's resolution broke down, and she burst into tears. They had turned into a shady lane instead of going directly home, and there was no danger of meeting any one.

"Jack, Jack!" she moaned, "I'll have to tell you. Mrs. Parker says papa is going to be married again! What shall we do! What shall we do!"

For answer Jack indulged in a prolonged whistle. "Isn't it the most dreadful thing you ever heard of? Jack, how shall we ever endure it?"

"Well, it mayn't be as bad as you think. If she's nice—" "Oh, Jack, she won't be! Stepmothers are never nice. I never in my life heard of one that was. She'll be horrid to us all."

"Oh, I say, that's nonsense. If you were to marry a widower with a lot of children you'd be nice to them."

"Jack, the very idea! I marry a widower with a lot of children! I'd like to see myself doing such a thing!"

Cynthia almost forgot her present troubles in her wrath at her brother's suggestion.

"Well, after all it may not be true. Because Mrs. Parker says so, doesn't prove it. Where did she hear it?"

"From some of her Albany relations, I suppose. The— the lady lives there. But, oh, Jack! Do you think there is any chance of its not being true?" cried Cynthia, catching at the least straw of hope.

"Why, of course! Father hasn't told us, and you can't believe all the gossip you hear," said Jack, loftily.

"Perhaps it isn't true, after all," exclaimed Cynthia, drying her eyes and smiling once more, "and I've been boo-hooing all for nothing! I shan't say a word about it to Edith, and don't you either, Jack. It isn't worth while to worry her, and Mrs. Parker is a terrible gossip."

They went home, and Cynthia gave her sister a gay account of her visit, carefully omitting all exciting items, and then she helped Edith put away some of the things, and finally was free to go on the river in the afternoon. Jack, boylike, had forgotten all about Mrs. Parker's news. He did not believe it, and therefore it was not worth thinking of. But Cynthia's mind was not so easily diverted. She did not believe it, either, but then it might be true, and if it were, what was to be done? It seemed as if a worse calamity could not happen.

Jack, her usual companion on the river, was busy with some carpentry. He was making a "brooder" like one he had bought, to serve as a home for the little chicks when they should be hatched. He used the "barn chamber" for a workshop, and the sound of his saw and his hammer could be heard through the open window.

Cynthia was deeply interested in poultry-raising, but she wished it did not consume so much of her brother's time and attention.

Edith was going to the village to an afternoon tea at the

Morgans'. Gertrude Morgan was her most intimate friend, and all the nicest girls and boys would be there to talk over a tennis tournament. Cynthia was rather sorry that she had not been asked. She said to herself that she would be of more value in the discussion than Edith, for she really played tennis, while Edith merely stood about looking graceful and pretty. However, she had not been invited, and, after all, the river was more fun than any afternoon tea.

One of the men put the canoe in the water for her, and, with a huge stone to act as ballast, she paddled up stream, browsing along the banks looking for wild flowers, or steering her way through the rocks, of which the river was very full just at this point.

Cynthia, fond as she was of companionship, being of an extremely sociable disposition, was never lonely on her beloved river.

Edith dressed herself carefully and drove off to the tea. She looked very attractive in her spring gown of gray and her large black hat, and as she studied herself in the small old-fashioned mirror that hung in her room she felt quite pleased with her appearance.

"If I only had more nice gloves I should be satisfied," she thought. "It is so horrid to be saving up one pair, and having to wear such old things for driving and whisk them off just before I get to a place and put on the good ones. And a handsome parasol would be so nice. I don't think I'll take this old thing. I don't really need one today. I wonder where the children are. I ought to look them up, I suppose, but they are all right, somewhere, and it is getting late. After all, why should I always be the one to run after those children?"

And then she drove away to Brenton, leaving house-keeping cares behind her, and prepared for a pleasant afternoon.

About half a dozen boys and girls had already arrived at the Morgans' when Edith drove in. It was a fine old house standing far back from the road, and surrounded with shady grounds. The river was at the back. A smooth and well-kept tennis-court was on the left of the drive as one approached the house, and here the guests were assembled.

"Oh, here's Edith Franklin at last!" cried Gertrude Morgan, while her brother went forward, and, after helping Edith to alight, took her horse and drove down to the stable.

Presently all the tongues were buzzing, each one suggesting what he or she considered the very best plan for holding a tournament. It was finally arranged to have it at the tennis club rather than at the Morgans', as had at first been thought best, and it would be open to all the comers who had reached the age of fourteen.

"That is very young," said Gertrude, "but we really ought to have it open to Cynthia Franklin. She is one of the best players in Brenton."

"By all means," said her brother, who was always on the side of the Franklins, "and, Edith, you'll play with me, won't you, in mixed doubles?"

"Oh, I don't play well enough!" exclaimed Edith. "Thank you ever so much, Dennis, but you had better ask some one else. I don't think I'll play."

Every one objected to this, but it was finally settled that Edith should act as one of the hostesses for the important occasion, which was greatly to her satisfaction. She rather enjoyed moving slowly and gracefully about, pouring tea and lemonade, and handing it to the poor, heated players, who were obliged to work so hard for their fun.

They were startled by the sound of the clock on the church across the road. It struck six, and Edith rose in haste.

"I must go," she said. "I had no idea it was so late! Those children have probably gotten into all kinds of mischief while I've been away, and papa will not be home until late, so I am not to wait in the village for him."

The others looked after her as she drove away.

"Isn't she the sweetest, dearest girl?" cried Gertrude. "And won't it be hard for her if her father marries again, as every one says he is going to do? But, after all, it may be a good thing, for then Edith wouldn't have to do so

much for the children. I wonder if she knows about it? She hasn't breathed a word of it, even to me."

Janet and Willy, the inseparable but ever-fighting pair, came in at the side door, not very long after Edith went to the village. They found the house empty and the coast clear, and their active brains immediately set to work to solve the question of what mischief they could do.

They wandered into the big silent kitchen. The servants were upstairs, and beyond the buzzing of a fly on the window-pane and the singing of the kettle on the range perfect quiet reigned.

"Let's go down and see the ink-baker," suggested Willy.

"All right," returned Janet, affably, and down they pattered as fast as their sturdy little legs could carry them.

They peered in through the glass front at the eggs, which lay so peacefully within.

"It must be terrible stupid in there," said Janet, pityingly. "Shouldn't you think those chickens would be tired of waiting to come out?"

"Yes. We might crack a lot and help 'em out."

"Oh, no. Jack says they won't be ready for two days. But I'll tell you what we might do. We might see whether it's hot enough for 'em in there. I guess Jack's forgotten all about 'em. I don't believe he's been near 'em to-day, nor Martha, either."

"How d'yer find out whether it's hot enough?"

"I don't know. Guess you open the door, and put your hand in and feel."

For Janet had never been taught the significance of the thermometer inside, and knew nothing of the proper means of ventilating the machine.

No sooner said than done. One of the doors was promptly opened, and two fat hands were thrust into the chamber.

"My goodies, it's hot there!" cried Janet. "We ought to cool it off. Let's leave the door open and turn down the lamp, and open the cellar window."

Mounted on an old barrel, Janet, at the risk of her life, struggled in vain with the window. She chose one that was never used, and it refused to respond to her efforts. Then she descended, and returned to the incubator.

"Can't do it," she said. "But I'll tell you what we'll do."

"What?" asked the ever-ready Willy.

"Pour some ice water over 'em. That'll cool 'em nicely."

They travelled up the cellar stairs to the "cooler," which stood in the hall.

"Wish we had a pitcher," said Janet. "You take the tum'ler, and I'll get a dipper."

It required several journeys to and fro to sufficiently cool the eggs, according to their way of thinking, but at last it was accomplished, with much dripping of water and splashing of clean clothes.

The water-cooler was left empty, and the incubator was in a state of dampness alarming to behold.

"There; I guess it's cool enough now!" said Janet, when the last trip had been taken.

Alas, the mercury, which should have remained at 103°, had dropped quietly down to 70°.

"I'd like to see what's in those eggs," said Willy, meditatively. "D'yer s'pose they're chickies yet?"

"I guess so. I'd like to see, too. I'll tell you what, Willy? Let's take one, and carry it off and see."

"All right. I'll be the one to take it. What 'll Jack say?"

"He won't mind. Just one egg, and he has such a lot. And we've been helping him lots this afternoon, cooling 'em off so nicely. But I'll be the one to take it."

"No, me!"

"Let's both do it," said Janet, for once anxious to avoid a quarrel. "I speak for that big one over there," and she abstracted one from the "thermometer row," the row that was most important and precious in the eyes of the owner of the machine.

"And I'll take this one. It's awful heavy, and I guess de dear little chicken 'll be glad to get out and have some nice fresh air."

"Let's go down behind the carriage-house and look at 'em."

They fastened the door of the incubator, and departed with their treasures.

Half an hour later, Jack, having finished his work, came whistling into the house. He would go down and have a look at the machine, and then walk up the river-bank to meet Cynthia, whom he had seen as she paddled off early in the afternoon.

His first glance at the thermometer gave him a shock—75° it registered. What had happened? He looked at the lamp which heated the chambers, and found that it had been turned down very low. What could Martha have been thinking of, when he told her it was so important to keep up the temperature this last day or so? The day after to-morrow he expected the hatching to begin, and he had closed the door of the incubator that morning. It was not to be opened again until the chicks were out.

Jack was on tiptoe with excitement. If they came out well, what a triumph it would be! If they failed, what would his father say?

He looked again, and a most unexpected sight met his eyes. Water was dripping from the trays, and the fine gravel beneath had become mud.

And there was a vacant space in the tray. An egg had gone—and it was from the third row, the row which he had been so careful about, which contained the best eggs.

And, yes, surely there was another hole. Another egg gone! What could have happened?

He ran up stairs three steps at a time, shouting for Martha.

"What have you been doing, Martha?" he cried. "Two eggs are gone, and the thermometer way below 80°, and all that water!"

"Sure, Mr. Jack, I haven't been there at all! You were at home yourself to-day, and I never go near the place of a Saturday."

"Well, some one has been at it. Where's Cynthia? Where's Edith? Why isn't somebody at home to attend to things?"

No one could be found. Jack rushed frantically about, and at last heard the sound of wheels. Edith was returning from the tea. And at the same moment, around the corner of the house came Cynthia, leading two crying children.

They all met on the front porch.

"They've been up to mischief, Jack," said Cynthia; "I hope they haven't done much harm. I found them on the bank behind the carriage-house. They must have been at the incubator, for they had two eggs and the chickens are dead. And they are two bad, naughty children!"

Even Cynthia the peacemaker had been stirred to righteous wrath by the sight on the river-bank.

"You rascals!" cried Jack, in a fury, shaking them each in turn; "I'd like to lick you to pieces! You've ruined the whole hatch."

"Go straight to bed," said Edith, sternly; "you are the very worst children I ever knew. I ought not to leave the house a minute. You can't be trusted at all."

They all went in, scolding, storming, and crying. In the midst of the confusion Mr. Franklin arrived, earlier than he had been expected. It was some minutes before he could understand the meaning of the uproar.

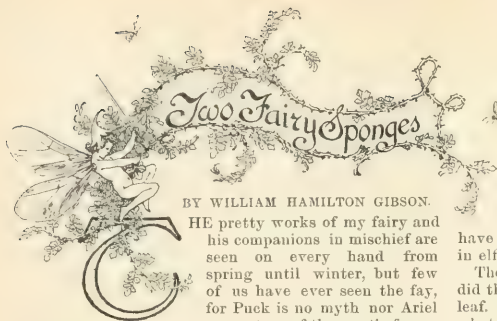
He looked about from one to the other.

"It only serves to justify me in a conclusion that I have reached," he said. "You are all too young to be without some one to look after you. Take the children to bed, Edith, and then come to me. I have something to tell you."

Edith, wondering, did as she was told. Cynthia gave Jack one despairing look and fled from the room. Her worst fears were on the point of being realized.

And after tea, when they were sitting as usual in the long parlor, Mr. Franklin, with some hesitation and much embarrassment, informed them that he was engaged to be married to Miss Hester Gordon, of Albany.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

THE pretty works of my fairy and his companions in mischief are seen on every hand from spring until winter, but few of us have ever seen the fay, for Puck is no myth nor Ariel a creature of the poet's fancy. Their prototype existed in entomological entity and demoralizing mischievousness ages before the traditional fay, in diminutive human form, had been dreamt of. The quaint bow-legged little "brownies" which have brought our entire land beneath the witching spell of their drollery can scarce claim prestige in the ingenuity of their mischief, nor can the droll doings of imps and elves chronicled in the folk-lore of many an ancient people begin to match the actual doings of the real, live, busy little fairy whose works abound in meadow, wood, and copse, and which any of us may discover if we can once be brought to realize that our imp is visible. Then we must not forget that ideal type of the true "fairy"—a paragon of beauty and goodness, with golden hair and dazzling crown of brilliants, with her airy costume of gossamer begemmed and spangled, her dainty twinkling feet and gorgeously painted butterfly wings. And we all remember that wonderful wand which she carried



THE INHABITED ROSE SPONGE.

so gracefully, and whose simple touch could evoke such a train of surprising consequences.

And who shall say that our pretty fay is a myth, or her magic wand a wild creation of the fancy? May we not see the wonder-workings of that potent wand on every hand, even though our fairy has eluded us while she cast the spell? There are a host of these wee fairies continually flitting about among the trees plotting all sorts of mischief, and leaving an astonishing witness of their visitation in their trail as they pass from leaf to leaf or twig to twig. But these fairies, like those of Grimm and Laboulaye, are agile little atoms, and are not to be caught in their pranks if they know it, and even though our eye chanced to rest on one of them, it is doubtful whether we would recognize him, so different is the guise of these *real* fairies from those invented creatures of the books. Once, when a mere boy, I caught one of the little imps at work, and watched her for several minutes without dreaming that I had been looking at a real fairy all this time. What did I see? I was sitting in a clearing, partly in the shade of a sapling growth

of oak which sprang from the trunk of a felled tree. While thus half reclining I noticed a diminutive black wasplike insect upon one of the oak leaves close to my face.

The insect seemed almost stationary and not inclined to resent my intrusion, so I observed her closely. I soon discovered that she was inserting her sting into the midstem of the leaf, or, perhaps, withdrawing it therefrom, for in a few moments the midge flew away. I remember wondering what the insect was trying to do, and not until years later did I realize that I had been witnessing the secret arts of the magician of the insect world—a very Puck or Ariel, as I have said—a fairy with a magic wand which any sprite in elfdom might covet.

The wand of Hermann never wrought such a wonder as did this magic touch of the little black fly upon the oak leaf. Had I chanced to visit the spot a few weeks later, what a beautiful red-cheeked apple could I have plucked from that hemstitched leaf!

This was but one of a veritable swarm of mischief-making midges everywhere flitting among the trees; and while they are quite as various in their shapes as the traditional forms of fairies—the cupbes and imps, the gnomes and elves of quaintest mien, as well as the dainty fays and sylphs and sprites—there is one feature common to them all which annihilates the ideal of all the pictorial authorities on fairydom. Neither Grimm, nor Laboulaye, nor any of the masters of fairy lore seems to have discovered that a fairy has no right to those butterfly wings which the pages of books show us. Those of the real fairy are quite different, being narrow and glassy, and bear the magician's peculiar sign in their crisscross veins.

What a world of mischief is going on here in the fields! Here is one of the witching sprites among the drooping blossoms of the oak. "You would fain be an acorn," she says, as she pierces the tender blossoms with her wand, "but I charge thee bring forth a string of currants"; and immediately the blossoms begin to obey the behest, and ere long a mimic string of currants droops upon the stem. Upon another tender branch near by a jet-black gauze-winged elf is casting a similar spell, which is this time followed by a tiny downy pink-cheeked peach. And here alights a tiny sprite, whose magic touch evokes even from the same leaf a cherry, or a coral bead, perhaps a huge green apple! How many of us have seen the little elf



THE ELFIN SPONGE OF THE BRIER ROSE.



THE ELFIN SPONGE OF THE OAK.

that spends her life among the tangles of creeping cinquefoil, and decks its stems with those brilliant scarlet beads which we may always find upon them, looking verily like tempting berries.

We see here about us swarms of these

busy elves in obedience to their own peculiar mischievous promptings. What whispers this glittering midge to the oak twig here to which she clings so closely? We may not guess; but if we pass this way a month or so hence what a beautiful response in the glistening rosy-clouded sponge which encircles the stem! "But this sponge is not pretty enough by half," exclaims a rival fairy. "Wait until you see what yonder sweet-brier rose will do for me." Hovering thither among its thorns she imparts her spell, and, lo! within a month the stem is clothed in emerald fringe, which grows apace, until it has become a dense pompon of deep crimson—a sponge worthy the toilet of the fairy queen herself!



THE ROSE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

Who shall still say that the fairy is a myth! These two fairy sponges are familiar to us all, at least to those of us who dwell for even a small part of the year in the country and use our eyes.

Indeed, we need go no further than our city parks, or even our "back-yard" gardens to find at least one of them, for the sweet-brier is rarely neglected by this particular fairy.

So many specimens of both of these sponges have been sent to me by ROUND TABLE correspondents and others, that I have begun to wonder how many of those other young people who have seen them and kept silence have wondered at their secret.

The two fairies which are responsible for these sponges have been captured by the inquisitive scientist, and have

had their portraits taken for the rogues' gallery, and now we see them stuck upon tiny little three-cornered pieces of paper, and pinned in the specimen case as mere insects—gall-flies. The one is labelled *Cynips seminator*, the other, *Cynips rosa*.

And now the prosaic entomologist proceeds to supplant fact for fancy. This gall-fly is a sort of cousin to the wasps, but what we would

call its sting is more than a mere sting. Like a sting, it seems to puncture the bark or leaf, and at the same time probably to inject its drop of venom; but at the same time it conveys to the depths of the wound a tiny egg, or perhaps a host of them. One gall-fly is thus a magician in chemistry, at least, for no sooner are these eggs deposited than the wounded branch begins to swell and form a cellular growth or tumor about them, the character of this abnormal growth depending upon the peculiar charm of the venomous touch—to one a tiny coral globe, to another a cluster of spines, to another a curved horn, and to our cynips of the white or scrub oak a peculiar globular spongy growth which completely envelops the stem, sometimes to the size of a small apple. In its prime it is a beautiful object, with its fibrous glistening texture studded with pink points. But this condition lasts but a few days, when the entire mass becomes brownish and woolly, which fact has given this insect the common name of "wool-sower."



THE FAIRY USING HER MAGIC WAND.

And now we must lose no time if we would follow its history to its complete cycle. If we put one of these faded sponges in a tight-closed box, we shall in a few days learn the secret of its being. For this singular mimic fruit, which

we would follow its history to its complete cycle. If we put one of these faded sponges in a tight-closed box, we shall in a few days learn the secret of its being. For this singular mimic fruit, which



THE REAL FAIRY OF THE OAK SPONGE.

A. One of the points detached. B. Section of the base.

C, D *Cynips* emerging.

has sprung at the behest of the gall-fly, like other fruits, has its seeds—seeds which are animated with peculiar life, and which sprout in a way we would hardly expect. Within a fortnight after gathering, perhaps, we find our box swarming with tiny black flies, while if we dissect the sponge we find its long-beaked seeds entirely empty, and each with a clean round hole gnawed through its shell, explaining this host of gall-flies, all similar to the parent of a few weeks since, and all bent on the same mischief when you shall let them loose at the window.

The beautiful sponge of the sweet-brier has been called into being by exactly similar means. And its hard woody centre is packed full of cells, at first each with its tiny egg, and then with its plump larva, followed by the chrysalis, and at length by the emergence of the full-fledged *Cynips rosæ*.

This sponge-gall of the rose is commonly known as the Bedegnar, and like all other members of its tribe, as with the familiar oak-apple, was long supposed to be a regular accessory fruit of its parent stalk. Among early students were many superstitions connected with the Bedegnar, the nature of which may readily be inferred from its other common name of "Robin's Pin-cushion."



This Department is conducted in the interest of Stamp and Coin Collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

A LIST OF DON'TS FOR STAMP COLLECTORS.

DON'T paste your stamps into your albums, but use "stickers" or "hinges."

Don't use any old copy-book if you can afford to buy an album. Dealers can supply albums at any price from twenty-five cents upward.

Don't trim your stamps. Many valuable stamps have been ruined by this process.

Don't cut envelope stamps to shape. Cut them out square, leaving a good margin on all sides.

Don't handle your stamps any more than you can help.

Don't buy rare stamps from any but responsible dealers. Some counterfeits resemble the genuine stamps marvelously. No one not an expert could tell them apart.

Don't buy Chinese locals, "Seebecks," and other philatelic trash, which is made purposely for sale to stamp collectors.

Don't expect to get something for nothing.

FRANK P. HELSBELL.—The U. S. 12c. 1872 issue is worth 15 cents. The 50c green Mauritius 1860 issue is worth 60 cents, unused; 85 cents, used. The "U. S. Post" is the 1864 issue; worth 15 cents.

W. L. L. P.—Most of the Heligoland stamps sold are reprints. They are worth 3 cents each. Originals are worth from 15 cents to 45 each.

JAMES H. CRIGHTON.—The two stamps are the 3c. 1861 and 1872. They are sold by stamp-dealers at 1 cent each.

J. A. M.—There is no premium on the 1872 U. S. 1c. coin.

R. F. B.—The U. S. 2c. stamp bearing a representation of a horseman is the 1869 issue, worth 8 cents used, 25 cents unused.

J. DUFF.—The coin-dealers ask \$1.50 for good copies of the 1877 trade dollar. There are several varieties of the 1861 and 1797 copper cents, worth from 25 cents to \$3 each, according to condition. There is no premium on the Canadian coin.

G. G. BEATTIE.—Write to any stamp-dealer whose address you find in our advertising columns. We cannot give addresses in this Department. The German coin mentioned has no premium.

HARRY RILEY, BRIDGES, Maine, wants to correspond with some members of the ROUND TABLE living in Central or South America. Most of the Hamburg stamps in albums are reprints. When the word "cancelled" is printed on a stamp it cannot be used for postage. It is simply a "specimen" or fac-simile. The Hong-Kong stamps mentioned by you have not yet been cancelled.

G. KNAPP.—Many thanks for calling my attention to the three vari-

ties of the present 2c. U. S. (1) The variety in which the horizontal lines run across the triangular ornaments in uniform thickness. (2) That in which the horizontal lines between the outer and inner lines of the ornaments are deepened. (3) That in which the lines are entirely missing between the outer and inner lines of the ornaments. All three were known, and in addition there is the variety showing a flaw in the forehead. This is sometimes found strongly marked; in others it is more or less distinct. I advise philatelists to collect all these varieties, as well as all the shades of color, which are almost innumerable.

LAURA WELCH.—Both the stamp and the embossed envelope were used by the War Department for several years. This use has been discontinued many years. The stamp is worth 5 cents, the 1c. envelope, if on white paper, is worth \$2.50, if on amber paper \$35, if on manila paper 5 cents.

L. P. DODGE.—The stamp you describe is one of the German locals which are not collected in this country. There are many counterfeits of the New Orleans Confederate local. It is impossible to say whether your copy is genuine or counterfeit without examination.

H. R. C.—The present blue Special Delivery is collected as a new variety. The Sedaag stamps are worthless. Your complaint will be investigated if you will send the Stamp Editor your full name and address.

F. E. WELSH, JUN.—"Regular" perforations cut out little circles of white paper between each stamp on the sheet. "Pin" perforations are simply holes punched into the spaces between the stamps without removing the little circles of white paper. Saw-tooth perforations are simply cuts into the spaces between the stamps somewhat like this—x v x v x. When the stamps are torn apart the margins look just like the teeth on a saw. The Columbian stamps are rapidly advancing in value. The 3c. Sherman has dropped in value during the past year from 4 cents to a ½ cent each.

JAMES F. ANDERSON.—The stamp you describe is the New Orleans local. It is worth at least \$1.50.

A. W. DENMAN.—The 1830 half-dollar is not at a premium.

R. B. H.—The 3c. green U. S. is worth 1 cent.

F. LOOKER.—The 1853 dime is worth face value only.

GEO. H.—We cannot answer questions regarding dealers in this column.

B. W. LEAVITT.—The 50c. revenue-stamps mentioned are sold by dealers at 2 cents each.

C. C. COONEL.—The 1c. blue 1861 is worth 3 cents; the others are worth 1 cent each.

PHILATIS.

THAT SLEIGHT-OF-HAND PERFORMANCE.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

IT had been a very dull winter at Colby, and when we college boys came home for our Christmas vacation we determined we would liven it up for the village.

As it happened, curiously enough, a funeral was the cause of the lively time that followed our determination.

Old Father-Colby, one of the original settlers, had died the week before, leaving a wife and three orphaned grandchildren in the old homestead, and, as it turned out, very destitute. So the idea occurred to us to get up a benefit entertainment, and turn over the proceeds to the widow Colby and her family of grandchildren.

The idea took with the neighborhood. And we at once rented the Town-hall, and proceeded to bill the village and every barn in the township with the notices of our performance.

There were three of us: Tom Chandler, Jonas Willits, and myself, Peter Samuels. We were the only village boys who had ever been to college, and we were the envy of all the farmers' boys and the admiration of all the village girls. So we made the most of our brief vacations to get into public notice.

We determined to give a sleight-of-hand performance. Tom sent down to Boston for materials, and we all practised diligently, keeping everything as secret as if we were in a conspiracy against the United States.

Our announcements, which were scattered all over the township, were certainly very attractive. They read as follows:

"Extraordinary Performance to be given at the Town-hall, Colby, December 20, 18—. Marvellous Feats of Prestidigitatorism! The Egg and the Handkerchief! The Watch Mortar and Magic Pistol!

"The Handkerchief that will not Burn! The Padding in the Hat! The Inexhaustible Bottle! And Numerous other Marvels and Mysteries lately Imported from India and the East!

"The above Unrivalled Performance will be given for only 25 cents admission. Proceeds to be devoted to Benevolent Cause. Doors open at 7.30. Performance to begin at 8. Come early and avoid being turned away. No reserved seats. Carriages may be ordered for ten o'clock."

We debated some over the last line on the handbills, but finally decided to let it go in. It made the bills look more cosmopolitan and did no harm.

Tom and Jonas were to be the principal performers. I was general ticket agent and business and stage manager. We all had our dress suits with us, and, of course, we wore them when the time came.

Well, that was the largest crowd that ever came to an entertainment in Colby. There hadn't been anything going on all winter. Most of the young people had never seen any sleight-of-hand tricks, and all the old people turned out to help Grandma Colby. Before eight o'clock the hall was jammed. Every seat was taken, and people crowded into the broad aisle and sat on the platform, and stood up all around in a black fringe against the wall.

We had rigged up a curtain in front of the narrow platform, and at eight o'clock, when the hall was so full that no more people could get into it, the curtain was pulled aside by Peter Samuels, the stage director, and revealed the Magician's Home.

The first trick on the programme was "The Egg and the Handkerchief." Jonas was behind the table acting as Tom's assistant, while I was stationed just out of sight behind a fold of the curtain, ready to step in at the right moment, for the trick required the use of three persons.

It was simple enough, and yet Tom's blunder at the start led to the ridiculous accident which was the first of a series that made that sleight-of-hand performance a thing for Colby people to reckon time from.

The trick was, first, for Tom to produce an egg from Jonas's mouth by rapping him on the back of his head, Jonas already having been provided with a guinea-hen's egg secreted in his mouth for the purpose. Then, when the egg appeared, Tom was to pretend to place it in a handkerchief, really substituting for it a china egg of the same size, and slipping the real egg into a little pochette of his dress-coat. What he did, however, was to drop the real egg into the handkerchief, because, as he afterwards said, the china egg stuck in his pochette, and he could not get it out. The next part of the trick was to gather up the four corners of the handkerchief and whirl it around rapidly, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, keep your eyes on my assistant yonder." At that point I stepped out, holding on a plate a very nice-looking sponge-cake previously prepared. Then Tom was to say: "I will now cause the egg in the handkerchief to pass into the cake. Watch closely, ladies and gentlemen."

At that point Tom should have brought the handkerchief around in such a way as to slip the china egg out into his other hand. Theft I was to come forward and cut open the cake, displaying an egg (also china), previously placed within. And then Tom was to have produced the real egg, and in order to prove that it was a real egg within the cake (exchanging the two by palming one of them), he was to break the real one into a dish.

All this, which sounds so complex to describe, was simple enough as we had rehearsed it, and even with Tom's blunder of dropping the real egg in the handkerchief, might have turned out all right if he had not let go one of the corners of the handkerchief as he whirled it around his head. I, Peter Samuels, stage manager and director of that extraordinary performance of "Marvellous Feats of Prestidigitatorism," will never forget my sensations when, as I advanced solemnly with the cake, a white body whizzed through the air and struck me full on my expansive shirt bosom, breaking with a splash, and running down over my vest and trousers in a yellow stream.

I remember the scared look on Jonas's face, the perfectly horrified expression that Tom wore, and also remember dimly wondering if a guinea-fowl's egg would make as large an omelet as that of an ostrich. For it seemed to me as if I was swimming in egg batter.

The next instant the audience broke into a perfect roar

of laughter. I threw the cake down on the table and rushed back of the curtain again, leaving Tom and Jonas to get out of the blunder as best they could, while I wiped off the egg as best I could with my handkerchief.

How that audience did roar! Tom stood with a knife in his hand waiting to cut the cake. He said afterwards he felt mad enough to jump down off the platform and pummel half a dozen big boys on the front seat. But he kept his temper, and when the laugh died down he cut the cake open and showed the egg, saying something about its being a small-sized egg on account of spilling a part of it on the way. So that mystified the people a little and restored the reputation of the performance, at least for a while.

The next trick was an easy one, and went off without any slip, and was applauded. Tom and Jonas had the stage to themselves for a while, and I staid out of sight and scrubbed at the egg. But do what I could, my shirt bosom was ruined.

Then came the "Watch Mortar" trick, and to my dying day I shall never forget how that turned out. Neither will Tom.

We had an apparatus made to resemble an old-fashioned druggists' mortar. It was really made of tin, in two compartments, so that any heavy object dropped into it would depress a false bottom and drop through on a shelf back of the magician's table, at the same time letting into the upper part of the mortar the fragments of an old watch previously pounded into bits. Then Tom was to pretend to smash the borrowed watch, and afterwards fire a pistol at me and take the real watch from my vest pocket, where he would place it when he went back of the scenes for his pistol.

He described his intentions and asked for a watch from the audience. Uncle Job Cavendish, the village barber, handed up an old silver-case time-piece that was worth perhaps \$3.

Tom took it, and after a good deal of talk, dropped it down into the mortar, picked up the ridiculous club used for a pestle, and began to pound away. There was a great smashing sound, and poor Uncle Job looked serious. But he did not begin to look half so serious as Tom did, and I saw in a minute that something was wrong.

He dropped the pestle, and said hurriedly to the audience, "Ladies and gentlemen, I find I have left my pistol in the other room. Excuse me while I run after it."

Then Tom came into the wing where I stood, and jerking his own gold watch out of his pocket, thrust it into mine, and whispered to me fiercely, "That mortar stuck in some way, and I smashed Uncle Job's watch into chicken-feed! Here is mine! I'll have to give him something back, or we'll be mobbed out of the village!"

Then he grabbed up the stage pistol and hurried back. He rammed the remains of Uncle Job's poor watch down the big mouth of the pistol, and I stepped forth, baring my egg-stained bosom to the pistol shot. Bang! went the powder from the false chamber of the pistol, and Tom, with a ghastly smile, stepped up to me and pulled his watch out of my pocket, and with the utmost courage leaned out over the edge of the platform and handed the watch to Uncle Job, saying, "Here you are, sir! Not only as good as new, but changed from silver to gold!"

Uncle Job was so taken by surprise that he sat with open mouth. He took the watch and looked at it in dumb astonishment. The audience was taken as much by surprise as he was.

Tom and Jonas held a hurried consultation, and at once announced the next trick. There was a great deal of confusion in the hall. Several voices shouted out, "Show the silver watch!" Tom paid no attention, and the next half-dozen tricks were so well done that the people applauded, and we began to gain fresh courage.

But alas! The next on the programme was the "Handkerchief that will not burn."

Almost any one with a little practice can pass a handkerchief obliquely through the flame of a candle without burning it. All that is needed is the proper dexterity. And this caution must be heeded. The handkerchief must be free from cologne or perfumery, which contains spirits and is very inflammable.



THEN THE WHOLE HAT SEEMED TO LET GO LIKE A BROKEN RESERVOIR.

This was Jonas's trick. He called for a lady's handkerchief, and who should hand one up but Sally Conners, the prettiest girl in the village, and the one of all with whom Jonas was smitten.

But to the grief of Jonas, Sally was very much addicted to perfumery, and had that evening drenched her handkerchief with it. Jonas lighted the candle, keeping up a running talk about making the handkerchief enchanted, and then he passed it through the flame.

The effect could not have been more certain if he had poured kerosene on the candle. Poor Sally's delicate perfume-drenched handkerchief blazed up in an instant like a display of fireworks. Jonas squeezed his hands around the fragments that were left, and danced around the stage, howling at the sudden pain of the burn. And the audience went wild. I thought it never would stop laughing. Tom was desperate. I could see he meant to conclude the performance before we had ruined our reputations forever.

With becoming modesty he addressed himself to the audience when it had tired of laughing, and announced that the entertainment would close with the startling trick, "The pudding in the hat."

He and Jonas had practised this until they felt sure of it. Like all sleight-of-hand tricks, it is easy enough if properly done.

First Jonas prepared a dish of batter made of eggs broken in, shells and all, a little flour, milk, raisins, and molasses. A ridiculous mixture, from which, he assured the audience, would come forth a beautiful pudding, nicely baked in a stovepipe hat, which he would wear on his own head to prove that there was nothing in it. A sentence which had a double meaning, and to which Jonas fully assented in every particular before the evening was over.

Well, the dish that held the batter was poured into the hat, apparently. Of course it was really poured into a tin which exactly fitted into the hat, and which contained also a second tin concealing the pudding, tipped into it by

Tom at the proper moment. Then the next part of the trick consisted in placing the hat on Jonas's head, while he was to strut about the stage jauntily. Then the hat would be removed, and lo! in the centre of it would be found the pudding nicely baked.

Now, whether Tom made some mistake in getting those tins canted into the hat properly or not will never be known. Perhaps he pulled the hat down too hard over Jonas's brows when he put it on him, and so loosened something. At any rate, Jonas had not taken two steps before a streak of batter was seen running down over his face. Then the whole hat seemed to let go like a broken reservoir, and the milk and molasses and egg and flour streamed down in a shower over the miserable Jonas.

He tried to pull the hat off, and did so, leaving on his head, however, the tins, which gave him the most astonishing appearance possible. Tom fell back on the table in an agony of laughter, and in doing so sat down on the dish that had contained the batter. The audience simply cried itself hoarse with laughter. Sally Conners screamed with all her might, and all the farmers' boys, who were present for miles around, haw-hawed, and the old folks almost died looking at poor Jonas. In the midst of it all, I, Peter Samuels, stage director, drew the curtain, and with the other two performers stole down the back stairs, and made a run for home, and so the great sleight-of-hand performance came to an end.

The Colby people never forgot that performance. We never did, either. Uncle Job kept Tom's watch until he left for college, and then gave it back to him, and Tom bought him a new silver time-piece. The widow Colby and her grandchildren realized a good sum from the entertainment, and the next vacation we three boys spent in the city. I am afraid Jonas has lost the favor of Sally Conners, for she never can speak of him without laughing. But then Sally always did laugh on almost any provocation.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

SO FAR AS IS KNOWN, no schedule of interscholastic track and field records has ever before been printed, and although the table published in this issue is as accurate as can be made under the circumstances, still there are doubtless a few errors scattered around in it somewhere that will be discovered by sharp-eyed readers in the very near future. If the latter will inform this Department of the mistakes as soon as they are found out, the table may be depended upon to be absolutely exact the next time it is printed—and it certainly will be offered in better form. To-day I have been obliged to put two bicycle events and two hammer and shot events on the list, because the interscholastic associations in the various parts of the country are about evenly divided in the choice of distances and the use of weights. I have left out entirely such acrobatic events as the hop, step, and jump, and throwing the baseball, because they are not athletic, and do not deserve to be recognized on any interscholastic programme. Perhaps a year from now the school associations will have come to the conclusion that, take it all in all, it is really better to have a uniform measure of efficiency in sport as well as in anything else, and then a comparative table will be of more value.

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE to gauge the performances of school champions with those of others—college-men and athletic club amateurs—when we have no common ratio? We cannot, of course. For instance, take Beers's record of 15½ sec. in the high hurdles, made at the New York Interscholastics last May. On paper this looks very well. It apparently beats the inter-collegiate record made by Harry Williams in 1891, by one-fifth of a second. But it really does not. Beers ran his race over lower hurdles, and so it is not possible to make a comparison. The hurdles used by the N.Y.I.S.A.A. are only 3 ft. high, whereas the inter-collegiate sticks are 3 ft. 6 in. Some of the interscholastic associations use the standard 3 ft. 6 in. hurdles, but as it was impossible to ascertain exactly what the records were that had been made over these at school meetings in the past, I took the fastest time over the dwarfed hurdles, and let it go in as a fit companion for the 12-lb. shot and hammer and the mile bicycle-race.

IN THE FUTURE, HOWEVER, I shall give little attention to these one-eyed records. The college associations have set up a standard of distance and weight which experience has shown to be a good one. A sufficient number of interscholastic associations have adopted the same standard, thereby making it clearly evident that it is none too high for school-boy athletes. Therefore, in making out a comparative table of college and school records, this Department will accept the standard established by the I.C.A.A.A. and adopted by the majority of the interscholastic associations. If in the near future a general interscholastic league is formed, I feel sure that its legislators will agree with me in this, and will adopt the same course when they lay out their programme.

IT IS TO BE REGRETTED that the Oakland, Cal., High-School athletic team was unable to accept the Stockton High-School's challenge for dual games to be held on June 15th last, but unless something unforeseen turns up the meeting will be held soon after the next school term begins, which is in August. The California schools open about five weeks earlier than our Eastern institutions, and the football season with them, therefore, starts in the closing days of summer. There will also be the semi-annual field day of the Academic Athletic League at about

that time, or in September, and bicycle road races, in which teams from the several schools of the A.A.L. will be matched against one another. At the field day there will be a contest for the all round championship of the Pacific Coast Association. Five or six events will be selected from the programme, and every competitor for the championship will have to compete in each one, the champion to be the winner of the greatest number of points.

THE OBJECT OF THIS athletic Department in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE is not only to criticize and comment upon the various sports of the calendar, but also to explain any intricate points of these games, to answer questions on matters of sport and athletics, and to give all such information as shall justly come under the head of Interscholastic Sport. A number of correspondents have requested that some space be devoted to an explanation of the "100-up" method of scoring in tennis, and to give the rules for odds. This "100-up" method, sometimes called the "Pastime" system, was devised a few years ago to meet the defects of the old system of scoring, which had been handed down to us from the ancient English game of tennis. The latter has a good many disadvantages in spite of its universal use, the chief objection being that it frequently happens in a match that a player scores more strokes, or even more games, than his antagonist, and yet is beaten. This, of course, is manifestly unfair; and as for handicaps, in which more than two players are competing, the complex and unsatisfactory system of adjusting the odds according to the old way is unnecessarily complicated.

THE RULES FOR THE "100-up" method are comparatively simple and very easily remembered after having been used once or twice. The player who serves first must serve six times in succession, and then his opponent does the same, the service changing always after each one has served six consecutive times. One fault and one good service; two faults; or one good service counts as a service. After the first, third, fifth, or, in other words, every alternate series of service, the players change courts, thus making each six successive services one series of services. The first player to score one hundred points wins the game; but the match can be played for any number of points—more or less than a hundred—as the contestants may agree upon beforehand. The usual figure, however, is one hundred. If the score comes to be 99-all, play goes on as before, until one of the players has a majority of two points. He then wins; but no game can be won by a lesser majority than two points.

THE ODDS IN THE REGULAR old-fashioned method of counting are, briefly, thus: A "bisque" is one point that can be taken by the receiver of the odds at any time during the set except after a service is delivered, or, if he is serving, after a fault. "Half fifteen" is one stroke given at the beginning of the second, fourth, and every alternate game of a set, and "fifteen" is one stroke given at the beginning of every game. In the same way "thirty" is two strokes given at the beginning of every game, whereas "half thirty" is one stroke given at the beginning of the first game, two at the beginning of the second, one at the beginning of the third, and so on, two and one, alternately, until the end of the set. "Forty" is three strokes before every game, "half forty" three and two, alternately, as before. "Owed odds" signifies that the giver of the odds starts behind scratch. Thus "owe half fifteen" means that one stroke is owed at the beginning of the first, third, fifth, and every alternate game of the set. Other "owed odds" are reckoned inversely in the same manner as given odds.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

INTERSCHOLASTIC RECORDS OF THE UNITED STATES, 1935.

Event.	Record.	Maker.	School.	Time and place.
100-yd. dash.....	10 1-5 sec.	F. H. Bizelow.	Worcester H.-S.	N. E. I. S. A. A. games, 1894.
220-yd. dash.....	22 2-5 "	F. H. Bizelow.	Worcester H.-S.	N. E. I. S. A. A. games, 1894.
440-yd. dash.....	50 3-5 "	T. E. Burke.	Boston English H.-S.	N. E. I. S. A. A. games, 1891.
880-yd. dash.....	2 m. 4 1-5 "	J. A. Meehan.	Condon, N. Y.	N. Y. I. S. A. A. games, May 11, 1895.
1 mile run.....	4 " 34 2-5 "	W. T. Laing.	Phillips Academy, Andover.	N. Y. I. S. A. A. games, May 11, 1895.
1 mile walk.....	7 " 17 3-5 "	A. N. Butler.	Hillhouse H.-S., New Haven.	Conn. H.-S. A. A. games, June 8, 1895.
120-yd. hurdle.....	15 3-5 "	A. F. Beers.	De La Salle, N. Y.	N. Y. I. S. A. A. games, May 11, 1895.
220-yd. hurdle.....	29 1-2 "	Field.	Hartford H.-S.	Conn. H.-S. A. A. games, June 8, 1895.
Two-mile bicycle.....	2 " 34 1-5 "	L. A. Fowell.	Cattler, N. Y.	N. Y. I. S. A. A. games, June 8, 1895.
Two-mile bicycle.....	5 " 1-5 "	Baker.	Hotchkiss, Lakeville, Conn.	Conn. H.-S. A. A. games, June 8, 1895.
Running high jump.....	5 ft. 11 in.	S. A. W. Baltzell.	Hartford, N. Y.	N. Y. I. S. A. A. games, May 11, 1895.
Running broad jump.....	21 " 6 "	C. Brewer.	Hopkinton, Boston.	N. E. I. S. A. A. games, 1890.
1500-yd. swim.....	19 " 7 "	B. Johnson.	Worcester Academy.	N. E. I. S. A. A. games, June 15, 1895.
Throwing 12-lb. hammer.....	125 "	R. F. Johnson.	Brookline H.-S.	N. E. I. S. A. A. games, 1894.
Throwing 16-lb. hammer.....	111 " 10 "	F. G. Beck.	Hillhouse H.-S., New Haven.	Conn. H.-S. A. A. games, June 8, 1895.
Putting 12-lb. shot.....	40 " 3-4 "	A. C. Ayres.	Condon, N. Y.	N. Y. I. S. A. A. games, May 11, 1895.
Putting 16-lb. shot.....	39 " 3 "	M. O'Brien.	Boston English H.-S.	N. E. I. S. A. A. games, 1894.

If a player gives odds of "half court," he agrees to play in a certain half of the court, either the right or the left, and he loses a stroke whenever he returns a ball outside any of the lines that bound that half court.

BUT THE NEWEST OF ALL the systems of odds, and the one now most generally used by experts, is called the "quarter" system. In this method fifteen is divided into four quarters, and thus a closer handicap may be obtained. "One quarter" of fifteen is one stroke given at the beginning of the second, sixth, and every fourth game thereafter in the set. "Two quarters" (the "half fifteen" spoken of above) is one stroke at the beginning of the second, fourth, sixth, etc., games. "Three quarters" is one stroke at the beginning of the second, third, fourth, sixth, seventh, and eighth games, and so on. When it is "odds ovel," as before, "one quarter" is one stroke in the first and fifth games; "two quarters" is one stroke in the first and third; and "three quarters" is one stroke in the first, third, and fourth games, and so on to the end of the set. In order to get odds at a similar ratio when the match is being scored on the "100-up" system, the following table of equivalents has been adopted:

1 quarter of 15= 5 points per 100	15.3 q'trs of 15=38 points per 100
2 quarters " 11 " "	30 " " " 43 " "
3 " " 16 " "	39 1 " " 49 " "
4 " " 22 " "	40 2 " " 54 " "
5 " " 27 " "	41 3 " " 59 " "
6 " " 32 " "	42 4 " " 64 " "

THE PRINCIPAL DIFFICULTY about this new system of odds, except for experts and for those who play constantly, is the difficulty of remembering it. It certainly takes more study to become familiar with it than with the old half-point system. In that the odds change at every game, and change directly back again even when most complicated, so that really all there is to remember is which odds came with the service. The chief advantage of the "quarter" system is that it affords greater accuracy, and to experts this is a sufficient compensation for its intricacy. I should not advise the average player, however, to bother with it, for, unless he intends to try for a national championship, life is too short to devote many hours of study to the "quarter" system.

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT ASKS for information as to the best way to get up a tennis tournament, and now that we are on the subject of tennis, his query might just as well be disposed of. A tournament, like anything else, demands time and care in preparation if it is to be a success. Don't put off everything until the last moment, or the day will surely be a failure; whereas, if thought is given to all the small details that go to make such an occasion enjoyable, everything will go as easily as rolling off a log. In the first place, those who want to arrange a tournament, or the committee which has been chosen to make the arrangements, should get together and discuss the situation and decide what they want to do and how they want to do it. In this preliminary talk a calculation of expenses should first be made. Find out how much money will probably be required, and then, as a measure of safety, add about ten per cent. to that, for expenses are usually underestimated.

Having determined how much money will be needed, make arrangements for securing that amount either by subscription, entrance fees, or sale of tickets. If the tournament is to be conducted by a club, there will probably be some money in the treasury that can be used. It is not usually advisable, and seldom practicable at an impromptu summer tennis tournament, to demand admission fees of the spectators.

THE FINANCIAL PART of the enterprise having now been attended to, a treasurer should be appointed to take charge of the funds, and to keep an account of all receipts and expenditures.

INTER-COLLEGIATE RECORDS OF THE UNITED STATES, 1895.

Event.	Record.	Made by.
100-yd. dash.....	10 sec.	E. J. Wendell, Harvard; W. Baker, Harvard; C. H. Sherrill, Yale; L. Cary, Princeton; E. S. Randall, Penn.
220-yd. dash.....	21 4-5 "	I. H. Cary, Princeton.
Quarter-mile run.....	47 5-4 "	W. Baker, Harvard.
Half-mile run.....	1 m 58 1-4 "	W. C. Dolan, Princeton.
1 mile run.....	4 " 25 2-5 "	W. D. Gooden, Penn.
1 mile walk.....	6 " 42 4-5 "	P. A. Borchert, Princeton.
120-yd. hurdle.....	15 4-5 "	H. L. Williams, Yale.
220-yd. hurdle.....	24 3-5 "	J. L. Bremer, Harvard.
Two-mile bicycle.....	4 " 10 "	W. D. Gooden, Penn.
Running high jump.....	6 ft. 4 in.	W. B. Page, Penn.
Running broad jump.....	23 "	L. P. Sheldon, Yale.
1500-yd. swim.....	11 " 23 4 "	C. T. Buckholz, Penn.
Throwing 16-lb. ham'r.....	135 "	W. O. Hickok, Yale.
Putting 16-lb. shot.....	44 " 1-2 "	W. O. Hickok, Yale.

penditures. Of course, if, as I have said before, the tournament is being held by a club, many of these details are already fulfilled by previous organization. The date should be the next thing decided. In each instance there will be many circumstances affecting this date. If the idea of having a tournament is being discussed with a view to holding it later in the summer, find out what players will be in the neighborhood at that time, and try to invite players to visit the locality at about that period. If you only have a week or ten days in which to make your preparations (for a small tournament), try to fix on a day when there will be nothing else of importance going on near by. The chief object of the managers or of the committee should be to secure as large an attendance as possible, for a crowd will encourage the players to better effort.

THE DATE HAVING BEEN settled upon, send out notices. State clearly all the facts. Say at what place, on what date, and at what time of day the tournament is to be held; and also under whose auspices. Give a list of the events—such as men's singles, doubles, women's singles, mixed doubles, or whatever there is to be; state the requirements for entrances, and give the date when entries close. Be sure to give the name and address of the person who has been assigned to receive these entries. State also in the notice the hours of play, the number of sets to the match, the kind of balls that are to be used, and announce any special regulations that it may have been found necessary to adopt. Finally, enumerate the prizes; but remember that it is always in better taste to make these inexpensive and more in the nature of souvenirs of the occasion than trophies.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

THE NOTICES DISPOSED OF and sent out, the managers should now see that the courts are rolled and otherwise put in order, so that they may be in the best possible condition on the day set for the tournament. There should be a plentiful supply of balls, for sometimes an entire box is used in a match. In large tournaments I have seen the players dispose of a box every set. At each end of the net put up a couple of chairs on boxes for the umpires, and arrange seats about the court for the spectators. If there are not enough chairs and benches handy, lay boards on boxes, and so produce impromptu settees. Don't fail to hire a couple of boys to pick up the balls.

ALL THESE DETAILS ARE necessary ones; there are a few others that might be termed luxuries, such as having printed tickets and programmes, and an awning stretched along one side of the court to shelter the ladies from the sun. One more necessary point, however, is to secure competent judges and umpires, otherwise something might occur during play that would mar the pleasure of the day. Of course it would be a misunderstanding, but this can be easily avoided by having officials fully conversant with the game and familiar with the duties required of them.

AFTER ALL THE ENTRIES have been received, make the drawings, and, if possible, post them somewhere where all those interested in the coming tournament will be able to see them. When, on the day set, the hour to begin play arrives, start promptly. Delay is always fatal to the success of any sporting event. People don't like to sit around and wait. But all that I have said here is merely in the line of suggestion. Many little matters crop up as soon as any enterprise of this kind is entered into, and these questions have to be settled according to the emergency. Let the central idea be to anticipate anything that might happen; then, as a rule, nothing will happen.

THE GRADUATE.

A picture of a landscape with clouds in the sky is much finer than where the sky is perfectly white, and cloud pictures themselves are very interesting.

It is not an easy matter to catch the clouds even when the sky is full of them. If they are obtained in the negative, they are usually lost in the printing, as the landscape portion of the negative, being less



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE TYROL, SHOWING CLOUD EFFECT.

dense than the sky, prints much more quickly, and to obtain a print of the clouds the lines of the landscape would be almost black from over-printing.

There is a device called a "cloud-catcher," which is a shutter so arranged with adjustable disks that the foreground or landscape part of the picture is given a time exposure, while the sky is taken instantaneously. This is supposed to give the proper time of exposure for each part of the picture.

The amateur cannot always afford such an attachment, and in order to obtain clouds in his landscapes, must resort to various devices of developing and printing.

The most common method is to take two pictures, one exposed for the sky, and the other for the landscape, and print from both negatives. In printing from a "sky" and a "landscape" negative, print the sky first, covering the part of the sensitive paper on which the landscape is to be printed. After printing the sky, place the other negative in the frame and print the landscape. It does not matter if the opaque paper which covers the landscape does not follow the horizon lines exactly, as the darker tones of the landscape will blot out the outlines of the clouds if they lap on the horizon.

If one has a negative where the clouds are good but will not print out unless the rest of the picture is over-printed, a good print may be obtained by this simple device: Take an empty tin-can a little longer than the printing-frame. Cut off the top and bottom, and cut the can in two the long way. This will give you a piece of rolled tin. Flatten one edge, leaving the other curved. Attach the flat edge to the side of the printing-frame so as to shield the landscape part of the negative. This will make a shade for this part of the negative, which prints the fastest, and thus retard the printing, allowing the denser portions a longer time to print. A shaded negative should always be printed in diffused light, not in the direct rays of the sun.

Pictures of clouds, or rather, false clouds, are made by holding the negative over the flame of a candle and letting the glass side become covered with lamp-black. Then, with a soft tuft of cotton, wipe off the smoke in places, leaving the outlines of clouds on the glass. Very good clouds can be made by this method with a little practice. Another way is to attach a piece of fine tissue-paper to the negative and sketch clouds in the sky portion, unless the sky is very dense. A thin sky is often improved by these sham clouds.

The picture which we reproduce here was taken by Sir Knight Sidney Stearns, of Cleveland, Ohio. It was taken at Halle in the Tyrol, time nearly sunset. The sun, as may be seen by looking at the picture, is at the left of the camera and well toward the front. This is usually the best direction from which the strongest light should fall, either from the left or right and near the front of the camera. One should seldom or never take a picture with the sun directly behind the camera.

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It is a scientific preparation. It is a scientific preparation.



This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp collectors and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

HOW TO CATCH CLOUDS.

7th. About
11th. this
14th. time
17th. look
21st. out
25th. for
31st. storms.

THIS was usually the weather warning in the old-time almanacs which the farmer was in the habit of consulting nightly, in order to make his plans for his haying or harvesting, his sowing or reaping, the success of which depended on the state of the weather.

The amateur photographer who makes a specialty of landscapes should put this warning in his note-book, substituting the word clouds for that of storms, changing it to read, "About this time look out for clouds."

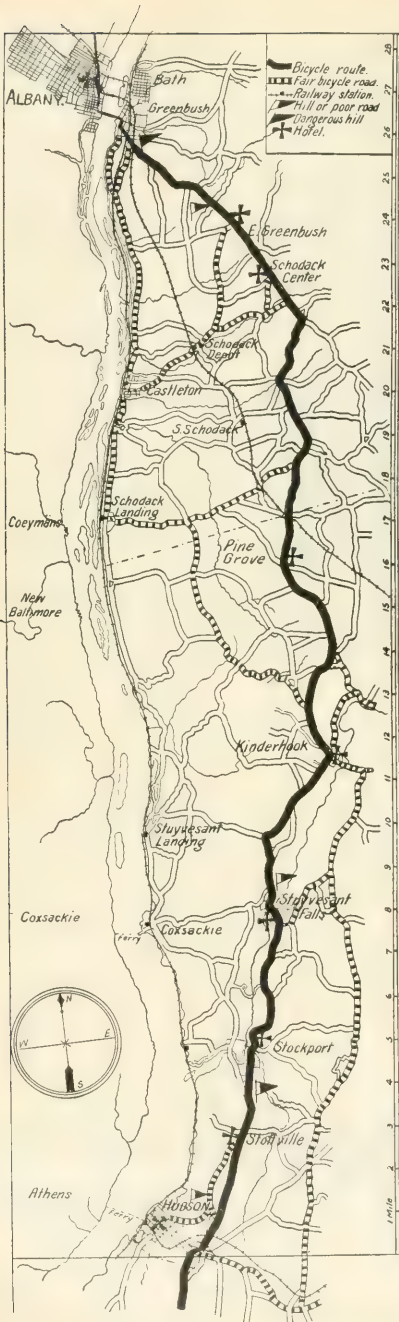


This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THE FINAL RUN INTO Albany on the road from New York, according to the plan which we have been following—is that is, of making the journey in four days—is from Hudson to Albany, a distance of twenty-eight to thirty miles. Leaving Hudson, which was the northernmost point reached on last week's map, the rider goes out on to the main road by the way of Fourth Street and Pond Road, and thence follows the telegraph poles direct to Stockport, passing through Stottville. The road is hilly while running from the town of Hudson, and about half-way from Stottville to Stockport there is another rather stiff hill. The distance is a little over five miles, and the road is poor, on the whole, owing to its rolling nature and the fact that the road-bottom is largely clay. From Stockport to Stuyvesant Falls it improves a little, though it is somewhat hilly. The rider should follow the telegraph poles all the way, and keep a sharp lookout for L.A.W. signs, which will be of great assistance wherever they are found. This run is about three and three-quarters or four miles, and the next stage, from Stuyvesant Falls to Kinderhook, is four miles. There is no difficulty in following the road, with the possible exception of an abrupt fork about one and one-half or two miles out of Stuyvesant Falls. Here, of course, the rider should keep to the right on the main road. From Kinderhook to Pine Grove is a little under five miles. Keep to the left at Kinderhook after leaving the Kinderhook Hotel, keeping always to the Albany Post Road with the telegraph poles. Thence continue from Pine Grove to Schodack Centre, and when you have made four and one-half miles, and crossed two small bridges, turn to the right at Willow Trees, whence the run to Schodack Centre is clearly marked, a distance, in all, of a little over eight miles. From here the run to the Hudson, opposite Albany, passes through East Greenbush, three miles away, and finally brings up at the Hudson at South Bridge, a little less than five miles further. This last stage of the journey is somewhat hilly again, and there is a bad descent just before reaching Greenbush, where the rider should take the utmost care, owing to the fact that the hill itself is bad, and the difficulty complicated by a railroad crossing. On reaching the Hudson the rider should cross on South Bridge, and running into Albany turn into Broadway, thence to State Street, thence to North Pearl Street, and finally put up at the Kenmore Hotel.

WHILE THIS RUN FROM New York to Albany is in parts hilly, and while occasionally the rider will strike a bit of difficult road, it is nevertheless one of the best bicycle trips in the United States, not only on account of the condition of the roads, but on account of its picturesque and historical interest. As was said last week, any one who intends to take the trip, or who can give the time to it, is strongly advised to take a week to do it in, to cross the Hudson several times on the way, and make short runs into the country on the other side. It is possible in this way for a rider of reasonable experience to see practically the whole of the Hudson River valley between these two points, and to have a fine outing without doing too much "scorching," or, on the other hand, taking the journey too slowly. The distance from New York to Albany, or rather from Central Park and 110th Street to the Kenmore Hotel, is one hundred and fifty-three and three-quarter miles, and by taking seven or eight days to the trip, the rider can easily cover three to four hundred miles in his excursions off the main route.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818.





This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject as far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

I HAVE talked to you about notes and letters in a previous number of the paper, but some of my ROUND TABLE readers ask to have the subject treated again, with special attention to correspondence of a ceremonious character.

A note of invitation should be very cordial, affectionate, and explicit. You should state clearly in such a note the day and train which you would like your friend to take, and the length of time you expect her to stay with you. Formerly it was regarded as inhospitable to limit in any way the duration of a friend's visit, but we understand now that it is more convenient and comfortable for all concerned to have the precise number of days or weeks indicated. This arrangement enables your friends to make other engagements, and leaves you free to invite other friends if, as often happens, you can have the pleasure of entertaining successive guests during a summer. Let me give you some examples.

Mary Hills wishes to ask Abby Lewis to spend a week with her at Dove's Nest in the Catskills, Mary's country home. Her letter of invitation might be written as follows:

DOVE'S NEST, TANNERSVILLE P.O.,
New York

DEAREST ABBY,—It seems very long since I saw you. Mamma and I were talking last night about the delightful visit we had at your home just before the Van Blarcoms went abroad. It is very lovely at Dove's Nest now, and we are anxious to have you see the place while our sweet-pease and nasturtiums are in bloom. Won't you come on Thursday, the twentieth, by the ten-o'clock train (West Shore), and stay with me till Monday, the thirty—first? I will meet you at the station on Thursday afternoon. We have a new golf course, and all sorts of pleasant things are going on.

Hoping soon to see you, I am, dear Abby,

Yours lovingly,
MARY HILLS.

July fifteenth, eighteen—

Abby's reply would probably be somewhat like this:

182 SEVENTY-EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

DEAR, DEAR MARY,—How good you are to ask me for so charming a visit! It will give me the greatest pleasure to go to you on the twentieth and to stay for ten days, as you suggest. You may expect to see me flying down the station to meet you when the ten-o'clock train reaches the mountains on that afternoon. I can hardly wait for the blissful time to arrive. Mamma sends her love, and I am, as ever,

Devotedly yours,

ABBY LEWIS.

A household critic suggests to me at this point that "Dearest Abby" and "Dear, dear Mary," are rather gushing, and not quite in the approved literary style which ought to be shown to girls. But I am talking to dear girls, and I know how they write,

and I don't mind in the least a little effervescence in the way of adjectives. I like girls to call me "Dearest" when they write to me, and I don't mind their saying "Dear" to one another over and over again.

How much luggage you must take when going on a visit depends on the length of the visit and the number of engagements it will include. As a rule, in our changeable climate you will need, in going away from home, something thick and something thin. A trunk is a great comfort, though one can manage with a large bag or a telescope, while a man's suit-case lends itself finely to the folding of a girl's gown.

With two or three pretty shirt-waists and a nice skirt, a simple dress for evenings, and a warm stuff costume of serge or flannel for cool or rainy mornings, a girl will be supplied for every needful requirement. One's own dainty home wardrobe is sufficient for a visit, and if the sailor hat be trim, the shoes and gloves in order, and the girl carry herself gracefully, nobody will think a second time about her dress.

As soon as possible after a journey lay aside your travelling dress, and make a fresh toilette before joining the family. Try to ascertain the family habits, and conform to them.

I heard not long ago of a girl, said to be very clever and bright, who exclaimed: "Make my own bed! Why, I wouldn't know how to begin! I couldn't get the sheets on straight!" She wasn't a Pudding Stick girl of mine, I'm happy to say. More on this subject next time.

Margaret E. Langster.

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is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.—[Ads.]

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Table of Contents,

which is sent free on application to the Publishers, there are found dozens of the best things in the World, which are well worth committing to memory; and they who know most of such good things, and appreciate and enjoy them most, are really among the best educated people in any country. They have the best result of Education. For above Contents, with sample pages of Music, address

Harper & Brothers, New York.

PRIZE-STORY COMPETITION.

SECOND-PRIZE STORY.

An Exciting Game. By Nancy Howe Wood.

IT was when I was a struggling young physician in a small country town that I passed through an adventure which I would not care to repeat, although now I can plainly see its humorous aspect.

I had but shortly before graduated from a medical college, and was trying hard to get my living in a little village where there were two other older and more experienced doctors. I was becoming greatly disheartened, when one day, on my return from a visit to a poor woman of the village, I found an official-looking letter awaiting me. I opened it with some degree of excitement, and was astonished to find that it was an offer to me of the position of resident physician in the Blankville Insane Asylum, situated about two miles away. A salary was named which seemed a fortune to me, poverty-stricken as I then was. (I afterwards learned that the offer was made to me through the efforts of an influential friend.)

At first the letter gave me unlimited joy, and I shouted like a school-boy; but when I began to think what it would actually mean my heart sank. All my life I had had a nervous horror of insane persons, and if I should accept this offer I would be obliged to stay with them, eat with them, and live among them almost as one of themselves. At this thought I fairly shuddered, and was forced to confess to myself that I could never endure such a strain on my nerves, doctor though I was.

The next morning, however, when I again read the letter, the offer seemed so tempting that I said to myself: "Pshaw! I will not be conquered by an attack of nerves. Come, brace yourself up, man. Why, a few years at that salary will be enough to set you up for life!" Nevertheless, I determined to go up the following day, and look over the place before deciding on my final answer.

So early the next morning I presented myself at the asylum, all my nervousness gone. I was so politely shown about, and everything looked so orderly and well cared for, and the grounds without seemed so peaceful and quiet, that I was delighted with it all. My misgivings had almost vanished, and I had so nearly made up my mind to accept the lucrative offer, that I said to the smiling and complaisant guard who was acting as my guide:

"Tell the superintendent that if he will kindly allow me to stroll in the garden and think the matter over, I will give him my final answer within the hour." So saying, I began to pace up and down the flower-bordered walks.

I was by this time in such a well-satisfied frame of mind that I promptly dispelled the last remnants of my former nervousness.

I was just on the point of re-entering the asylum to say to the Superintendent that I gratefully accepted his offer when I was startled by the sound of crackling twigs behind me. Turning quickly, I found myself face to face with a man whom I supposed at first to be one of the guards. But as soon as I moved away from him to go toward the house he sprang forward with hand outstretched to clutch me, uttering an idiotic chuckle. Cold shivers chased up and down my back as the thought flashed upon me that it was an escaped patient! With a shriek I ran down the path at the top of my speed, my fear increased by the sound of pursuing steps behind me.

I doubled and turned on the track, striving to distance or elude my dreaded pursuer, but in spite of my frantic efforts, he kept closely at my heels. Finally in one of my windings I was confronted by the six-foot stone wall that surrounded the asylum on every side. Glancing backward, I saw that the man—as I now knew him to be—was almost upon me, and, making a desperate effort, I succeeded in reaching the top of the wall. For a moment I fancied myself secure; but my pursuer darted behind the shrubbery, and pulled out a small ladder, evidently used by the gardeners. Seeing him thus prepared to follow me, I

hurriedly dropped to the ground outside, and scrambled to my feet just as the lunatic's head appeared above the top of the wall. Again I had only a short start before he was once more on my track.

And now began an exciting race "over brush, brake, and briar"; sometimes I stumbled over a protruding root and fell headlong, but was up again in a twinkling; sometimes my pursuer was so close upon me that I could easily hear his panting breath. At the end of the first mile and a quarter I thought myself done for, but my college training, which, luckily, I had not forgotten, stood me in good stead, and I desperately ran on.

"Oh," thought I, wildly, "where are the villagers? Isn't anybody near?" But there was no road leading out of the village in that direction, and few people passed that way. At last, after years, it seemed to me, we entered the village, and tore at full speed down the main street. If I had longed before for some human soul to help me, I now as earnestly prayed that I might unobserved gain my own door, and so be safe. But no; some small boy, busily engaged doing nothing, soon raised the cry,

"Say, here comes the fresh young doctor a-tearing down the street like a steam-engine!"

Then, almost tired out, and seeing the door of a small house standing open, I dashed in, passed through the hall and dining-room, where the astonished family were sitting at dinner, and out into the back yard, where, completely exhausted, and utterly unable to run a step further, I dropped behind a barrel.

My hope had been that the people of the house would have understood my predicament and stopped the madman, but they evidently had not taken in the situation, or else he had been too quick for them, for from behind the barrel where I had concealed myself I could hear him come through the open doorway and search the yard for me.

And now I feared that my panting breath would betray me—and it did, for I heard his stealthy steps approach the spot where I lay quaking, and his ugly, leering face peered round at me, and he sprang forward and touched me, calling out, as I fell back almost fainting with terror: "Tag! You're it!"

In an instant the meaning of his words flashed over me, and I cursed myself for my foolish nervousness. The confounded fool had taken it for a game of tag!

By this time quite a little crowd of villagers had gathered around me, and the escaped lunatic was secured to wait for the arrival of his keeper, and I managed to reach my home, after being fortified by a glass of wine.

It was several days before my nerves recovered their usual steadiness, and it is perhaps needless to add that I did not accept the situation.

The Helping Hand.

The Lancelot Chapter, of Newtonville, Mass., has nine members, and each earned twenty-five cents. Then the Chapter added a little, and the secretary forwarded \$3 with the best of Lancelot wishes. Names of the contributors are Ella A. Gould, Marion Drew Bassett, Adella J. Saunderson, Ethel T. Gammons, Alice L. Harrison, Esther H. Dyson, Lulu Cimer, Mabel Glazier, and Hazel L. Robbins.

The Edison Chapter, of Bangor, Me., send \$2 for the Fund. This Fund is, you know, to help build the Round Table Industrial School-house at Good Will Farm, where poor boys are educated. The Table is raising this Fund, and it asks contributions from all who want, first, to help chivalrous young persons who are trying to help others, and second, to help in the best possible way boys who need help.

Any sums, sent by anybody, will be thankfully received and acknowledged in the Table. Members of the Edison Chapter, which sent the \$2 the other day, earned the money folding and carrying papers, getting out ashes, and washing dishes—truly practical methods of being truly generous.

Founders of the Order of the Round Table want \$1000 to complete this School Fund. Who will help them?

From Some Far-Away Members.

The Table loves to hear from far-distant places, and to have members tell us how their country looks, and what the people do. Here is news from three friends:

SPRING CREEK, MARLBOROUGH, NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand is a far-away country to you, yet I have seen some letters from here. The town I live near is not very large. It is subject to floods, and last year the water came thirteen times into some of the shops. I have not travelled about much, so I cannot describe to you my journeys as many other girls do. The North Island of New Zealand is very volcanic, especially near the centre. There are many hot springs there, some just warm, and others boiling. The Maories, as the natives are called, boil their potatoes in them, by letting them down into the springs in baskets.

Out of one of the volcanic mountains the lava that streamed down the sides was a pale pink. It was formed into terraces all down the mountain-side. On another mountain it was much the same, only the terraces were white. A few years ago a great eruption caused them to entirely disappear. Since then some brown ones have begun to form, but they are very inferior to the former ones. When the eruption took place there were loud noises heard almost all over New Zealand. Many people who lived near were wellnigh smothered with mud, and for miles the country was covered with ashes and mud, in many places several feet thick. Most of the deposit was of a steel-gray color, and just like knife-polish in texture. My younger sister and I collect stamps. As yet we have very few. I have seen letters asking for girls to write and exchange stamps. I would much like some girls to write to me, and send the stamps of their countries. In return I will send them New Zealand ones. JEAN CHATYOR.

BLENNHEIM, MARLBOROUGH, NEW ZEALAND.

I am collecting stamps, and would be glad if any girls would write to me and send me some stamps of their country, and I will send them some of mine. There is a Maori pah about two miles from here. Some time ago the chief died, and they had a great tangi, which lasted for a fortnight. In old times Maoris used to bury their dead head down and all their goods with them, and then stick a canoe at the head of the grave.

CONSTANCE CHATYOR.

BLENNHEIM, MARLBOROUGH, NEW ZEALAND.

There was a chrysanthemum show here last Thursday, and there were some lovely flowers at it. I think the chrysanthemums are beautiful flowers, especially the Japanese ones. We have big floods here. I think they are great fun, but they do great damage, especially to the farms. Once when we had a big flood my sister was sitting on the bed taking off her boots. She forgot about the water, and dropped her boots into it, and they floated about the house all night.

A month ago Rev. Mr. Brittain, a Melanesian missionary, and twenty-two Melanesian boys came to Blenheim; only a few of the boys could speak English. The others speak Mota. It was interesting hearing all about the islands. At Norfolk Island there is a large college. There is also a beautiful church. All the seats are inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Last summer all our family and several others went down to White's Bay, which is about ten miles from Blenheim, camping. We had three tents. We staid two weeks, and had a splendid time. I collect stamps, and would be very glad if any of the girls would write to me and send some, and I in return would send them some New Zealand ones. MILLIE DOBSON.

Chin-Kiang, China.


I wrote a long letter which was accepted for publication in the Table, and every time I get a new number I look for it, but am always disappointed. In the last one there was a letter from Juliet Bredon, with whom I spent several weeks in Japan, which interested me very much, and made me wish all the more to see mine in print. It will be soon, won't it? I will write something more about Chin-Kiang by-and-by if it will interest other members of the Table. MARGARET C. JONES.

Your letter shall appear in due time. Yes, tell us more about China and the Chinese. We are much interested—all of us.

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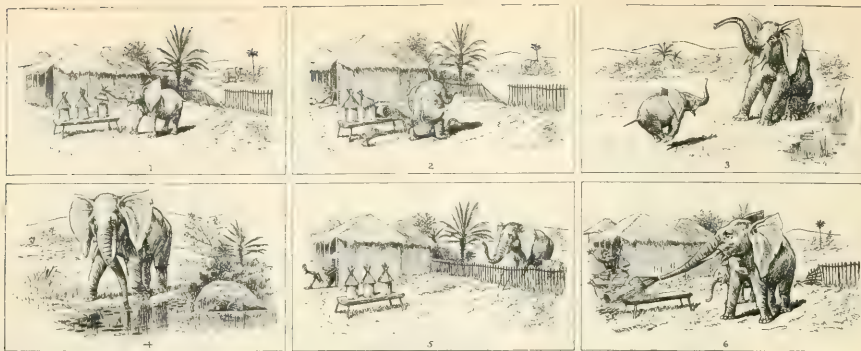
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THE BABY ELEPHANT'S MISADVENTURE, OR THE SATISFACTION OF HAVING AN EFFICIENT PARENT.

A SAFE METHOD.

THE treasures of the Bank of France are said to be better guarded than those of any other bank in the world. At the close of business hours every day, when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, masons at once wall up the doors with hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on and kept running until the cellar is flooded. A burglar would have to work in a diving suit and break down a cement wall before he could even start to loot the vaults. When the officers arrive the next morning, the water is drawn off, the masonry is torn down, and the vaults opened.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

HERE is an Indian version of the story of the flood, as it was taken by a writer connected with an Australian journal. Says he: "All of the northern coast Indians have a tradition of a flood which destroyed all mankind except a pair from which the earth was peopled. Each tribe gives the story a local coloring, but the plot of the story is much the same. The Bella Coola tradition is as follows: The Creator of the universe, Mes-mes-sa-la-nik, had great difficulty in the arrangement of the land and water. The earth persisted in sinking out of sight. At last he hit upon a plan which worked very well. Taking a long line of twisted walrus hide, he tied it around the dry land, and fastened the other end to the corner of the moon. Everything worked well for a long time; but at last the Spirit became very much offended at the action of mankind, and in a fit of anger one day seized his great stone knife, and with a mighty back severed the rope of twisted skin. Immediately the land began to sink into the sea. The angry waves rushed in torrents up the valleys, and in a short time nothing was visible except the peak of a very high mountain. All mankind perished in the whelming waters, with the exception of two, a man and his wife, who were out fishing in a great canoe. These two succeeded in reaching the top of the mountain, and proceeded to make themselves at home. Here they remained for some time, until the anger of Mes-mes-sa-la-nik had cooled, which resulted in his fishing up the severed thong and again fastening it to the moon. From this pair thus saved the earth was again populated."

WHERE IT WENT.

LUNATICS often assume a superiority of intellect to others which is quite amusing. A gentleman travelling in England some years ago, while walking along the road not far from the side of which there ran a railway, encountered a number of insane people out for exercise in charge of a keeper. With a nod toward the railway tracks, he said to one of the lunatics,

"Where does this railway go to?"

The lunatic looked at him scornfully a moment, and then replied:

"It don't go anywhere. We keep it here to run trains on."

A HUGE PIE.

THE largest pie ever known was that described in the *Newcastle Chronicle* for the 6th January, 1770. It was shipped to Sir Henry Gray, Baronet, London, Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Hawic, being the maker. Into the composition of this great pie entered two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipe, four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven black-birds, and six pigeons. It weighed twelve stone, and was nine feet in circumference at the bottom. It was furnished with a case on wheels, for convenience in passing it round to the guests.

The receipt for this pie is given here as a hint to those of our readers who may be thinking of getting up a picnic within the next two or three weeks. A half dozen pies of this size ought to be enough for at least one picnic.

A STRANGE SUIT.

ACCORDING to the *Pittsburg Journal*, Peter Gruber, the Rattlesnake King of Venango County, has made the most unique costume any man ever wore. It consists of coat, vest, trousers, hat, shoes, and shirt, and is made entirely of the skins of rattlesnakes. Seven hundred snakes, all caught and skinned by Gruber during the past five years, provided the material for this novel costume. To preserve the brilliancy and the flexibility of the skins in the greatest possible degree, the snakes were skinned alive, first being made unconscious by chloroform. They were then tanned by a method peculiar to Gruber, and are as soft and elastic as woollen goods. The different articles for this outfit were made by Oil City tailors, shoemakers and hatters, and the costume is valued at \$1000.

A FEW NOTES ABOUT COINS.

THE rei of Brazil, like the mill of our own money table, is an imaginary coin, no piece of that denomination being coined. Ten thousand reis equal \$5 45.

Vermont was the first State to issue a coinage on its own authority. Copper coins were issued in 1785.

The first woman's face represented on a coin was that of Pulcheria, the Empress of the Eastern Empire.

The Chinese stamp bars or ingots of gold or silver with their weight and fineness, and pass them from hand to hand as coin.

The first Maryland coins were minted in 1662, and were put in circulation by act of Council ordering every householder to bring in sixty pounds of tobacco and receive ten shillings of the new money in exchange for it.

In 1634 the Massachusetts General Assembly made bullets a legal tender by the following enactment: "It is likewise ordered that muskett bullets of a full bore shall pass currently for a farthing apiece. Provided that no man be compelled to take above XIIId att a tyme in them."



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HOW JACK LOCKETT WON HIS SPURS.

BY G. T. FERRIS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR FOUNDED ON FACT.

THE chips flew merrily under Jack Lockett's axe to the tune of his whistling, for he was chopping the night's supply of firewood, and the dark was shutting down apace on the cold January day. He had already made the horse and the cows snug in the barn, and his young appetite was sharp set for the supper which would be ready with the finish of his chores. He looked out on the dreary waters of the bay with the gleam of a dull twilight on them, and saw shining through the dusk a white sail skimming shoreward. "Some belated fisherman. Er-r-r, how cold it must be out there!" Jack said to himself, as he breathed on his frosted fingers and smote the wood with still harder strokes.

This stalwart lad of fourteen, with his fearless blue eyes and tanned face, looked more than his years, for he lived in

parlous times, which ripened men early. His father, Colonel Lockett, of the Connecticut line, was away with the army in winter-quarters at Valley Forge, and his young son had to shoulder a heavy burden. He could not yet carry a firelock in battle, perhaps, but he could toil patiently for his mother and sisters, with many a sigh that there was no beard to his chin, while his brave father faced cold and hunger in camp or the lead and steel of the redcoats in the field. When he had lugged in the last armful of fagots, and sat down at the smoking supper table, the common thought found vent on his lips.

"I feel as if I couldn't eat a thing, hungry as I am, mother, when I remember dear old daddy at Valley Forge. They say that General Washington himself has scant ra-

tions, and men die every day from hunger. What'll be the end of it all?"

"Perhaps the stories belie the truth" (there hadn't been a word from the absent soldier for months), said the mother, trying to keep back the tears. "But look look, Jack, at the window!" with almost a shriek. "That face! What is it?"

The cold had begun to coat the glass with a crystal veil. Somebody stood out there, and by melting the frost with the breath, now looked in on them with shadowy features and gleaming eyes. Jack stared with open mouth at the apparition. Then, with a wild whoop, and a spring which almost upset the table, he yelled, "Why, don't you see it's daddy come home!" and executed a war-dance of joy to the door.

Colonel Lockett was almost eaten up by his wife and children before he was permitted to retaliate on the savory dishes of the supper table. He had been all day in an open boat on the water (the unsuspecting Jack had had a glimpse of him), and without food since daybreak.

"'Twas unsafe to cross the enemy's lines by land," he said, with a sigh of delicious contentment, sitting before the great blazing crackling hearth and looking into the loving faces of his young people and their mother. "To get through even as far as Sandy Hook was a narrow shave of capture. So, then, 'twas off uniform and on fisherman's suit, lent me by a kind heart, who also gave me a cast in his dory to the Great South Bay. Thence across Long Island to Glen Cove, and 'twas easy there to find a sail-boat to fetch me home over the Sound."

"And you didn't know of the British ship *Tartar* lying off the place here?" said Jack, with wonder and alarm.

"Not till too late. And having thus ventured, 'twould have been a coward's job to have gone back," answered the father, with a smile.

"But," said Mrs. Lockett, with a face as white as the snow without, "you're not in uniform. Should you be taken?" Even the youngest of the children knew what that meant, and they shuddered with the vision of him they loved standing with the fatal noose about his neck amidst the jeers of a brutal soldiery.

"Tut, tut, good wife," quoth the Colonel, gayly. "These be but soldiers' risks, and, trust me, the hemp you fear is not yet spun. And now away with grewsome thoughts. Tell me how you make matters here, for I've long been without news."

"Lackaday," said the wife, "it's but a dull story. All the good-men away, and none but lads and grandfathers to till the fields and care for the women. The Cowboys and the Skinners* scour the country like wolves. What the one leaves the other takes. We've suffered with our neighbors, but bear it lightly, dear heart, for thought of you all in the thick of the trouble."

"No tongue can speak what the poor fellows endure," said the soldier. "Uniforms in rags, without blankets to keep 'em warm at night, scarcely one good meal a day, shoeless feet that drip blood a-walking post in the snow. His Excellency had me to dinner the night before I left camp. One tough smoked goose for eight, but 'twas washed down with the General's choice Madeira. Tears came to his brave patient eyes as he talked. 'Oh, for some brave heroic deed,' he said, 'some dashing stroke, something to shoot a thrill of cheer through these downcast spirits! 'Twould be better, methinks, than the coming of a great supply train.' Even his iron soul sometimes falters. And now, Jack, about the *Tartar*. Does she trouble the country overmuch? I made a long beat to 'scape the look-out."

The boy clinched his teeth. "'Tis a brazen jackanapes, that Captain Askew. His boat parties do as much mischief as the Cowboys. There's scarcely a ham left in the place from the Christmas killing. Only two days since I met him swaggering on the beach, and he threatened to

impress me on the *Tartar* for a powder-monkey. There was a scowl on his red face. 'Look ye, you rebel spawn, they say your father calls himself a Colonel under Mr. Washington. Some day I shall come and take ye aboard to serve his Majesty, and introduce ye to his Majesty's faithful servant, the cat.' The boy stopped, and then started as if something burned him. "Oh, daddy, think of what General Washington said! If we could only—"

The same thought leaped like an electric spark between them—brave father and gallant boy. No need of words. Eye flashed it to eye. To capture and destroy the *Tartar*—a small matter indeed in the sum of the struggle, but might it not be like a spark of flame in dead dry wood to kindle fire and hope?

Colonel Lockett lay quietly at home during a whole week. Scarcely a soul seemed to know of his coming. But Jack took long rides, to his mother's wonderment, by night and by day through the country. The secret talks between Jack and his father, the look of excitement that kept his face aglow—some mystery alarmed her. At last she learned with terror of the enterprise afloat to cut out the British ship, and she made the boy's father promise that Jack should not go with the boats.

"No! no!" he said to the agonized lad. "You are my faithful Lieutenant ashore, but must stay behind from the attack. Should aught happen to you, what will come to your mother and sisters when I am gone?" Poor Jack bit his lip in silence. 'Twas a hard strain on filial obedience, for his hot young blood had tingled with the thought of what was to come.

A large barn stood in a lonely place about three miles from the Lockett house. One night a passer-by would have fancied something strange going on there. Many a horse was hitched to the trees of the adjacent wood, lantern-lights twinkled through the crevices, and every few minutes little groups came up and slipped through the barn-door. When all had gathered, the tall form of Colonel Lockett arose in their midst, and the roll was called to see that none was there except those apprised.

"You know what you've come for, friends and neighbors," said he. "We are about to strike a gallant blow for the good cause. It's not too late for those to withdraw who fancy the hazard overbold. For half-armed countrymen to storm a royal ship seems heavy odds of failure. But courage on one side and panic on the other will right the scales. And there are no better weapons than yours for a hand-to-hand fight. A pitchfork with a short handle, a scythe set in a stick, make the best of boarding-pikes. We need no firelocks. The ship must be taken by surprise, and carried with a rush. The decks once swept and the hatches battened down, and she is ours. There is no moon, and the air and sky betoken a great snow-storm brewing. When that comes, whether to-morrow night or later, we attack." And so he gave them stirring words, saying that this feat would ring like the peal of a trumpet.

He proceeded to tell off the boat-crews, appoint the officer of each division, and give careful instructions.

"And now, old men and beardless boys, it rests with you to do what will set men's hearts thumping when 'tis known," was his parting, as each went his way fired with the thought of a gallant deed to be done.

The next night proved propitious. It was a thick, windless snow-storm, and the white smudge of flakes blinded eyesight better than the blackest black. An hour after midnight the four whale-boats which floated the expedition pushed off from the little cove. Jack had gone to the landing to say "good-by" to his father, his head buzzing with things that didn't get to his tongue, and, curiously enough, he had slipped a heavy hatchet under his coat.

"It's for you to be hero at home just now," was the Colonel's last word. "Two years hence, if the struggle still goes on, my brave lad shall have a chance to strike a blow."

Jack, whose conscience smote him sorely, mumbled something as his father's boat moved out into the storm with muffled oars. But as the last boat slid into deep water the boy gave a spring and landed in the stern, light as a feather. "Sh! Not a word," said he, in a low voice. "I'm going if I have to swim."

* During the Revolution these were gangs of ruffians, little less than bandits, who sailed from the city, and, upon reaching the field, occupied by the armies. Within a radius of twenty miles from New York, then in possession of the British, these bands were called Cowboys and Skinners, the first nominally Tories, the others Patriots, both outcasts, whose only thought was plunder.

The officer of the boat, an old farmer, who had seen service in the French and Indian wars, scratched his gray poll in grave doubt. "Waal, I like yer grit fust rate, and ye come by it naturally. I guess I'll hev to see ye through, ef it is agin the Kurnel's orders. But ye ha'n't no we'p'n?" Jack pulled out his hatchet, and the old chap laughed again to himself. "Blessed ef breed don't tell ary time, when it's a bull-pup."

The *Tartar* lay at anchor two miles off the point, and on such a blind night, with its smother of snow, it was easy to miss the goal. Orders had been strict that the boats should keep bunched together almost within oar's-length. True, the men of the crews knew their waters so well that they might have bragged they could smell their way to the frigate over that smooth black pitch like hounds on the scent. But cocksureness was tricky on such a night. They pulled with slow strokes, straining to catch a sound or a glimpse. It had begun to get intensely cold, and the spit of the snow stung their faces and stiffened their fingers. Jack's young blood was proof against rigor of frost, for his ears sang with a roaring music, as if a pair of sea-shells had been clapped against the sides of his skull. His veins beat like hammer-strokes. He thought he felt a new sensation. "Can it be I'm afraid?" he repeated to himself.

No, Jack, fear never comes that way. Fear strikes the coward to a lump of jelly. What you feel now quivering to your finger-tips is the thing which gives fire and mettle to every gallant heart, and nerves the muscles to greater strength. No fighter worth his salt ever failed of this galloping music in his veins on the eve of action. Whisper to that graybeard by your side whether he doesn't feel the same leap of pulse, though his sinews have got stiff at the plough-tail, and his blood sluggish with years since he smelt powder. And don't you remember, too, Jack, that you felt a little of the same sort of thing that time you "pitched in" and "licked" the hulking bully nearly twice your size, for insulting the "school-marm," till he bellowed like a calf?

It seemed that more than an hour must have passed. Could they have missed the ship, was the thought of all. This meant failure. There was not the faintest ripple in the dead silence. But hark! there suddenly boomed on the night the sweet muffled notes of a ship's bell, and with it there was a dim flicker to starboard, as of a light shining through a port-hole. Luck was with them, after all, and now the time was close at hand. A denser black loomed against the darkness, vaguely outlining the ship's hull, and the head-boat grated on the long hawser holding the after anchor, thrown out to take up the swing of the ebb-tide. And hark again! Through the cabin windows, suddenly thrown open as if for a breath of fresh air, floated the sounds of laughter and singing, the chorus of a Bacchanalian catch. Captain Askew and his subs, late as it was, were still making merry with song.

"Gad! 'tis dark as Erebus," said one of the voices at the grating. "What a night for a cutting-out party!"

A dozen strokes parted the boats to port and starboard, and they dashed for the ship's sides. Up they swarmed into the chains and clambered aboard, though not with the sailor's light foot. The watch on deck were asleep or dozing in sheltered nooks. They sprang to arms with a shout, but were speedily killed or disabled. A dozen lanterns flashed over the decks as the crew tumbled up out of the fo'c'sle hatch, for all others had been spiked down. Half naked, and scarcely awake, they yet fought doggedly. The Captain and his officers trooped out of the cabin, flustered with wine, but loaded to the muzzle with pluck, and fell to with sword and pistol. Colonel Lockett had detailed a dozen picked men with bags of slugs and powder-canisters to make ready and wheel around fore and aft a couple of the deck-carronades. The assaults were in the waist of the ship, and the fury of the assault had begun to drive men-o'-war's men under hatch, for the ship was undermined, and the crew somewhat outnumbered. Scythe and pitchfork did their work well. It was at this moment that one of the carronades sent its rain of buckshot into the thick of the British sailors and completed the rout.

Instantly they had boarded, Jack, swinging his hatchet,

looked about for his father, and pressed forward to his side, though the Colonel did not see him, thinking him at home watching with his mother. When Captain Askew made the dash from the cabin the two leaders instinctively knew each other and crossed blades, for Colonel Lockett had snatched a cutlass from a fallen sailor. They cut and parried fiercely on the half-lit deck for a few moments, when the Colonel's foot slipped on the wet wood. That second would have been his last, but Jack's uplifted hatchet fell like lightning on Captain Askew's shoulder, and smote him flat to the deck. With this the battle was ended.

Colonel Lockett looked on the lad's panting flushed face with amazement. "Why, Jack, I ordered you not to come. What does this mean? You deserve a good horsewhip—Why, Jack, Jack, you disobedient young villain, you've saved your father's life!" and with tears rolling down his face he clasped the brave lad in his arms. The *Tartar* was taken up to New Haven, and the Captain, who was only severely wounded, with the other prisoners, delivered over to the Continental officer in charge of the post.

When Colonel Lockett returned to Valley Forge, which he did without delay, Washington thanked him in general orders for his brave feat. Jack got his heart's wish, and the last year of the war actually served on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, young as he was.

QUILL-PEN, ESQUIRE, ARTIST.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

JIMMIEBOY had been looking at the picture-books in his papa's library nearly all the afternoon, and as night came on he fell to wondering why he couldn't draw pictures himself. It certainly seemed easy enough, to look at the pictures. Most of them were made with the fewest possible lines, and every line was as simple as could be; the only thing seemed to be to put them down, and in the right place.

"Why don't you try?" said somebody.

"Eh?" asked Jimmieboy, with a sudden start, for he had supposed he was alone.

"I say why don't you try?" replied the strange somebody.

"Try what?" queried Jimmieboy, who, not having spoken a word on the subject of drawing pictures, was quite sure that the question did not apply to that matter—in which certainly he was very much mistaken, as the strange somebody's next remark plainly showed.

"Try drawing pictures yourself?" said the voice.

"I can't draw," said Jimmieboy, peering over into the corner whence the voice came, to see who it was that had spoken.

"You can't tell unless you try," said the voice.

"A man might do a million things
If he would be less shy,
That all his life he never does,
Because he will not try."

Why don't you try?"

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked Jimmieboy. "Tell me that, and maybe I will try."

"Why, you know me," said the voice. "I am the Quill-pen over here on your mamma's table. Don't you remember how you nearly drowned me in the ink yesterday?"

"I didn't want to drown you," said Jimmieboy, apologetically. "I wanted you to write a letter for me to my Uncle Periwinkle, asking him to send me everything he thought I'd like as soon as he could."

The Pen laughed. "I'll do it some time—along about Christmas, perhaps," he said. "But about this picture business. I think you could make pictures."

"Can you make 'em?" queried Jimmieboy.

"I never tried, so I don't know," answered the Pen.

"Then you try, and let's see how trying works," suggested Jimmieboy. "I'll get a piece of paper for you."

"I'm afraid we can't," said the Pen. "I'm very dry, and don't think I could make a mark, unless you get me a glass of ink."



"NOW," SAID THE PEN, "LET US BEGIN."

"For just as skates are not much use
Without a skating rink,
So pens—of steel or quills of goose—
Are worthless without ink."

"Oh, I'll get plenty of ink," returned Jimmieboy, "though I think water would be safer. Water would look pleasanter on the carpet if we upset it."

"I can't make a mark with water," laughed the Pen.

"How do you know?" asked Jimmieboy. "Did you ever try?"

"No, I never tried. Because why? What's the use?" replied the Pen.

"I do not try to touch the sky
Or jump upon the stars;
I do not try to make a pie
Of rusty iron bars;
I do not try to change into
A baby elephant,
Because I know—and always knew—
'Tis useless, for I can't."

"That's all very good," retorted Jimmieboy; "but a minute ago you were saying that

"A man might do a million things,
If he would be less shy,
That all his life he never does,
Because he will not try."

"You've got me there," said the Pen, with a smile. "Perhaps we had better use water. Now that I think of it, I have enough dried ink on me to make a mark if I am moistened up a bit with water. You get the water and the paper, and I'll see what I can do."

Jimmieboy ran into the dining-room and brought a glass brimming over with water to the Pen, and in another minute he had a large pad of paper ready.

"Now," said the Pen, "let us begin. What shall I draw first?"

"I don't know," Jimmieboy replied. "Why not make a zebra?"

"What's a zebra?" asked the Pen, who had never been to the circus, as Jimmieboy had, and who was therefore, of course, ignorant about some things of very great importance. "Is it a piece of furniture?"

"The idea!" laughed Jimmieboy. "Of course not. It's a sort of a small animal like a horse, and has—"

"Oh, I know," interrupted the Pen. "Here's one." Then he dipped his head lightly into the water, and wiggled himself about on the pad for a minute. "There," he said, "How's that for a zebra?"

Jimmieboy laughed long and loud. "What on earth are those wiggle-waggles all over him?" he asked.

"Those are the Zees," explained the Quill. "Isn't that right?"

"No!" roared Jimmieboy. "He hasn't a Z to his name."

"Oh yes, he has," replied the Quill. "I know that much, anyhow. I have written many a zebra, though I never drew one before. They always begin with a Z, and end with a bray—like a donkey."

"I don't mean it that way. I mean he hasn't any Zees printed on him," explained Jimmieboy. "He's striped like the American flag."

"Why didn't you say so in the beginning?" said the Quill.

"I was going to, but you interrupted me, and said you knew all about it, and I supposed you did," said the boy.

"Well, let's try it again. He's a horse that looks like the American flag, you say?"

"Yes," said Jimmieboy—a little dubiously, however. He thought perhaps the zebra more closely resembled a piece of toast, but as he had mentioned the flag, he thought it would be better to stick to it.

"How is this?" asked the Quill, presenting the following picture to Jimmieboy. "Is that any more like a zebra?"



ZEBCA.

"It's the most ridiculous thing I ever saw," said Jimmieboy. "I didn't say he had stars on him."

"I know you didn't," retorted the Pen. "But that square might pass for a chest-protector, if anybody ever criticised it."

"Well, it isn't anything like a Zebra," said Jimmieboy, firmly. "You'd better try making an elephant."

"That's easy," returned the Quill. "I never saw an elephant, but I've heard what they look like. Sort of like pigs, with two tails, big flop ears, and paper-cutters for teeth, and great big huge large legs that look like bolsters. Oh, I can draw an elephant with my eyes shut."

This the Pen proceeded to do at once, and here is his idea of the L-phant.

"That's more like an elephant than either of the two zebras was like a zebra," said Jimmieboy, with a grin.

"Thank you," said the Pen, simply. "Which part have I done best, the L or the 'phant?"

"Well, it's hard to say," smiled Jimmieboy. "I think the hair on his forehead is very much like that of the elephants I have seen, and then you've got his eye just right. I've seen elephants look exactly like that when they have caught sight of a peanut."

"How is this for a swarm of bees?" asked the Quill, gratified at his success, and dashing off this little artistic gem in an instant.

"Ho!" ejaculated Jimmieboy. "What kind of bees are those? They aren't the honey kind that sting."

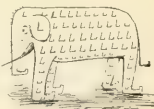
"No, they are bees you can spell with, and don't sting," returned the Pen. "I like 'em better than the other kind."

"Can you draw ostriches?" asked Jimmieboy.

"I can try one," said the Pen. "How will this do?" he added, producing the following. "The horse part is all right, but I'm



THE SWARM OF BEES.



L-PHANT.



ZEBCA.

afraid the strich isn't so good," said the artist, as Jimmieboy threw himself on the floor in a paroxysm of laughter. "I never saw a strich, so why should I make a good one? I think it's real mean of you to laugh."

"Well, really, Penny," said Jimmieboy, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but that's the worst-looking animal I ever saw. But never mind; it's a better-looking creature than most monkeys."



THE OSTRICH.

"I never saw a monkey," said the Pen. "How many legs has it?"

"Two legs, two arms, a tail, and a head," Jimmieboy answered.

"Something like this?" queried the Quill, dashing off a picture complacently—he felt so sure that this time he was right.



THE MON-KEY.

"Very much like that," Jimmieboy replied, smothering his mirth for fear of offending the Quill, though if you will refer to the drawing you will see that the Quill was quite as inaccurate in his picture of the monkey as he was with his zebras.

"I thought I'd get you to admit that that was a good monkey," observed the Quill, regarding his work with pride. "I've seen a good many keys, and, of course, when you said the creature had two legs, two arms, a tail, and a head, I knew that he was nothing but a key to whom had been given those precious gifts of nature. To draw a key is easy, and to provide it with the other features was not hard."

Jimmieboy was silent. He was too full of laughter even to open his mouth, and so he kept it tightly closed.

"What'll I draw next?" asked the Quill, after a minute or two of silence.

"Can you do mountains?" queried Jimmieboy.

"What are they?" asked the Quill.

"They're great big rocks that go up in the air and have trees on 'em," explained Jimmieboy.

The Quill looked puzzled, and then he glanced reproachfully at Jimmieboy.

"I think you are making fun of me," he said, solemnly.

"No, I'm not," said Jimmieboy. "Why should you think such a thing as that?"

"Well, I know some things, and what I know makes me believe what I think. I think you are making fun of me when you talk of big rocks going up in the air with trees on 'em. Rocks are too heavy to go up in the air even when they haven't trees on 'em, and I don't think it's very nice of you to try to fool me the way you have."

"I don't mean like a balloon," Jimmieboy hastened to explain. "It's a big rock that sits on the ground and reaches up into the air and has trees on it."

"I don't believe there ever was such a thing," returned the offended Quill. "Here's what one would look like if it could ever be," he added, sketching the following:



MOUNTAIN.

strated Jimmieboy.

"It's perfectly simple," said the Quill. "You said a mountain was a rock; there's the rock in the picture. You said it had trees on it; those two things that look like pen-wipers on sticks are the trees."

"But that other thing?" interrupted Jimmieboy. "That arm? I never, never, never said a mountain had one of those."

"Why, how you do talk!" cried the Quill, angrily. "You told me first that the rocks went up in the air, and when

I showed you why that couldn't be, you corrected yourself, and said that they reached up into the air."

"Well, so I did," said Jimmieboy.

"Will you kindly tell me how a rock could reach up in the air, or around a corner, or do any reaching at all, in fact, unless it had an arm to do it with?" snapped the Quill, triumphantly.

Again Jimmieboy found it best to keep silent. The Quill, thinking that his silence was due to regret, immediately became amiable, and volunteered the statement that if he knew the names of flowers he thought he could draw some of them.

"Pansies, cowslips, and geraniums," suggested Jimmieboy.

"Good! Here you are," returned the Quill, rapidly sketching the following:



"That pansy," he said, as Jimmieboy gazed at his work, "is a frying-pansy. How is this for a battle scene?" he added, drawing the following singular-looking picture.

"Very handsome!" said Jimmieboy.

"But er—just what are those things? Snakes?"

"No, indeed," said the Quill. "The idea! Who ever saw a snake with wings? One is a C gull and the other is a J bird."

"Can you draw a blue bird?" asked Jimmieboy.

"I think so," answered the Quill, as he carefully drew this strange creature.

"You haven't given him any wings," said Jimmieboy, after carefully examining the picture.

"No; that's the reason he is blue. He has to walk all the time. That's enough to make anybody blue," explained the Quill. "Here's a puzzle for you!" he added. "Guess what it is, and I'll write to your Uncle Periwinkle and tell him if he'll come up here on Saturday with two dollars in his pockets, you will show him where you and he can get the best soda-water made."

A BLUEBIRD.

This is the picture the Quill then presented to Jimmieboy's astonished gaze.

"Humph!" said Jimmieboy. "It looks like two men on horseback running after something, but what, I'm sure I don't know."

"What does it look like?" asked the Quill.

"Nothing that I ever saw."

"Nonsense!" returned the Pen. "Does it look like a fox, or a Chinese laundry, or a what?"

"It doesn't look like any of 'em," insisted Jimmieboy.

"Dear me! How dull you are!" cried the Quill. "Why, boy, it's a church steeple, that's what. Now what is the whole thing a picture of?"

"A steeple-chase!" cried Jimmieboy.

"Exactly," said the Quill, very much pleased that after all Jimmieboy had guessed it. "And now I'll write that letter to Uncle Periwinkle."

And so he wrote:

P. S.—DEAR UNCLE PERIWINKLE.

Come up on Saturday. Bring all the money you've got, and the soda-water we'll have will sail a yacht. If you can't come, send the money, and I'll look after sailing the yacht.

Yours affectionately, JIMMIEBOY.

"Will that do?" asked the Quill.

"Yes," said Jimmieboy. "And now put it in an envelope, and I'll put it with the letters to be mailed."

"Now draw some more," he said, after this had been mailed.

But the Quill answered never a word. He had evidently fallen asleep. Strange to say, Uncle Periwinkle never got his letter, and the pictures the Quill made all faded from sight, and so were lost.

SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

INVADING A CAPTAIN'S CABIN.

AN earthquake could hardly have caused greater consternation in the village of Klukwak than did the boom of that heavy gun as it came echoing up the pallidated valley of the Chilkat. Not many years before the Indians of that section had defied the power of the United States, and killed several American citizens. A gunboat, hurried to the scene of trouble, shelled and destroyed one of their villages in retaliation. From that time on no sound was so terrible to them as the roar of a big gun.

While Phil and his companions were chafing at the delay imposed upon them by the greed of the Chilkat Shaman a government vessel arrived in the neighboring inlet of Chilkoot, bearing a party of scientific men who were to cross the mountains at that point for an exploration of the upper Yukon, and the locating of the boundary line between Alaska and Canada.

The Princess, learning of its presence, and despairing of assisting her white friends in any other way, secretly despatched a messenger to the Captain of the ship with the information that some Americans were being detained in Klukwak against their will. Upon receipt of this news the Captain promptly steamed around into Chilkat Inlet and as near to its head as the draught of his vessel would allow. As he dropped anchor, there came such a sound of firing from up the river that he imagined a fight to be in progress, and fired one of his own big guns to give warning of his presence.

The effect of this dread message was instantaneous. Phil Ryder dropped his uplifted arm. The Chilkat Shaman scuttled away, issued an order, and within five minutes a new and perfectly equipped canoe was marvellously produced from somewhere and tendered to Serge Belcofsky. Five minutes later he and his companions had taken a grateful leave of the Princess, and were embarked with all their effects, including the three dogs.

Phil stationed himself in the bow, Serge tended sheet, and Jalap Coombs steered. As before the prevailing northerly wind their long-beaked canoe shot out from the river into the wider waters of the inlet, and they saw, at anchor, less than one mile away, a handsome cutter flying the United States revenue flag, the three friends uttered a simultaneous cry of, "The *Phoca*!"

"Hurrah!" yelled Phil.

"Hurrah!" echoed Serge.

"Bless her pretty pecter!" roared Jalap Coombs, standing up and waving the old tarpaulin hat that, though often eclipsed by a fur hood, had been faithfully cherished during the entire journey.

At that moment one of the cutter's boats, in command of a strange Lieutenant, with a howitzer mounted in its bow, and manned by a dozen heavily armed sailors, hailed the canoe and shot alongside.

"What's the trouble up the river?" demanded the officer.

"There isn't any," answered Serge.

"What was all the firing about?"

"Celebrating some sort of native Fourth of July. Is Captain Matthews still in command of the *Phoca*?"

"Yes. Does he know you?"

"I rather guess he does, and, with your permission, we'll report to him in person."

"Pull up the hoods of your parkas," said Phil to his companions, "and we'll give the Captain a surprise party."

A minute later one of the *Phoca's* Quartermasters reported to the Captain that a canoe-load of natives was almost alongside.

"Very well; let them come aboard, and I'll hear what they have to say."

In vain did the Quartermaster strive to direct the canoe to the port gangway. The natives did not seem to understand, and insisted on rounding up under the starboard

quarter, reserved for officers and distinguished guests. One of them sprang onto the moment its bow touched the side steps, clambered aboard, pushed aside the wrathful Quartermaster, and started for the Captain's door with the sailor in hot pursuit.

"Hold on, you blooming young savage! Ye can't go in there," he shouted, but to heedless ears.

As Phil gained the door it was opened by the Commander himself, who was about to come out for a look at the natives.

"How are you, Captain Matthews?" shouted the fur-clad intruder into the sacred privacy of the cabin, at the same time raising a hand in salute. "It is awfully good of you, sir, to come for us. I only hope you didn't bother to wait very long at the Pribyloffs."

"Eh? What? Who are you, sir? What does this mean? Phil Ryder! You young villain! You scamp! Bless my soul, but this is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of!" cried the astonished Commander, staggering back into the cabin, and pulling Phil after him. "May, daughter, look here!"

At that moment there came a yelping rush, and with a chorus of excited barkings Musky, Luvtnuk, and big Anook dashed pell-mell into the cabin. After them came Serge, Jalap Coombs, and the horrified Quartermaster, all striving in vain to capture and restrain the riotous dogs. As if any one could prevent them from following and sharing the joy of the young master who had fed them night after night for months by lonely camp-fires of the Yukon Valley!

So they flung themselves into the cabin, and tore round and round, amid such a babel of shouts, laughter, barkings, and crash of overturned furniture as was never before heard in that orderly apartment.

Finally the terrible dogs were captured, one by one, and led away. May Matthews emerged from a safe retreat, where, convulsed with laughter, she had witnessed the whole uproarious proceeding. Her father, still ejaculating "Bless my soul!" at intervals, gradually recovered sufficient composure to recognize and welcome Serge and "Ipecae" Coombs, as he persisted in calling poor Jalap. The upset chairs were placed to rights, and all hands began to ask questions with such rapidity that no one had time to pause for answers.

From the confusion Captain Matthews finally evolved an understanding that the boys were still desirous of reaching Sitka, whereupon he remarked:

"Sitka, Sitka. It never occurred to me that you had any desire to visit Sitka. I thought your sole ambition was to attain the North Pole. If you had only mentioned Sitka last summer I might have arranged the trip for you, but now I fear—"

At this moment there came a knock at the door, and when it was opened the Quartermaster began to say, "Excuse me, sir, but here's another—" Before he could finish his sentence a small furry object jerked away from him with such force, that it took a header into the room and landed at the feet of the Commander on all fours, like a little bear.

"Bless my soul! What's this?" cried Captain Matthews, springing to one side in dismay.

"It's a baby!" screamed Miss May, darting forward and snatching up the child. "A darling little Indian in furs. Where did it come from?"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Phil, remorsefully. "To think that we should have forgotten Nel-te!"

"Are there any more yet to come?" demanded the Captain.

"No, sir; the whole ship's company is present and accounted for," replied Jalap Coombs. "But with your leave, sir, I'll just step out and take a look at our boat, for she's a ticklish craft to navigate, and might come to grief in strange hands."

So saying, the honest fellow, who had made an excuse to escape from the cabin, where he felt awkward and out of place, as well as uncomfortably warm in his fur garments, pulled at the fringe of long wolf's hairs surrounding his face, and shuffled away. A few minutes later saw him in the forecabin, where, divested of his unsailorlike parka,

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 801.

puffing with infinite zest at one of the blackest of pipes filled with the blackest of tobacco, and the centre of an admiring group of seamen, he was spinning incredible yarns of his recent and wonderful experiences with snow-shoes and sledges.

In the mean time May Matthews was delightedly winning Nel-te's baby affections, while Phil and Serge were still plying the Captain with questions.

"Were you saying, sir, that you feared you couldn't take us to Sitka?" inquired Serge, anxiously.

"Not at all, my lad," replied the Captain. "I was about to remark that I feared you would not care to go there now, seeing that there is hardly any one in Sitka whom you want to see, unless it is your mother and sisters and Phil Ryder's father and Aunt Ruth."

"What?" cried Phil, "my Aunt Ruth! Are you certain, sir?"

"Certainly I am," replied Captain Matthews, "that if both the individuals I have just mentioned aren't already in Sitka, they will be there very shortly, for I left them in San Francisco preparing to start at once. Moreover, I have orders to carry your father to St. Michaels, where he expects to find you. So now you see in what a complication your turning up in this outlandish fashion involves me."

"But how did my Aunt Ruth ever happen to come out here?" inquired Phil.

"Came out to nurse your father while his leg was mending, and incidentally to find out what had become of an undutiful nephew whom she seems to fancy has an aptitude for getting into scrapes," laughed the Captain.

"Has my father recovered from his accident?"

"So entirely that he fancies his leg is sounder and better than ever it was."

"And are you bound for Sitka now, sir?"

"Certainly I am, and should have been half-way there by this time if I hadn't been delayed by a report of some sort of a row between the Chilkats and a party of whites. Now, having settled that difficulty by capturing the entire force of aggressors, I propose to carry them to Sitka as legitimate prisoners, and then turn them over to the authorities. So, gentlemen, you will please consider yourselves as prisoners of war, and under orders not to leave this ship until she arrives at Sitka."

"With pleasure, sir," laughed Phil. "Only don't you think you'd better place us under guard?"

"I expect it will be best," replied the Captain, gravely, "seeing that you are charged with seal-poaching, piracy, defying government officers, and escaping from arrest, as well as the present one of making war on native Americans."

CHAPTER XL.

IN SITKA TOWN.

THE long-beaked and wonderfully carved Chilkat canoe was taken on the *Phoca's* deck, the anchor was weighed, and, with the trim cutter headed southward, the last stage of the adventurous journey, pursued amid such strange vicissitudes, was begun. As the ship sped swiftly past the overhanging ice-fields of Davidson Glacier, out of Chilkat Inlet into the broad mountain-walled waters of Lynn Canal, and down that thoroughfare into Chatham Strait, Captain Matthews listened with absorbed interest to Phil's account of the remarkable adventures that he and Serge had encountered from the time he had last seen them at the Pribyloff islands down to the present moment.

"Well," said he, when the recital was finished, "I've done a good bit of knocking about in queer places during thirty years of going to sea, and had some experiences, but my life has been tame and monotonous compared with the one you have led for the past year. Why, lad, if an account of what you have gone through in attempting to take a quiet little trip from New London to Sitka was written out and printed in a book, people wouldn't believe it was true. They'd shake their heads and say it was all made up, which only goes to prove, what I never believed before, that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction, after all."

"Yes," replied Phil; "and the strangest part of it all is

the way that fur-seal's tooth has followed us and exerted its influence in our behalf from the beginning to the very end. Why, sir, if it hadn't been for that tooth you wouldn't have come to Chilkat, and we shouldn't be in the happy position we are at this very moment."

"You don't mean to say," cried Captain Matthews, "that it turned up again after your father lost it?"

"Oh yes, sir, and it's been with us, off and on, all the time."

"Then at last I can have the pleasure of showing it to my daughter. Would you mind letting me have it for a few minutes?"

"Unfortunately, sir—"

"Now don't tell me that you have gone and lost it again."

"Not exactly lost it," replied Phil. "At the same time, I don't know precisely where it is nor what has become of it, only it is somewhere back in Klukwan, where it originally came from, and I have every reason to believe that it is in possession of the principal Chilkat Shaman."

"I declare that is too bad!" exclaimed the Captain. "If I had known that sooner I believe I should have kept right on and shelled the village until they gave me the tooth, so strong is my desire to get hold of it."

"And so secured to yourself the ill luck of him who steals it," laughed Phil.

That afternoon the *Phoca* turned sharply to the right, and began to thread the swift-rushing and rock-strewn waters of Peril Strait, the narrow channel that washes the northern end of Baranoff Island, on which Sitka is situated. Now Serge stood on the bridge beside his friend, so nervous with excitement that he could hardly speak. Every roaring tide rip and swirling eddy of those waters, every rock with its streamers of brown kelp, every beach and wooded point were like familiar faces to the young Russo-American, for just beyond them lay his home, that dear home from which he had been more than three years absent.

Suddenly he clutched Phil's arm, and pointed to a lofty snow-crowned peak looming high above the forest and bathed in rosy sunlight. "There's Mount Edgemoor!" he cried; and a few minutes afterward, "There's Verstoroi!" Phil felt the nervous fingers tremble as they gripped his arm; and when, a little later the cutter swept from a narrow passage into an island-studded bay, he could hardly hear the hoarse whisper of: "There, Phil! There's Sitka! Dear, beautiful Sitka!"

And Phil was nearly as excited as Serge to think that, after twelve months of ceaseless wanderings, the goal for which he had set forth was at last reached.

The *Phoca* had hardly dropped anchor before another ship appeared, entering the bay from the same direction.

"The mail-steamer from Puget Sound," announced Captain Matthews.

This boat brought but few passengers, for the season was yet too early for tourists; but on her upper deck stood a gentleman and a lady, the former of whom was pointing out objects of interest almost as eagerly as Serge had done a short time before.

"It is lovely," said his companion, enthusiastically, "but it seems perfectly incredible that I should actually be here, and that this is the place for which our Phil set out with such high hopes a year ago. Do you realize, John, that it is just one year ago to-day since he left New London? Oh, if we only knew where the dear boy was at this minute! And to think that I should have got here before him!"

"Now he will probably never get here," replied Mr. Ryder. "For, on account of that California offer, I shall be obliged to return directly to San Francisco from St. Michaels without even a chance of going up the Yukon, which I know will be a great disappointment to Phil. But look there, Ruth. You have been wanting to see a canoe-load of Indians, and here comes as typical a one as I ever saw. A perfect specimen of an Alaskan dugout, natives in full winter costume, Eskimo dogs, and a sledge."

"And, oh!" cried Miss Ruth, "there is a tiny bit of a child, all in furs, just like its father. See? Nestled among the dogs, with a pair of wee snow-shoes on his back too? Isn't he a darling? How I should love to hug him! Oh,



"AUNT RUTH, YOU'RE A BRICK! A PERFECT BRICK!"

John, we must find them when we get ashore; for that child is the very cutest thing I have seen in all Alaska."

By this time the steamer was made fast, and the passengers were already going ashore. When Mr. Ryder and his sister gained the wharf they were surprised to see that the canoe in which they were interested had come to the landing-stage, where its occupants were already disembarking.

The next moment she uttered a shriek of horror, for one of them had thrown his arms around her neck and kissed her.

"Aunt Ruth, you're a brick! a perfect brick!" he cried. "To think of you coming away out here to see me!" Then turning to Mr. Ryder, and embracing that bewildered gentleman in his furry arms, the excited boy exclaimed: "And pop! You dear old pop! If you only knew how distressed I have been about you. If you hadn't turned up, just as you have, I should have dropped everything and gone in search of you."

"Oh, Phil! How could you?" gasped Aunt Ruth. "You frightened me almost to death, and have crushed me all out of shape. You are a regular polar-bear in all those furs and things. What do you mean, sir? Oh you dear, dear boy!" At this point Miss Ruth's feelings so completely overcame her that she sank down on a convenient log and burst into hysterical weeping.

"There, you young scamp!" cried Mr. Ryder, whose own eyes were full of joyful tears at that moment. "See what you have done! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, sir?"

"Yes, pop, awfully. But I've got something that will cheer her up and amuse her. And here's Serge and— No he isn't, either. What has become of Serge? Oh, I suppose he has gone home. Don't see why he need to be in such a hurry, though. No matter; here's Jalap Coombs. You remember Jalap, father? And here, Aunt Ruth, is the curio I promised to bring you. Look out; it's alive!"

With this the crazy lad snatched Nel-te from the arms of

Jalap Coombs, who had just brought him up the steps, and laid him in Miss Ruth's lap, saying, "He's a little orphan kid I found in the wilderness, and adopted for you to love."

Miss Ruth gave such a start as the small bundle of fur was so unexpectedly thrust at her that poor Nel-te rolled to the ground. From there he lifted such a pitifully frightened little face, with such tear-filled eyes and quivering lip, that Miss Ruth snatched him up and hugged him. Then she kissed and petted him to such an extent that by the time he was again smiling he had won a place in her loving heart second only to that occupied by Phil himself.

With this journey's end also came the partings that always form so sad a feature of all journeys' ends. Even the three dogs that had travelled together for so long were separated, Musky being given to Serge, Luvnik to May Matthews, to become the pet of the *Phoca's* crew, and big Amook going with Phil, Aunt Ruth, Nel-te, the sledge, the snow-shoes, and the beautiful white thick-furred skin of a mountain goat to distant New London.

Mr. Ryder and Jalap Coombs accompanied them as far as San Francisco. Dear old Serge was reluctantly left behind, busily making preparations to carry out his cherished scheme of returning to Anvik as a teacher.

In San Francisco Mr. Ryder secured for Jalap Coombs the command of a trading schooner plying between that port and Honolulu. When it was announced to him that he was at last actually a captain, the honest fellow's voice trembled with emotion as he answered:

"Mr. Ryder, sir, and Phil, I never did wholly look to be a full-rigged cap'n, though I've striv and waited for the berth nigh on to forty year. Now I know that it's just as my old friend Kite Roberson useter say; for he allers said, 'old Kite did, 'That them as waits the patientest is bound to see things happen.'"

THE END.

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. FRANKLIN'S announcement at first almost stunned his children. They could not believe it. Jack and Cynthia were somewhat prepared for it, it is true, but when they heard the news from their father's own lips it was none the less startling.

To Edith it came like a thunderbolt. She had never had the smallest suspicion that her father would marry again. She had always supposed that she would be sufficient for him. She would never marry herself, she thought, but would stay at home and be the comfort of his declining years. It had never occurred to her that her father, still a young and good-looking man of barely forty, would be exceedingly likely to marry a second time.

And now what was to happen? A stranger was coming to rule over them. Edith would never endure it, never! She would go away and live with Aunt Betsey. Anything would be better than a step-mother.

When she spoke her voice was hard and unnatural.

"Haven't I done right, papa? Weren't you satisfied with me? I have tried."

"My dear child, you have done your best, but you are too young. No one can expect a girl of sixteen to take entire charge of a house and family. And it is not only that. Hester is a charming woman. She reminds me something of your mother, Edith. It was that which first attracted me. She will be a companion to you—a sister."

"Thank you, but I don't need either. Cynthia is all the sister I want. Oh, papa, papa, why are you going to do it!"

She went to her own room and shut the door. After this one outbreak she said no more. Small things made Edith storm and even cry, dignified though she was. This great shock stunned her. She did not shed a tear, and she bore it in silence; but a hard feeling came into her heart, and she determined that she would never forgive this Miss Gordon who had entrapped her father (so she put it), and was coming to rule over them and order them about. She, for one, would never submit to it.

Jack did not mind it in the least, and Cynthia, who idolized her father, was sure from what he said that he was doing what he considered was for his happiness. Of course it was terrible for them, but they must make the best of it.

They passed a dreary Sunday, but Monday was expected to be an exciting day, for on that date the chickens were to appear. But when the children returned from school there were but small signs of the anticipated hatch in the incubator; one shell only had a little crack on the end.

Cynthia took up her position in front of the machine with a book, and waited patiently hour after hour. Nothing came. The next morning there was another crack in the next egg, and the first had spread a little, but that was all. The children all went to school but Edith, and she felt too low-spirited to go down to the cellar to watch.

Janet and Willy were forbidden to go near the place. As punishment for their conduct on Saturday, they were not to be present at the hatching. It was thought that owing to what they had done the chickens were not forthcoming, and indeed it had been most disastrous.

When Jack and Cynthia returned from school they found that two little chicks—probably the only two which had escaped the cold bath—had emerged from their shells, and were hopping dismally about in the gravel beneath the trays. One hundred and ninety-eight hoped-for companions failed to appear.

Jack's first hatch was anything but a success. He bore it bravely, but it was a bitter disappointment. After waiting many hours in the vain hope of seeing another shell crack, he removed the two little comrades to the large brooder built to hold a hundred, and then, nothing daunted, sent for more eggs. He still had some of Aunt Betsey's money left.

Jack was plucky, and his pride would not permit him to give up. He would profit by his experience, and next



"CYNTHY FRANKLIN, IT IS MORE THAN TIME YOU HAD A MOTHER."

time he would be victorious. He feared that, besides the mischief done by the children, he had been overfussy in his care of the eggs, and be determined to act more wisely in every respect.

In after-years Cynthia looked back upon the first batch as one of the most depressing events in her life. The children in disgrace, Edith silent and woe-begone in her own room, she and Jack watching hour after hour in the big cellar for the chickens that never came, and, above all, the impending arrival of the second Mrs. Franklin.

Aunt Betsey journeyed down from Wayborough as soon as she heard the news. They did not know she was coming until they saw one of the station carriages slowly approaching the house, with Miss Trinkett's well-known bonnet inside of it. She waved her hand gayly, and opened the subject at once.

"Well, well," she cried, "this is news indeed! I want to know! Nephew John going to be married again! Just what I always thought he had best do for the good of you children. Have you seen the bride, and what is she like?"

It was a warm June day, and the Franklins were on the piazza when this was shouted to them from the carriage in their aunt's shrill voice. Edith writhed. Though the news was all over Brenton by now, this would be a fine bit for the driver to take back.

Jack and Cynthia offered to help Aunt Betsey to alight, but she waved them aside.

"Don't think you must help me, my dears. This good news has put new life into me. How do you all do?" giving each one of her birdlike kisses, and settling herself in a favorite rocking-chair.

The younger children ran to her, hoping for treasures from the carpet-bag.

"I do declare," exclaimed she, "if I didn't forget all about you in the news of the bride! Never mind; wait till next time, and I'll bring you something extra nice when I come to see the bride."

"What's a bride?" asked Willy.

"La, child, don't you know? They haven't been kept in ignorance, I hope?"

"Oh no, but they haven't heard her called that," explained Cynthia.

"Do you mean the lady that is coming here to live?" asked Janet. "Well, we don't like her, me and Willy. She's made Edith cross and sobby, and she's made you forget our presents, and she's made a lot of fuss. We don't want her here at all."

Miss Trinkett looked shocked. "My dear children!" she exclaimed, too much abashed to say more. Then she turned to Edith.

"But now tell me all about it. Have you seen her, and is she young?"

"I have not seen her, Aunt Betsey, and I don't wish to. I don't know whether she is young or old, and I don't care. Won't you take me home with you, Aunt Betsey? Can't I live with you now? I'm not needed here."

Miss Betsey stared at her in amazement.

"Edith Franklin," she said, folding her hands in her lap, "I am astonished at the state of things I find in this household! Rebelling against circumstances in this way, and wishing to run away from your duties! No, indeed, my dear. Much as I'd admire to have you live with me—and there's a nice little chamber over the living-room that would suit you to a T—I'd never be the one to encourage your leaving your family. You are setting them a bad example as it is, teaching these young things to look with disfavor on their new mother that is to be. No, indeed. Far be it from me to encourage you. And, indeed, I should have no right, when my own mother was a second wife. Why, in the early days of the colonies it was thought nothing at all for a man to marry three or four times, as you'd know if you had read Judge Sewall's *Diary* as much as I have, or other valuable works."

Miss Trinkett rocked violently when she had finished this harangue. Edith did not reply. She had looked for sympathy from Aunt Betsey; but she, like all the rest of the world, seemed to think it the best thing that could happen.

As for Miss Betsey, she too was somewhat disappointed. She had hoped for some interesting items, and none seemed to be forth-coming.

"Where's your father?" she asked, presently.

Edith did not reply.

"He has gone to Albany," said Cynthia.

"Well, well! And when is the wedding to be?"

Edith rose and went into the house. Cynthia glanced after her regretfully, and then answered her aunt's question.

"It is to be in a week. It is to be very quiet, because—because Miss Gordon is in deep mourning."

"Do tell! I want to know!" ejaculated Miss Trinkett. "And are none of you going?"

"No; papa did not think it was best. Hardly any one will be there. Only her brother and one or two others."

"So she has a brother. Any other relatives?"

"I think not. She lost her father and mother when she was very young, and her grandmother died rather lately."

"I want to know! And when are they coming home?"

"Very soon," said Cynthia, almost inaudibly.

"Do tell!"

Miss Betsey said no more at present, but her mind was busy.

"Where is Jackie?" she next asked.

"I don't know. Gone to see about the chickens, I suppose."

"Oh, those little orphans. Well, I haven't time to ask about them now, for I think, Cynthia, I would like to call upon my friend, Mrs. Parker. It is a long time since I was there."

"Oh, Aunt Betsey!" exclaimed Cynthia. It would never do for her aunt to see Mrs. Parker. The secret of her escapade at that good lady's house would surely be found out. "Why do you go there this afternoon?"

"Because, my dear, I am here only for a night, and I must see Mrs. Parker."

Cynthia groaned inwardly.

"And hear all the village gossip about papa," she thought. It must be prevented.

But Miss Trinkett was not to be turned from her purpose. Go she would. Every available excuse in the world was brought up to deter her, but the end of it was that Jack drove around in the buggy, and Miss Betsey departed triumphantly.

Cynthia awaited her return in suspense. She wished that she could run away. Her impersonation of her aunt did not seem such a joke as it had at the time, and then she had heard the dreadful news there.

Miss Trinkett came back before very long in high dudgeon. Cynthia was alone on the piazza, for Edith had not appeared again. She noticed that Jack was apparently enjoying a huge joke, and instead of taking the horse to the barn, he remained to hear what Aunt Betsey had to say.

Miss Trinkett sank into a chair and untied her bonnet strings with a jerk.

"Maria Parker is losing her mind," she announced. "As for me, I shall never go there again."

"Why not, Aunt Betsey?" murmured Cynthia, preparing herself for the worst.

"She declares that I was there two weeks ago, and that she—she told me the news of my own nephew's engagement! She actually had the effrontery to say, 'I told you so!' My own nephew! When his letter the other day was the first I heard of it, and I said to Silas, said I, 'Silas, nephew John Franklin is going to marry again, and give a mother to those children, and I'm glad of it, and I've just heard the news.' And now for Maria Parker to tell me that she told me, and that I was there two weeks ago! Is the woman crazy, or am I the one that has lost my mind? Why don't you say something, Cynthia? Is it possible you agree with Mrs. Parker? Come, now, answer a question. Was I here two weeks ago, and did I go and see Maria Parker?"

"No," murmured Cynthia, her face crimson, her voice almost inaudible. But Aunt Betsey was too much excited to notice.

"Jackie," she said, turning to him, "will you answer me a question? Did I visit you two weeks ago, and did I call upon Mrs. Parker?"

Jack gave one look at Cynthia, and then, dropping on the grass, rolled over and over in an ecstasy of mirth.

"You're in for it now, Miss Cynthia!" he chuckled.

Miss Betsey drew herself up.

"You have not answered my questions. Was I here two weeks ago, and did I call upon Mrs. Parker?"

"No, no, Aunt Betsey!" shouted Jack. "You weren't! You didn't! Go ahead, Cynt! Out with it! My eye, I'm glad I'm here and nowhere else! I've been waiting for this happy day. Now you'll get paid up for fooling me."

And again he rolled, his long legs beating the air.

"I think you are mean, Jack, when you were the one that made me go!" exclaimed Cynthia, indignantly. Then she relapsed into silence. How could she ever confess to Aunt Betsey?

Miss Trinkett hastened the climax.

"I don't know why Jack finds this so amusing. It is not so to my mind; but if you are quite sure that I was not here, and that I did not call upon Mrs. Parker, I must ask you to drive down with me at once and state the facts to her. I cannot have it insinuated that I am no longer capable of judging for myself, and of knowing what I do and what I don't do. She actually told me to my face that I was getting childish. What would Silas say? But I'll never tell him that. I would like to go at once."

Alas, there was no help for it. Cynthia must confess. If only Jack had not been there!

She rose from the step where she had been sitting, and standing in front of her little grandaunt she spoke very rapidly.

"You are right, and so is Mrs. Parker. You weren't here, but I dressed up and went to see her. I pretended I was you. I found your other false—I mean your new hair. You left it in the drawer. I looked just like you, and we thought it would be such fun. I'm awfully sorry, Aunt Betsey, indeed I am. It wasn't such great fun, after all."

At first Miss Betsey was speechless. Then she rose in extreme wrath.

"Cynthia Franklin, it is more than time you had a mother. I never supposed you could be so—impertinent; yes, impertinent! Made yourself look like me, indeed, and going to my most intimate friend! Poor Mrs. Parker. There's no knowing what she might have said, thinking it was I. And I telling her to-day she was out of her mind, and various other things I'm distressed to think of. Why, *Cynthia*!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," cried Cynthia, bursting into tears. "Do forgive me, Aunt Betsey."

"I am not ready to forgive you just yet, and whether I ever will or not remains to be proved. I am disappointed in you all. Edith going and shutting herself up when I come, because she doesn't want a step-mother, and you making fun of an aged aunt—not so very aged either. Why, when Silas hears this I just dread to think what he'll say. I am going home at once, Jack. You are the only well-behaved one among them. You may drive me to the train."

"Oh, Aunt Betsey, not to-day! Please don't go."

"I couldn't answer for my tongue if I staid here to-night. I had best go home and think it out. When I remember all I said to Maria Parker, and all she said to me, I'm about crazy, just as she said I was."

And presently she drove away, sitting very stiff and very erect in the old buggy that had held her prototype two weeks before, and Cynthia was left in tears, with one more calamity added to her already burdened soul.

Why had she ever played a practical joke? If she lived a hundred years she never would again.

Edith heard the news of Aunt Betsey's sudden departure in silence, and Cynthia received no sympathy from her. And very soon it was temporarily forgotten in preparations for the advent of the bride.

The day came at last, a beautiful one in June. The house was filled with lovely flowers which Cynthia had arranged—Edith would have nothing to do with it—and

the supper-table was decked with the finest China and the old silver service and candelabra of their great-grand-mother.

The servants, who had lived with them so long, could scarcely do their work. They peered from the kitchen windows for a first sight of their new mistress, and wondered what she would be like.

"These are sorry times," said Mary Ann, the old cook, as she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

Outside the place had never looked so peacefully lovely. It was late, and the afternoon sun cast long shadows from the few trees on the lawn. In the distance the cows were heard lowing at milking-time. At one spot the river could be seen glinting through the trees, and June roses filled the air with fragrance.

All was to the outward eye just as it had always been, summer after summer, since the Franklins could remember, and yet how different it really was.

Jack had gone to the station to meet the travellers. Edith, Cynthia, Janet, and Willy were waiting on the porch, all in their nicest clothes. The children had been bribed to keep their hands clean, and up to this moment they were immaculate. Ben and Chester lay at full length on the banking in front of the house; they alone did not share the excitement.

The sound of wheels was heard.

"They are coming," whispered Cynthia.

As for Edith, she was voiceless.

And then the carriage emerged from the trees.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STORIES IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN the old seaport town of Salem, with its quaint houses with their carved doorways and many windows, with its pretty rose gardens, its beautiful overshadowing elms, its dingy court-house and celebrated town pump, Hawthorne passed his early life, his picturesque surroundings forming a suitable setting to the picture we may call up of the handsome imaginative boy whose early impressions were afterward to crystallize into the most beautiful art that America has yet known. Behind the town stood old Witch Hill, grim and ghastly with the memories of the witches who had been hanged there in colonial times. In front spread the sea, a golden argosy of promise, whose wharves and store-rooms held priceless stores of merchandise.

Hawthorne's boyhood was much like that of any other boy in Salem town. He went to school and to church, loved the sea, and prophesied that he would go away on it some day and never return, was fond of reading, and was not averse to a good fight with any of his school-fellows who had, as he expressed it, "a quarrelsome disposition." He was a healthy, robust lad, and life seemed a very good thing to him, whether he was roaming the streets of Salem, sitting idly on the wharves, or at home stretched on the floor reading one of his favorite authors. As a rule all boys who have become writers have liked the same books, and Hawthorne was no exception. When reading, he was living in the magic world of Shakespeare and Milton, Spenser, Froisart, and *Pilgrim's Progress*. This last was a great and special favorite with him, its lofty and beautiful spirit carrying his soul with it into those spiritual regions which the child mind reverences without understanding.

For one year of his boyhood he was supremely happy in the life of the wild regions of Sebago Lake, Maine, where the family moved for a time. Here, he says, he lived the life of a bird of the air, with no restraint, and in absolute supreme freedom. In the summer he would take his gun and spend days in the forest, shooting, fishing, and doing whatever prompted his vagabond spirit at the moment. In the winter he would follow the hunters through the snow, or skate till midnight alone upon the frozen lake, with only

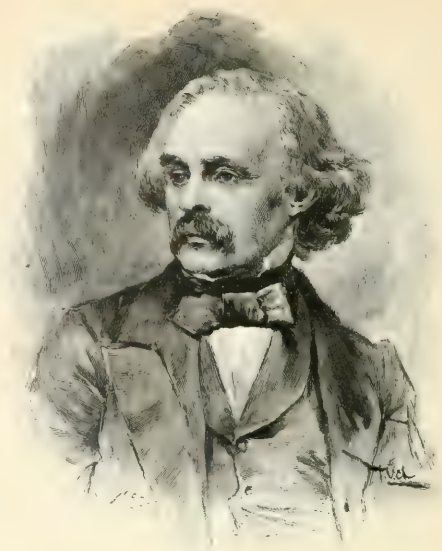
the shadows of the hills to keep him company, and sometimes passing the remainder of the night in a solitary log cabin, whose hearth would blaze with the burning trunks of the fallen evergreens.

He entered Bowdoin in 1821, and had among his fellow-students Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Franklin Pierce, afterward President of the United States, and several others who distinguished themselves in later life. Long afterward Hawthorne recalls his days at Bowdoin as among the happiest of his life, and in writing to one of his old college friends speaks of the charm that lingers around the memory of the place, where he gathered blueberries in study hours, watched the great logs drifting down from the lumbering districts above along the current of the Androscoggin, fished in the forest streams, and shot pigeons and squirrels at odd hours which ought to have been devoted to the classics.

After leaving Bowdoin, Hawthorne returned to Salem, where he passed the next twelve years of his life, and during which he must have marked out authorship as his profession, as he attempted nothing else. Here he produced, from time to time, stories and sketches which found their way to the periodicals of the day, and which won for him a reputation among other American writers. But it is remarkable that the years which a man devotes usually to the best work of his life were spent by Hawthorne in a contented half-dream of what he meant to accomplish later on; for exquisite as is some of the work produced at this time, it never would have won for the author the highest place in American literature. These stories and sketches were collected later on, and published under the titles *Twice-Told Tales* and *Snow Image*. They are full of the grace and beauty of Hawthorne's style, but in speaking of them Hawthorne himself says that there is in this result of twelve years little to show for its thought and industry. But whatever may have been the cause of delay, the promise of his genius was fulfilled at last. In 1850, when Hawthorne was forty-six years old, appeared his first great romance. In writing this book Hawthorne had chosen for his subject a picture of old Puritan times in New England, and out of the tarnished records of the past he created a work of art of marvellous and imperishable beauty.

In the days of which he wrote a Puritan town or village was exactly like a large family bound together by mutual interests, in which the acts of each life were regarded as affecting the whole community. In this novel Hawthorne imprisoned forever the spirit of colonial New England, with all its struggles, hopes, and fears; and the conscience-driven Puritan, who lived in the new generation only in public records and church histories, was lifted into the realm of art.

In Hawthorne's day this grim figure, stalking in the midst of Indian fights, village pillories, town meetings, witch-burnings, and church councils, was already a memory. He had drifted into the past with his steeple-crowned hat and his matchlock. He had left the pleasant New England farm-lands with their pastures and meadows, hills and valleys and wild-pine groves, and lurked like a ghost



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

among the old church-yards and court-houses where his deeds were recorded.

Hawthorne brought him back to life, rehabilitated him in his old garments, set him in the midst of his fellow-elders in the church, and gave him a perfect carnival of trials and worries for conscience' sake. He made the old Puritan live anew, and never again can his memory become dim. It is embalmed for all time by the cunning art of this master-hand.

This first romance, published under the title *The Scarlet Letter*, revealed both to Hawthorne himself and the world outside the transcendent power of his genius.

Hawthorne, when the work was first finished, was in a desperate frame of mind, because of the little popularity his other books had acquired, and told his publisher, who saw the first germ of the work, that he did not know whether the story was very good or very bad. The publisher, however, perceived at once the unusual quality of the work, prevailed upon Hawthorne to finish it immediately, and brought it out one year from that time; and the public, which had become familiar with Hawthorne as a writer of short stories, now saw that it had been entertaining a genius unawares.

Hawthorne's next work, *The House of the Seven Gables*, is a story of the New England of his own day. Through its pages flit the contrasting figures that one might find there and nowhere else. The old spinster of ancient family who is obliged in her latter years to open a toy and ginger-bread shop, and who never forgets the time when the house with seven gables was a mansion whose hospitality was honored by all, is a pathetic picture of disappointed hope and broken-down fortune. So also her brother, who was imprisoned under a false charge for twenty years, and who is obliged in his old age to lean upon his sister for support. The other characters are alike true to life—a life that has almost disappeared now in the changes of the half-century since its scenes were made the inspiration of Hawthorne's romance.

The House of the Seven Gables was followed by two beautiful volumes for children: *The Wonder-Book*, in which the stories of the Greek myths are retold, and *Tanglewood Tales*.



ONE OF THE BOY'S FAVORITE OCCUPATIONS.

In *The Wonder-Book* Hawthorne writes as if he were a child himself, so delicious is the charm that he weaves around these old, old tales. Not content with the myths, he created little incidents and impossible characters, which glance in and out with elfin fascination. One feels that these were the very stories that were told by the centaurs, fairies, and satyrs themselves in the shadows of those old Grecian forests. Here we learn that King Midas not only had his palace turned to gold, but that his own little daughter Marigold, a fancy of Hawthorne's own, was also converted into the same shining metal. We are told, too, the secrets of many a hero and god of this realm of fancy which had been unsuspected by any other historian of their deeds. No child in reading *The Wonder-Book* would doubt for a moment that Hawthorne had obtained the stories first hand from the living characters, and would easily believe that he had hobnobbed many a moonlit night with Pan and Bacchus and other sylvan deities in their vine-covered grottos by the famed rivers of Greece. This dainty ethereal touch of Hawthorne appears especially in all his work for children. It is as if he understood and entered into that mystery which ever surrounds child life and sets it sacredly apart. It is the same quality, nearly, which gives distinction to his fourth great novel, in which he is called upon to deal with the elusive character of a man who is supposed to be a descendant of the old fauns. We feel that this creation, which is named Donatello, from his resemblance to the celebrated statue of the Marble Faun by that sculptor, is not wholly human, and although he has human interests and feelings, Hawthorne is always a master in treating such a subject as this. He makes Donatello ashamed of his pointed ears, though his spirit is as wild and untamed as that of his crude ancestors. In this book—which takes its name from the statue—*The Marble Faun*, there is a description of a scene where Donatello, who is



THE OLD MANSE.

by title an Italian count, joins in a peasant dance around one of the public fountains. And so vividly is his half-human nature brought out that one feels as if Hawthorne must have witnessed somewhere the mad revels of the veritable fauns and satyrs in the days of their life upon the earth. In the whole development of this story Hawthorne shows the same subtle sympathy with natures so far out of the commonplace that they seem to belong to another world. The mystery of such souls having the same charm for him as the secrets of the earth and air have for the scientist and philosopher.

The book coming between *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Marble Faun* is called *The Blithedale Romance*. It is founded partly upon a period of Hawthorne's life when he became a member of a community which hoped to improve the world by showing that to live healthily, manual labor must be combined with intellectual pursuits, and that self-interest and all differences in rank could only be injurious to a country. This little society of reformers

lived in a suburb of Boston, and called their association Brook Farm. Each member was supposed to perform some manual labor on the farm or in the house each day, although hours were set aside for study and intellectual work. Here Hawthorne ploughed the fields like a farmer boy in the daytime, and in the evening joined in the amusements, or sat apart while the other members talked about art and literature and science, danced, sang, or read Shakespeare aloud.

Some of the cleverest men and women of New England became members of this community, the rules of which obliged the men to wear plaid blouses and rough straw hats, and the women to content themselves with plain calico gowns.



AT BROOK FARM.

This company of serious-minded men and women, who tried to solve a great problem by leading the lives of Aca-dian shepherds, at length dispersed, each one going back into the world and working on as bravely as if the experiment had been a great success. The record of the life and experiences of Brook Farm are shadowed forth in *The Blithedale Romance*, although it is not by any means a literal narrative of its existence.

Hawthorne's early married life was spent at Concord, near Boston, in a quaint old dwelling called the Manse, and as all his work partakes of the personal flavor of his own life, so his existence here is recorded in a delightful series of essays called *Mosses from an Old Manse*. Here we have a description of the old house itself and of the author's family life, of the kitchen-garden and apple orchards, of the meadows and woods, and of his friendship with that lover of nature, Henry Thoreau, whose writings form a valuable contribution to American literature. The *Mosses from an Old Manse* must ever be famous as the history of the quiet hours of the greatest American man of letters. They are full of Hawthorne's own personality, and reveal more than any other of his books, the depth and purity of his poetic and rarely gifted nature.

In 1853 Hawthorne was appointed American Consul at Liverpool by his old friend and school-mate Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States. He remained abroad seven years, spending the last four on the continent. The results of this experience are found in the celebrated *Marble Faun*, published in Europe under the title *Transformation*. It was written in Rome, and it is interesting to know that the story was partly suggested to Hawthorne by an old villa near Florence which he occupied with his family. This old villa possessed a moss-covered tower, "haunted," as Hawthorne said in a letter to a friend, "by owls and by the ghost of a monk who was confined there in the thirteenth century, previous to being burnt at the stake in the principal square of Florence." He also states in the same letter that he meant to put the old castle bodily in a romance that was then in his head, and he carried out this threat by making the villa the old family castle of Donatello.

After Hawthorne returned to America he began two other novels, one founded upon the old legend of the elixir of life. This story was probably suggested to him by Thoreau, who spoke of the house in which Hawthorne lived at Concord, after leaving the old Manse, as having been the abode, a century or two before, of a man who believed that he should never die. This subject was a charming one for Hawthorne's peculiar genius, but the story, with another—the *Dolliver Romance*—was never completed, the death of Hawthorne in 1864 leaving the work unfinished.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Amateur Photographers, and the Editor will be pleased to receive and publish their suggestions and queries as far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Camera Club Department.

HOW TO DEVELOP PICTURE PICTURES.

PICTURES taken simply of clouds, without special attention to the landscape, should be developed very slowly in order to bring out all the soft shadows, which are lost if the development is hurried.

Where clouds and landscape have been taken in one picture, the printing quality of the negative may be made uniform by careful development of the plate.

Place the plate in a rather weak developer, and as soon as the outlines of the landscape begin to appear take it out and place in a dish of clean water so as to arrest the development. Pour off the developer, put the plate back in the tray, and finish the plate with brush development. To do this take a soft camel's-hair brush or a small wad of

surgeon's cotton, dip into the developer, and brush over the part of the plate which develops more slowly, which will be the landscape. As soon as this part is nearly developed flood the plate with a weak solution of developer, increasing it in strength till the sky is fully developed. Brush development requires a careful hand, but, like any other part of photography, becomes easy by repeated trials.

Another way of developing one part of the plate at a time is to take the plate from the tray as soon as the outlines appear; turn off the developer, and wash the plate. Put it back in the tray, and tip the tray so that the sky will be out of the developer, turn in the developer, and rock the tray gently to and fro, but do not allow any of the developer to touch the sky until the shadows in the landscape are well out.

When the shadows are nearly or quite developed flood the whole plate with the developer. The sky will develop very quickly, and if the process is carefully watched a fine even-printing negative will be the result. This plan of development is most successful where the horizon-line is not too much broken.

Having once succeeded in catching the clouds, one will never be quite satisfied with a landscape picture which has a perfectly clear sky.

WE DEVOTE A LITTLE of our space this week to tell the Camera Club something about two publications which have been sent to the editor for inspection, and which are the work of some of the members of our club.

The first is entitled the *Focus*, a magazine issued by the Niepce Corresponding Club, and published by Sir Knight Artlin F. Atkinson, of Sacramento, California.

The literary matter is typewritten, and the illustrations are, with one exception, original photographs by members of the Chapter. The first illustration is a fine platinum print of the first-prize landscape picture which was published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, March 26, 1895. The first article, entitled "Rural Photography," is a most amusing account of one J. Focus Snapscotte's attempt to take pictures in the country. The pen-and-ink sketch of "Sillas" does great credit to the artist, who we suspect is the publisher of the magazine, as the initials A. F. A. are the same.

The other articles are part of a continued story, a description of the prize landscape, an account of the capital of California, and matters connected with the club. The photographs do great credit to the members, and the whole magazine is very nicely arranged and embellished.

The second magazine is entitled *Hints*, and is published by Sir Knight George D. Galloway and Sir Knight George Johnson, Jr., of Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

As its name indicates, it is intended to help the amateur to do better work. Its object is stated at the beginning: "This is a practical periodical, and we know all who see it will say so too. From all the prints that are here exhibited you will get *hints*, and you will notice that your work will improve steadily in all respects."

This magazine is also illustrated with original photographs, among which we notice one which also appeared in the Camera Club Department a short time ago. It is by Sir Knight Andrew Phillips, of Nunda, New York, and is entitled "Knights and Ladies of the Camera Club."

Both of these publications cannot fail to be helpful to those members who have the privilege of examining them, for one is sure to learn something by "exchanging experiences." The Chapters which issue these magazines have reason to feel very proud of them.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs herself "Sweet Marie" asks: 1. How to prepare the best and cheapest developer. 2. How to make sensitive paper. 3. How to prepare a polishing solution for ferrotype plates. 4. How to make a ruby lamp. 5. What is stronger water of ammonia. 6. What is brominated ammonia.

As there are almost as many formulas for developers as there are amateur photographers, it would be quite impossible to say which one is the cheapest and best. Sir Knight William C. Davis, of Rutherford, New Jersey, sends the following formula, which he recommends very highly. We shall publish in our papers for beginners several formulas for developing solutions, with prices of chemicals.

Hydroquinone Developer.—Sodium sulphite, 460 grains; sodium carbonate, 860 grains; hydroquinone, 96 grains; water, 16 ounces.

1. Mix and filter before using. In No. 786 will be found a simple developer for instantaneous pictures. 2. Directions for preparing sensitive paper will be found in Nos. 786 and 803. 3. Directions for polishing ferrotype plates will be found in Nos. 797 and 805. 4. A ruby light for dark-room work may be made by taking a wooden starch-box, cutting a square hole in the cover, and pasting two thicknesses of red fabric over the opening. A hole must be made in one end of the box—which answers for the top of the lantern—to allow for ventilation. This must be shielded so as to prevent the escape of actinic rays. This may be done by pieces of tin bent so that air can enter, but no white light escape. A candle should be used with this style of lantern. 5. Ammonia in its pure state is a gas which combines readily with water, water taking up of the gas five hundred times its own volume. This is liquid ammonia, or stronger water of ammonia. By diluting with water it becomes the spirits of hartshorn, or ammonia water. 6. Bromide of ammonia is formed in the simplest manner by the addition of bromine to water of ammonia. It is very useful in photographic work. It gives great sensitiveness to gelatine and collodion emulsions—combined with pyro for a developer it prevents fog—and is employed in the preparation of sensitive papers.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will endeavor to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

LILLIE M—came to see me yesterday, and after she had gone, Maria G—, who was putting a new braid on my second-best gown, said:

"That Miss Lillie uses very nice perfumery. It's so faint and fine, not anything you can smell a long way off, but something which makes you think of roses or violets when she passes you on the street. How does she manage it?"

Maria G— likes perfumes, but does not know how to use them.

"Not by putting cologne on her handkerchief," I answered, decidedly. "Nobody should carry about scents poured on their garments." I had to say this.

Perfumes are used sparingly by elegant people, yet a touch, a vague sense of fragrance, does add something of daintiness to a girl's toilette. It is right for you to have perfumes about you if you love them.

FRESH rose-leaves thrown into your bureau drawers and scattered in the boxes where you keep your laces and handkerchiefs, and sprigs of lavender or lemon verbena left there to dry will impart a pleasant sweetness to whatever lies among them. Orris-root powder in little sachet bags of China silk, or strewn lightly between folds of tissue-paper, will give to your clothing in closet or wardrobe a delightful faint odor of violet. If you use delicate soap with a sweet clean perfume, not of musk or anything strong and pronounced, and put a few drops of alcohol or ammonia in the water when you bathe, you need not be afraid of any unfavorable comment on your daintiness. Perfect cleanliness is always dainty. Soil and stain, dust and dirt, are never anything but repulsive.

ROSE-LEAVES pulled from the perfect flower and laid in your box of note-paper when they are fresh will dry there, and insure your sending to your friends notes which will associate you with fragrance. There is an exquisite perfume in dried roses.

How do you seal your letters, by the way? I hope you have at hand a bit of sponge and a tiny glass of water with which to moisten the mucilage on the flap of your envelope. Better still is a little glass cylinder in a glass jar, a very ornamental and thoroughly clean affair, which can be procured at any stationer's. The glass jar holds water. You turn the cylinder, and on its wet surface place your envelope. Postage stamps may be moistened in the same way.

WHEN friends call, on these very sultry days, you offer them fans, do you not, and, if they wish it, a glass of cold water or lemonade? Palm-leaf or Japanese fans should be

in every room in profusion during the summer solstice. When fans are broken at the edges renew them by a ribbon binding, and tie a jaunty bow on the handle. Very few things should be thrown aside as useless. While an article can be mended or renovated it is worth keeping, and a thrifty person never discards a household implement of any kind until she is convinced that it is worn out.

RIBBON plays an important part in decoration. A bow on the corner of mamma's sewing-chair, on the dressing-glass which hangs over the table, on the little birthday package you send your friend, gives each a sort of gala look. The plainest furniture in the plainest bedroom may be brightened and made attractive by good taste, a few yards of cheap netting or lace, and the judicious use of ribbon. Clever fingers can accomplish wonders with very little money.

A GIRL showed me one day a beautiful sewing-chair, white and gold as to frame-work, and cushioned with a lovely chintz, a white ground thickly sprinkled with daisies.

"There?" she said. "Mamma gave me permission to use anything I could find in our attic, and I hunted around till I came across this chair. Such a fright! It was dingy and broken, and fit for nothing but firewood. Look at it now. Two coats of white paint, some gilding, and this lovely cushion, and then this ravishing frill and box of yellow satin ribbon! Isn't it a triumph?"

I said, very sincerely, that I thought it was.

BERTHA wishes me to tell her why lemonade is not always the rich refreshing drink it should be. Well, Bertha, everybody does not know how to make lemonade. I squeeze my lemons in a glass lemon-squeezer, mix in my granulated sugar with a lavish hand, and add the thinly pared rind of a lemon, dropping it in in circular strips. On this I pour boiling water, setting it by to cool, and, when cold, putting it away in the refrigerator. Then when served I add a strawberry, or a bit of sliced orange or banana, and some pounded ice, and the lemonade is delicious.

Margaret E. Langster.

WHIPPOORWILL.

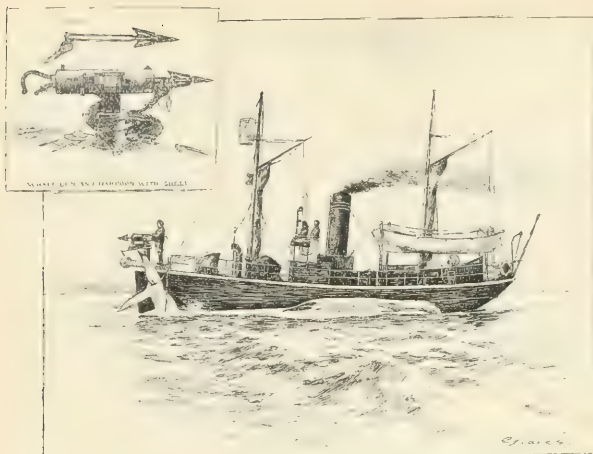
UNSEEN in the thicket a lone little bird
Cries over and over the sorrowful word,
Till the children, whose sweet lisping prayers have been
said.

Turn over, half waking, and call from their bed,
"Do make that bird stop calling down from the hill
His mournful old story, Whip, whip, oh! poor Will."

What could Will have done in the days long ago
That this bird's great-grandfather hated him so?
Did he rifle a nest, did he climb up a tree,
Did he meddle where he had no business to be?
When we find out, dear children, what 'twas Katy did,
The secret with those funny wood gossips bid,
We are likely, and not before then, to discover
The ruse that the poor little songster runs over,
Who, hour by hour, up there on the hill,
Calls mournfully, urgently, Oh! whip poor Will.

MODERN WHALING.

IT is natural enough that the Norwegians should be the most expert people in capturing whales. They live in their cold country up near the best whaling-grounds in the world, except, perhaps, the regions about the northern part of Alaska. For centuries the old Norsemen have been good whalers and famous at throwing the harpoon, but it was



THE MODERN HARPOON AND WHALE BOAT.

left for a famous, perhaps the most famous, whaler the world has known to discover a weapon which made the old hand-thrown harpoon a back number. The man was a Norwegian called Svend Foyn, and an account of his life would make an interesting and exciting story of adventures, escapes, dangers, and finally riches.

Old Svend, who died not long ago at an advanced age, was a cabin-boy when he was eleven years old, and did not have enough money to keep him ashore a month. He used to sail in different kinds of vessels in his early days, keeping his eyes open, and watching to learn what there was for a cabin-boy to learn. This was in 1820. Gradually, as he grew older, he began to save a few kroner here and there, and when he came ashore after a long trip he would take as much of his wages as he could possibly spare and put them in the bank at home in Jönseberg. But it was slow work, and he was little more than a cabin-boy in 1845, except that he was thirty-six years old and had a neat little sum in the bank. Then the idea came to him to buy a little vessel of his own, and try to make for himself the profits he saw others making out of his own and other men's services.

He scraped together all he had or could raise, and bought a brig, and in a very short time he had made a big catch of seals in the north, and had \$20,000 in the bank, besides the brig in the water. Svend seems to have had all the shrewdness for which Norwegians have long been famous, and much of the daring and self-reliance of the same great race. For he started in 1863, with a little steamer which he had bought, to the whaling-grounds, and tried to harpoon whales.

This did not seem to succeed very well, and he made up his mind that spearing whales with a harpoon thrown by the hand of man was a doubtful thing. He went to work, therefore, to think of something more powerful and more certain in its aim than a man's arm, with the result that he invented a harpoon which was fired from a gun, and which carried along with it a shell that exploded inside the whale's vitals and almost invariably killed it at once. This harpoon-gun is now used all over the world, and has made whaling a wonderfully profitable business.

The gun is placed in the bows of small steamers built especially for the purpose, and is aimed and fired much as any other gun. When a whale is sighted the craft is steered in its direction, and moves silently up behind the big monster as he lies on the water taking long breaths or resting. When the bow is within about twenty or thirty yards

of the whale the gunner takes careful aim at his most vital parts, and fires the harpoon and shell combination, which is, of course, attached to the vessel by a long line, just as in the case of the old harpoon. The spear goes deep into the whale, but the moment he rushes forward or turns flukes he tightens the line, and the end of the spear is therefore pulled out behind. This acts on the flukes of the harpoon in such a way that they are pulled out and catch in the flesh of the whale, as shown in the accompanying illustration, and he cannot therefore get away.

But besides this, the flukes, in thrusting themselves out, break a little glass tube inside a shell, which can be seen in the illustration just ahead of the flukes. In this tube there is an acid, and outside the tube but still inside the shell is another acid. When the glass is broken and the acid inside mingles with the other, they chemically form a third substance, which is a remarkably explosive gas that expands so very

quickly and to such enormous proportions that the shell bursts and explodes inside the whale. If the poor beast is not killed at once, he is so severely wounded that he is soon captured and hauled alongside the steamer.

Sometimes, however, the harpoon does not penetrate far enough or fails to hit a vital part, and then the explosion only wounds the whale slightly and angers him. At such times there is a long and a hard chase in which the steamer is hauled through the water at thirty miles an hour for different lengths of time. Svend tells a story of being so towed by an enormous whale for ten hours at more than twenty-eight miles an hour up against a hard gale of wind. At the end of that time, as the whale did not seem to get tired, and as the steamer still held together, the cable attached to the harpoon broke, and the whale disappeared.

There is a good deal of danger connected with this modern harpooning other than the usual danger of the dying "fury" of the whale and the long tows that may result if he is not killed at once. This danger has proved very real in several instances. Occasionally, for one of a thousand reasons, the shell does not explode in the whale. Perhaps the harpoon does not pull back and break the little glass tube, or there may not be sufficient strain put on the rope to break the glass, or the whale may be killed by the force of the harpoon alone, and not live long enough to struggle and explode it. In such cases, and they have occurred occasionally, when the whale is hauled alongside, the harpoon, in being withdrawn, may cause the shell to explode, when a great deal of havoc results. On more than one occasion the side for many feet of the steamer's length has been blown out, and the steamer, of course, sunk. So that whaling in modern days, while it may be more paying, is not by any means less dangerous than formerly.

This kind of harpooning, or something on the same general plan, is coming into general use, and the result is that the whale is fast being killed off, for the big fish are being demolished in enormous quantities compared with what men were able to do with the hand harpoon before its introduction.

Svend Foyn made an immense fortune out of his invention, for he patented it in many countries, and fitted out a fleet of small steamers himself; and then, when he had become rich, he did what most men would not have done. He founded many asylums, hospitals, education and charitable institutions, and used his fortune to help mankind in general and his own countrymen in particular.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

AT LAST I HAVE THE MUCH-NEEDED space to answer the many questions that have been pouring in for some time past, and also the discussion of a number of interesting subjects that are unfortunately shut out during the season of active interscholastic contests. These will resume in August with the tennis tournament at Newport, followed by the opening of the football season everywhere.

WHAT I WANT TO SPEAK OF principally this week is 'cross-country running. It is a branch of sport that receives far too little attention from school and college athletes in this country, yet is one of the oldest, simplest, and healthiest pastimes on the calendar. In England it has been popular for years, where there are a number of 'cross-country running clubs of long standing, but in America we have known the sport scarcely twenty years, and not very intimately at that. It was first introduced to us in 1878 by some members of the old Harlem Athletic Club, their first paper-chase being held on Thanksgiving day of that year. The American Athletic Club then took it up, and later, in 1883, the New York Athletic Club held a race for the individual championship of the United States. The sport became firmly established in 1887 with the organization of the National 'Cross-Country Association of America. This is a very brief history of the sport; but it is brief of necessity, for 'cross-country running is still in its youth.

THERE ARE TWO KINDS of 'cross-country running—the paper-chase, sometimes called hare and hounds, and the club run of a fixed course. In the former there should be two "hares," a "master of the hounds," and two "whips." The hares carry a bag of paper torn up into small bits, and it is their duty with this paper to lay a fair and continuous trail from start to finish, except in the case of the break for home. The master of the hounds runs with the pack, and has full control of it. In other words, he is the captain. He sets the pace, or, if he chooses, he can appoint any other hound to do so. It is usual to travel no faster than the slowest runner in the pack. The whips are chosen from among the strongest runners, because it is their duty to run with the hounds, and to keep laggards up with the bunch, or assist those who become seized with the idea that they cannot move another step. These five men are, so to speak, the officers of the chase. There may be any number of hounds.

THE HARES ARE USUALLY allowed from five to ten minutes' start of the pack, and as soon as they get out of sight they begin to lay the trail. They choose their own course, but they are not allowed to double on their track, and they must themselves surmount all obstacles over which they lay the trail. They may cross fordable streams only, and must always run within hailing distance of each other. With the hounds the master takes the lead, following the trail, and the pack is supposed to keep back of him until the break for home is ordered. The break is usually made about a mile from home. It should never be started at a greater distance than that, because it is generally a hard sprint all the way. The point from which the break begins is indicated, as a rule, by the hares' dropping the bag in which they have been carrying the paper, or by scattering several handfuls of paper different in color from that which has been used to lay the trail. As soon as the break is ordered the pack gives up all formation, and each man runs at his best speed. If at any time during a chase the pack catches sight of the hares, it may not make directly for them, but must follow the trail, thus covering the same

ground gone over by the hares. It frequently happens in an open country that the hounds are actually within a few hundred yards of the hares, but perhaps half a mile behind them along the trail. Such an occurrence always adds excitement to a run.

IT IS ADVISABLE FOR THE HARES, the day before a run is to be held, to get together and lay out in a general way the course they intend to follow. A great deal of the pleasure and interest, as well as the benefit in a run, depends upon this. The more varied the course the less tiresome will be the chase. Try to select one that will pass over hills and through woods, with occasionally a short run along a flat road for a rest. To add to the excitement, lay your course across a few streams that have to be jumped or waded. If a runner falls into the water, his ducking will do him no harm if he keeps on exercising and gets a good rub-down when he reaches home. The pace going up hill should never be more rapid than a slow jog-trot; but running down, take advantage of the incline and hit the pace up as fast as you choose. This will make up for all the time lost in the ascent.

THE LENGTH OF THE COURSE should be determined by the strength and proficiency of the runners. It is bad to attempt to indulge in long runs at first. I would advise those who intend to take up 'cross-country running this fall—for the autumn is the prime season for that sport—to practise trotting a mile or two once or twice a week between now and then, just to get the muscles hardened. Don't do too much running in the summer, because the air is not so bracing then and the heat causes evil results. Between Thanksgiving and Christmas, after the football season, when there is nothing particular going on, before the snow has come, and while the roads are hard and the hills at their best, then is the time for 'cross-country running. Then, if you are in good condition, you can have a chase of five or eight miles that will make you feel like a fighting-cock, and will not stiffen you up the next day. It is far better to make two or three short runs in various sections each week, rather than to make one long run once a week—a long run that leaves you aching and sore.

THE CLUB RUN IS VERY much like the paper-chase, except that no scent is laid. It is more of a race among individuals. A course is laid out across country by means of stakes with flags nailed to them, and the runners must follow this as faithfully as they would a paper trail. The rules for this kind of run are the same as for the chase. There are, of course, a great many minor regulations which it is impossible to set down here; but, after all, unless you want to go into the sport scientifically, or to get up contests for prizes, the fewer rules you have the better. Let common-sense be your guide, and you will be pretty sure to come out all right in the end.

AS TO THE OUTFIT required for 'cross-country running, little needs to be said. Every runner has his own views about what suits him best. In runs for exercise, knickerbockers, stout shoes, heavy woolen stockings, and a flannel shirt are usually worn. The stockings should be heavy, so as to resist being torn by thorns and briars, and the sleeves of the shirt ought to be of a good length for the same reason. In club runs, experts who are in for making the greatest possible speed sometimes wear light shirts with no sleeves, and regular running shoes without any stockings. They reach home with their arms and legs scratched, and torn from contact with bushes and twigs, and their

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

knees bruised from climbing over stone walls. This sort of thing may be all very well for those who make labor of their recreation, but it does not pay for the amateur sportsman. Be contented with getting exercise, and let others look after the records.

WHILE SPEAKING OF 'CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING, it is interesting to recall the greatest race of the kind that ever occurred in this country. It was in the early days of the sport, at the time when those athletic clubs which had teams of 'cross-country runners each wanted to be regarded as the best exponent of the sport. The race was a club run over a marked course, and was held at Fleetwood Park. The Suburban Harriers had made quite a reputation for themselves as 'cross-country runners, their star man being E. C. Carter. The Manhattan Athletic Club also had a team of 'cross-country men, and felt jealous of their rival's fame. They therefore brought over from Ireland a famous 'cross-country runner, who has since become well known in American sport, Thomas P. Conneff, and challenged the Suburban Harriers. They felt all the more confident of victory because their imported runner had defeated Carter in a four-mile race in Dublin a few months before.

THE RACE STARTED WITH about seventy competitors, but Carter and Conneff soon drew out of the bunch, and pulled rapidly away from the others. The spectators paid little attention to this crowd; their interest was centred in the duel between the two cracks. Conneff let Carter take the lead and set the pace, and he followed along at his heels. It was plain that he had made up his mind to dog his rival, and to depend upon a burst of speed at the finish to win. Carter, on the other hand, seems to have determined to outtrun his opponent all the way, if possible—to lead him such a hard chase that there would be no speed left in him at the finish. Over the entire course the two men retained their respective distances and positions. The field was soon left far in the rear. At last they entered on the final mile around the Fleetwood track. Both men looked weary by their hard run, but it was impossible to judge even then which must win in the end. They travelled half-way around the track, and then had to pass behind a low hillock, which hid them from the sight of the spectators. All were watching with the greatest excitement the spot where the track again came into view. Carter came out from behind the elevation trotting doggedly on. All looked for Conneff, but Conneff was not to be seen. The gap behind Carter widened, and Conneff came not. He had done his best; but he was not strong enough, and he had gone to pieces. He had dropped to the ground back of the hill, unable to move another step.

A BIG RACE, SUCH AS THAT, is most exciting; but just as much sport can be had by less able runners. Several of the colleges, notably Harvard and Yale, have hare and hounds in the fall—although I do not believe there were ever any inter-collegiate contests in that branch of sport. If the schools should take it up in New York or Boston, the men would soon find that these runs out into the country are worth the trouble, and full of living interest. Fancy trotting across Long Island, or through Westchester, or up the Hudson, or out beyond Cambridge, if you live in Boston, and through all that delightful Massachusetts country where the British first introduced 'cross-country running about 120 years ago.

SINCE WRITING ABOUT THE SCORING of games and the arrangement of tennis tournaments last week, I have been asked to tell of a good system of drawings. The easiest and fairest way is to write the name of every player on a separate slip of paper, and drop these into a hat. Shake the slips well, so that they will get thoroughly mixed, then draw them out one by one, writing down each name as it appears. The names, of course, are written down the page in a column, one under the other. If there are several men from the same club entered for the tournament, it is best to make the drawing from several hats, placing all the names of players from one club in the same hat. This prevents them from coming together in the early rounds of the tournament. The idea is to arrange the players in the

first round so that they will form a group of 2, 4, 8, 16, or any power of 2. When there is an odd number of entries a preliminary round must be introduced, in which the extra players contest for a place in the first round.

THIS ARRANGES MATTERS so that in the preliminary round the number of matches played will always equal the number of extra entries. Perhaps the following diagram, which was gotten up by Dr. James Dwight, will make the question a little more clear:

A	bye	_____	} Winner.
B	bye	_____	
C	_____	_____	
D	_____	_____	
E	_____	_____	
F	_____	_____	
G	_____	_____	
H	_____	_____	
I	bye	_____	}
J	bye	_____	
K	bye	_____	

The byes, or positions in the first round, are usually given to those whose names come out of the hat first and last. If the number of byes is uneven, the odd one goes to the first.

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC TENNIS TOURNAMENT will no doubt be held this year during the first week of the single championships at Newport. This begins Tuesday, August 20th, and so the school-players will no doubt get on to the courts about Friday or Saturday following. From present indications the Interscholastics this year will be one of the important features of tournament week, and better players will represent the schools than ever before. More men have already entered than for any previous Newport interscholastic tournament, and several cracks have not yet been heard from.

AS IN MATTERS OF THIS KIND GENERALLY, I believe that players should always be well supported by their adherents. As many scholars as possible should make it a point to be at Newport when the tournament is going on to cheer the scholastic players. If the tennis men feel that their own friends and classmates are as much interested in their individual work as if they were a football team or a baseball team, they will surely strive harder and accomplish more.

IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT we are in the middle of the summer, with the track-athletic season several weeks behind us, the interest in the formation of a general interscholastic athletic association seems to be just as lively as ever. I judge this from the number of letters I receive every week. Some of these letters are short, approving the scheme, and hoping for its fulfilment; others are long, suggesting new ideas, or taking exception to theories that have already been advanced. All are interesting, and many have offered valuable suggestions. I should like to print some of these communications, and, no doubt, some time during the coming month the Department will be able to devote some space to that purpose.

THE SUMMER-TIME is not the best for a discussion of this kind, and for that reason I have felt somewhat inclined to let the matter drop for the present. It is not desirable that it should drop out of sight altogether, however—although there is scant danger of that—and so, even without any hope of achieving an immediate result, I shall now and then take up the subject. A number of readers in various localities have sent me pictures of the tracks in their neighborhood, and descriptions of the good points of each. It will be interesting when all counties are heard from to compare notes, and see what suggestions can be made to the committee that will have the question of locality to decide. There seems to be a growing opinion that New York would be the best city in which to hold the meeting, not only on account of the good tracks available here, but because there are better facilities for transportation to and from and within the city, and also because there are more well-known athletes and officials here whose services could be availed of. To my great surprise, few of the distant leagues find any objection to travelling any number of hours, in view of the great meet there would be after they reached their destination. THE GRADUATE.

PRIZE-STORY COMPETITION.

THIRD-PRIZE STORY.

The Beverley Ghost. By Jenny Mae Blakeslee.

I.

THE old Beverley place was haunted. At least that is what everybody said, and when "everybody" says a thing is so of course it is so, especially in a little town like Ellistown.

There certainly was a singular melancholy air brooding over this old mansion, although it had been deserted only for about five years. The heir to the property, young Henry Beverley, had gone abroad on the death of his father, leaving the place unoccupied, and his stay had been unexpectedly prolonged.

The house was a stately structure of stone, and would seem a safe place in which to store the valuables that, according to rumor, had been left there—old family plate, rich mahogany furniture, and costly bric-a-brac. Reports of all this had aroused the spirit of covetousness in the breasts of at least the less scrupulous of the neighboring villagers. A rumor, however, that the late Mr. Beverley's shade made nightly visitations to guard his son's possessions had probably so far kept away these would-be burglars, if such existed.

Farmer Bagstock stood, one August afternoon, in the doorway of Mr. Smythe's little store—one of the kind that keeps the whole range of necessities from mnsin to mowing-machines. His thin sawlike features were an expectant expression, and his eyes were lightened by a look of cunning and greed as he occasionally glanced down the road. Farmer Bagstock was not rich in this world's goods, and the nature of his efforts to become so might, it is feared, damage his prospects in the next. His patient waiting was at last rewarded, for a long lank figure presently appeared far down the street, evidently making for Mr. Smythe's establishment.

When this individual, known as Hoke Simpkins, mounted the steps the farmer greeted him in a rather surly way.

"Ben waitin' long enough, I should think." "Couldn't git here no sooner, 'pon my word," responded Hoke, apologetically.

After a word or two with the talkative storekeeper, Bagstock bestowed a wink upon his friend, and suggested that they "walk down the road a piece." Hoke complied, and presently they left the highway and entered a small piece of woodland. Following the course of a brook for some distance, they reached an immense oak-tree and seated themselves underneath it. The surrounding underbrush and the oak's thick trunk concealed them from the view of any one who might chance to pass along by the stream.

II.

A short time before this, James Stokes, one of the village boys, came down to the brook to try his luck at trout-fishing. The afternoon was sultry and rather cloudy, and it was probable that the fish would bite, if there were any there. But these contrary trout evidently turned up their noses at his tempting flies, and at last he gave up in despair. But Jimmy would not relinquish all hope of a "catch" yet, so he wandered further up the stream. He walked quite

noiselessly for fear of scaring the fish, and at last halted just back of a large oak-tree. Before he had had time to cast his fly Jimmy heard the sound of men's voices speaking in low and cautious tones. Now he was a typical small boy, and of a shrewd and inquiring turn of mind, so he dropped quietly down on the bank and listened, screening himself from possible observation by getting behind a large stump. Soon he caught a sentence which made him hold his breath to hear more.

"Waal," slowly said a voice which he could not at first recognize, "the only thing is, we'll haf ter break a winder. I found everythin' fastened when I skirmished round t'other night."

"It 'nd make an awful racket, breakin' the glass. 'Twould be better to take a pane out, I reckon," answered the other man.

Jimmy was quite certain that this speaker was Hoke Simpkins.

"Yaas, it might," said the other, meditatively; "that big winder at the end of the hall."

"Folks say there's piles o' silver and things worth a heap o' money. How I'd like to get holt on it!"

And Jimmy knew that Farmer Bagstock had spoken.

"Don't see why we can't cut out a pane right under the ketch. Then we c'n raise the winder in a jiffy."

"Waal, it might do that way," answered Bagstock. "What d' ye say to next Monday night? That ain't too soon, be it?"

Hoke said he thought not.

"Then," went on the farmer, "we want dark lanterns, and," with a chuckle, "I don't think an old meal-bag or flour-sack 'n'd be onhandy. We could git there about nine, cut the pane out, then go off for a spell, fur if any one was a-lookin' it 'n'd throw 'em off the scent. After a consid'able space we could sneak back and git in. Thar, how's that for a scheme?" he finished, triumphantly.

"Fine," said Hoke, admiringly. But he added, rather slowly, "Folks say old Beverley's spook's around there, y' know, but I ain't afraid, be you?"

"Spooks!" laughed Bagstock, scornfully. "They ain't no sech thing. Ef there was, they couldn't hurt us."

Both were rather silent for a moment, however, after this brave speech, and soon the farmer suggested that they had said enough for the present, and might as well move on. They rose to leave their retreat, and Jimmy made himself as small as possible back of the stump. As he was on the other side of the brook from the men, they passed by without seeing him, and were presently lost to his view.

Then Jimmy rose to his feet, shook himself, looked around, and gave vent to his feelings by a long whistle and the exclamation, "Jiminy Christmas, if I could only . . ."

He stopped short, seeming to remember that "discretion is the better part of valor," and that some one might be listening to hear what he was going to say. So he only walked away very slowly, almost forgetting to pick up his fishing-tackle in his absorption. On arriving home he laid his rod on the front porch, and without lingering a moment, dashed across the lawn, got through a hole in the fence, and then raced across lots to the village store. He encountered his bosom friend Will Smythe in front of his father's establishment, and greeted him excitedly.

"Hullo, Bill! I've got something to tell you. Quick! Come over to the orchard; I can't wait a minute."

Full of curiosity Bill followed Jimmy's lead, and they were soon in their favorite haunt, an old apple-tree.

"Now," said Jimmy, "wait till you hear what I have to tell you. Whew! It's immense!"

Billy was breathless with interest, and Jim unfolded the plot he had heard. Will became as excited as his friend could wish, and exclaimed:

"The scoundrels! Cau't we head them off?"

"If we could only hit on something without letting any one know. That miserly Bagstock! Father always said he wouldn't trust him with a dime, and Hoke Simpkins would do anything Bagstock told him to. He's a coward, anyway."

Billy was lost in thought. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Hurrah! I have it. Just the thing." In his eagerness he nearly fell out of the tree. When he had managed to tell

(Continued on page 733.)

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This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclism, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

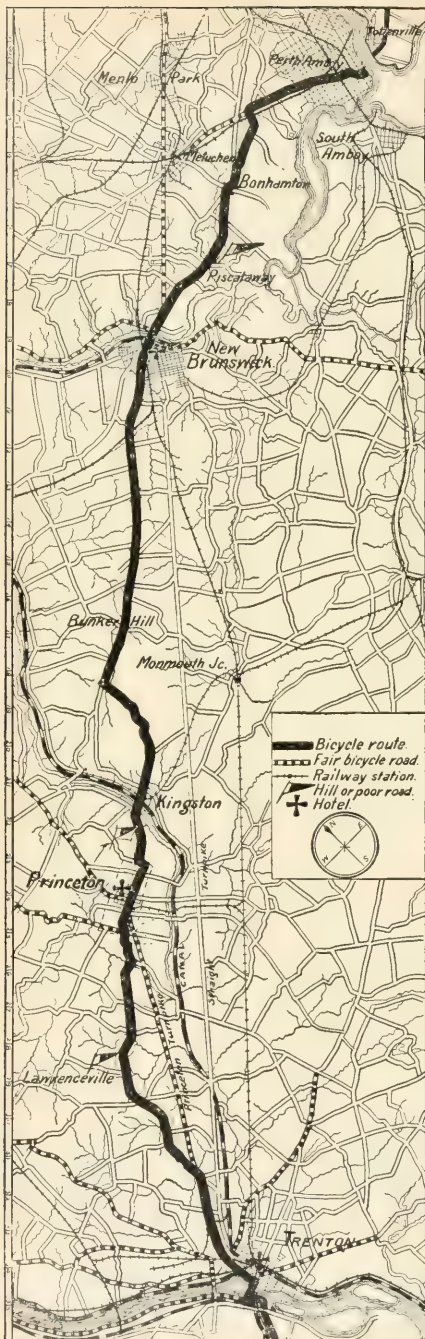
IN No. 812 we published a map of Staten Island, showing the run across the Island to Tottenville. It was a route which we then called attention to as a good short ride within the reach of any New-Yorker for a Sunday afternoon or a holiday spin. This bicycle route from St. George's to Tottenville is also, however, the first stage in a run to Philadelphia, which in many ways is as pleasant a tour as any one in the vicinity of New York city or Philadelphia could well take.

THE MAP this week takes up the route from Tottenville and carries it on to Trenton, New Jersey, a distance of thirty-five or thirty-six miles. As a matter of fact, if you are planning to take the Philadelphia tour, it is wise to make a night stop at New Brunswick instead of Tottenville. Then, by stopping at Trenton the next night, the third day will bring you into Philadelphia. As has often been said in this Department, these distances are not for "scorchers" or old and long-distance riders. They are for people—young people especially—who are riding for the fun of riding, and who will find much more amusement if they take the runs which have been proved to be the best in their vicinity. And, by-the-way, no readers need be angry because the maps so far have been all in the vicinity of New York. As time goes on it is our purpose to treat the neighborhood of Philadelphia and Boston as we have treated New York, and then to cover territory in the vicinity of other cities also.

THIS RUN TO PHILADELPHIA can be made in one day by a good man. It can be done in two days with less than fifty miles each day; but if you are wise, and if you want to see the country, and get some pleasure out of the ride, do it slowly and take three days. Crossing the ferry at Tottenville, Staten Island, you run out of Perth Amboy direct, bearing right in a diagonal fashion one block. This will bring you in a short time to the Metuchen road, and this should be kept to for about four miles beyond Perth Amboy. Here, instead of keeping on into Metuchen, you will save distance and get a better road by turning to the left to Woodville, and then running through Bonhamton, Piscataway, into New Brunswick. This is about twenty-six miles from St. George's, and a good place to stop for the night is the Palmer House. Running out of New Brunswick you cross the bridge, and, passing out Albany Street, turn to the left and go through Franklin Park, Bunker Hill, into Kingston; thence, crossing the bridge, keep to the left, and run on into Princeton, where a pleasant stop may be made at the Princeton Inn. From New Brunswick to Kingston is largely down hill and is thirteen miles, and from thence to Princeton is three miles further.

FROM PRINCETON TO TRENTON is thirteen miles, the road being of clay and shale, and pretty good if not too wet. Keeping to the road running along in front of the Princeton Inn the rider runs into Lawrenceville, about five miles out, and from here he makes direct for the old Trenton Turnpike. Turning left into this his road is straight to Trenton, a distance of six miles from Lawrenceville and twenty-nine miles from New Brunswick, the road being on the whole a gentle decline all the way, with occasional small but no bad hills.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Edison in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819.



(Continued from page 731.)

his plan it met with tremendous applause from Jimmy. What came of Will's bold inspiration remains to be seen.

III.

Monday evening was moonless, just the night for a reckless deed. The conspirators thought that they were especially favored. By nine both were at the meeting-place, and repaired in silence to the old house. The night was one of the kind that ghosts usually select for a promenade, and this thought may have occurred to the minds of the farmer and Hoke. Each assured himself that such an idea was nonsense, but just the same this delicate subject was not mentioned.

The window being found, Bagstock proceeded to pry out the pane. Then both, after glancing cautiously about, stole away to Simpkins's house, which was not far distant. It was fully an hour before they returned and viewed the window. All was as they had left it, and Bagstock said, in a hoarse whisper,

"Now, then, you climb in first."

Hoke drew back a little. The house, somehow, looked unusually dismal.

"What, you ain't afraid, be you?" ejaculated the farmer.

Hoke said, "Of course not," but for some unaccountable reason his voice shook slightly. He consented to be boosted up, and inserting his hand in the opening, easily undid the catch and raised the lower sash. Both of them would have been seized with consternation had they imagined that but a short time before other hands than their own had made the same use of this very window.

Now, Hoke was an awkward youth, and in climbing over the sill his foot caught, which very shortly deposited him on the floor. This mishap added to his misgivings, but he picked himself up and helped in the impatient Bagstock. They were now inside the walls which sheltered the coveted treasure. What to do next?

With the aid of their dark lanterns they groped along the hall, which ran from front to back, as in most old houses built in the colonial style. Poor Hoke found his knees beginning to shake in a distressing manner. Any corner might suddenly reveal something to strike them with terror. If he had not discarded his hat before entering it would have been at present resting on the ends of his abundant crop of hair. He was obliged to catch hold of the farmer to steady himself, which called forth a growl from that quarter, for Bagstock was having all he could do to stifle some little misgivings of his own.

"Where the dickens," he muttered, "can the things be?"

He stopped suddenly. The hall was wide as well as long, and they had now nearly reached the front end. At one side stood a large heavy chest, suggestive of riches stored, perhaps, in its depths. Near it was a heap of furniture and rubbish. Bagstock had taken a step forward, and almost had his hand on the chest, when his lantern flashed on something. This "something" made his knees shake more, his hair rise higher, and his eyes bulge out further than Hoke's ever thought of doing. Seated on

that very chest was an object in white, perfectly motionless, its head evidently turned toward the men. The farmer was transfixed with horror, and what Hoke was undergoing at that moment may be imagined but not described. He only gave vent to a kind of howl and dropped with a thud on the floor. Bagstock looked as though his shaky knees would oblige him to follow Hoke's example, when suddenly the figure moved. It rose slowly, slowly, to its full height, raised one long arm, and pointing to the chest, said, in low, blood-curdling tones:

"Yonder lies the treasure. Beware! Touch it not, or ye die!"

They waited to hear no more. Somehow they reached that window by a succession of bumpings and scrapings, and finally, with a particularly heavy and emphatic thump, Hoke found himself on the ground. Before he could struggle up the farmer was on top of him. After they had extricated themselves it did not take long for both to put a good half-mile between themselves and the haunted house.

A rumor that two men had attempted to burglarize the Beverley house, but had been nearly frightened out of their wits by the famous ghost, and taken themselves off in terror, caused much excitement in the village. The names of the two men no one seemed able to find out, but Bill Smythe and James Stokes had many a laugh in private over the sheepish look which the faces of Farmer Bagstock and Hoke Simpkins always wore when the subject of the burglary was mentioned.

YOUNG MOTHERS

should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years, and its value is recognized.—[Advt.]

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of the award

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AWARD: For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being the ground and elastic superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect. (Signed) **FRANZ VOGT.**

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WONDER CABINET FREE. Missing Link Puzzle, Dens's Bottle, Pocket Camera, Latest New Puzzle, Book Photo, Book of Brightest of All, Total Value 50c. Sent free with immediate order of five Baccarat for 10c per pair. **INGERSOLL & BROS.,** 65 Cortland St., N. Y.



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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Suggestions for that Gala Night.

So many want to know how to have that "Gala Evening" that we print the directions.

It is intended for out-of-doors—a lawn or vacant lot. If need be, build a platform 16 by 20 feet, but where the grass is smooth this may not be necessary. Get evergreens from the woods for "scenery," and use two pairs of portieres sewed together for a curtain. For music use an upright piano, if nothing better offers; for lights use lanterns—head lights, if you can get them; and for seats borrow benches from a church or hall, or they may easily be made from some borrowed lumber.

A capital programme will be a pantomime and a farce. Nobody has anything to learn in the former, so if you want to get it all up in two nights' practice select two pantomimes. Here are some good ones: "The Mistletoe Bough," to be had of French & Son, 25 West 32d Street, New York, price 15 cents; and "Aunt Betsy," "Priscilla," and "Dresden China," Harper & Brothers, New York, price 5 cents each. If you can try a farce, get "A Ticket to the Circus" or "The Tables Turned," Harper & Brothers, price 5 cents each, or "Who's Who?" "Turn Him Out," "The Delegate," or "Quiet Family," or "Beautiful Forever," price 15 cents each, to be had of French.

An ideal programme is "The Mistletoe Bough," followed by either "A Ticket to the Circus" or "Who's Who?" The former takes eighteen or twenty; the latter four. A good way is to send for one copy of several farces and pantomimes, then read and select what is best suited to your needs.

Sell your tickets in advance at 25 cents each. When they are presented, give a small blue or red check, which you explain is good for a plate of cream after the performance. Let the ice-cream man attend to all details, and you cash all his checks next day at 5 cents each. He will do this, and your guests will be satisfied.

Do not fear an element of discord from the neighborhood small boy because the performance is out-of-doors, nor need you fear people will come in without paying if you have no rope stretched. You will have no trouble from these sources. The thing is novel, being out-of-doors. There is no rent to pay. The ice-cream man will be had free by you advertise it. And, by confining your programme to pantomimes, you can learn all in two evenings. Even farces take little longer, and you cannot fail in rendering them.

One member asks if Chapters *Aave* to help the School Fund. Our Order has no "have tos." A company of young persons might give the "Gala Evening," present a small sum to the Fund or some other charity, and with the balance get each one taking part HARPER'S ROUND TABLE for one year. But of course you do as you please with your own. The gala evening or gala afternoon is the thing.

Making Small Journals.

The Table is much interested in amateur journalism, and is able to print herewith two morsels that may be of benefit to all. Ralph T. Hale is co-editor with F. W. Beale, of the *Amateur Collector*, 11½ Spring Street, Newburyport, Mass., and Edward Lind edits the *Jug*, Box 633, East Oakland, Cal., and is greatly interested in the National Press Association. Both papers are models, the Table thinks, of what play journals should be. Of course Sir Ralph may send us that natural history morsel, *Heiric*.

"When a person has decided to publish an amateur paper, he first prepares a 'dummy' showing the size of his pages and their number, the number of columns on a page, the place where he intends to print his sub-heading and editorials, and the amount of space he intends to give to advertisements. Then he goes round among his friends and asks their subscriptions, and likewise solicits advertisements from his business acquaintances. Having established his paper on a comparatively firm financial basis, he next proceeds to prepare copy for his first issue, first consulting a printer as to prices which he should pay for a good job. After he has published his first number it is much easier to secure subscriptions and advertisements, as he has a paper to show to doubtful persons.

"The prices for printing depend largely on the quality of work and the size and number of papers printed. Printers will generally print five hundred papers at about the same price as that asked for

one hundred. Remember that it is the amount of type which a printer has to set which decides the price. Sometimes the price is as high as seven or eight dollars per hundred, and again it is as low as two dollars and a half for five hundred.

"Of course, if you are lucky enough to have a press of your own, the cost of an amateur paper is not so large, but for a boy busy with school-work it pays better in the end to hire the greater part of his printing done. The size of an amateur paper is one of the most important points to be considered. It should not be too large, for then it has an overgrown appearance, nor yet too small. A medium size is preferable. Good sizes are 8 by 5½ inches, and 7 by 10 for each page. I am very much interested in botany, and would like to correspond on that subject. May I write again on natural history?"

RALPH T. HALE.

As there are amateur papers, there are also amateur printers. As a rule, these printers do good work for a much less price than professional printers charge. Perhaps the cheapest amateur printer is M. R. King, of Cobleskill, N. Y. Mr. King will print 500 copies of a paper size of Harper's *MAGAZINE*, for \$1 per page. The National Amateur Press Association convenes at Chicago July 16-18. The ticket below is the one favored most by the Pacific coast: For President, David L. Hollub, of San Francisco; for First Vice-President, C. W. Kinsinger, of Reading, Pa.; for Recording Secretary, A. E. Barnard, of Chicago, Ill.; for Corresponding Secretary, E. A. Herzig, of Seattle, Wash.; for Treasurer, Alson Brubaker, of Fargo, N. D.; for Official Editor, Will Hancock, of Fargo, N. D.; for Executive Judges, C. R. Burger, Miss E. L. Hauck, and J. F. Morton, Jun.

The Pacific coast is the most active amateur centre in the world. There are thirty-four amateur papers in San Francisco. Seattle has a live amateur press club of thirty members. I shall be glad to send sample copies of amateur papers and to give further information.

EDWARD LIND.

✿ Kinks. ✿

No. 89.—AN AIRBORE FROM THE POETS.

FOR SPRING-TIME.

1. "Swelled with new life the darkening *** on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky."
2. "On all her boughs the stately ***** cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves."
3. "Far away from their native air
The ***** their green dress wear,
And ***** swing their long, loose hair."
4. "The ***** spread their palms like holy men in prayer."
5. "The wild ***** waste their fragrant stores
In leafy islands walled with madrepores
And lapped in Orient seas,
When all their feathery plumes toss, plumelike, in the breeze."
6. "Give to Northern winds the ***** on our banner's tattered field."
7. "The *****—dreamy Titans roused from sleep—
Answer with mighty voices, deep on deep
Of awakened foliage surging like a sea."
8. "The ***** tall and bland,
The ancient ***** austere and grand."
9. "The ***** whistling fashies, wrung
By the winds of gusty March."
10. "Take what she gives, her ***** tall stem,
Her ***** with hanging spray;
She wears her mountain clad
Still in her own proud way."
11. "Look on the forests' ancient kings,
The ***** towering pride."
12. "O ***** O *****!
How faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer-time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!"

Fill blanks with names of trees, and give the authors.

Answers to Kinks.

No. 87.—Book-worm—Bookworm.

No. 88.—A Study in Cats: 1. Cat-alogue. 2. Cat-aclism. 3. Cat-amaran. 4. Cat-fall. 5. Cat-block. 6. Cat-salt. 7. Cat-aehresis. 8. Cat-erpillar. 9. Cat-aract. 10. Cat-ling. 11. Cat-aplasm. 12. Cat-o-chism. 13. Cat-aquala. 14. Cat-acomb. 15. Cat-o-nine-tails. 16. Cat-adupe. 17. Cat-slepy. 18. Cat-sup. 19. Cat-tle. 20. Cat-foot. 21. Cat-aconstics. 22. Cat-aphonics. 23. Cat-upbrect. 24. Cat-echu. 25. Cat-silver. 26. Cat-nip. 27. Cat-put. 28. Cat-gnamic. 29. Cat-enation. 30. Cat-gory. 31. Cat-gut. 32. Cat-kink.

The Helping Hand.

The Harry Harper Chapter, of Newtown, Conn., gave an entertainment the other evening in aid of the School Fund. It scored a success, of course, though at this writing it is too early to have a report of the proceeds. The Table thanks the Chapter and gives the programme, that others may adapt it to their purposes. The Chapter had too help of an older person in Mr. Andrews, who gave many hints, decided hard questions, and on the programme gave a talk on "Mother Hubbard." There was an introduction by Curtis Morris, who told about Good Will, the Order, and the Chapter. A solo followed, "Ten Little Nigger Boys," by Charlie Jonas, and Katie Houlihan gave a recitation. Arthur Platt rendered well a violin solo, and the entertainment concluded with a very funny farce, *The Frog Hollow Lyceum*.

The Order's New Patents.

Late applicants for Patents in the Round Table Order are asked to wait a few days for responses. Patents in the new design are being prepared and will, of course, be sent as soon as possible.

More About Young Journalists.

Two of the most creditable specimens of amateur journals that have come to the Table in a long time are the *Club Register*, 51 Third Ave., Long Beach, N. J., and the *Markington*, Markleton, Pa. The latter, published by Fred G. Patterson, is about as neat in appearance as any amateur paper we ever saw. He wants contributors, and will send a sample free. Harris Reed, Jun., president of the Nineteenth Century Club (Chapter 604, of Philadelphia, is much interested in the *Register*. This paper wants contributors, and the Club wants members. Sir Harris's address is 1119 Mt. Vernon St.

Questions and Answers.

W. H. LEGGETT.—What you have made is a truss, not slings at all. Slings are chains running from a mast-head cap down through the hounds, and are used to support a lower yard which is fastened to the mast by a truss, and is not intended to be raised or lowered. A yard which is to be hoisted and lowered should be secured to the mast by a parrel of leather, and should be raised by lifts and halyards. (2) Clew-lines lead from the deck through a clew-block under the yard, and through the clew-line block in the sail, the standing part being taken between the head of the sail and the yard, and made fast to the arm of the truss. (3) Lead the braces to the main-top. (4) Your dimensions are not good, unless your draught is to be increased by a heavy lead keel. Your proportion of more than five beams to the length is bad. She ought to have more beam—say, sixteen inches. The capstan ought to be on the fore-castle-deck. The dimensions of spars are good.

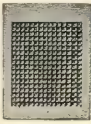
FRANK J. SMYTH.—Such a set of rules as you ask for would occupy too much space in this paper. The racing rules of the American Model Yacht Club were printed in *Forest and Stream* for November 24, 1894. Send ten cents and postage to the office of that paper, 318 Broadway, and get a copy.

HERBERT ARNOLD.—Dimensions of a good dory would be sixteen feet long on the bottom, seventeen feet over all, three feet six inches wide on the bottom amidships, four feet eight inches wide at the gunwale amidships, and two feet deep. You could not have a safer boat in any waters.



This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

QUITE A NUMBER of inquiries have come to me as to what is "embossing" or "grill-"



ing." Both words mean the same thing in philately. Above are two illustrations from the 1867-68 stamps. It seems at one time the government feared that cancelled postage-stamps could be used a second time. They therefore adopted (in 1867) a method of impressing or embossing on the backs of the stamps after they had been gummed a series of small squares, each square having a sharp point. The idea was that these points or squares would break the fibre of the paper, so that the gum and cancellation ink would go right through the stamp, and thus make a second use impossible. At first the entire stamp was grided, and these are now quite rare, and the 3c.-stamps are worth about \$20 used, or \$25 unused. This was soon given up, and a grill measuring 13×16 millimeters was used. These stamps were in turn soon discontinued, and are now scarce, this 3c.-stamp is worth \$5 used, \$20 unused. The grills were then reduced to 11×13 mm. and 9×13 mm. Of the first variety of grills the 1, 2, 3, 10, 12, and 15c. are found. Of the latter all values from 1 to 90c. are found. In 1869 the new issue of stamps brought a still smaller grill into use, 9½×9½ mm. Then in 1870 the new issue had a grill 9×11½ mm. The 1, 2, and 3c. of this issue are common, but all the other values are rare, especially the 12c. and 24c., which are worth from \$25 to \$35 each. In 1871 a grill, 8½×10½, was used on the 1, 2, and 3c. only, but soon discontinued, and since then no U.S. stamps have been so made. Peru used the same grills on some stamps, but has also discontinued the practice. A number of double grills and odd-sized grills are known, and are much sought after by specialists.

H. M. POYNTER.—The 5-franc piece 1809, France, is sold by dealers at \$1.

L. A. D.—The 1861 and 1868 U.S. stamps are printed from the same dies in the same colors, but the 1868 are "grilled." An early number of the *Boy's Taux* will contain illustrations of these grills. The Costa Rica, Honduras, Salvador, etc., named, are probably remainders.

F. ENGERTON.—Postmarks have no value.

J. G.—The quotation was on one million assorted, and the value depends altogether on the number of varieties in each lot. Apply to any dealer.

HAROLD SIMONS.—The stamps are part of the " Jubilee" issue of New South Wales, all of which bear the inscription, "One Hundred Years." They were issued in 1888 to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the first settlement made in 1788.

F. M. L.—The half-dollar without rays is the scarce one. The coins mentioned do not command a premium.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 PURE

At all grocery stores east of the Rocky Mountains two sizes of Ivory Soap are sold; one that costs five cents a cake, and a larger size. The larger cake is the more convenient and economical for laundry and general household use. If your Grocer is out of it, insist on his getting it for you.

THE PROCTOR & GAMBLE CO. CHICAGO.



EARN A TRICYCLE!

We wish to introduce our Teas, Spices, and Baking Powder. Sell 30 lbs. and we will give you a Fairy Tricycle; sell 25 lbs. for a Solid Silver Watch and Chain; 50 lbs. for a Gold Watch and Chain; 75 lbs. for a Bicycle; 10 lbs. for a beautiful Gold Ring. Express prepaid if cash is sent for goods. Write for catalogue and order blank.

W. G. BAKER, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



SEND FOR Catalogue of

The Musical Instrument you think of buying. Violins repaired by the Crenon System. C. STORV, 26 Central St., Boston, Mass.

Not afflicted with SORE EYES USE DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

CARD PRINTER FREE

See any name in one minute prints 500 cards as soon. You can make money with it. A full set of pretty type, also invisible ink, Type Holder, Pads and Tweezers. Best Lamin Marks; worth \$1.00. Sample mailed FREE for five stamps for postage on outfit and 1 large catalogue of 1000 designs.

R. H. Ingersoll & Bro., 65 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City



Harper's Catalogue,

Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Reading for the Vacation

By THOMAS W. KNOX

THE "BOY TRAVELLERS" SERIES

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TWO OF A KIND.

AN APPEAL.

I wish you would buy me a wheel, daddy dear,
Oh, really and truly I do.
It's worth quite a million of dollars to me,
And costs but twelve dollars for you.

And nothing I know of in all of this world,
No matter how hard I may think,
So easily keeps me from mischief at home,
Like cutting up pranks with your ink.

So buy me a bicycle, papa, I pray,
A wheel that will spin like a breeze,
And keep me from getting in trouble in-doors;
I am truly so anxious to please.

PATRICK had a nice little trade in ice in the small town of B—, and everything progressed smoothly, until one day a rival set up business, and by degrees took Pat's customers away. Patrick was very mad and swore vengeance, but was at a loss how to accomplish the matter. At last he hit upon a plan, and immediately proceeded to put it into execution.

He visited each of the customers he had lost, and solemnly assured them that his rival only sold warm ice.

A THEATRICAL manager had considerable trouble with his star actor, who was constantly meeting with accidents or falling sick. One day, as the story goes, the star was hurt in a boiler explosion. When the manager heard of it he remarked to his agent, "I am sick of this sort of thing. Advise him, as usual, and add that we intend bringing out a new piece, in which the great star Mr. D— will appear in several parts."

BOBBY. "I wish the Lord had made the world in two days."

JACK. "Why?"

BOBBY. "Then we'd have had three Sundays a week."

AT THE CAT SHOW.

MRS. S. "What is the name of your cat?"

MRS. W. "Claude."

MRS. S. "Why do you call it Claude?"

MRS. W. "Because it scratched me."

AN old darky lived in the South who was a great barterer, and it was very hard to beat him on a trade. It seems he had sold a mule, guaranteeing him faultless. The purchaser shortly after came back in a great rage, and said,

"Look here, you rascal, that mule you sold me is blind in one eye; you assured me he had no faults."

"Dat's right, sah; dat mule habo no faults. If he am blind in one eye, dat am his misfortune, not his fault."

"I THINK I ought to stay home from school to-day," said Bobbie.

"Why so, Bobbie?" asked his father. "You aren't ill, are you?"

"No, poppy; but I dreamed I was in school answering questions all last night, and I think I've had enough for one day," said Bobbie.

"Do you know your letters, Jack?"

"No, sir; but the postman does, and he always tells. I don't need to know 'em."

"HAVE you tried the ROUND TABLE bicycle maps, Wilbur?" asked Wilbur's father.

"Yes, I have," said Wilbur; "but the trouble is, daddy, sometimes I get 'em upside down, and sort of have trouble finding my way home."



"Out!"



"Ah!"



"My!"



"Ever!"

BABY ELEPHANT AND BUBBLES.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



CORPORAL FRED.

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a warm June evening, and the family was taking the air on the back porch—father and mother, two stalwart young men, the elder sons, two slender girls, and a romping boy of nine—the little Benjamin of the tribe. It was a placid homelike group; father deep in the daily

paper and his easy-chair, mother absorbed in chat with the girls even while keeping watchful eye on "the baby," the family's pet, pride, and torment by turns, and the two elder sons sitting on the edge of the porch, talking in low tone of an event that had called for no little discussion all over the neighborhood—the strike of the switchmen in

the great freight yards only a block away. Five railway companies rolled their trains in and out of the thronging, far-spreading metropolis to the eastward—the great city whose hum and murmur were borne to them on the soft breeze sweeping inland from the cool blue bosom of the lake. For two miles along a number of parallel tracks were idly resting now by hundreds the grimy freight cars of a dozen lines, while the gleaming steel rails on the “through” tracks, kept cleared from end to end, were as silent, as deserted, as the long tangents over the boundless prairies miles to west and south, for, except on the mail trains, over the whole system since the stroke of five that afternoon not a wheel was turning. Never before in all their seven years of residence in this homelike little frame cottage had the Wallace household known such utter silence at “the yards.” They missed the rush and roar of the great express engines, the clatter of the puffing little “switchers,” the rumble and jar of the heavy freight trains, the dancing will-o-the-wisp signals of the trainmen’s lights, the clang of bell, and hiss of steam. There was something unnatural in the stillness, something almost oppressive, and mother and the girls, glad ordinarily to have both Jim and Fred at home, seemed weighted with a sense of something strained and troublous in the situation. Jim had been a railway man for several years, rising by industry, intelligence, and steadiness, to his present grade as a freight conductor. Fred, the younger, held a clerkship in the great “plant” of the Amity Wagon-works. He had received a good High-School education, while Jim’s wages, added to his father’s, had supported the family and built the little suburban home. The elder brother’s hands were browned by long contact with grimy brake and blistering, sun-baked car roofs. The younger’s were white and slender—hands that knew no labor other than the pen. Both boys were athletic and powerful; Jim, through long years in the open air and active, energetic life, Fred, through systematic training in the gymnasium and the camp and armory of the National Guard, for Fred had been three years a soldier in a “crack” city regiment, and the corporal’s chevrons on his uniform were his greatest pride. Even in boy days he had begun his training in the cadet corps of the public school, where military drill, especially the “setting-up” system of the regular army, had been wisely added to the daily course of instruction; and while Jim’s burly form was a trifle bowed and heavy, Fred’s slender frame was erect, sinewy, and, in every motion, quick and elastic. “Jim could hug the breath out of you, Fred, like a thundering big bear if he once got his arms around you, and Fred could dance all around and hammer you into pulp, Jim, while you were trying to grip him,” was the way the father expressed it, and old Wallace knew young men in general and his own boys in particular as well as might be expected of the clear-eyed, shrewd-headed veteran that he was. He himself had served the Great Western railway faithfully from the days when it was only the struggling Lake Shore, and now as a first-class mechanic in the repair shops he was a foreman whom officials and operators alike respected. He had lived a sober, honest, industrious life, had reared his family on the principle of mind your own business and pay as you go, and was looking forward to retiring within a year or two, and giving his aching old bones the rest they deserved, and enjoying the fruits of his life of toil, when the long-predicted irruption began with the strike ordered by the Switchmen’s Union.

With anxious face Mr. Wallace was reading the newspaper accounts of the stormy meetings held the previous night and well along into the dawning day. Some of the men involved were his life-long friends, others of them he had known many years. Their names were not among those of the speakers whose fiery oratory had finally prevailed. They were of the silent, almost passive element, which, largely in the majority at first, found itself little by little swinging over under the lash of the more aggressive, and at last giving reluctant “aye” or sitting in moody silence rather than face the furious denunciation of the agitators that followed sharp on every “no.” At two o’clock in the morning the members of the union, three-fourths of whom were originally bitterly opposed to the project, had

passed a resolution that unless certain men discharged by the management of one of the five roads using the yards were reinstated by twelve o’clock that day they would quit work to a man, and tie up the business of that and all the others. At nine in the morning the committee had waited on the division superintendent with their ultimatum. The superintendent replied that the three men discharged were freight handlers who had refused to touch the contents of certain cars of the Air Line because of some unsettled disagreement between the officials of that line and their employees. “We know nothing of that matter,” said the superintendent. “It is none of our business. We employed these men to handle any and all freight run into these yards, and we have no use for men who refuse to do so. They not only flatly refused to handle that Air Line stuff, but said they’d see to it that no one else did. That ended the matter so far as we’re concerned. Now you come and demand that men be restored to work who not only will not work themselves, but will not let others work. You and I have grown up together, some of you, at least, in the employment of this road. You, Morton, and you, Toohey, were switchmen here under me when I was yard-master six years ago. You know and I know that what you ask is utterly absurd. No road can do business on any such principles as that. Even if these discharged men did not richly deserve their discharge, what affair is it of yours? You are switchmen. You’ve never had a grievance that I know of. You never would have come to me with such a demand in this world but that you had been bamboozled or bulldozed into it by fellows who have no earthly connection with you, and whose only business in life is to go round stirring up trouble among honest men, living on their contributions, and taking precious good care to keep out of the way when the clash comes. No, lads, I’ve been your friend, and you know it. Between you and injustice of any kind I’m as ready to stand to-day as ever before, but I’d be no friend of yours, I’d deserve your contempt as well as that of our employers and the whole people, if I allowed my freight handlers to dictate to me whose freight they should handle. Those men courted discharge and they got it. Out they went and out they stay if I have to handle every pound of freight myself.”

There was dead silence a moment in the office. The committeemen stood uneasily before their old friend and chief; three of them looked as though they wished they hadn’t come and wanted to quit, two were more determined. It was one of these who spoke.

“Then, Mr. Williams, you refuse to listen to our appeal for justice?”

Mr. Williams whirled around in his chair, sharply confronting the speaker; his clear blue eyes seemed to look him through and through, a flush almost of anger swept over his face a moment, and he waited before he spoke. He had picked up a ruler, and was lightly tapping the edge of the desk as he tilted back in his chair.

“Your name is Stoltz, I believe. I refuse nothing of the kind, and you know it. I have listened with more patience than it deserved. None of these, the old hands, would have hinted at such a thing, and if they and their fellows will take the advice of a man they’ve known ten years to your ten months they’ll not again be led by a word-juggler. Now if there’s any other matter any of the rest of you wish to bring up,” and here the Superintendent looked frankly around upon the anxious, almost crest-fallen faces of the other men, “I’ll listen to you gladly, but you, Stoltz, have been far too short a time an employé of the road to presume to speak for those who have served it almost as long as I have.”

“Yes, and what have they got for it? Do they sit in a swell office, ride in parlor cars, drive fast horses, sport handsome clothes—?” began Stoltz, sneeringly.

“That’s enough, Stoltz. They know that with a railway as with an army the men can’t all be generals and colonels. Say to your friends, boys,” he continued, in kindly tone, “that when they want anything of the road hereafter they’ll be far more apt to get it by coming themselves than by sending Stoltz. That’s all, then.”

"No, it isn't all!" declared Stoltz, angrily. "You haven't heard our side. If those three men ain't back in their places at twelve o'clock, we of the Switchmen's Union go out to a man," and the spokesman paused to let this announcement have its due effect. It had.

"So far as one of the Union is concerned he goes out here and now, and that one," said Mr. Williams, "is yourself. The others will, I hope, think twice before they act."

"You mean I'm discharged?"

"On the spot," said Mr. Williams, "and there is the door."

For hours that hot June day had the story of that interview sped from tongue to tongue. The managers of the Switchmen's Union had been shrewd and wise in naming as members of their committee three of the oldest, staunchest, and most faithful hands in the employ of the company. They were sure of a hearing. Then to do the aggressive, this comparatively new man, Stoltz, was named, together with a kindred spirit of less ability, and these two men were the backbone, so said the managers, of the first attack. Stoltz was a German-American of good education, though deeply imbued with socialistic theories, and a seductive, plausible speaker on the theme of the wrongs of the laboring man. It was he who, under the guidance of shrewd agitators and "walking delegates," had been most active and denunciatory at the switchmen's meetings. Honest laboring men are slow of speech, as a rule, and fluency often impresses them where logic would have no effect. The committee came away, two of them exultant and eager for the fray. They had been disdainfully treated, said they, sneered at, reviled, and one of them summarily "fired" as the result of this visit to the magnate. The others were gloomily silent. It was too late to recede. The javelin was already thrown. At the stroke of five every man on duty quietly quit his post. Many left the yard. Others, eager to see what the officials might do, remained. Stopped at the outskirts of the city, no trains came in. Only the evening mail crept out, its own crew manning the successive switches.

It was now 8.45, and barely dark. The western sky was still faintly illumined. Old Wallace could no longer read, and bent down to take a hand in the talk between his boys. Silence still reigned in the deserted yards. Men hovered in muttering groups, and watched the few officials who flitted about with lanterns in their hands. A rumor was going around that the management had determined to send out all the night passenger trains as usual, and the first of these should be along by ten o'clock. As Mr. Wallace bent over Jim's broad shoulder his wife and daughters ceased their low chatter. Evidently something was on the old man's mind.

"There's no danger of its spreading to your people, is there, Jim? Would you go out if they did?"

"Father," said the young man, slowly, "you know the ties by which we are bound. Suppose now that Fred's regiment were ordered out, would you ask him to go?"

Old Wallace looked graver still. "I consider that a very different proposition," said he. "I was hoping—" he faltered, when a young fellow in soiled blue flannel garb slipped quietly in through the rear gate, and coming up to the freight conductor, said the two words,

"Wanted, Jim."

Jim's bronzed cheek turned a shade lighter.

"What hour?"

"At once."

And before the others could ask explanation of this scene a bicycle came flashing up to the same gate, and the tall rider dismounted and strode quickly toward the party. Young Fred's eyes glistened at sight of him.

"Orders, Sergeant?" he eagerly inquired.

"Yes. Notify your squad to make arrangements with their employers, and be ready to report at the armory at a moment's notice."

The two brothers stood facing each other a little later, then silently clasped hands. One at the beck of a secret protective organization, the other at the call of duty to State and nation, parted at their father's gate to go their separate ways.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BOY'S AQUARIUM.

BOYS who live in the city do not, perhaps, get quite the freedom of action and fun generally that a country boy can, but they do manage to have a pretty good time, even if they have to work a little harder for it. It is hard to keep pets in the city. Dogs need a lot of exercising, birds are apt to be a nuisance to the neighbors, if not to the boy's family, and yet pets are a necessity to every well-brought-up boy's happiness.

An aquarium is always dear to every boy's heart. And aquariums are not impossible in a city house. Fortunately they can be just as well taken care of in the city as in the country. A medium-sized aquarium which will hold quite a lot of stuff can be bought for \$1.50 or \$1.75. This must be filled with gravel or sand to the depth of four inches. In the sand must be, securely fastened, some water-grasses, which are for sale at any of the stores where fish are to be bought. The boys who succeed best with their aquariums are those who study the matter pretty thoroughly before they begin, and read up the scientific books of natural history. The simpler works of this sort contain any amount of practical information which any boy can apply to his own use.

A porous stone seems to be necessary in the middle of the aquarium. As for the placing of the water plants, they must be left to the boy's own taste and judgment. Indeed, the arrangement of the whole aquarium must be left to the boy who owns it. In this place I must stop and say that it is foolish for any boy to consult many of his playmates as to how the thing should be arranged, for when he has asked and received much advice, he will find that most of it is directly opposed to what he already knew, and besides is so varied as to be nearly useless. A glass tube for removing the manure from the sand must be kept beside the aquarium, if the scavengers, such as pollywogs and snails, fail to do their duty in cleaning up.

An extremely pretty aquarium has lately been fitted up by a boy about eleven years old. It is not a very large one, and stands on a small table near the window of his room—too near, it may be said, for the sun these summer days having unusual power has caused the untimely death of two many-tailed Japanese gold-fish and four extremely graceful little silver-fish. With the exception of this mortality, the death rate has been quite low. The original occupants of the aquarium before these recent deaths consisted of two pair of Japanese gold-fish, two pair of silver-fish, two pollywogs—one small one, who worked busily all day trying to do his share of the work in keeping the place clean, and one big fat pollywog, who sadly neglected his duty and spent his time trying to turn into a frog as quickly as he possibly could. Six snails, who were put in the aquarium to keep the glass clean, worked hard and satisfactorily in accomplishing their mission (in the beginning one snail was at first relegated to this work, but the task was beyond his power, and, after making a superhuman effort to go the whole round, he yielded up his life).

The water in the aquarium is changed twice a month, and when that is done the fish are lifted out very tenderly and carefully with a little scoop net, and put in a basin near by overnight, until every impurity of the sand shall have settled and the water is absolutely transparent. This performance is always one of deep anxiety, and requires unremitting attention to be sure that everything is replaced exactly as it was before, so that the fishes will know their home when they get back to it. There was a lizard put in this aquarium, to begin with, but he proved of a very quarrelsome disposition, and tried to bite the tails of the fish, so that he had to be removed to a basin, where he lives a life of solitude. The pleasure given by this little aquarium has far exceeded the outlay of money, and many a useful lesson in neatness and care has been learned in looking out for the needs of the fish. ANNE HELME.

MOTHER. "Jack, why is it you have so many holes in your pockets?"

JACK. "I guess it's my money which burns through."

PERILS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT was blowing, half a gale from the southward and eastward, and the Captain said it would be worse before it was better. The *Mohawk* was plunging head first over the rugged seas, with a great roaring of thunderous foam under her hawseholes as she fell into the wide hollows, and a sickening upward swirl of her lean stem as she rose again to meet the reeling cliffs of water that swept down upon her out of the windward gloom. The streamer of brown smoke that rushed from her tall black funnel went wreathing and shuddering away to leeward, where it seemed to add a blacker tinge to the gray wall of the hard clouds. The sea was not yet torn to spoon-drift by the wind; but there was a huge under-running sweep of swell that made one think that bad weather lay behind the windward horizon.

Ever and anon the propeller would leap out of the water, and as it revolved in the air, set the ship full of rumbling quivers. Most of the passengers—and they were not many, for it was not one of the big "liners"—lay below decks in the unspeakable agony of early seasickness, for the ship was not long out, and had just reached the edge of the Newfoundland banks. A few of the ocean travellers, however, mostly men who had seen salt spray before, sat huddled in their rugs under the lee of the deck-house, conversing upon such cheering topics as collisions, and icebergs, and leaks. One who had not crossed the sea before, but who was free from sickness, said,

"I am told that we are now on the banks of Newfoundland, where foolish men go in small sailing-vessels to fish."

"Foolish you may well call them," said an old voyager, "for they lie there in thick weather and thin without making a sign of their presence. I remember once, steaming slowly through a dense fog on a great Cunarder, we heard the fog-horn of a single sailing craft, and presently that ceased. A minute later the fog lifted, and there were thirty sail of them within the circumference of a mile. I tell you, those fellows are—"

"Sail ho!" cried the lookout forward, and several passengers sprang to their feet. They knew that it was out of the common order of things on a merchant steamer to make a noise about a passing sail, such fussiness being left to men-of-war that have nothing more to do. They crowded to the rail of the ship, and far ahead they saw what seemed to be a small sloop staggering over the big seas under very scant canvas. The lookout and the officer on the bridge exchanged some words, from which the passengers learned that the sailor made the vessel out to be in distress.

"Call away the whale-boat!" cried the officer, and in a moment the boatswain's pipe was screeching, and three or four seamen trotted aft in their oilskins.

"A rescue!" exclaimed the new voyager. "I had no hope that I should ever be so fortunate as to see such a thing."

"I'm not so certain that you'll regard it as good fortune," said an old voyager. "Sometimes these things are tragic, especially in a rising gale, when your own boat's crew may be lost in the attempt."

"Do you think it may come to that?"

"Ay, man, it may in such a sea; but let us hope for the best. See, we are coming abreast of the cripple. But we must cross to the other side; our ship will go to windward of her." And marvelling at the old voyager's sea lore, the new one went with the others to the weather-rail, where the force of the gale came upon them and beat their breath back into their nostrils.

"Heaven's mercy!" exclaimed the new voyager, "but it is a sad sight."

She was a little schooner of some fifty tons. Her foremast had been carried away about ten feet above the deck, and had taken with it her jibboom and her maintopmast. The forecabin deck was a litter of broken timbers and tangled cordage that washed pitifully from side to side as

the waters rolled over the splintered rail, or sobbed through its gaping seams. The mainboom was lashed amidships, and a jib-headed storm trysail was sheeted aft. A spare jib had been set from the mainmast head to the stump of the foremast, and under these two cloths the poor maimed craft was desperately striving to keep her shattered head to the threatening seas. High up in the main rigging flew the United States flag, union down, poor Jack's red, white, and blue cry for help. There was an ominous heaviness about the fall of her bows into the restless hollows that told the Captain of the *Mohawk* that she had not long to live.

"We'll send a boat for you," he roared down the wind, as his steamer slipped slowly ahead.

The hapless wretches on the schooner waved their hands and uttered a faint cheer. The whale-boat was lowered away when the *Mohawk* was half a mile to windward of the wreck. The buoyant little craft leaped over the waves, disappearing between them, and then tossing high in air on their foamy crests.

"It's all a wonder to me that she doesn't capsize," said the new voyager.

"A good whale-boat will outlive a poor ship," said the veteran.

And now watching with their glasses the passengers saw the whale-boat sweep down under the stern of the schooner, and round up under her lee, while the bowman stood up and hurled a line to one of the schooner's people. By the aid of this the whale-boat was dropped under the lee quarter of the cripple, and at each upward swing of the smaller craft one of the shipwrecked marines contrived to tumble into her. Six men and a boy of some fifteen years they were. Meanwhile the steamer was dropped slowly down until she was within a fair pull of the schooner. The whale-boat came leaping and dancing over the seas, the men laying down their broad backs to the oars, and the white smoke of the spray flying on either bow. It was no small task to get the men out of the boat without crushing her like paper against the iron side of the steamer as it swung downward, yet by patience and seamen's skill it was accomplished. The whale-boat was hoisted to her davits, and the *Mohawk* resumed her voyage, while the shipwrecked men were taken below to be given warm drinks, food, and dry clothing.

"Will not their schooner drift about in the path of passing ships?" asked the new voyager.

"No, I fancy not," said the veteran; "she will—look!" At that instant the little schooner's stern rose high into the air, where it hung poised for a moment. Then she was swiftly absorbed by the pitiless sea, and her fluttering ensign made a bright spot above a patch of angry green for a moment and was gone.

"I never saw a sadder sight," said the new voyager, gazing with humid eyes upon the blank sea.

"There is none sadder," replied the veteran passenger.

They all returned to their snug seats under the lee of the deck-house, and for a long time were lost in meditation. Then the new voyager looked up and said, "I should like to hear their story."

"That is possible," answered the veteran; "come."

The Captain of the *Mohawk* was found and the request made. He sent for the skipper of the lost schooner, and said: "Do you feel able now to tell me your story? If so, these gentlemen also would like to hear it."

"Well, Captain," began the wrecked skipper, "it's a common enough story, that's a fact, sir, and I reckon it hasn't anything in it that you never heard before, though perhaps some of your passengers here never got nearer to it than a newspaper at a breakfast table. That was the schooner *Mary Anthony*, from Gloucester, and I'm her master—that is, I was—Joshua Clark by name, and the boy's my son on his first voyage. That schooner was about all I had in the world, gentlemen, for I owned her myself, and when she went down a little while ago the hard work of seventeen years went down with her. But I s'pose I mustn't complain, because we take our lives and fortunes in our hands whenever we come out to the Banks to fish,



THE PASSENGERS SAW THE WHALE-BOAT SWEEP DOWN UNDER THE STERN OF THE SCHOONER.

and that's a fact. We got under way from Gloucester on as sweet a morning as ever you saw, gentlemen, with a whole-sail breeze from the southwest. The *Mary Anthony* was a smart sailer, though I do say it, and she wasn't long in getting the land below the horizon, and that's a fact. When we reached the Banks we found a fairly large fleet on the ground, and we were soon at work among the best of them. It isn't worth while trying to describe the mere matter of fishing to you, gentlemen, because, of course, that isn't what you want to hear about. It's enough for me to say that we'd been on the Banks three days and had very good luck before the accident befell us. I s'pose, Captain, you didn't see anything of a fog last night, did you?"

"No; we must have been well outside of it."

"Two steamers passed us before the fog set in, and of course they had no trouble keeping clear of the fleet. Yesterday afternoon I slipped away to the southward of the rest of them, some half a dozen miles, following a school of fish, and all of a sudden I saw the fog coming up. I made up my mind that there wasn't any use of going back, and so I lay to right where I was. The fog came down thicker than cheese, and not long afterward the heavy swell set in from the southward and eastward, and I knew there was weather brewing. So I had all the dories got aboard and stowed amidships. The swell kept on increasing, and the fog was so thick you couldn't see the length of the schooner. It was just after three bells in the midwatch when I heard a yell from my lookout. Before I could tumble out of my bunk there was a tremendous thump that threw me half-way across my cabin. I jumped on deck just in time to see the huge black hull of a steamer towering above us. She slipped away into the fog, and was gone. There were a few shouts from her deck, but we neither saw nor heard any more of her.

"I sprang forward to see what damage had been done. I found my little schooner had been mortally hurt, gentlemen, and that's a fact. The foremast, as you must have noticed, had been snapped off about ten feet above the deck, and had carried a lot of our rig with it. But that was not all. The wreckage from aloft had fallen so that

something—the foretopmast, I suppose—had smashed our dories into kindling wood. I sent my mate below, and he came back with the report that we were taking in water through half a dozen seams forward. I set two hands at work to try to stop the leaks, while the rest of us cleared away some of the wreckage. Meanwhile the swell had increased so that we were rolling dreadfully, and there was great danger that some one would be hurt by the loose timbers. I'm thankful, however, that we escaped that misfortune. Toward daylight the wind rose and blew the fog off. I saw that we were in for a blow, and I decided to run toward the land as long as I dared. I set the canvas that you saw, and started her off ahead of the gale. All hands were sent to the pumps, but in spite of our hardest work the water gained on us. The gale increased and the sea rose, and then I found that the schooner was so heavy with the water in her that she was in great danger of being pooped—that is, gentlemen, having a sea break over her stern and sweep her decks. That would have been the end of us, and not a soul would have known what had become of us, for, you see, we had no boats to take to, they being smashed. So there was nothing to do but to heave her to and wait, hoping that some ship might come along and take us off. Gentlemen, it's cruel hard to work at the pumps till your arms are numb and your back feels as if it were being cut with a saw, and still to know that your vessel is settling under you, and that in a short time she must go down. I tell you we cast mighty anxious looks around the horizon every time we rose on a sea; and we felt like cheering when we saw the smoke from your funnel down in the west. Then came another time of anxiety before we were sure you were coming our way, and even after that we weren't positive that you would take us off."

"What!" exclaimed the new voyager; "is it possible that there are men so inhuman as to leave fellow-creatures on a sinking vessel?"

"There are a few such fellows on the sea," said the Captain of the schooner; "but I don't think any of them sail under the flag that your Captain ran up to his peak when he saw our signal of distress."

THE SWEETMEAT AGE.

LONG ago when the moon was one big pie
For all little boys to eat,
Then some of the stars were sugar-plums,
And some of them raisins sweet;

Then the glorious sun was a custard pudding
Served up in a vast blue dish;
And the whole of the sea was soda-water
Half filled with ice-cream fish;

The great round earth was a luscious peach,
The grass was the puckery fuzz—
If it doesn't seem true to all and each,
Let him believe it who does—

Then the mountain-peaks were chocolate drops,
And the icebergs Roman punch;
And the dark storm-clouds rained lemonade—
People dug up the mud for lunch.

When it hailed, the hailstones were fine popcorn,
And pulverized sugar it snowed;
And the brooks as they ran by the candy-trees
With lovely root-beer o'erflowed.

Ah! that was the time, in the long ago,
When children worked hard, tooth and tongue;
But most of them suffered from overfed stomachs,
And, somehow, they all died young. R. H.

WINNING A WATERMELON.

SCRATCHBONES is certainly not a very elegant name, and yet the animal to whom it belonged, a very ragged-looking mule, was proudly claimed by its owner, Goliath Washington Jackson, an equally ragged-looking Southern dandy, to be the philosopher of the mule tribe. Why he claimed this has never been definitely settled, and whenever any question was put to Goliath regarding the excellence of Scratchbones's intelligence, the reply would be something like this:

"Yes, sah! How I know dat mule am intelligent? He! He! he! but dat's funny. You 'member de ole school-massa? Well, sah, he owned dat mule once, an' neber feeded 'im up to de handle. One day Scratch was hungrier dan usual, an' he chewed de ole man's books. He neber forgot dat eddication." And here Goliath would chuckle to himself.

Our town recently received an innovation in the shape of a splendidly asphalted street, and one very hot day, shortly after its completion, Goliath drove up to the door of the hardware store with Scratchbones. Coming in, he began boasting, as usual, of his wonderful mule, and how well he stood the hot weather. None of us young fellows cared to question the heat, and as for the mule, we thought it was either stand it or lie down. He evidently preferred to stand, for there he stood in the blazing sun staring blankly down the street.

Goliath had dropped in to make some purchases, which, of course, necessitated a great deal of talk and time. In the mean while Scratchbones was patiently waiting in the hot sun outside, scarcely budging, unless it was an occasional switch of his tail. A thunder-storm had been brewing, and when Goliath finally started for the door down came the rain, sending up steam from the hot street. Nothing suited him better than to have an excuse to further regale us with a list of his mule's remarkable talents. Among the many, he spoke of his ability to drive Scratchbones, and how well he obeyed him. Now, while this talk had been going on, I had occasionally glanced at Scratchbones, and he seemed uneasy, especially since the rain had started, and was nervously switching his tail back and forth. I thought it was on account of the storm, but casually glancing at him, I noted something that made me smile, and, slipping off my seat, I quietly told the other

"Goliath," I said, "I'll wager a large juicy watermelon that your mule won't obey you if I tell him not to."

"Ha! ha! ha! He! he! youse is fooli' dis yere ole man, Massa Harry."

"No, no, I mean it. All I'll do is to say something to myself, and your mule won't budge when you say 'gee,' but simply wag his tail."

"It's done, Massa Harry. I se 'll take dat wager, but de melon has to be de largest you can git."

"All right," I said. And as it had stopped raining, Goliath proceeded to his wagon, and, climbing up on the seat, picked up the ropes he called reins and shouted, "Gee up dere, Scratch." But, as I predicted, Scratch never moved a leg, but only switched his tail.

"Gee up dere; what's de mattah wif youse?" But not a move did that mule make. We stood in the doorway laughing so heartily that Goliath grew suspicious, and climbing down, walked slowly around the mule and wagon, doubtless to discover if we had played him a trick.

Everything appeared all right, and getting on the wagon, he tried it again. "Get along dere, Scratch, you long-eared bone-yard. Gee up!"

It was useless; Scratch wouldn't move, and Goliath, with a woe-begone, puzzled expression on his face, clambered down and surveyed old Scratchbones. His eyes wandered along every stitch of the harness, and finally down to Scratch's feet. A very curious look covered his face, and stooping, he discovered the reason why Scratch wouldn't gee.

Scratchbones and the wagon had stood so long on that new asphalt, and unfortunately in a place made softer than the rest by the sun, that he actually had sunk *into* it, and the tarry stuff had gathered around his hoofs. The rain-fall cooled it off, hardening it, and consequently both mule and wagon were locked to the street.

Goliath was mad, and claimed we had put up the joke on him. However, he lost the melon, and as it took an hour or so to dig Scratch out, we made him get it, and finally got him into good humor, but told him never to boast of his wonderful mule.

"I's done boasin' of dat mule. Neber no more, massas, dat mule done need no one to boast of 'im. He done show how proud he am when he can't stan' in de street widout gettin' stuck on 'mself." HERBERT EARLE.

A MEAN MAN.

A FRENCH paper tells of a man who ought to be set down as the meanest man of his time. His name is Rapineau, and he is the happy father of three children. His chief claim to meanness lies in the fact that he has lately discovered a plan to reduce his weekly expenditure. Every morning, when sitting down at table, he makes the following proposal: "Those who will go without breakfast shall have twopence." "Me—me!" exclaim the youngsters in chorus. Rapineau gives them the money and suppresses the breakfast. In the afternoon, when the children were anxiously expecting their first meal, Rapineau calls out, "Those who want their dinner must give twopence," and they all pay back what they received in the morning for going without their breakfast, and in that way Rapineau saves a meal a day.

JOHN KILBURNE'S FORT.

BY JAMES OTIS.

SEVEN miles from that settlement in the province of New Hampshire which is now known as Keene, John Kilburne built, in the year 1754, a log house of such strength and so well adapted for defence that his neighbors spoke of it as a "garrison," and more than one ridiculed the idea of erecting a fort when only a dwelling-house was required.

It troubled stout-hearted John Kilburne not one whit that his acquaintances found subject for mirth in the precautions he took against a savage foe. "In case the Indians do make an attack upon me and mine, I shall be in

better condition to receive them in a building of this kind than in one erected flimsily, and if they do not, my wife and two boys will sleep all the more soundly for knowing I have protected them from possible intruders." This the owner of the "garrison" repeated again and again, until finding he would make no other reply to their bantering, his friends ceased to speak derisively of the structure.

In one year from the time the fortlike house had been built John Kilburne had good cause for satisfaction with himself. England was again at war with the French regarding her possessions in the New World, and the Indians were making indiscriminate attacks upon the settlers in the easternmost provinces.

Benjamin and Arthur Kilburne, sons of John and Martha his wife, although but fourteen and twelve years of age respectively, were well versed in the use of fire-arms, for in those days the assistance of even the children of a household might become necessary. Rumors of Indian depredations were rife, yet they felt little fear of an attack. Within the walls of the "garrison" their father and themselves would be able to hold in check a large body of savages, and be exposed to but little danger.

The crops had been harvested; the cattle were inside the stockade, where was ample food for them in case of a siege, and where they would serve as food if the larder of the house needed replenishing.

Early on the morning of the 9th of October John Pike, his wife, and two sisters arrived at the "garrison" with a pitiful tale. The Indians had killed Daniel Twitchel and Jacob Flynt the night previous, and the visitors had but just escaped from their home before it was set on fire by the cruel enemy.

"I doubt not they will make an attack here before another day, friend Kilburne, yet I beg shelter of you, and my rifle may not come amiss."

"You would be welcome to stay, even though unarmed," was the hearty reply. "The garrison is large enough for all, and I would that Daniel Twitchel had spent more time strengthening his own dwelling against an attack instead of trying to find flaws in the way I chose to provide for my family. Ben, you and your brother had better mould bullets. It will serve to keep you in-doors, and no one can say how much ammunition may be needed."

As the boys set about the task, Mr. Kilburne listened again to the sad news brought by his neighbor. There was nothing to be done in the way of making ready for defence, because that had been attended to when no danger threatened.

John Pike had not finished giving his story in detail, when Mrs. Kilburne, who had stepped out of the house to get water from the pump, which stood close at hand, sprang back suddenly, her face so pale that there was no necessity of asking the cause of her alarm.

The two men were at the loop-holes in an instant, and that which he saw caused Mr. Kilburne to say sharply:

"Ben, I leave the north side of the house to you and your brother. Our lives may depend upon your vigilance, and there is to be no waste of ammunition; every bullet must strike its target. Mary," he added, to his wife, "you and your friends will keep the spare guns loaded, and finish what the boys have left undone at the fire. I do not—"

"It is a regular army that has come upon us," Mr. Pike interrupted. "I have counted not less than forty savages in the edge of the thicket, and there must be as many more on either side of the house."

It was learned later that the enemy numbered a hundred and seventy, all well armed.

Ben and Arthur were peering eagerly out through loop-holes cut on each side of the shuttered window, and the former was the first to discharge his weapon.

"I saw a head over the top of the stockade," he said, in reply to his father's question.

"Their number is so large that they will likely put on a bolder front than usual," Mr. Kilburne muttered to himself, and despite the strength of the "garrison," he felt decidedly anxious regarding the result of the attack.

During an hour the men and boys remained on watch, while the women attended to their portion of the work,

and hardly a sound was heard, save when the brothers whispered together. After the first shot had been fired the enemy remained completely hidden in the thicket which surrounded the house.

Then, and almost at the same instant, each of the watchers discharged his weapon. On either side of the stockade plumed heads had suddenly come into view, and a hundred bullets struck the building.

There was a low moan from that portion of the room where Mr. Kilburne was stationed; but owing to the reports of the fire-arms, it was not heard by the inmates.

The first intimation the defenders had that one of their number had fallen under the heavy fire was when Ben turned to take up the spare gun his mother had placed by his side, and saw his father lying on the floor with a thin stream of blood issuing from his lips.

"Oh, father!" he cried, as he ran toward the wounded man; but when he would have raised the dear head he was motioned away:

"Remember your mother, my boy! You can do me no good, and now there is additional reason why you should not neglect your duty."

By this time Mrs. Kilburne was at her husband's side, and Ben took his station at the loop-hole once more; but the tears blinded him, until it became necessary to brush them away before he could see the feather-bedecked bodies which were here and there upon the stockade ready to leap into the enclosure.

During the next half-hour neither of the boys had an opportunity to so much as glance toward their father. Should the enemy succeed in getting into the enclosure, the result might, and probably would, be fatal to the defenders of the house.

John Pike made valiant battle, nor were the boys lacking in skill and courage. More than one of the foe had met death before he could leap down from the top of the stockade, and four who did succeed were met by bullets while creeping up close to the building, where the timbers would shelter them from the deadly aim of those within.

After this desperate struggle there was a lull in the storm of battle, and Arthur said, in a low tone, as he stood with his eye to the loop-hole,

"Is father badly wounded?"

"I fear so. The blood was gushing from his mouth when I saw him, and he—"

"I will take your place, my son, while you bid your father good-by for evermore in this world," Mrs. Kilburne said, in a voice half stifled with emotion, as she pushed Ben gently aside.

His father was dying, and he could stop only for an instant to receive a last pressure of the enfeebled hands!

When Ben returned he was heroically drying his eyes, that he might resume his duty as sentinel, and Mrs. Kilburne motioned Arthur to follow his brother's example.

"It is hard father should be the one sacrificed," Ben said, huskily, to his mother, not able to glance toward her. "But one bullet has found its way into the building, so Master Pike says, and that entered his body, instead of mine."

"It is not for us to repine, my son. Remember that He doeth all things well. I now look to you and Arthur for protection, and you can best show your grief by doing as your father would have you do this day."

"I wish those painted fiends would show themselves again; there is some little satisfaction in shooting them down."

"Vengeance should not be in your mind at this moment. It is necessary to fight that our lives may be saved, but only for such purpose. Revenge will not lessen the blow or soothe the father's pain."

Then the wife was by her husband's side, and Arthur at his station as watcher.

During the next ten minutes the sound of hatchets against the logs of the stockade could be heard, and then three of the heavy timbers fell inward.

"Now stand steady!" Pike shouted. "They will make a rush, expecting to overpower us by press of numbers, and we must be prepared."



RUNNING OUT QUICKLY HE FILLED ONE BUCKET.

The two boys ran to that side of the house which was most sorely threatened, and had hardly gained new positions when the assault was made.

It was now a question of loading and discharging their muskets as rapidly as possible, only delaying sufficiently long to take careful aim, and when half an hour had passed Ben heard, as if in a dream, Mrs. Pike say to her husband, as she handed him a gun,

"John Kilburne is at rest!"

The boy bravely forced himself to forget, for the time being, the sorrow which had come upon him; and when the conflict was hottest, a shrill cry of pain burst from John Pike's lips as he swayed to and fro an instant, and then fell backward to the floor dead.

"You and I must do the work of four now!" Arthur cried, as if thinking his brother needed encouragement. "Take care of that fellow near your corner; once he is on the other side of the house we shall be smoked out."

A musket-shot was the answer, and as the stifling cloud in the dwelling was increased yet more, the danger pointed out by Arthur had been dispelled.

Now Mrs. Kilburne was at one of the loop-holes, using her husband's weapon with wonderful skill, and when the enemy beat a hasty retreat, unable to face longer the deadly hail poured upon them, she said to her brave sons:

"It may be possible we have driven them back."

"Not yet," Ben replied, gravely. "There are so many that they will not abandon the attack now, but be the more eager for our blood. How is the powder holding out?"

"Mrs. Pike was bringing another keg from the cellar when her husband was killed. I have heard your father say he had enough in the house to withstand a siege of a week."

"Two of the oxen are dead," Arthur cried, as he looked hastily through one of the apertures at the rear of the house. "How did they get out of the barn? I am certain all the cattle were fastened in the stalls when neighbor Pike came."

Ben rushed to his brother's side.

"Some of the Indians have gained shelter there!" he cried, nervously. "Go back to mother, and I will watch here."

He had hardly spoken when three savages were seen coming cautiously out of the building, and again the discharge of the muskets in the room prevented the besieged from hearing any movement or words from each other.

It was an hour past noon when the defenders of the "garrison" had another opportunity for rest, and then, while the women watched, Ben and Arthur cooled the heated barrels of the muskets by pouring water through them.

Before the work had been completed the supply of the precious liquid was exhausted, and without an intimation to his mother or brother of what he was about to do, Ben unbarred the door. Running out quickly, he filled one bucket, and was in the act of stepping upon the threshold, when the single report

of a gun was heard, and he staggered forward, his face growing pale beneath the grime of powder.

Arthur had fastened the door again before he paid any attention to his brother, and then with heavy heart he stepped to the side of his mother, who was cutting off the sleeve of the coat, which was red with blood.

"It is only a flesh-wound; bind it up quickly, and I will get to work again," Ben said, with an effort to speak cheerily. "Thinking they have killed another of us, the savages will make one more attempt to carry the house by storm."

It was as he had feared; before the wound was properly bandaged Arthur and Mrs. Pike were firing with the utmost rapidity, and Ben joined them while the blood was yet running in a tiny stream down his side.

This time the enemy displayed more courage, and were less eager to shelter themselves against the shower of bullets. They ran directly up to the walls of the house, having made their way through the break in the stockade, and not until nearly sunset did the two boys and their mother have an opportunity to cease from the struggle.

During this time Mrs. Pike and her sisters did their full share of the work by cooling the spare guns, reloading the weapons as rapidly as they were discharged, or darting from one unprotected loop-hole to another to make certain the savages were not adopting new tactics, and in a corner of the room lay the lifeless bodies of the two victims.

The desperation with which the defenders of the house had fought was shown by the bodies of the enemy strewn between the stockade and the building.

Of the hundred and seventy which made the attack, thirty-one had paid forfeit with their lives, or been so grievously wounded as to be unable to regain shelter, and that there were many more, beyond view of the defenders, who were wounded seemed probable.

The boys fully expected the most desperate hour would come after the earth was wrapped in darkness, but in this they were mistaken.

Vigilant watch was kept by all in the dwelling, but only now and again could an Indian be seen, and then as he was dragging away the bodies of his fellows.

When the sun rose next morning no sign of the enemy could be seen. The dead had been removed, and the song of birds in the thicket told that no intruder was concealed by the foliage.

The savages believed the "garrison" had more defenders than they at first supposed, and had beat a retreat when only two boys and four women were opposed against them.

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER V.

"Do you think they will really like me?" asked Mrs. Franklin for the hundredth time, and for the hundredth time her husband answered, smiling, "I think they really will."

They were just arriving at Brenton. Many inquiring eyes had been turned towards them in the train, for every one knew John Franklin, and every one surmised at once that this was the much-discussed second wife.

It was decided by those who saw her that she was a very attractive-looking woman. She was rather slight and of medium height, and she was quietly dressed in black, for she was in mourning. Though not actually pretty, she had a charming and very expressive face, and she was very young-looking. Somebody who sat in front of her said that her voice was low and very musical.

Brenton decided at the first glance that Mr. John Franklin had done very well for himself.

"There is the carriage," said he, as they crossed the station platform.

"And this is Jack, I am sure," said his wife, holding out her hand with a smile which won her step-son on the spot. He was too shy, however, to do more than grasp it warmly as he stood beside her with uncovered head.

"He is a dear," she said to herself, "and just like John. If only the others are as cordial. Somehow I dread Edith."

She was quite as excited as were her step-daughters when she drove up the avenue, and her eyes fell for the first time upon the group on the piazza.

Cynthia walked down the path to meet her, holding Janet and Willy by either hand. Edith remained standing on the step.

"How do you do?" said Cynthia, with a cordial smile.

Mrs. Franklin looked at her. Then she put her arms around her and kissed her.

"This is Cynthia, I am sure," she whispered, tremulously, "and these are 'the children.'"

She kissed them and passed on to her husband's eldest daughter, while they greeted their father.

Edith was very tall, and her position on the step gave her the advantage of several inches in addition. She fairly towered above the new-comer.

"How do you do, Mrs. Franklin?" she said, holding out a very stiff hand and arm. She had made up her mind that she for one would not be kissed.

"And are you Edith?"

"Yes, Mrs. Franklin, I am Edith. I hope your journey has not tired you?"

"Not at all. I am not easily tired."

Edith kissed her father, then turned again to the stranger.

"Let me show you the way upstairs."

And thus Mrs. Franklin entered her new home.

"I am afraid it is going to be war with Edith at first, but I won't be disheartened," she thought. "I'll make her like me. It is natural for her to feel so, I suppose. Ah me, I am in a difficult position."

Edith and Cynthia shared the same room. It was a large one with a bay-window, which commanded a fine view of the winding river and the meadows beyond.

One could tell at a glance upon entering the room which part of it Edith occupied, and which Cynthia. Cynthia's dressing-table, with its ungainly pin-cushion, its tangle of ribbons and neckties tossed down anywhere that they might happen to fall, its medley of horseshoes, tennis balls, and other treasures, was a constant source of trial to Edith, whose possessions were always kept in perfect neatness. She scolded and lectured her sister in vain; Cynthia was incorrigible.

"It's too much bother to keep things in order," she would say. "After you have been around with your duster and your fixings-up I never can find a thing, Edith."

The night of Mrs. Franklin's arrival they talked over the new state of family affairs.



"I DON'T LIKE HER, AND I WON'T!"

"I think she is nice," said Cynthia, with decision. "I like her, and so does Jack."

She was perched on the side of the bed, leaning against the tall post, her favorite position when she had anything of especial interest to discuss.

"I don't," said Edith, who was brushing out her long hair with great vigor. "I don't like her, and I won't."

"That is just it, Edith. You have made up your mind you won't like her just because you didn't want her to come. Now she is here, why don't you make the best of it? What do you dislike about her?"

"Her coming here. She had no right to."

"Edith, how silly you are! She wouldn't have come if papa had not asked her, and she wouldn't have if she had not loved papa. I should think you would like her for that if nothing else. I do. And she is pretty and sweet and dear, and I am going to help her all I can. I think I shall even call her 'mamma.'"

"Cynthia, I shall never do that. Never, to my dying day!"

"Well, I shall; that is, if she doesn't mind."

"She will. It will make her seem too old."

"I don't believe she would mind that, and any one can see she isn't a bit old. I think we are very fortunate, as long as papa was going to marry again, to have him find such a nice, lovely woman."

Edith did not reply. She finished her braid and tied it up. Then she said:

"Of course, it is a great deal harder for me than for the rest of you. I thought I was always going to help father, and now I can't."

"Of course it's hard, Edith, but—but don't you think you could still help him if—if you were nice to his wife?"

"I don't want to help him that way," said Edith, honestly, as she blew out the light.

The next day when Cynthia asked somewhat timidly if she might call her step-mother "mamma," she was surprised and touched by the expression that came into Mrs. Franklin's face.

"Oh, thank you, Cynthia!" she said. "I thought I would not ask you, I would just leave it to you, but I should like it so much."

And so they all called her by her new title except Edith. Preparations for the tennis tournament were in full swing, and Cynthia and Jack, who were to play together in mixed doubles, were practising hard.

The court at Oakleigh was not a good one, so they were in the habit of going to the tennis club at the village when they could get there in the afternoon. It was not always easy, for they were short of horses, and it was too far to walk both ways.

"Why do we not have some more horses?" said Mrs. Franklin one morning when the question was being discussed.

"Why, we can't afford to," replied Cynthia, in some surprise. "Besides the farm horses we only have two, you know, and they get all used up going to and from the village so much."

Mrs. Franklin glanced at her husband. Then she said, "It seems as if we ought to have more. You know, John, there is all that money of mine. Why not buy a horse and trap for the children to use?"

"My dear Hester, I can never consent. You know I wish you to keep all your money for your own exclusive use. You may have all the horses you want for yourself, but—"

"John, don't be absurd. What can I do with all that money, and no one but Neal to provide for? Your children are mine now, and I wish them to have a horse of their own."

The thing of all others for which Edith had been longing for years. But she determined that she would never use her step-mother's gift.

"Is Neal your brother?" asked Cynthia.

"Yes. Haven't I told you about him? He is my dear and only brother. He is off on a yacht now, but he is coming here soon. He is older than you and Jack, just about Edith's age."

Jack looked up with interest.

"I'm glad there's another fellow coming," he said. "There are almost too many girls around here."

"Jack, how hateful of you, when you always have said I was as good as another fellow?" exclaimed Cynthia.

"Well, so you are, almost; but I'm glad he's coming, anyway."

The new horse was bought, and a pretty and comfortable cart for them to use, a "surrey" that would hold two or four, as occasion required. At first Edith would not use it. She jogged about with the old horse and buggy when she went to the village, thereby exciting much comment among her friends. Every one suspected that Edith could not reconcile herself to the coming of her step-mother.

The day of the tournament arrived. Before Mr. Franklin went to Boston that morning he called Edith into the library and closed the door.

"I have something to say to you, Edith. I have been perfectly observant of your conduct since I came home, though I have not spoken of it before. I preferred to wait, to give you a chance to think better of it. Your treatment of my wife is not only rude, it is unkind, as rudeness always is."

"Father, I haven't been rude. Why do you speak to me so? It is all her fault. She has made you do it."

"Hester has not mentioned the subject to me, Edith. You are most unjust. You are making yourself very conspicuous, and are placing me in a very false light by your behavior. Are you going to the tennis tournament to-day?"

"Yes, papa."

"How do you intend to get there?"

"Drive myself in the buggy, of course."

"There is no 'of course' about it," said her father, growing more and more angry. "If you go, you will go as the others do, in the surrey. I will not have them go down with an empty seat, while you rattle in to the grounds in the old buggy in the eyes of all Brenton."

"Then I won't go at all. The buggy was good enough before; why isn't it now?"

"Not another word! I am ashamed of you, Edith, and disappointed. I have no time for more, but remember what I have said. You go in the surrey to the tournament, or you stay at home."

He left her and hurried off to the train. Edith went to her own room and shut herself in. For more than an hour a bitter fight raged within her. Her pride was up in arms.

If she gave up and drove to the club in the surrey, every one would know that she was countenancing her step-mother, as she expressed it, and she had told Gertrude Morgan that she would never do it. If she staid at home she would excite more comment still, for it was generally known that she was to act as one of the hostesses, and she had no reasonable excuse to offer for staying away.

Altogether Edith thought herself a much-abused person, and she cried until her eyes were swollen, her cheeks pale, and her nose red.

Cynthia burst in upon her.

"What is the matter, Edith? You look like a perfect fright! Are you ill?"

"Ill! No, of course not. I wish you would leave me in peace, Cynthia. What do you want?"

"To come into my own room, of course. But what is the matter, Edith? Was papa scolding you?"

Edith, longing for sympathy, poured out the story, but she did not receive much from that practical young person.

"I wouldn't cry my eyes out about that. Of course you will have to do as papa says, or he won't like it at all. And it is a thousand times nicer to drive in the surrey than that old rattle-trap of a buggy. The surrey runs so smoothly, and Bess goes like a breeze. You had better give in gracefully, Edith. But see this lovely silver buckle and belt mamma has just given me to wear this afternoon. Isn't it perfect? She says she has more than she can wear. It was one of her own. I think she's a dear. But there is Jack calling me to practise."

And happy-hearted Cynthia was off again like a flash.

Edith bathed her face and began to think better of the subject. After all, she would go. It was a lovely day,

every one would be there, and it was not worth while to make people talk. Above all, she would be sorry to miss the affair to which she had been looking forward for weeks.

She dressed herself that afternoon in a simple gingham that had seen the wash-tub many times, and took her place on the back seat of the surrey, with Mrs. Franklin, Jack and Cynthia sitting in front. Mrs. Franklin was in the daintiest of summer frocks, and Edith glanced at her somewhat enviously.

"I wish we were the ones that had the money," she thought, "and that she were poor. I believe then I should not mind having her so much."

Mrs. Franklin had a gay and cheery disposition, and she tried to pay no attention to Edith's coldness.

"I wish I were going to play myself," she said.

"Why, do you play?" asked Cynthia, in surprise.

"To be sure I do. I used to play a great deal at one time. I mean to ask your father to have the tennis-court at Oakleigh made over, and then we can have some games there."

"How jolly!" exclaimed Jack and Cynthia together.

"We cannot afford to," put in Edith, coldly.

Mrs. Franklin paid no attention to this. "It will be nice when Neal comes," she added.

"Neal, always Neal," thought Edith. "Pleasant for us to have a strange boy here all the time. Oh, dear, how hateful I am! I don't feel nice towards anybody. If only papa had never seen or heard of the Gordons, how much happier we should all have been."

But she was the only one of the household that thought so. The younger children had been completely won over, and it was a constant source of surprise and chagrin to Edith to see how easily their step-mother managed the hitherto refractory pair.

Before long the party reached the grounds. The Brenton Tennis Club was a very attractive place. The smooth and well-kept courts stretched away to the river, which wound and curved towards the old town, for the club was on the outskirts of the village. The river was wider here than it was farther up at Oakleigh, and picturesque stone bridges crossed it at intervals.

Benches had been placed all about the grounds, from which the spectators could watch the game, and under a marquee was a dainty table, with huge bowls of lemonade and plates of cake. Edith presided at the tea-kettle, looking very pretty, notwithstanding her old gown and the stormy morning she had passed.

Mrs. Franklin, upon whom most of the Brenton people had already called, sat on one of the benches with some friends, and was soon absorbed in the game.

Cynthia played well. She flew about the court, here, there, everywhere at once, never interfering with her partner's game, but always ready with her own play. She and Jack, though younger than the other players, held their ground well.

It was only a small tournament, and "mixed doubles" were finished up in one afternoon, Jack and Cynthia carrying off second prizes with great glee.

"Just what I wanted, mamma," said Cynthia, as she displayed a fine racket of the latest style and shape; "I hope they will have another tournament before the summer is over, so that I'll have a chance to win first prize with this new racket."

They were driving home in the dusk, for the game had lasted late, when they overtook and passed a boy who was walking on the road to Oakleigh, with a bag slung over his shoulder on a stick, while a black spaniel trotted along at his heels. Mrs. Franklin did not see him.

"I say there, Hattie! Can't you give a fellow a lift?" he shouted.

"Why, Neal!" exclaimed Mrs. Franklin; "where did you come from? Jack, stop, please. It is Neal! You dear boy, I am so glad to see you! This is my brother, children; and, Neal, here are Edith, Cynthia, and Jack Franklin."

"Whew, what a lot! I say, Hattie, what were you thinking of when you married such a family as that? But I fancy you haven't got room for me in there. I can walk it easily enough. Don't mind a bit."

"Nonsense! we can squeeze up," said his sister, which they did forthwith, and Neal Gordon climbed into the cart.

"No room for you, Bob," he remarked to the spaniel, who danced about the road in a vain endeavor to follow his master; "you can go ahead on your own legs."

He was a tall, well-developed fellow, with a hearty, cheery voice, and a frank, sometimes embarrassing way of saying the first thing that came into his head.

"What a crowd!" he continued. "Any more at home?"

"Yes, two," said his sister, gayly—"Janet and Willy. I am so glad you have come, Neal. But why didn't you let us know?"

"Couldn't. The *Dolphin* put in at Marblehead, and I had gotten rather tired of it aboard, so I thought I'd cut loose and drop down on you awhile. Got out of cash too."

"Oh, Neal!"

"Now you needn't say anything. You didn't give me half enough this time. Too much absorbed getting married, I suppose. I say," he added, turning to Jack, "what kind of a step-ma does Hattie make?"

"Bully," replied Jack, laconically.

"I thought she would, but she's on her best behavior now. She'll order you all round soon, the way she does me."

"They don't deserve it as you do, you silly boy," said his sister.

They were a merry party that night at supper. It seemed as if Neal would be a great addition to the family, and even Edith thawed somewhat. This pleased Mr. Franklin, who had been thoroughly annoyed by her behavior, and who had been really afraid that she would stay at home from the tournament rather than use his wife's gift.

"Everything will run smoothly now," he said to himself, and, manlike, he soon forgot all about the trouble.

"By-the-way, what relation am I to this family?" asked Neal, presently. "If Hester is your mother, of course I must be your uncle. I hope you will all treat me with proper respect."

"I hope we shall be able to," said Cynthia, looking up with a saucy smile. She liked the new-comer immensely.

"Did you ever run an incubator?" asked Jack, after supper.

"Not I. Have you got one?"

"Yes. Come along down and see it."

They descended to the cellar, and Jack turned the eggs while he explained his methods to his new friend.

"Is there money in it?" asked Neal.

"Lots, I hope. But the trouble is, you've got to spend a lot to start with, and if you're not successful it's a dead loss. My first hatch went to smash."

"How would you like to take me into partnership? I want to make some money."

"First-rate."

They were deep in a discussion of business arrangements when they went back to the others.

"We'll make a 'go' of it," said Neal. "It's just the thing I've been looking for."

"I have an idea, Jack," said Mrs. Franklin, as they came in. "When are the chickens to come out?"

"Next Thursday."

"Then we will celebrate the event in proper style. We will ask our friends to come to a 'hatching bee.'"

"But suppose they don't hatch? Suppose they act the way they did before?" said Jack, dubiously.

"Oh, they'll hatch, I will answer for them. You have learned how to take better care of them, and no one has interfered, and—oh, I am sure they will be out in fine shape!"

Only Edith objected to this proposition, and she dared not say so before her father.

Apparently the Gordons were going to carry all before them, and she, who until so recently had been to all intents and purposes the mistress of the house, was not even asked if she approved of the idea. She went to bed feeling that her lot was a very hard one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN ROYALTY TRAVELS.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

TO live like a king is all very well, but to travel like one may we all be delivered from such a fate! The modern monarch flits from his palace like the pheasant from his covert. True, the hunter may not pot him this time, but the danger of being killed is very great, and the king, like the golden-hued bird, knows that many of his brothers have fallen before the destroyer, who is constantly on the alert. Pheasants may be shot only during certain weeks, but anarchists never cease devising and trying new ways of king-killing.

Whenever a monarch starts on a journey he is haunted by the belief that the anarchists must have found out all about it beforehand in their usual way, and that they are busy with plots for his destruction. Even Queen Victoria, that best-beloved wearer of a crown, is bound to use almost as many precautions as the Czar of Russia. No common traveller has so much to be thankful for at the end of a journey as a safely arrived monarch. It is much pleasanter to be a President of the United States, pay your own fare, and feel afraid of nobody.

When the Queen of Great Britain starts for Windsor or Balmoral, or on any other railway journey, a time is chosen that will cause the least inconvenience to traffic; for the invariable rule is that no other trains may run over the road the Queen is using. All the switches are locked. Preceded and followed by galloping troopers of the Household Guard, the Queen's carriage is driven to the railway station at a furious pace. No one—I mean no ordinary person—knows the hour at which she will start or the streets through which she will go. The special royal train is waiting at the platform, and the royal carriage goes whirling toward it through the most unexpected streets. Every loyal Briton loves to show his love for her Majesty by a hearty roar, but no one has a chance to cheer her on her travels. There is a distant clatter of hoofs; it comes nearer, and you hear the rattling of sabres and whirr of wheels. A blur of redcoats and nodding plumes shoots past, and the hoof-beats are dying in the distance before you can say, "There goes the Queen."

Of course the royal coach goes at a sedate pace during a royal progress or parade. Then there are more soldiers along the streets than you or I could count, and the Queen appears bowing in her open carriage of state, with all her outriders and officers and guards and the burly English footmen and Scotch gillies necessary for display.

When the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India travels she occupies her own special car. A special locomotive is reserved for her, and it is run by a special engineer, always the most experienced man in the company's service. On the London and Southwestern Railway, for example, engine No. 575 draws the Queen's car. Thomas Higgs, a fine, keen-eyed old Briton, an engineer for nearly forty years, holds the lever and the throt-

tle. It is his boast that during this long period of service not one of his millions of passengers has ever been killed. Not one even has been injured. He is more careful than ever when her Majesty is aboard. Between Windsor and Gosport alone there are fifteen junctions, and every one of these is a possible danger-spot. A pilot train runs a short distance in advance of the Queen's special to make sure that the way is clear, and that the track has not been put out of order.

The interior of the Queen's car is furnished after the

fashion of the white drawing-room at Windsor Castle. There are white silk cushions, embroidered with the initials V.R. (*Victoria Regina*), and the Garter and its motto, all in gold thread. The carpet is of velvet. The curtains at the windows are hung on silver poles, and the door-handles are plated with gold. The Queen's own comfortable arm-chair is at the rear of the saloon and faces the engine, and there are three other arm-chairs. The walls of the car (Englishmen call it a "carriage") are of polished satin-wood. The whole car cost about \$35,000. The Queen and her suite are furnished with special time-tables printed in purple ink on white satin, adorned with the royal arms and an embossed border of gold. In winter the car is heated with hot-water pipes, and in summer it is cooled by an extra roofing of wet cloths, which are frequently soaked with very cold water, and by blocks of ice placed in the interior of the car.

If by any chance the railroad journey includes a night of travel, her Majesty sleeps in her own bed in her car. The Prince of Wales has a private car too, but he often travels in an ordinary first-class coach.

Whenever it becomes known—such things will leak out at times—that the Queen or the Prince is travelling over the line, great crowds gather at the stations and hurl cheer after cheer at the royal train. This is much nicer than the Russian style of hurling something explosive.

The King and Queen of Portugal have a train of three special cars that were built for them in France upon American plans. This shows what wide-awake, intelligent persons the King and Queen of Portugal are. They are not particularly afraid of dynamites or any other kind of assassins, and although poor—among kings—they manage to have a fairly good time on wheels.

In planning the royal train King Charles of Portugal went so far in his Americanism as to demand vestibuled



"THERE GOES THE QUEEN."

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

platforms. Of course, any one may ride in a vested train in our country by simply paying a few dollars, but in Europe it takes a king of strong will power to obtain such luxury.

The royal train of Portugal consists of a dining-car, a car for the royal ministers, etc., and the car especially reserved for the King and Queen. All three are of the size and general appearance of high-class American cars. Outside their color is a dark rich green, relieved with tracings of gold and red. The escutcheon of the royal arms of Portugal is painted in the middle of each side. The dining-car is fitted up in the style of Louis XV. The table can be folded and put away when not in use. The interior ornamentation of carved oak, amaranth, citron-wood, etc., is very rich indeed. Next to the dining-room is the smoking salon, where the King, or even Queen Amelia, may relieve the monotony of travel with a cigarette.

There are four sleeping-rooms in the royal car besides rooms for the attendants. The most remarkable thing about this car is the dais and divan at one end of the salon. No one may sit on this raised divan but the King or the Queen. A drapery of silk velvet forms the background. Above the back of the divan the royal arms are carved. Probably it diverts his Majesty's mind to sit here on high now and then while journeying and call his ministers

showed himself a brave man by going to the aid of the wounded as soon as he could climb out of the wreck. All the cars in the train were of wood.

The new train of 1889 was made of wood too, but the cars were armored. The outside of each car was of heavy iron, inside of which was a layer of eight inches of cork. All of the four cars in the train were exactly alike outwardly, so that a nihilist would find it hard to pick out the Czar's car should he by any accident get within shooting distance. When the Czar travelled he often spent his time in a car that was so built and painted as to look like a baggage-car from the outside. When the Czar visited Emperor William III., at Berlin, in October, 1889, six Russian workmen put gratings of wrought-iron at the tops and bottoms of all the chimneys of the old Schloss and palace at Potsdam, which the Czar occupied. This was to keep out nihilists' bombs. Armed sentries patrolled the roofs. When the Czar started for home all the railroad bridges, as well as the streets of Berlin, Marienburg, and Dantzic, were guarded by soldiers, policemen, and detectives. Not until after the Czar left Dantzic was it known whether he had proceeded by train or on the imperial yacht *Derjara*. When the train started for the border 50,000 Russian troops were placed on guard along the railroad tracks. Every journey the unhappy ruler made was attended by similar precautions.

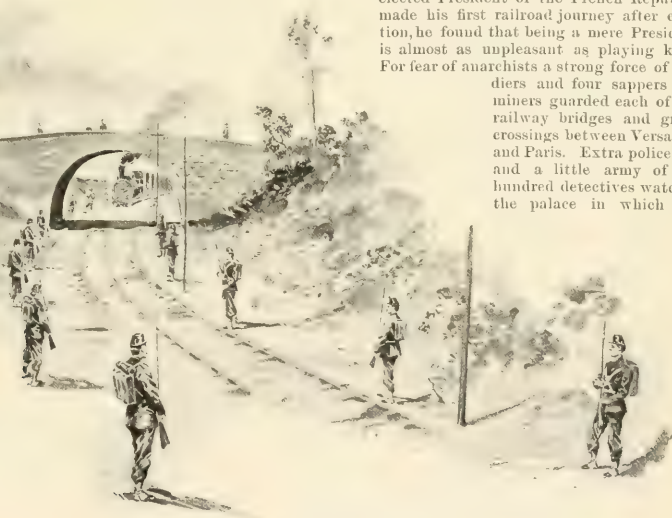
When François Felix Faure, the newly elected President of the French Republic, made his first railroad journey after election, he found that being a mere President is almost as unpleasant as playing king. For fear of anarchists a strong force of soldiers and four sappers and miners guarded each of the railway bridges and grade crossings between Versailles and Paris. Extra policemen and a little army of five hundred detectives watched the palace in which the

dais and four sappers and miners guarded each of the railway bridges and grade crossings between Versailles and Paris. Extra policemen and a little army of five hundred detectives watched the palace in which the

around him and ask them questions and make wise comments, as Kings always do -- in certain books.

Downright worry drove Czar Alexander III. of Russia to his death. Taller and stronger than any of his subjects, not one of whom could cope with him in wrestling, this imperial giant was actually tormented into his grave by fears of nihilistic plots to destroy him. Nowhere was this fear greater than when on railroad journeys. Again and again Alexander abandoned long trips at the last moment because the nihilists had learned his plans, and there was reason to believe that they had dug mines under the railroad track and were ready to blow him and his train to fragments. His son has not been on the throne long enough, the nihilists say, for them to decide whether or not they shall try to kill him.

Alexander's train was a fort on wheels. It was built in 1889, two years after a terrible underground explosion of dynamite, which wrecked the Czar's train at Borki, when he was on his way from the Crimea to St. Petersburg with the Empress and their family. In that accident twenty-one persons were killed and thirty-six were wounded, but not one of the imperial family was injured. The Czar



THE FRENCH PRESIDENT ON THE WAY FROM VERSAILLES.

National Assembly sat. A strong battalion of lancers and more foot soldiers than you could count escorted the new President to the special train in waiting at Versailles at 8 o'clock on Friday morning, January 18th. Fortunately no anarchist got a shot at the President as he was whirled along, but as he emerged from the St. Lazare railway station in Paris voices in the crowd yelled at him, "Down with the cheek-takers!" a pointed hint that M. Faure was implicated in the Panama Canal scandal.

A CORRECTION.

"I've dot two Mover Gooses,"
Said Mollie. "If you please,"
Said Johnny, "Don't say Gooses,
Because it's Mother Geese."

DR. RAINSFORD'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

WHEN we were boys we did things without thinking much about them. Boys do not generally think much; yet I think even when I was a boy I found myself sometimes wondering why it was so hard to do the things I wanted to do well. It was ever so much harder, of course, to do well the things that one did not specially want to do. I want to talk to you a little about the reason that lies back of this difficulty of doing things well.

When I was thirteen my father gave me a gun. That birthday long ago is one of the very reddest of red-letter days in my life. I have had many a good time since; but none of these good times, I think, have quite come up to that hour, so full of astonishment and delight, when I saw the very thing I had been longing for and dreaming about so long—saw the soft-looking brown barrels lying snugly against the green-baize lining of the case, and felt the ring of the lock under my fingers as I drew the hammers of my own gun back. (Those were the days of muzzle-loaders, boys.) But when I had got that gun the desire of my eyes, the pride of my life—it was, oh, how long, before I could hit things flying with it. On Saturday half-holidays (we had only one half a holiday a week when I was at school), I used to practise steadily. All my savings went to shot, powder, and wads. I almost lost the desire for candy with its disuse. I even turned my back on the pond where we used to fish for roach. I had seen my father kill birds flying, one with each barrel, and there was neither rest nor satisfaction for me till I could do the same. I think I took to shooting naturally; yet how long it was, and how hard I had to work, before I learned to shoot steadily and well.

It was the same story over again when I had grown older and gone to college. There I determined to row. If ever you are in old England in May, go, if you can, to Oxford or Cambridge, if it is only to see the college races. The riverbanks then are green, so green, and the hedges and trees are one waving nosegay. The big buttercups grow in yellow bunches by the brink. Where the meadows slope down to the stream crowds of gayly dressed people are standing, for the sisters and friends of every college had have come up to see the sight. This is on one side of the river; on the other stretches the towing-path, and along it surge a mighty throng of "men" clad in all the colors of the rainbow, wild with excitement, shouting themselves hoarse. They are out to see their college crew row. And what a sight those crews are! Round the bend, here they come at last, the eight-oar crews, the men's bodies swinging like pendulums, the eight pair of hands dropping at the end of each stroke as one, and then shooting out altogether. With a sweep and a swish they dash by, and the rushes of college color struggle to keep up with them. Ah, the very memory of it makes me thrill still! When first I saw their ease and splendid strength, how simple it looked. Surely, any fairly strong man could make those broad-bladed oars come swishing through, leaving behind them, well below the surface, a clear track of white water. So it seemed to me, and I determined there and then, that first May morning, I too would row. But I tell you it costs something to sit in a good eight-oar. Long months of hard work, obedience to orders, and patient drudgery have to be undergone before the broad-bladed oar comes swishing through as I have tried to describe it. Your back aches, your wrists feel limp as wet strings, and your chest is absolutely bursting, and yet you do not seem to be able to put one good stroke in; the boat slips away from you all the time. So for weeks and months runs your daily experience. But when the rudiments of rowing are mastered at last, when patient attention and hard exercise have made you strong, and taught you when and where to use your strength, then comes the reward. And whatever delightful experiences life may have in store for you, few indeed of them can surpass the exhilaration, the sense of triumphant power, that none know, perhaps, so well as those who have rowed on a first-class eight-oar crew.

Do you see what I am driving at? I have been talking of our pleasures, the things we want to do and choose to do.

These, I say, cost us trouble, and a great deal of care and painstaking. If any boy thinks he can command success, even in his sports, without putting into them all the will and all the brains, as well as all the brawn, he has as his own, he must soon find himself left out in the cold. At best he can only be a second-rate. Now this law of life, namely, that you must work hard to succeed in anything, does not apply to us, who are lords of creation, alone. One of the most wonderful things about our world is that the rules of the game of life are obeyed by the smallest atom that lives as well as by "king man" himself. If any living thing neglects or disobeys those rules, that disobedient being, whether it be common or low, suffers for its disobedience. If it obeys those rules, it grows stronger by obedience, and increases and develops its own power.

Let me tell you one or two instances of obedience by the creatures round us to these hard rules of life.

Have you ever seen a little salmon? A dainty, plucky little fellow he is. It takes him two years to grow from the egg to your finger's length. These two years of babyhood are spent in the quiet waters of his river home. By the time the second summer is passed he is about five inches long, golden-sided, with bright crimson spots, and weighs perhaps two ounces. Then he starts on his first great journey to waters unknown. No one knows where he goes, what lonely places he visits, where in the great sea the little adventurer makes his winter home. Certainly the Arctic Ocean is not too cold for him, for the waters of the far Mackenzie, emptying themselves into the polar sea, swarm with salmon; but wherever the little fellow does winter, the climate, food, and life must agree with him amazingly. He goes seaward in August. Next summer he is back in the same old river; and not only that, but in the very pool in it where he was hatched out. He is the same, but not the same; for now he weighs from three to five pounds. In the river it took him two years to grow five inches and weigh two ounces. In those six months of sea life he has gained at least twenty-four times his own weight. There is a reward for you! He felt he ought to go away and fight it out in the great sea. He went, he fought, he won, and now he revisits the old river a very different fish indeed. There is no longer any reason why he need lurk behind stones and dash aside to avoid the rush of the voracious trout. The very trout that once tried to gobble him must move out of the way, for he is almost a salmon. What has made him the strong beautiful fish he is? One thing, and one only—the struggle with the deep sea, and all the deep sea means. If he had been content to stay behind his fellows in the warm clear river he would be scarcely any bigger than he was last fall. His red spots would not be quite so bright, nor he himself so vigorous. Nature whispered to him to go forth and strive and grow, and since he obeyed her, and did his best, she kept her word with him.

Have you ever tried to crawl up on a bunch of wild ducks, or sat behind a blind while your wooden decoys were spread on the water all around you? If you have done either, I know you will agree with me when I say the wild duck is a very smart fellow indeed. His eye is keen, he is full of sense, and very hard to fool. Now his cousin, the tame duck, is next door to an idiot. He cannot hide himself or protect himself in any way. Strangely enough, too, while the wild duck finds one wife and one family quite all he can attend to, the big, bulking tame duck is a regular Mormon, and prefers a dozen wives, and neglects his children sadly. It is not hard to guess why these two birds are so different. The tame duck is only a wild duck domesticated, that is, put in such a position that he could not continue to live the natural sort of life that was best for him, the life of continuous struggle. He is, in short, a degenerate wild duck; his wings are not so broad or so strong, the muscles of his breast have grown puny and shrunken; he does not even want to fly far north in spring or far south in winter. He is content with his farm-yard and puddle. He has stopped trying, and so has stopped growing too.

One more instance I will give you, boys, of the important place this law of struggle plays in the lives of the very beasts. I was visiting some time ago the museum in one of our universities. One of the professors was with me, and we came to a case full of plaster casts of brains, the brains of animals. While looking at these you could, of course, easily compare their size and character, and form some opinion of the intelligence of the animal itself. The professor pointed out to me one very interesting brain cast. It was taken from the head of a rhinoceros that had lived very long ago—lived at the same time as mammoths and other antiquated animals. It was quite a large and well-developed brain. We next went to another case and took out the cast of a common rhinoceros, such a one as lived in our own times, and it was very evident that the present-day rhino was not nearly so large or intelligent as his progenitor of long ago. This seemed at first very strange; for why should the rhino's brain have degenerated while they are still struggling forward in the march of life? The answer is to be found in the sort of battle they have to fight. When the antediluvian rhino lived, the world was peopled with terrible monsters, brutes of great strength and savagery. With these he had no easy time of it. He had to match himself against them. Great strength alone was not enough; he needed cunning as well. Struggle he must, and struggle hard or go under; and he survived because he did struggle hard and did not go under. When, however, most of the monstrous forms of life had gradually passed away, the rhinoceros found no enemy he stood much in dread of. The milder animals of a later day got out of his way. There is nothing to be gained by contending with him. He needs no longer to strive; life comes easily, and food is plenty. Thus it is that a perpetually "good time" resulted in weakening his head and lowering his intelligence. He is, indeed, the degenerate descendant of a noble parent.

So, boys, wherever we look, the same result is taught us. The very beasts of the field can only hold their own by doing their best. We, their kings and lords, must put our right hand to the work, too. We can only live our best life, develop our true self, by striving. The tallest and strongest trees are what they are because they have overcome the mighty force of gravitation that seeks to drag down and hold down to the earth every particle of matter within them. Life, even in the tree, means something that *overcomes*, rises above a force that holds it down; and yet only holds it down that its most beautiful and best nature may be developed to the full. So it is with us men. The brave man is not he who never felt fear. If a man is intelligent he must, under fearful circumstances, feel fear; but he who, feeling fear, overcomes his feeling and stands unmoved, or does in spite of danger the right and brave thing—this man has true courage, this man is the real hero. You may have heard the story of the officer who, when the cannon balls began to cut down files of his men, stood all trembling in front of the regiment. It looked as though he was terribly afraid. His knees were shaking under him, and his face was set and white. Some one standing near heard him talking to himself, heard him say, as he looked down at his trembling legs, "If you only knew where I was going to take you, you would give way altogether." That, I take it, is true courage. On the walls of a great school-room in one of the largest public schools in England is written this motto—and you cannot find a better:

"So near is glory to our dust,
So near is God to man;
When Duty whispers, 'Lo, thou must!'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

W. S. RAINSFORD.

BOBBY'S GARDEN.

BOBBY. "I have just finished digging and raking my garden, and now I want five cents."

MAMMA. "What, five cents for making your garden?"

BOBBY. "No, mamma, not for making the garden, but to buy a package of succotash seed."



This Department is conducted by the interest of Amateur Photographers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer all questions on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Camera Club Department.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, No. 8.

OVER-EXPOSED PLATES, AND HOW TO TREAT THEM.

THE process of developing a negative would be very easily and quickly mastered if the exposure of the sensitive plates were always timed exactly right. Correct exposure, however, is the exception rather than the rule of amateur photography. To get good negatives, therefore, the amateur must learn to distinguish between a correct and incorrect exposure of the plate, and how to treat it, if incorrectly exposed, in order to preserve the image which is impressed on it.

Over-exposure is the most common fault of the beginner in photography. A properly exposed plate grows into a negative step by step, until the whole image, with all its delicate gradations of lights and shadows, is fully developed. An over-exposed plate acts in a very different manner. When placed in the developer, instead of the high lights first appearing and the objects coming out gradually, the whole image comes out almost at once—"flashes up" is the technical and really appropriate term. If the plate is left in the developer, the image will fade away almost as quickly as it came out, and the result will be a thin negative, from which satisfactory prints cannot be made.

TREATMENT.

As soon as the image flashes up, showing that the plate has been over-exposed, take it from the developer and place it in a dish of clean water to stop development. Turn the developer from the tray and rinse the tray. Mix up a weak solution of developer, or dilute this same developer one-third with water. Add to this weak developer a few drops of a solution of bromide of potassium, prepared with a quarter of an ounce of bromide of potassium and five ounces of water. This solution should be mixed and kept always ready for use. Label the bottle "Restraint." The bromide is called a restrainer, as it makes the development of the image proceed more slowly.

Put the plate back in the tray, and turn the developer, to which the bromide has been added, over it, rocking the plate gently. Watch the development closely, and if the image still comes up too fast add a few more drops of bromide. Unless the plate has been very much over-exposed, by taking it from the developer and using the restrainer carefully, a good negative can usually be obtained. If the plate has been too much over-exposed, there is no way of saving it.

If one knows or thinks that a plate has been over-exposed, the plate should not be put in a normal developer—that is, a developer which would be used for a correctly exposed plate—but it should be put into the weak developer to which bromide has been added.

Some amateurs, in developing, have three trays of developer. The first tray contains normal developer, the second tray contains developer prepared for over-exposed plates, and the third for under-exposed plates.

If a plate is found to be under or over exposed, it is washed and removed to the tray containing the proper solution. This is a very good plan if one has a quantity of plates to develop which have been exposed at different times and under different circumstances, as it saves preparing fresh developer after development has been started.

SU KENDRICK FRANK KENDRICK asks what is meant by a flat negative. A flat or thin negative is one which has been over-exposed, and not sufficiently developed to give the necessary density, so that the light passes through all parts quickly, and gives a flat picture, wanting in contrast. The next number of the *Round Table* will give methods for strengthening or redeveloping thin negatives.



THE RAINBOW TABLE.

A RAINBOW TEA.

BY MARY J. SAFFORD.

SUGGESTIONS for pretty effects at church fairs are always in order, and one which I attended recently was so attractive in its arrangements, and so well carried out in every detail, that a description may be of service to those who are planning a sale.

Even the tickets were in harmony with the remainder of the decoration. They bore diagonally across the centre, the upper left-hand and the lower right-hand corners, a rainbow, while the lettering ran:

RAINBOW TEA.

IN AID OF

The
 At
 Admission, 25 cents

Entering the room one saw directly opposite to the door the seven tables, each representing one of the colors of the rainbow. All were the same length and width, covered with the pretty, inexpensive crêpe cloth, and bordered with a frill of crêpe-paper the same shade. From the end of each table ran a width of the crêpe cloth, through whose centre was a strip of satin ribbon the same shade about four inches wide. These extended to a small square table and fastened on the top. This table was placed midway between the red and the violet one, which stood on the same line, perhaps six feet apart, the other five tables being set between in the order of the colors of the rainbow, the green at right angles with the red and the violet, and the remainder slanting. The effect of the semicircle was extremely pretty, and it also afforded room for attendants and buyers to gather around the lower ends of the respective tables.

The central ornament of each was a banquet-lamp, corresponding in color with the table on which it stood; that on the red one had a red porcelain vase in an iron stand, with a red shade; the green lamp had a green pillar and green shade; the yellow table bore a brass lamp, etc.

The red, orange, and violet tables contained a bewildering variety of articles for sale, and it was an interesting study to note the ingenuity with which the respective colors had been introduced into the fancy-work, painted china, etc., displayed to tempt purchasers.

On the orange table, for instance, were small gilded straw baskets, filled with delicious home-made molasses candies, tiny emery-cases covered with brown velvet, and surrounded by petals cut from deep yellow cloth, perfectly representing the daisylike flower known as "black-eyed Susan," sunflower penwipers, handkerchief-cases, made by folding an embroidered handkerchief over a square of yellow perfumed silk, the four corners meeting in the centre, laundry-bags, embroidered with yellow silk, sachet-cases with yellow buttercups strewn over them, teacups decorated with gold, etc.

The red table bore similar testimony to the cleverness of those who had supplied its wants, while the violet one was a marvel of daintiness and suggestion of spring-time loveliness. The banquet-lamp

had a silver stand and shade of violet silk and white lace; near it was a sofa cushion of sheer white linen lawn embroidered with violets, and surrounded by a wide insertion of lace, finished with a ruffle edged with lace. Beside this was a little bag, of white silk, with a pattern of lilac sweet-pease, in the bottom of which a needle-book was inserted, and not far off lay a table-centre embroidered with violets.

The yellow table was tempting, with a large glass bowl filled with lemonade, served with a variety of yellow cakes. The green one dispensed ice-cream. The blue, besides tea, sold pretty blue-and-white china cups and saucers, tied together with blue ribbon; and the indigo one was sought by lovers of chocolate.

The attendants at each table wore its colors. And another pretty feature of the occasion was a large pine-tree, standing in one corner of the hall, from whose branches hung oranges made of yellow paper, each one containing some prize for the purchaser.

QUEER MONEY.

HERE is an amusing account of a traveller who went many years ago to Mexico, and found the natives using a strange kind of currency. Says he:

"In one of the small towns I bought some limes, and gave the girl one dollar in payment. By way of change, she returned me forty-nine pieces of soap the size of a small biscuit. I looked at her in astonishment, and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police officer, who had witnessed the incident, hastened to inform me that for small sums soap was legal tender in many portions of the country.

"I examined my change, and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town and of a manufacture authorized by the government. The cakes of soap were worth three farthings each. Afterwards, in my travel, I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in the wash-tub; but that I discovered was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man would borrow a cake of a friend, wash his hands, and return it with thanks. I made use of my pieces more than once in my bath, and subsequently spent them."

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

IN LOOKING OVER THE PROGRAMMES of the different scholastic athletic associations, I find that the Connecticut High-School A.A. is about the only one which has the same list of events as that approved by the I.C.A.A.A. It also uses the same system of scoring—5, 2, and 1—whereas most of the other interscholastic associations award three points to the winner of second place. This, however, is a different question, and one that I hope to treat of later. One thing at a time; and if we can get the card straightened out by next spring I shall be satisfied. If I can persuade all the executive committees to adopt the list of events in use by the colleges I shall consider that this Department has done some good, and has accomplished at least one valuable thing in its own sphere of usefulness. I am optimistic enough to believe that a year from now every association will have adopted the uniform schedule.

THE CONNECTICUT ASSOCIATION at one time had the standing high and broad jumps as well as the running high kick on their card; but when Yale offered a silver cup for competition among the schools in 1891, one of the conditions attached to the gift was that the programme must be made to correspond with the inter-collegiate schedule. To the New Haven college, therefore, is largely due the credit for the Connecticut H.-S.A.A.'s present emancipation from acrobatics. The events on their card, like those of the I.C.A.A.A., comprise the 100 and 220-yard dashes; the quarter, the half, and the mile runs; the mile walk; the 120-yard hurdle race over 3 ft. 6 in. hurdles, and the 220-yard hurdle race over 2 ft. 6 in. hurdles; the 2-mile bicycle race; the pole vault; the running high and broad jumps; the shot and hammer, both of sixteen pounds.

IT IS ONLY NATURAL that a university or college association which takes an active interest in the sports of its preparatory schools should wish to have the athletes who are making ready to enter its ranks familiar with the events on the inter-collegiate card. We all know very well that, no matter how great the college-man's interest may be in sport, as such, he is not going to waste his time and money and energy in training and encouraging young men who do not expect to go to college, or who practise high kicking and standing jumps, or other feats of which he takes no notice. He very justly argues that there are enough young athletes in the country, who want to do what he does, for him to give all his attention to them. Therefore if school associations want the colleges to take a lively interest in their efforts, to send them trainers, and to offer them cups, I would advise them to work along the lines that college athletes have found most suitable for their purposes, and to let other matters alone. No one to whom I have spoken of this matter so far has disagreed with me. If any readers of this Department have any arguments for the other side, I am sure we shall all be glad to hear them.

A VERY GOOD EXAMPLE of what might justly be called a "freak" programme is that of the Iowa State High-School Athletic Association. Their field day was held at Muscatine on May 25th last, and I insert a table showing the results of the games more as an interesting curiosity than as a valuable contribution toward athletic records. Of the seventeen events on the card, only nine appear on the I.C.A.A.A. schedule, and one of these—the 12-lb. shot—ought to be left out. If the hurdles are undersized, then the Iowans have really only six numbers on their list that would admit them to competition with the Interscholastic Association of the United States, which we hope to see in full-fledged running order next spring. Iowa has a claim

to recognition in athletics, her university having sent to the Mott Haven games this year the fastest sprinter that has entered for many a year. Let me therefore urge the younger athletes to train themselves for events that they can achieve renown in rather than to waste their time in high kicking. Crum would have received scant attention at Mott Haven even if he could have hopped, stepped, and jumped from one end of the Oval to the other.

FOUR SCHOOLS WERE REPRESENTED on the Fair Grounds at Muscatine, and Clinton H.-S. took the cup with 50 points. The Clinton team consisted of fourteen boys only, and as they have trained themselves without any assistance from older athletes, their performances are creditable. While it is true that none of them as yet threaten the Interscholastic records, it must be remembered that our Eastern schools have been in athletics many years longer than the Iowans, and enjoy far greater advantages from trainers and coaches than can be had in the West. In a very few years, however, matters will no longer be thus, and I confidently look to see several of these records held beyond the Mississippi. My young friends on the Pacific coast are going to raise a few of the marks too. Look out for them!

IF THE PLAN NOW PROPOSED in the middle West can be carried out, we shall see next year an Interscholastic Association composed of the principal schools of Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. This organization will be a powerful one, and its meetings, where the entries will be restricted to the firsts and seconds of the State contests, ought to be productive of good records. Such competition cannot fail to elevate sport in that section, and then the East will have to look to its laurels.



CLINTON HIGH-SCHOOL TRACK-ATHLETIC TEAM.
Champions of the Iowa State High-School Athletic Association.

AT A MEETING OF THE SCHOOLS represented in the Senior and Junior football leagues, held in Boston early last May, some good changes were made in the manner of running things, and several excellent rules were adopted. The constitution now governs both leagues, which are united under the single title of "The Interscholastic Football Association"—of New England, I suppose. Henceforth the president of the association will practically be elected by goals and touch-downs, because the office goes to the Captain of the winning eleven of the Senior League. The vice-president is similarly chosen, the office going to the Captain of the champion team of the Junior League. There are to be

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

IOWA STATE HIGH-SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION GAMES, MUSCATINE, MAY 25, 1895.

Event.	Winner—5 points.	Performance.	51—3 points.	51—1 point.	Points Made.
50-yard dash.....	Horsburgh, T.	5 3-5 sec.	Bannister, C.	Holbrook, T.	Clinton..... 50
100-yard dash.....	Holbrook, T.	11 "	Booth, I. C.	Dean, M.	Tipton..... 43
120-yard hurdle.....	Holbrook, T.	20 1-3 "	Horsburgh, T.	C. Hanley, C.	Muscatine..... 30
1-mile run.....	Morlaud, T.	5 m. 15 "	C. Hanley, C.	J. Hanley, M.	Iowa City..... 28
Half-mile bicycle.....	Cole, C.	1 " 16 "	Riggs, I. C.	Mahin, M.	Total..... 151
Half-mile run.....	Demorest, M.	2 " 19 "	Swisher, I. C.	Morland, T.	
Half-mile walk.....	Brown, M.	4 " 12 "	Reed, T.		
220-yard hurdle.....	Holbrook, T.	28 4-5 "	Conger, C.	Freeman, I. C.	
440-yard dash.....	Demorest, M.	55 2-5 "	Hertz, I. C.	Bannister, C.	
220-yard dash.....	Holbrook, T.	24 4-5 "	Dean, M.	Bannister, C.	
Standing high kick.....	Flournoy, C.	7 ft. 6 in.	Brown, M.	Leifers, T.	
Running high jump.....	Flournoy, C.	5 " 3 "	Booth, I. C.	Horton, M.	
Running low, step, and jump.....	Booth, I. C.	39 " 3 "	Freeman, I. C.	Horton, M.	
Baseball throw.....	Haltman, C.	314 "	Conger, C.	Dean, M.	
Putting 12-lb. shot.....	Keister, C.	38 " 8 "	Holmes, C.	Holbrook, T.	
Standing broad jump.....	Flournoy, C.	9 " 9-4 "	Holbrook, T.	Lackmond, C.	
Pole-vault.....	Flournoy, C.	9 " 3 "	Booth, I. C.	Freeman, I. C.	

Tipton, T. Clinton, C. Muscatine, M. Iowa City, I. C.

graduates on the executive committee, which is perfectly proper, but that these should be chosen from one college alone is unwise and unfair. The new scheme is to have the executive committee consist of the Captain of the Harvard football team, three undergraduates of the schools in the league, with the president *ex officio*, and two graduates of Harvard.

THE OBJECTION I MAKE to this arrangement is that it is hardly right to look upon the Interscholastic Football Association as a feeder for Harvard alone. It is probably true that Harvard has done more for football in the Boston schools than has any other college, and even more than any other college ever will do; but still men do go from Boston schools to other places than Cambridge, and these men might feel that there is a little too much crimson ink on those regulations. It would be better to have it set down in the constitution that certain members of the committee shall be graduates of the schools that are members of the leagues (college graduates, too, if you like, and even ex-members of 'varsity teams, if practical football knowledge is wanted), but let the eligibility to committee membership depend upon the candidate's school relations rather than upon his college connection. It might happen some year, or for several years in succession, that the football men of the Boston schools would go to Tufts College or to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Then both those institutions would feel that their interest in the welfare of the Interscholastic League entitled them to an eye in its supervision. I remember that in 1888, the year the Interscholastic League was formed by Harvard to train players for the Cambridge eleven, several of the best players of one of the strongest teams went to Yale.

THE TEAMS IN THE SENIOR LEAGUE are now limited to six, and before the series of games begins in the fall each school must hand in its list of players for the year. It is also required that each player shall have at least twelve hours a week at his school, and be not over twenty-one years of age. The Seniors get considerable advantage over the Juniors in the matter of voting, they being allowed two votes to the latter's single ballot.

IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE to avoid typographical errors, especially in matter consisting largely of numerals, like the tabulated records so frequently printed in this Department. I remember once of a publisher in London who made up his mind to publish a book that should have no typographical errors whatever. He had his proofs corrected by his own proof-readers, until they all assured him that there were no longer any errors in the text. Then he sent proofs to the universities and to other publishing houses offering a prize of several pounds sterling in cash for every typographical mistake that could be found. Hundreds of proofs were sent out in this way, and many skilled proof-readers examined the pages in the hope of earning a prize. A few errors were discovered. Then all the proof-sheets having been heard from, the publisher felt assured that his book would appear before the public an absolutely perfect piece

of composition. He had the plates cast, the edition printed and bound between expensive covers—because as a perfect specimen of the printers' art it was of course unique in literature, and exceedingly valuable to bibliophiles. The edition sold well and was spread all over the country. The publisher was very much pleased with himself for having done something that had hitherto been considered an impossibility. Then his pride had a fall, for six or eight months later he received a letter calling his attention to an error in a certain line on a certain page. Then came another letter announcing the discovery of a second error in this perfect book. I believe before the year was up four or five mistakes were found.

THIS ONLY GOES TO SHOW that, even with the greatest care, absolute perfection is impossible. The next best thing, therefore, is to correct unavoidable errors as soon as they are discovered. This Department depends largely upon its readers to find its occasional slips, and I shall take great pleasure in calling attention to the misprints as soon as I know of them. There are many who preserve the ROUND TABLE and depend upon the accuracy of the figures given for reference in the future. They can make their tables absolutely true by noting in ink on the margin of the pages any corrections given here later. The errors I have discovered thus far follow:

HACKETT'S TIME IN THE MILE WALK, shown in the table on page 538, should be 7 min. 46½ sec., instead of 7 min. 4½ sec. On page 537, Meehan's time at the end of the first lap in the half-mile run should have been given as 61 sec., not as 60. In the table of the Connecticut H.-S.-A.A. games printed on page 634, Beck's shot-put is given as 36 ft. 8½ in. His actual performance was 37 ft. 8½ inches. At the dual games between the Hillhouse High-School and the Boardman Manual Training-school of New Haven, Beck made a put of 39 ft. 5 in. This would therefore correct his interscholastic record in the table on page 706, where it shows 39 ft. 3 in. The order of the finish in the bicycle race at the Connecticut H.-S.-A.A. games was Baker, Steele, Rutz. This is stated correctly in the table, but not in the text.

A FEW YEARS AGO, long before photography had reached the stage of accuracy which we now enjoy, instantaneous photographs were made of a horse in action, and it was shown that the old conception of a galloping steed with four feet off the ground, the animal posed very much like a Roman arch, was absolutely erroneous. The actual position of a moving horse was shown to be entirely different and somewhat peculiar. Motion is so swift that our eyes cannot keep up with it—cannot even catch one of its elements. Thus we get a very imperfect idea of moving objects that we look at, and not until photographs come to our assistance do we really know just what we have seen.

WHAT THE READERS OF THIS Department are presumably most interested in just now is sport, and more particularly that sport participated in by their schoolmates, and by

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

young athletes of their own age in other schools. Each individual, no doubt, has his own favorite branch of athletics, and he naturally strives to reach as great a degree of perfection as he is capable of in that special kind of work. It is not always easy to succeed in becoming perfect. Books and descriptive articles are valuable, but they must lack a great deal. The next best thing to actual physical demonstration, therefore, will be a series of instantaneous photographs that show each element of an athletic performance from the beginning of the action until the end. This Department will endeavor from time to time to offer these series of elements to its readers, and will begin next week by showing just how the high jump is performed. The photographs that will accompany the text show how each motion of the jump is made, where the jumper is, and how he looks during the entire transit over the bar.

THE GRADUATE.



This Department is a service in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects for a possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

I HAVE a number of inquiries every week regarding water-marks in stamps, especially since the U.S. has begun the practice. Many governments have used this method as a prevention to counterfeiting. The water-mark is made in the paper while in process of manufacture. When the paper pulp is somewhat solidified, a roller is run over it under pressure. This roller has on the outside a pattern made in brass or copper, and as it passes over the wet sheet it thus the paper wherever the pattern has



pressed it. If well done, the water-mark can be seen by looking through the paper. If poorly done, the water-mark can be seen indistinctly. Philatelists look for indistinct water-marks by placing the stamp face downward on a piece of black paper, or japanned iron, and then apply pure benzine to the back of the stamp with a camel's-hair brush. This method reveals water-marks better than any other. Formerly most paper had a water-mark, but as a rule to-day it is used on fine qualities of writing-paper only.

England and her colonies have used water-marks in stamps since 1854. In that year the Small Crown was used for 1d. red and 2d. blue. The V. R. was used on the 6d. violet issued in the same year. In 1855 the Garter was used for the 4d. in three sizes known as the "Large, Medium, and Small Garters." To give an idea of the difference in value according to water-marks I quote from a late catalogue:

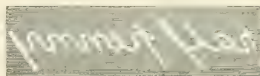
Small garter, 4d. on bluish paper,	Used, \$75 00	Used, \$1 25
" " 4d. " white " "	" 100 00	" 2 50
Medium " 4d. " " " "	" 60 00	" 1 00
" " 4d. " bluish " "	" 75 00	" 2 00
Large " 4d. " white " "	" 1 75	" 8



In 1856 the "Large Crown" and the "Heraldic Emblems," or "Four Flowers," were used on the 1d., 1½d., 2d., 3d., 6d., 9d., and 1s. stamps.



Eleven years later the "Spray of Rose" was used on all stamps from 3d. to 2s. The "Anchor" was used on the 2½d. in 1875, and the "Orb" on the same stamp five years later. The "Maltese Cross" was used on the 10s. and £1 in 1878. This completes the water-marks on English stamps, with the exception of ½d. stamp, which was printed on sheets marked "half-penny."



J. HALL.—All U.S. stamps since 1857 should have been perforated. Any unperforated U.S. stamps since then are the results of accident, and should not be catalogued. They are "freaks." Proofs are not perforated, and can be distinguished from stamps by their having been printed on card-board or India paper.

A. P.—I should like to follow your suggestion and give a list of all the new issues if space permitted.

A. LONDELL.—There are three varieties of the current 2c. U.S. with the triangle more or less different. Types I, II, and III.

B. K. H.—I strongly advise you not to buy the Chinese local stamps. They are simply philatelic trash, and will probably be worth less money ten years from now than they cost to-day. Buy good stamps from a responsible dealer. As a rule the higher the value the more likely to increase in the future. This applies to all but the first-class rarities now worth from \$50 apiece upward.

W. F. BROWN.—No addresses of dealers can be given

in this column. I believe the dealers have a full supply of all the Colombian stamps, except the \$1 and \$2, which are sold for \$7 and \$4 respectively. There is no 7c. Colombian stamp.

M. S. C.—The coin dealers sell the 1805 cent for 10 cents. The English coins mentioned are all common.

L. V. BUSS.—Thanks for your suggestion. I would adopt the same at once, but the postal laws do not permit the printing of any illustration of a U.S. stamp, or even part of such and the absence of illustrations would make such articles uninteresting and very difficult to understand.

H. CROSSMAN.—England 1840 1d. black, 2d. blue.

RAY B. BAKER.—The Cape of Good Hope, 1861 1d. red is worth 60 cents, the wood-black, \$10, the wood-black error, same issue, \$250. The ½d. 1871 is sold for 6 cents. \$1, \$2, and \$5 Columbian, \$7, \$4, \$5 50 respectively.

O. A. P.—It is not a coin, and is worth nothing.

HELEN O. KAUFER.—The 90c. orange, 1890, is sold by dealers for \$1 50 unframed, 75 cents used. The coins are of value only.

B. W. LEAVITT.—A 2c. stamp should always be enclosed with a letter of inquiry.

C. McQUEEN.—The values of all the Columbians are about the same as six months ago, except that the \$1 has advanced to about \$6 in value, and the \$2 is hard to get at less than \$4.

H. H. BOWMAN.—The 3c. 1861 mentioned by you is the regular rose issue, but oxidized by time. All red stamps with cochineal are subject to oxidation from dampness, sulphur fumes, etc.

H. C. DEBAR.—I congratulate you on your discovery of a rare local.

J. B. DAGGITT.—There are three varieties of the 1863 cent. The small circle is sold for 10c., the large circle for 40c., the 1-100 and 1-1000 for 35c. The Keesuth medal has no value.

W. S. FOWLER.—The first postage-stamp ever made was the 1 p. black of 1840. It is sold for 8c. The 1 p. red was used from 1841 to 1880. There are many minor varieties, some of which are rare.

E. P. NOYES.—The silver dollar does not command a premium.

J. S. GREEN.—No premium on the eagle cent. The Dutch penny has no value in the U.S.

W. H. KERL.—The two Siam provisionals, 1 att on 64 atts and 2 atts on 64 atts, are worth 10c. or 15c. each. The other stamp is a "sick-fund" stamp from Germany.

C. C. FERRALL.—The difference in the stamps is caused by imperfect printing.

ASHL.—The \$3 gold pieces do not command any premium. The dates given are the common dates.

M. C. W.—The two stamps are revenue stamps from Bosnia. They cannot be used in payment of postage. Embossing was described in the last number of the ROUND TABLE. Stamps vary in value from year to year, and even month to month. Generally there is an increase year by year, but in a few instances they decrease in value. No catalogue can fix prices, and the same issue may be cheap or dear, according to the condition of the individual stamp.

PHILATEL.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

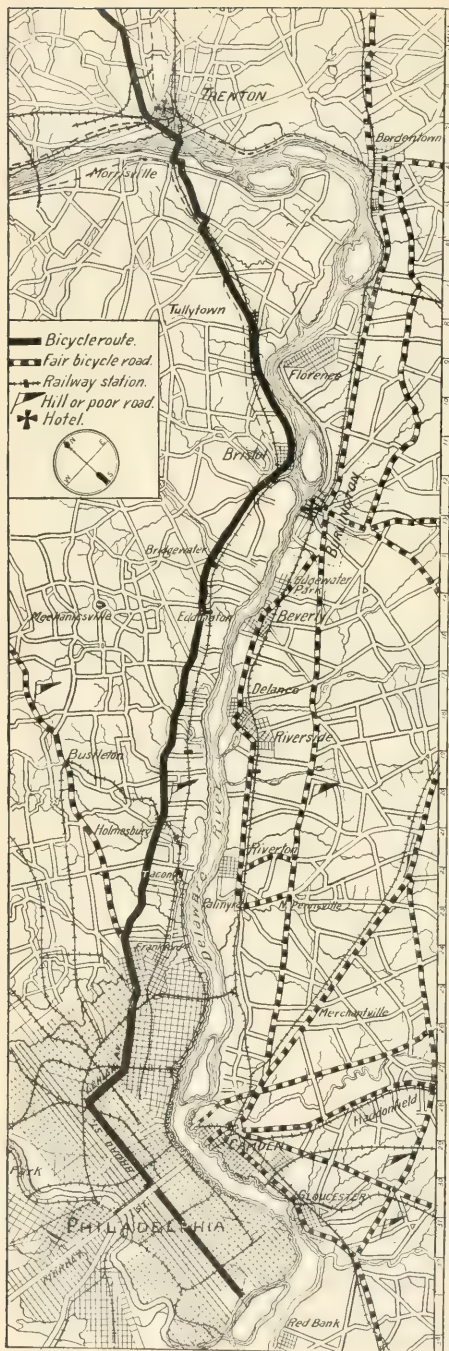
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HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE.

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This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THE last stage of the run from New York to Philadelphia is given in this week's map. The distance is thirty-one miles, and the road, good in the main, is greatly helped by being generally a little down grade. On leaving Trenton by Warren Street the rider will soon come to the Delaware River, which he should cross by the Warren Street Bridge. He then runs into Morrisville on the other side. Immediately after crossing, turn left to the Bristol turnpike, and on reaching this turn to the right into it. The run is direct then to Tullytown and thence to Bristol. Between Tullytown and Bristol the run is along the river, and at times the road is quite good, especially if rain has not made the reddish-yellow earth soggy and muddy. For a good deal of the distance from Trenton to Bristol—a distance of nine miles or more—you will do well to take the side path, which here, as elsewhere over such generally level country as New Jersey and this part of Pennsylvania, is likely to be good.

FROM BRISTOL TURN TO THE RIGHT at the hotel and run on to the cemetery, where you should take the left fork, which will carry you direct to Frankford-on-Pike, a distance of fifteen miles. From here the run to the outskirts of Philadelphia is but two miles. On this run from Bristol you pass by Bridgewater, Eddington, Holmesburg, near Tacony, and into Frankford, and there is but one hill of any note, which is just before entering Holmesburg. Indeed, this is not a bad hill compared with some of the Western Massachusetts hills, and some of those on the New York-Albany route. Entering Philadelphia you run along Lehigh Avenue, until reaching Broad Street, where you turn left into the latter, and run on to the public buildings in the centre of the city.

PHILADELPHIA IS A MAGNIFICENT CITY for bicyclists, and we propose next week to give a map of all the asphalted and macadamized streets within the city limits, which in the coming weeks will be followed by short routes in the vicinity. The New York-Philadelphia run is a capital one, and can be made if the trip is taken at easy stages, as we have described it, by any one who can ride a wheel. Many women could do it without difficulty, and it has the added advantage of being part of the way on the great New York-Washington run. So that if you arrive at Philadelphia, and want a little longer journey, especially if it is in the fall of the year, and Washington is in full feather, there is a fine opportunity for a good long trip of easy stages to Washington and return to New York. Inquiries are constantly being made to the Department regarding trips, and the best roads from one town or city to another. Partly because of the absolute inadequacy of space, and partly because maps of many of these routes could not be judiciously published, we have been unable to answer these questions. A general suggestion can be made, however, in regard to this matter. If you join the L.A.W. Division in the State where you reside, you pay \$2, and receive a copy of the road book of that State, if one has been issued, besides maps showing the best bicycle roads. These are sent you free of charge. You can procure road books of other States by writing to the Secretary of the L.A.W. Division for the State of —, naming the particular State in question. These will cost from \$1 to \$2 each. Using these there will be no difficulty in laying out the best roads between almost any two points you desire.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tottenville to Trenton in 820.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

GOING to the country? City girls think as much of their summers among green fields as country girls do of coming to town, and one can say no more than that.

SCHOOL is over, and the lessons done with for the present, and now you may enjoy the sense of freedom from rules, which is one of the really charming things in a vacation. If I were you, though, I would not spend all the summer weeks without learning something, either about Nature and her wonders, or else about housekeeping and sewing.

AT Aunt's in the mountains help is hard to get, and Aunt and her daughters make their own beds, and do much of the housework outside of the kitchen. Do you know how to make a bed? It looks very easy, yet there is an art in doing it well.

In the first place you must thoroughly air your bed every day. Pull the bedclothes apart, set the mattress on end, if it is in two pieces so that you can manage it, and open the windows widely. Leave bed and bedding this way, exposed to air and sunlight, for at least an hour. Then spread your under sheet smoothly on the mattress, tucking it well in at the top. Similarly tuck the upper sheet in with great care at the bottom of the bed, so that it will not work loose and leave the feet of a restless sleeper exposed. Be sure in laying on your blankets that the open end of them is at the top of the bed. A person often requires a second thickness of blanket before morning, and can arrange it as she wishes if the closed end of the blanket is at the bottom of the bed.

Now comes your dainty upper spread, to be folded up and laid aside at night, your bolster, and your pillows. I would enjoy sleeping in a bed made by one of my girls if she followed these directions.

Of course you are going to begin making your Christmas presents this summer. The beautiful centre-pieces, doilies, and other bits of embroidery which you intend to send here and there to dear friends must be planned for and finished, from the first careful stitch to the last, during your summer leisure. A set of towels or handkerchiefs with a monogram in the corner of each will delight mamma, and Arthur will be very much pleased if his sister makes a cover for his mantle or his chiffonier. It will be well to select your materials and take them in your trunk, and then set apart a definite part of each day for your work.

SOME of you belong to the Needle-work Guild, and are pledged to send a certain number of finished garments to the headquarters of the society in the autumn. You must make these little garments, slips, petticoats, aprons, or whatever they may be, with the utmost nicety. Let only loving, careful stitches go into your work for the poor.

LAST summer a beautiful girl from town found part of her pleasure in teaching some little children in a sea-side village how to sew. Her little class came to her vine-shaded veranda every week, and there she showed them how to hem and over-hand and fell and back-stitch, and when work was over she gave them a little treat of candy and fruit. Do you suppose they forgot her when the long winter came, and don't you think they are hoping to see her again this summer?

WILL you all take notice that if you wish letters answered in this column you must send them a fortnight in advance of the occasion? It is impossible for me to answer in "next week's paper" an inquiry which comes to me on the Saturday or Monday just before an issue. Please give yourselves and me a little longer time.

Margaret E. Langster.

A READY ANSWER.

THE poorer classes among the Maltese have a ready wit, if the story told by a returned traveller is true. An English officer stationed at Malta, failing to make a Maltese understand what he meant, called the poor man "a fool." Understanding this much, the man, who had travelled about a good deal, though he did not understand English, replied by asking, "Do you speak Maltese?" "No." "Do you speak Arabic?" "No." "Do you speak Greek?" "No." "Do you speak Italian?" "No." "Then if I be one fool, you be four fools."

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**Commit to
Memory.**

In Germany the children in the schools Commit to Memory the words they are accustomed to sing, and they are seldom at a loss for Music anywhere; especially when great numbers are assembled do they sing together, in mighty chorus, the songs and hymns of the Fatherland without reference to a book "for the words." This is a grand result coming out of the Schools. In America too much time is occupied in teaching, not enough in learning, and, as a result, when we want to sing—perhaps only the National Hymn—"nobody knows the words." Let it be regarded an essential part of School work, daily or weekly, for Teacher and pupil to Commit to Memory some good thing in Prose or Verse.

The Franklin Square Song Collection comprises Eight Numbers, which may be had bound separately or in different styles. These numbers may also be had in two volumes at \$3.00 each. For full list of contents, sixteen hundred songs and hymns, alphabetically arranged, address
Harper & Brothers, New York.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Something New in Puzzles.

Here is something quite new in puzzles. There is contained in the following story a four-line verse from one of Alice Cary's most familiar poems. The first two lines contain seven words, the third line six, and the last, eight. Every other line rhymes. The verses subject is a moral one about right living. It is not concealed in any way. It is not made up of parts of words, nor of letters omitted, or words misspelled. But it is there—openly and plainly there. Who can find it?

The author of this puzzle is Miss Marie Denton, who lives in Grand Rapids, Mich. No prizes are offered for finding this verse, but we hope you will try to find it. We will print it in a week or two. The following is the puzzle:

This is the true story, dear aunt Ruth and Ulys, of my trip to Europe. We started October twenty-fifth, from Rockport, Texas. How many days were upon the water I cannot tell, as Sarah, my sister, was very ill on the way, and I devoted myself constantly to her. Nevertheless we at last reached our destination, which was Brussels, where Eva Irving was awaiting us. Near our hotel was a ship owned by Gustav Narhelsen, whose sign bore this—"Oysters To Sell."

Every member of the family appeared in the window as our carriage stopped at the hotel, but auntie explained to us that their neighbors were particular friends of hers, and it was out of compliment to us that they were watching our advent so eagerly. Eleven heads we counted before we entered our hotel, the Meisterschaft, where we ate a hearty supper, and I retired at once.

Next day Gustav called, bringing his wife, Irene, and his two daughters, Nerissa and Dorcas. Our first impression, I must say, was not favorable; but Nerissa was really a beautiful girl. Genuine worth, however, cannot long conceal itself, and we were not slow to discover the noble qualities of Eva's friends. Auntie took us out next day. Coming home, we found auntie's maid packing her trunk, and learned that we were to start for Havre that afternoon. Delighted at the thought of new scenes were we. After discussion we decided to go by an overland route as far as the river Yonne, down which we sailed until we reached the mouth. Then from there we sailed to Havre.

As we were tired out we were glad to rest at the Thiers home. Going out next day, we met an old friend, Olive Easton, who had married and settled in a small village on the Seine, near Beauvais. Yet we were glad to leave this lively seaport town behind us and sail up the Seine again. Our destination this time was Marseilles. Entering it, we purchased a copy of the *Literary Idler*. This we hastened to peruse, reading very eagerly the news from Toulon and Tamarague. Lest inquiries should be made respecting this paper, let me say that it is one of the few English papers published in foreign cities.

Gustav sent us a letter containing an invitation to the wedding of his daughter Olivia, which was to take place in October, and as this was December, he thought that we might be there in time. Nerissa also sent us a note, telling us in confidence that her marriage was to follow Olivia's, as soon as her Theodore was able to provide a cozy home for her. I was anxious to attend the wedding.

Next morning while putting over a copy of *Dreams*, with Raphael, the hotel cat, curled up in my lap, Eva entered and announced that an old friend of ours from Austin was in Marseilles and would call upon us the next afternoon. "I was in a flutter of joy, and forgetting my book, ran away to tell my sister of the good news. Nothing ever ruffled my sister's composure, but the light in her eyes told that she would be glad to see George Orden. Five years ago we three played together as children, George always treating my sister with admiring deference, but finding fault with me whenever opportunity offered."

Ruby Eliot had written to us that her cousin from Austin was wintering in Toulon, but we had not thought of meeting him here. The next afternoon our maid Harriette was nearly carried by the demands made upon her time and taste. I gave up in despair, and confined myself to looking like a fright in a dark red silk. Not so with my sister, who was perfectly exquisite in a dove-colored silk

and white lace. George called at half past four, and, of course, gave all his attention to Sarah.

The sequel to this story cannot be written, but those two were only friends, after all, and some people admire elves in red dresses more than saints in gray. Our next move was cross country by rail, and after many days sailing through bays, channels, and straits we landed at Dover, where we remained until October, when we crossed the strait to Brussels, arriving in time for the double wedding.

Yesterday something happened to convince me that there was no place like Austin in which to spend the rest of my days. Now as we are about to return to our native country a slight feeling of disappointment will arise that Dover was the only city in Britain visited by us. Yet how glad we shall all be to return to our native land.

Seeing the "Defender's" Launching.

I really wish I had had every member of the Round Table that is interested in boats with me on Saturday, June 29th. On that memorable day I went with a party of friends on board of a sloop-yacht to witness the launching of the *Defender*. We left Warren about 9:30 a. m. We dropped anchor in Bristol Harbor just in time, for about five minutes later the big boat glided down the ways amid the banging of guns and the shrill whistles from the numerous steamboats. The only thing to mar the occasion was that the launching was not as successful as expected, for the boat stuck on the ways and was not floated till two days later.

As soon as the launching was over, I looked around to see what yachts were in the harbor. At our left was the *Colonia*, the practice boat for the crew of the *Defender*, consisting of thirty-three men. Among the other yachts were the *Pulsant*, the handsome *Conqueror*, of F. W. Vanderbilt, the *Shearwater*, *Sakonnnet*, and many, many others. The harbor, indeed, presented a beautiful picture from



AT THE "DEFENDER'S" LAUNCHING.

the shore. After lunch, my chum and myself went in one of the row-boats up near the cup-defender, thus getting a finer view of it than ever.

Souvenirs have been floating around Bristol and vicinity for a month in the shape of aluminum rings; but other souvenirs were sold on the launching-day. Some were stick-pins made from the bronze of the rudder-post. About 3:30 a stiff breeze set in, and many of the yachts took advantage of it and started out on a spin. When we got back to our yacht the waves were dancing merrily about its bow, much to our delight.

When we got "under way" and fairly flew out of the harbor, the crew of the *Colonia* took off their caps and waved to us (Captain "Hank Huff" also), and it is needless to say the salute was returned, and kept up for at least three minutes. With our spinnaker "set" we just skimmed homeward, reaching Warren in an hour. The spray came

over the boat as we sped along. For my part, I got an extra coat of tan. I should like to know if any other members of the Table were at the launching.

WARREN, R. I.

Questions and Answers.

Ida Fitzpatrick: We believe there is no active Chapter in Hempstead now. J. C. Filling: There is no active mineral Chapter. Can't we have one in Oregon? All Chapters interested in minerals also collect stones, flowers, etc. Noah Roark: It is likely that we shall have some attractive offers to make to members in September. Watch for them. They are not quite ready now. Will Frances A. Rice send her address, that we may return some stamps?

—We have to thank Katherine Warren for her morsel about Bermuda. We fear, however, we shall not have space for it. Does any member know of a rule, condition, or whatever it might be called, regarding the title of the Emperor of Germany, or German Emperor—one that was fixed at the time William I. was proclaimed at Versailles? The question is whether "German Emperor" is the correct title, or "Emperor of Germany," and why? Who knows about it?

Tom S. Winston says he is immensely fond of machinery. Are you? He lives at Abbeville, La.—away down near the Texas line. He wishes the Table had a Chapter of amateur machine or engineers. He may tell us about that stock ranch, Isabel McCom, Lemmon, Englewood, N. J., asks if Elsie G. Unruh will send her address? She wishes to forward some pressed flowers. Berthold Landau, 310 East Third Street, New York, wants to join a literary Chapter.

Dudley Polk asks if the "literature of to-day tends toward the realistic or the idealistic." We believe the critics say it tends toward the former. Some say that they think the day of literary realism is about over. G. G. B. asks the cost of a chicken-coop such as Mr. Chase recently described. The cost of material varies so, according to locality, that it is difficult to name any fixed sum. The cost can easily be figured out, as the drawing is made according to a scale. Find the number of square feet of lumber required, and the cost of the window-frame at any lumber dealer's.

C. L. B. Beach, Hull, Iowa, wants to trade pressed flowers. He also wants specimens of the "fly-catcher" and of the "pitcher-plant." Andrew Nell: The numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, November to April, and of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, April 30th to the end of the year, will be bound into one volume, not two. Beginning with the change in form and name, papers containing will be bound into the volume, but for nibs in the ends of gold pens.

Helen P. Hubbard: Common oyster-shells contain lime, nitrogen, iron, sulphur, magnesium, potassium, fluorine, phosphoric acid, and iodine, and, ground to a powder, were once used as medicine, since all of the substances are good for building up the system. Walter Henry, of Wisconsin, asks where he can procure silk-worm eggs. We think he can get them from the American Silk-Cult. Tur Association, Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., or from the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. At any rate, both will be glad to give him information where he can get them.

RICH TIMES.

CALIFORNIA was a rich spot for one to live in back in the fifties, or before then. The following account of nuggets of gold found in California in the old days, recently given by an authority, almost makes one wish that one had been living there at that time, although the hardships endured by the pioneer settlers were something which no amount of gold could compensate for.

The largest mass of gold ever found in California was that dug out at Carson Hill, Calaveras County, in 1854. It weighed 195 pounds. Other lumps weighing several pounds were found at the same place. August 18, 1860, W. A. Farish and Harry Warner took from the Monumental Quartz Mines, Sierra County, a mass of gold and quartz weighing 133 pounds. It was sold to R. B. Woodward, of San Francisco, for \$21,636 52. It was exhibited at Woodward's Gardens for some time, then was melted down. It yielded gold to the value of \$17,654 94.

August 4, 1858, Ira A. Willard found on the west branch of the Feather River a nugget which weighed 54 pounds avoirdupois before and 4½ pounds after melting. A nugget dug at Kelsey, El Dorado County, was sold for \$4700. In 1864 a nugget was found in the Middle Fork of the American River, two miles from Michigan Bluff, that weighed 18 pounds 10 ounces, and was sold for \$4204 for the finder. In 1850 at Corona, Tuolumne County, was found a gold-quartz nugget weighing 151 pounds 6 ounces. Half a mile east of Columbia, Tuolumne County, near the Knapp Ranch, a Mr. Strain found a nugget which weighed 50 pounds avoirdupois. It yielded \$5500 when melted. In 1849 was found in Sullivan's Creek, Tuolumne County, a nugget that weighed 28 pounds avoirdupois. In 1871 a nugget was found in Kanaka Creek, Sierra County, that weighed 96 pounds. At Rattlesnake Creek the same year a nugget weighing 106 pounds 2 ounces was found. A quartz boulder found in French Gulch, Sierra County, 1851, yielded \$8000 in gold. In 1867 a boulder of gold quartz was found in what is known as the "Boulder Gravel" claim, from which many smaller gold-quartz nuggets have been taken at various times.

Outside of California few nuggets of note have been found in any of the Pacific coast States and Territories. The largest nugget ever found in Nevada was one taken out of the Osceola Placer Mine about twenty years ago. It weighed 24 pounds, and is supposed to have contained nearly \$4000 in gold. A hired man found and stole it, but repenting, gave up to the owners in a month or two over \$2000 in small bars—all he had left of the big chunk. In the same mine, about a year ago, a nugget worth \$2190 was found. Montana's largest nugget was one found by Ed. Rising at Snow-Shoe Gulch, on the Little Blackfoot River. It was worth \$3356. It lay twelve feet below the surface, and about a foot above the bedrock. Colorado's biggest nugget was found at Breckinridge. It weighed 1 pound, but was mixed with lead, carbonate, and quartz.

JACK. "What two professions are the same?"

BOBBY. "Don't know."

JACK. "The dentist and the artist; they both have to draw."

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WICKED WILLIE'S DREAM.

THE COMBINATION OF TOO MUCH HUCKLEBERRY PUDDING AND A GUILTY CONSCIENCE AFTER ANNOYING HIS SISTER'S PET KITTEN.

TEACHER. "Now, girls, you all know what liquid measure is. Little Alice may tell me what measure treats of inches, feet, and yards."

LITTLE ALICE. "Tape measure, teacher."

AUNTIE was a Southern mammy who had come North with the family she was born in, for the first time in her life. The sights and peculiarities of the Northern people, so strange to her eyes, caused her a great deal of trouble and confusion, and also provoked much mirth. Now Auntie had seen but little ice in the South, and one very warm day she addressed her young missus: "Lor', chile, I's dot a powerful headache."

"Why, Auntie, I'll get you some ice," which the young lady did, telling her to put some in a handkerchief around her head, and take a small piece in her mouth.

Auntie started to do as she was directed, but evidently overdid it, for in a short time she burst into the dining-room, shouting,

"O Lor', missee, I's frizzed, I's gwine ter die. O Lor' er massy, gim me some hot water, quick, befo' I's a dead mammy."

"Why, what on earth is the matter, Auntie?"

After a great deal of trouble, the following explanation was given:

"I's done swallow dat piece of ice as youse tole me, an' it stuck in my chest, an' den it began ter freeze all my chest, an' I done feel it er reachin' fer my heart. Dat settled it sure nough. Nothin' would stop dat freezin' till I swallowed de hot water ter melt it. Yes, I's better now, but I don't want no more ob dat ice."

TEACHER. "If your father was to hear of your bad conduct it would make his hair turn gray."

BOBBY. "I beg your pardon, sir, my father hasn't any hair left."

TOMMY. "Why does the sun rise in the east?"

BOBBY. "I guess there must be a (y)east factory over that way."

FIRST BOY. "Did you hurt yourself when you fell that time?"

SECOND BOY. "Nop, not when I fell; it was when I hit the ground I hurt myself."

THE HORNETS' NEST.

THE hornets' nest is football-shaped

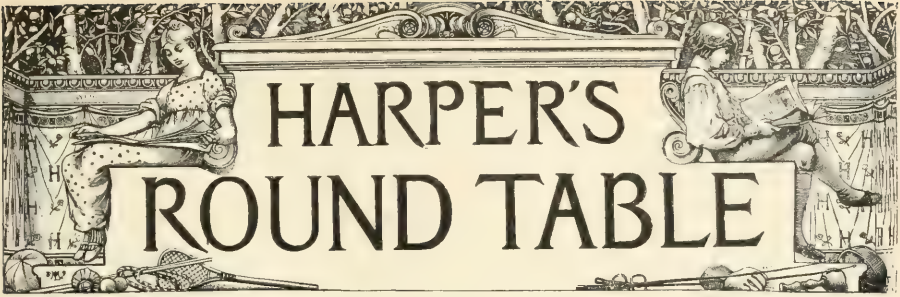
About the rose-bush curled,

But I would never raise my foot

To kick it for the world.

A GENTLEMAN once asked a lawyer what he would do provided he had loaned a man \$500, and the man left the country without sending any acknowledgments.

"Why, that's simple; just write him to send an acknowledgment for the \$5000 you lent him, and he will doubtless reply stating it was only \$500. That will suffice for a receipt, and you can proceed against him if necessary."



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



JOE'S SCHEME.

BY J. SANFORD BARNES, JUN.

THE sharp crackling of the gravel, and the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the driveway which led to the Thompsons' house, told Joe that Ned was going to be as prompt as he always was when the two boys had made any appointment, so he dropped his book, and ran to the door just as a neat little buckboard pulled up at the doorstep.

"Hello, Ned!" said Joe; "just on time. I knew that was you the moment I heard the rig turn in the gate. Wait till I get my hat and I'll drive to the stable with you. Say, will you stay to lunch? Jerry'll take care of him," he nodded toward the little roan, and disappeared in the doorway. In a moment he was back again, and jumping in with Ned they spun off to the stable, where Jerry, the coachman, promised to see that Tot should get his full measure of feed at noon.

"Now, to work," said Joe, "and after lunch we'll start off for the lake. Just you wait till you've heard my scheme, and you'll think it a dandy; see if you don't."

"Well, what is it?" said Ned. "There's no use keeping it to yourself forever."

"Come up in the workshop, for we've got to spend the rest of the morning there, and I'll tell you all about it."

The boys on leaving the stable turned down towards the farm barns, where in one of the vacant rooms Mr. Thompson had fitted up a neat little carpenter shop for his son. In one corner was a first-class lathe for all kinds of wood-turning, and across the room was a long carpenter's bench with all the appliances complete, while over in one of the other corners was what remained of Joe's first scroll-saw, rather dilapidated and cheap-looking now, but still of some service. Joe would not have parted with it even if

he did not use it, for with it he developed his first love for carpentry, which had finally led to the present shop.

"Now look here," said Joe; "my scheme is the simplest in the world; it's a plan to catch those bass in Laurel Lake which we can't get any way we've tried so far. It isn't the bait. Jingo! we've tried everything, from grasshoppers, dobsons, and live bait down to worms; they just look at it, and then look up at the boat over their heads, and scoot. Remember that monster we saw off Sea Lion last Tuesday? What would you give to get him, eh?"

"What would I give? Why, Joe, he's the biggest bass in that lake. I'd give—now, let me see," said Ned, scratching his head as he turned it from one side to the other; "I'd be willing to throw my new rod in the lake and stop fishing the rest of the summer."

"So would I," said Joe. "But look here, just get that cross-cut saw and help me get this plank so that we can get at it, and I'll explain as we go along." Joe measured off on the board ten divisions of eight inches each, and started sawing across the first line. "Now, you see," said he, "what I propose is that we take each of these ten pieces, cut up that old line of mine into lengths of about eight or nine feet, and then—see? Isn't that easy? The beauty of it is that we have a chance in ten different places; just string them along the shore, leave them, and while we wait jump in and play fish ourselves off Baldwin's Cliff; we can easily watch the floats from there. Catch?"

Ned had been listening eagerly, and approved the scheme heartily, only wondering why it had not occurred to them before. When Joe finished, Ned raised the question of bait, but was put off by Joe's saying there would be time enough to get all the grasshoppers and crickets they wanted, and maybe a few frogs, so they went to work, coats off, and sleeves rolled up in a businesslike manner. In the course of an hour or more they had that part of the work all done, and a short time afterwards they started up to the stable with their arms full of their invention, and deposited it complete in the box under the seat of Ned's buckboard.

"Now for bait," said Joe; "you take this box and keep along by that old stone wall and look sharp for crickets. There are lots of old boards and stones there; turn them all over and you'll get enough. I'll stick to this field and get the hoppers."

They separated, and were soon hard at work, both using their hands to catch the wily bait; Ned said he never had any luck with hoppers or crickets that were caught with a butterfly net. After an hour they decided they had enough, and turned down toward a small stream which ran through the meadow, and got a dozen or more frogs, so complete in all the details of their plan they came into the house and sat down to lunch. It seemed to both the boys entirely too long, and Joe fidgeted so much that his father noticed it, and tried to find out what the cause was.

"No, nothing's the matter, only we want to hurry up and get to the lake. We've got a scheme, and later we're going to have a swim."

"What is it, Joe?" said Mr. Thompson. "What's up? You're not going to catch that Jonah's whale you told me about with dynamite or anything like that, are you? You had better try putting salt on his tail," he added, jokingly, and he quietly passed the salt-cellar to Joe. "Come, fill your pockets; you'll need it."

Now it might as well be said right here that Mr. Thompson owned many a fine split bamboo rod, and two or three beautiful gums, and that there were pictures of partridges and woodcock in his den. Two fishing pictures in particular, which had always been Joe's delight, hung near the door, one of a great trout rolling up to take a fly as it skimmed the surface of the water, while the other, its mate, was of a fine small-mouthed bass clearing the water, and shaking himself in the air in his efforts to break away from the hook which had tempted him. In fact, Mr. Thompson was a sportsman of the truest kind. Little did Ned and Joe know how near he came to adding set lines to dynamite when talking seriously before he mentioned the salt. If he had been told "the scheme" this story would never have been written, but the boys went off unaware of what Mr. Thompson's views were on the method they had devised

to try the bass in Laurel Lake. They took their rods and bait, of course, but kept mum about what was rattling under the seat as Jerry drove Tot up to the door.

A mile and a half and they turned in at old Farmer Sayre's, hitched and blanketed the pony, and with their variety of equipment went down to the shore of the lake, where their boat was made fast.

"Go ahead, Ned, you row," said Joe; "we'll get there quicker, and I'm most crazy to see how she works; aren't you?"

"You bet," replied Ned. "Shove off. Let fall," he added, giving himself part of the orders he had picked up but a week before, while on a visit to a friend on the Sound. "Give way; how's that for nautical, Joe?"

"Never mind nautical," said Joe; "git there is what we want. One, two—now, now!" He grunted out each word to help Ned, who was pulling with all his might, and the light little boat jumped ahead at each stroke.

Around the point, which formed the bay in which the boat was kept, on the shore, but partly hidden by the trees, was an old, rather dilapidated ice-house; it was called that by courtesy, for it was no house at all; it had no roof—it never had one—but it was used once to store ice in, and the fishing-ground along the shore in front of it had always been designated by the boys as "off the ice-house." Ned and Joe claimed to themselves that they alone knew of the existence of a certain ledge which ran for some distance parallel to the shore, but much farther out than the average fisherman would think of dropping anchor.

As they approached the place, in order to get the right spot to leave the first float, which had a choice fat frog wriggling at the end of the line, Ned slowed down and began to row quietly. He got a certain stump on a point of land in line with the roof of a barn way back on the hillside, and was watching for the cross-line, a clump of bright willows with a scraggly dead tree some distance behind them.

"Whoa, slowly," said Joe, who was also watching. "There! hold her, and I'll let him go. There, my fine friend," he added, addressing the frog; "good-by to you and good luck to us. Now, a stroke or two; there, let her slide! And to you, Mr. Hoppergrass, good-by, and good-luck." He gently dropped the line over the side, and so with the others, all had a farewell given them as they were dropped over at intervals. Then the boys rowed on towards Baldwin's Cliff, keeping their eyes on the small floats as they left them bobbing under and over the tiny waves.

About four o'clock Ned and Joe had had enough swimming and diving, and fetching white stones from the bottom; they had been in, as was usually the case, too long, yet both wanted to stay in longer. Nothing had happened, as far as they could see, to their floats, and they felt keenly disappointed. They had hardly noticed that the clouds were gathering over the hills, and that the wind had risen so that little white caps had sprung up, and were dancing in towards shore. But a low mutter of thunder startled them, and they saw now no way but to adopt a means for shelter which they had followed before to keep dry.

"Hurry up, Ned," said Joe; "make for the boat; that storm's a dandy, and coming like thunder, too. It's pouring at the end of the lake already."

The boys put for the boat as hard as they could, and a moment later had her beached and rolled over, and their clothes snugly tucked away under perfect shelter.

"Here she is!" they both cried at the same moment, as the rain started to come down in large noisy drops, and the wind caught the spray from the water and whirled it along in sudden gusts.

"Let her rain," said Joe; "but doesn't that sting your back, it does mine; and that wind's cold, too. I'm going to swim out a way, the water's warmer than here."

So Joe plunged in and swam out from the shore.

Ned watched him as he paddled around in the deep water; he did not exactly like the idea. The whole scene, with the dark lowering clouds, broken now and then by the jagged streaks of lightning, each one followed by a sharp and startling smash and roar, made him shiver, and the large drops and an occasional hailstone made him skip

around on the beach. The situation was exciting, though, and Joe, now quite a way out, felt the tingles creep through him. Finally, as Ned was still watching Joe, he saw him start forward with the overhand Indian stroke, making straight for the middle of the lake. He put his hands to his mouth and shouted:

"Say, Joe! come back here! Don't be a fool; come back!"

Joe paid no attention; he did not hear the call, which was carried back into the woods by the gusts of wind; he kept on straight ahead, swimming as though in a race.

Ned turned and looked at the boat and then at Joe. "I know what's the matter," he said, aloud; "he's seen one of the floats way out there, and he's after it; but he can't stand it, I know he can't; he'll be all tired out when he gets there, and then when he has to tread water and play that fish—" Here he stopped, and gave a long low whistle. "By jingo! he must be a monster! why, he's towed that float nearly a hundred yards dead against this sea. No, sir! Joe can't do it, and here goes for wet clothes to get home in."

Ned had hardly finished speaking, and inwardly calling Joe some hard names for his foolishness, when he heard a cry from the water:

"Ned, oh, Ned! he's a whale! Hurry with the boat; I'm tuckered! Hurry!"

The last call to hurry had been faint, and sounded almost as bad to Ned as if it had been "help" that Joe had cried; it made his heart leap in his throat.

"Let go the line," Ned cried back, "and keep your head, and I'll be there in a moment."

Again the words were lost in the wind, and Joe continued his struggle. In his excitement he felt that letting go that line would be like cutting it, and he hung on, now thrashing and splashing as the fish started to twine the line around his legs, and the sharp points of his fins pricked him. It was a case of the fish playing Joe, a pretty even struggle, but Joe was game and bound to have him. He did not appreciate that his strokes and kicks to keep his head up over the choppy surface of the lake were leaving him weaker and weaker.

As Joe turned his head a moment towards shore he saw Ned pulling towards him with all his strength; a moment later a wave struck him full in the face and caught him with his mouth open; he gulped and choked, and again started thrashing and struggling to gain his breath, but all he could do was to give a feeble cry of "help," then he sank out of sight, holding fast to the line.

Ned heard the faint cry, and turned as he rowed against the storm, which was now luckily falling as quickly as it had come up. The only thing he saw was the small piece of board tip up on its side and disappear. "Thank goodness he had hold of that line!" murmured Ned. "Now brace yourself," he added, aloud, "and keep cool, keep cool, keep cool."

It seemed to Ned that he said those words a thousand times; he was right on the spot, and was standing and waiting. The strain was something awful. He knew a good deal about swimming and about its dangers, and knew that a person had to come up twice, and that the third time down was down for good. He thought that Joe had not called before, yet he could not tell; but there was only one thing to do—wait, and, as he had said, "keep cool."

Agonies and ages seemed to pass as Ned, shivering and pale, strained his eyes to see the block of wood appear again. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of the bit of wood slowly rising close by the side of the boat, and below it, as it came up zigzagging to the surface, he saw the white body following. It was a lucky thing that a stout trolling-line had been used in the scheme, for Ned reached far over the gunwale and firmly seized the line, then gently and steadily pulled the heavy weight to the surface. There were no signs of life in Joe's limp body; his cramped hand held the line twisted about his fingers, his eyes were closed, and his mouth half open.

Ned grasped the wrist which appeared first, and drew Joe along towards the bow of the boat, so that there would be no chance of capsizing. He lay out flat over the bow

and held Joe under the arms, keeping his head well out of water, and waited. There was nothing to be done now but wait; no one was in sight, and shouting would have done no good, so he held on in his cramped position and watched the boat get a little headway in drifting towards shore, driven by the light wind. The sun had come out again, and blue patches of sky were appearing through the fast-flying clouds.

As the boat reached the shallow water, Ned leaped out up to his waist, still clinging to Joe's wrist; a moment more and he had him safe on shore, and, strange to say, there, too, was the cause of the trouble, the huge bass, still fast to the hook, which was far out of sight down his throat. The fight had been too much for him, and as Ned half carried Joe up the beach to a mossy bank, he also hauled the monster bass, that showed not a quiver of the gills or a movement of fin or tail. Ned placed Joe softly down, with his feet up on the bank and his head, face downward, over a soft rotten log, and then began the work which meant life or death. He had kept cool up to this time in a wonderful way, but now he began to get excited. He rolled Joe over and over, and kneaded him with his hands. Occasionally he stopped to listen to Joe's heart and feel for the chance of a single breath. It was a strange sight but a most impressive one—a young boy working for the life of his friend with all the fervor and love that a close friendship could call forth. Finally Ned's efforts began to have effect; there was a slight movement, a slow turning of the limp body, and Ned felt that Joe was safe, and he uttered a sigh that meant everything.

Gradually Joe's eyes opened, and finally, after more rubbing, he slowly sat up, and for the first time let go the line which he had held stronger than a vise up to this time.

"Ned," he said, feebly, "where am I? Where have I been? I can't remember anything. I am awful cold," he continued, and a shiver ran over him. "I must have swallowed half the lake. But I'll be all right in a moment. There! now I'm more comfortable," he added, as Ned propped him up against an old stump. "Is that the fish? Oh! Now I remember it all. He is a whale; I told you so; and I got him too!"

The excitement of seeing the fish changed his thoughts from himself, and the blood began to flow through his veins. The wind had died out, and the sun was warm and cheering. The spirits of the boys rose, and they began to forget a little of their narrow escape.

"Joe," said Ned, "is my hair gray? It ought to be; you scared me half to death."

"I'm sorry, Ned," replied Joe, "but I didn't do it on purpose; but I'm feeling rather queer. Let's get home."

They put on their clothes, wet as they were, and Joe staggered to the boat and fell into the stern seat and lifted the bass into his lap, where he could look at him and feel him.

As Ned, tired out and pale, took the oars and rowed slowly over the now glassy water towards the bay, Joe listlessly took a small pair of scales from his pocket and weighed the fish, and when he found that he weighed over six pounds, just a little, he gave a long sigh.

"That's the biggest bass on record for this lake, don't you think so?"

Ned did not reply; he was too tired to even speak.

The other floats had been washed ashore or had disappeared somewhere; the boys did not look for them, or even think of them.

Tot seemed to know that he was pulling two very tired boys, and went along gently, and turned in of his own accord at the gate of the Thompsons' place.

Joe tottered as he got out of the buckboard, and held the bass up by the gills, to the astonishment of his father and mother, who were at the door to meet them. They had seen the storm come up, and had anxiously awaited the boys' return. As he stepped forward, the set line and block fell on the steps.

The long story was being told in a slow and labored way by Joe after Ned had gone, when it was interrupted by Mr. Thompson, who saw that his son was growing pale and faint.

"That'll do for the present," he said. "Now come with me, old man," and putting his arm around Joe's waist, he gently helped him into the house and up to his own room, where he was undressed and carefully tucked into bed.

"So you caught him on a set line, did you?" said Mr. Thompson, as he sat by the bed-side, holding Joe's hand. "Now listen to a word of advice. Don't ever use set lines again. Fish with your rod and reel if you want to be called a true sportsman."

BOYS AND GIRLS AS RULERS OF MEN.

ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.

BY MRS. SERRANO.

THERE have been a great many Kings, since Kings first began to rule; but perhaps the little boy who to-day wears the Spanish crown is the only one among them all who was born a King; his father, Alfonso XII., having died more than five months before his birth, the throne remaining vacant during that time.

For the young people of America Alfonso XIII. possesses an interest apart from and superior to that which attaches to his exalted position as the ruler of a great nation, in being a descendant of the noble-minded and great-hearted Queen, the illustrious Isabella, who, by her encouragement and assistance, enabled Columbus to undertake the voyage across unknown seas which resulted in the discovery of a new world.

He is descended also from Henry of Navarre—the famous Henry of Navarre whose white plume so often led his soldiers on to victory—through Philip, Duke of Anjou, Henry's great-grandson, who succeeded to the Spanish crown, under the title of Philip V., on the death of his uncle Charles II. of Spain. Philip was the first of the Bourbon family who reigned in Spain, as Henry of Navarre was the first of that family who reigned in France.

To the Spanish people, who sincerely mourned the death of Alfonso XII., who had endeared himself to them by his frank and amiable disposition and by his many good qualities, the birth of the young King, which took place in the royal palace in Madrid on the 17th of May, 1886, was a

gent from the time of the late King's death, continued to fill the same office during the young King's minority.

A few weeks afterward, Queen Maria Cristina went with the royal infant, in accordance with the Spanish custom, to the church of Atocha. She drove to the church in a magnificent state carriage drawn by six horses covered with plumes and glittering with gold, and followed by many other splendid carriages. The Queen was dressed in deep mourning, and from time to time she held up the little Alfonso, who wore neither cap nor other head-covering, to the view of the people, who cheered and crowded forward to obtain a sight of the infant King, while the band played the Royal March.

The little Alfonso grew and thrived, more or less like other babies, until he was two years old, when he was taken in state to several of the provinces to show him to his people. Then he first experienced the uneasiness to which the head that wears a crown is said by Shakespeare to be subject, for the incessant cheering of the people and the ear-piercing strains of the martial music, wherever he was taken, disturbed him so greatly at last that he would cry out in his baby accents, "Stop, stop, no more!" Very soon, however, he began to grow accustomed to the honors paid him, and when he was taken out walking by the Queen, whose greatest pleasure it was, after he had learned to walk, to go out walking unattended with her children, Alfonso holding her by the hand while his two sisters walked in front, he would wave his hand to every one who passed. Sometimes he would forget to return a bow or a wave of a handkerchief, and then the Queen would say to him, "Bow, Alfonso."

At this time the little King had to take care of him and to attend upon him a Spanish nurse and an English nurse and an Austrian and a Spanish lady, besides his own special cook. The Spanish nurse of the royal children is always brought from one particular part of Spain, the valley of Paz, in the province of Santander, where one of the court physicians goes to select the healthiest and most robust among the various candidates for the position. As the young King is of a delicate constitution, thought to have been inherited from his father, the greatest care has been lavished upon him ever since his birth, the Queen herself exercising a watchful supervision over every detail of his daily life.

About four years ago Alfonso had a very serious illness, which everybody feared would terminate fatally, and which was probably due to a cause that has made many another little boy ill. Being in the apartments of his aunt, the Infanta Isabel, the elder sister of the Princess Eulalia, whose visit to us at the time of the opening of the exposition at Chicago made so pleasant an impression upon everybody, the Infanta gave the little boy a box of bonbons of a particularly delicious kind, which, seeing that he was observed by no one, he went on eating until he had finished the box. During his illness he would often inquire after a little lame girl to whom he used to give money in his drives to the country, wonder what she was doing, and ask that bonbons should be sent to her. All Spain followed the course of his illness with profound anxiety, and there was no one who did not sympathize with the widowed mother in her affliction, and rejoice with her when the dangerous symptoms passed away and the sick boy began to recover.

In October, 1892, Alfonso had another serious illness, the



THE KING OF SPAIN.

joyful event. It was announced to all Spain by the firing of twenty-one cannon in every city throughout the kingdom. On the same day the infant was proclaimed King, his mother, Queen Maria Cristina, who had acted as Re-

result of a cold, contracted probably at the celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of America at Huelva, where he presided at the inauguration of the monument erected to Columbus on the hill of La Rabida. This sickness also caused for a time the greatest uneasiness.

The young King begins the day by saluting the national flag from his windows in the palace that look out upon the Plaza de Armas, where the relieving of the guard takes place every morning at ten o'clock, a ceremony which he loves to witness. He is passionately fond of everything military. He takes a great interest in the soldiers, in what they eat, and in other details of their life, and he often expresses pity for the cold which the sentinels on guard at the palace must feel. In the park at Miramar, when the troops are returning to their barracks after drill, he may often be seen delightedly watching the soldiers forming in line, and he returns their salute with a military salute. He is very fond of horses, and the bigger they are the better he likes them, as he himself says. He delights in military music and military evolutions, and a review of the troops is one of his great pleasures. On his seventh birthday he held a grand review of the troops, riding then for the first time in public. On that occasion 40,000 troops were reviewed.

Since that time his education has been directed less exclusively by women than before. His chief companions are his tutor, and the General who is the Captain of the King's guard, with whom he loves to talk about military matters. He still has his little playmates, however, and toys in abundance. He is fond of riding and driving, and he has a little carriage of his own, with two small Moorish donkeys to draw it, which looks very odd among all the large carriages in the royal stables in Madrid.

When the weather is fine he spends almost the whole of the day at the royal villa, called the Quinta del Pardo, situated a little outside Madrid. He is driven there in a carriage generally drawn by four mules, and is accompanied by his royal escort wearing their splendid uniforms and long white plumes. He knows personally all the soldiers who form his escort, and the moment he sees the Captain, as soon as the carriage leaves the palace gate, he speaks to him, and continues chatting with him all the way to the villa, the Captain riding beside the carriage door. He is accompanied by his tutor, his governess, and generally one other person.

In the villa he is instructed in the studies suitable to his age, particular attention being paid, however, to military science. The venerable priest, who is his religious instructor, teaches him also the Basque language, which is altogether different from the Spanish. In the afternoon his two sisters, Isabel Teresa Cristina Alfonsa Jacinta, the Princess of Asturias, who is now about fourteen years of age, and Maria Teresa Isabel Eugenia Patrocinio Diega, the Infanta of Spain, who is about twelve, often go out to take afternoon tea with him. In the gardens of the villa he runs about and plays, after lessons are over, just like other boys of his age, playing as familiarly with the children of the gardener as if they were the sons of princes. Whatever money he happens to have with him he gives to the children of the guard and to such poor people as he may chance to meet on the way, for he is extremely charitable and generous, both by nature and education, the Queen, his mother, instilling into his mind the best and noblest sentiments.

In appearance Alfonso is interesting and attractive. His complexion is very fair, his hair light and curly, his expression rather serious. His usual dress is a sailor jacket and knickerbockers, sometimes sent from Vienna by his grandmother, the Archduchess Isabel, sometimes ordered from London by the Infanta Isabel, his aunt.

He is a very intelligent child, is very vivacious, and his manners, notwithstanding the high honors that have been paid to him since his birth as the chief of a great nation, are entirely free from arrogance and self-conceit. When the Queen Regent is holding audience in her apartments in the palace, which are directly below his, he will often go down and salute those who are waiting in the antechamber, giving them his hand, even though he may never have seen them before, this frankness of manner being a trait of the Spanish people, who are of all people the most democratic.



ALFONSO XIII, WITH HIS MOTHER AND SISTERS.

He is very affectionate in his disposition, although he has a very firm will; and he tenderly loves his mother, whom he also greatly respects, and his sisters, who are his favorite playmates.

He seems, as he grows older, however, to be perfectly conscious of his exalted position. He knows that he is the King, and in the official receptions and ceremonies at which he has to be present he rarely becomes impatient however long and solemn they may be. One of these rare occasions was during a royal reception in the throne-room. He was sitting at the right hand of the Queen, and all the high functionaries and courtiers were defiling past him, when he began to play with the white wand of office of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, a great officer of the palace. Suddenly leaving his seat and the wand of the Duke he ran down the steps of the throne, and mounted astride one of the bronze lions that stand on either side of it. The act was so entirely childlike and spontaneous, and was performed with so much grace, that it gave every one present a sensation of real pleasure. Even the Queen herself, while she regretted that the young King should have failed in the etiquette of the occasion, could not help smiling.

On another occasion of a similar kind he amused himself greatly watching the Chinese diplomats, looking with wonder and delight at their silk dresses, which he would touch from time to time with his little hands.

What most attracted his attention, however, was the Chinese minister's pigtail. He waited a long time in vain for a chance to look at it from behind, for the Chinese are a very polite people, and the minister would never think of turning his back upon the King. At last it occurred to Alfonso to run and hide himself in a corner of the vast apartment, and wait for his opportunity, which he did. After a while the President of the Cabinet, seeing him in the corner, went over to him, and said, "What is your Majesty doing here?" "Let me alone," answered the boy; "I am waiting for the Chinese minister to turn round, so that I may steal up behind him, and look at his pigtail."

The boy King, like most other boys, is very fond of boats, as may be gathered from the following anecdote. About three years ago the Queen gave a musical at San Sebastian, a sea-port where the royal family spend some months every summer for the sea-bathing, at which the Commandant of the Port was present. The little Alfonso was very fond of the Commandant, and had asked him for a boat, which the Commandant had promised to give the boy. He had not yet done so, however, and seeing him at the concert, the young King ran from one end of the room to the other, when the concert was at its best, and, stopping in front of him, said, "Commandant, when are you going to bring me the boat?"

In San Sebastian the royal family have a magnificent palace called the palace of Ayete, where, however, they live very simply. Alfonso plays all day on the beach with his sisters and other children, running about or making holes in the sand with his little shovel, in view of everybody. He takes long drives also among the mountains and through the valleys. Sometimes there is a children's party in the gardens of the palace, when he mingles freely with his young guests. Indeed, it is not always necessary that he should know who his playmates are. Not long since he was getting out of the carriage with his mother at the door of the palace in Madrid, when two little boys who were passing stopped to look at the boy King. "Mamma, may I ask those two boys to come upstairs to play with me?" Alfonso asked the Queen. "If you like," was the answer. He accordingly went over to the two boys, and asked them upstairs to play with him, and all three ran together up the palace stairs to the King's apartments.

The young King's birthday is always observed as a festival in the palace, and on his Saint's day, also, which is the 23d of January, there is always a grand reception. On this day it is the custom to confer decorations on such public functionaries as have merited them.

As a descendant of Queen Isabella there is something appropriate in Alfonso having sent an exhibit—a small brass cannon—to the great Fair in Chicago, at which he was the youngest exhibitor.

It is fortunate for the young King and for the country over which he is to rule that the important work of forming his character and educating his heart has fallen to a woman so admirably qualified for the task as the Queen Regent.

Born on the 21st of July, 1858, Maria Cristina is now in the early prime of life. Her appearance is distinguished and majestic; her manners are simple and amiable. She has a sound understanding and a cultivated mind, well stored with varied information. She is of a serious disposition, and is religious without bigotry, and good without affectation. During the lifetime of King Alfonso, her husband, she took no part whatever in politics, so that when she was called upon to assume the important responsibilities of the regency she was able to place herself above political parties, and to be the Queen of the nation. She has had the good fortune, in the midst of her personal grief—for the death of her husband, whom she loved devotedly, was a terrible blow to her—to win the good-will of the greater part of the Spanish people, and the respect of all by the wisdom and discretion with which, through her ministers and according to the constitution, she has governed the country. She is exceedingly charitable, and delights especially in relieving the wants of children; she gives large sums to children's aid societies. She educates at her own expense the children of public functionaries who have been left in poverty; she is constantly taking upon herself the care of orphaned children, and no mother ever asks her help in vain.

"TAIL-PIECE." This title Hogarth, the celebrated English painter, gave to his last work. It is said that the idea for it was first started when, in the company of his friends, they sat around the table at his home. His guests had consumed all of the eatables and *et cetera*, and nothing remained but the empty plates and glasses. Hogarth, glancing over the table, sadly remarked, "My next undertaking

shall be the end of all things." "If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter." "There will be," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily.

The next day he started the picture, and he pushed ahead rapidly, seemingly in fear of being unable to complete it. Grouped in an ingenious manner, he painted the following list to represent the end of all things: a broken bottle; the butt-end of an old musket; an old broom worn to the stump; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled to pieces; towers in ruins; a cracked bell; the sign-post of an inn, called the "World's End," falling down; the moon in her wane; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down; the map of the globe burning; Phæbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken; a tobacco-pipe with the last whiff of smoke going out; a play-book opened, with the *excent omnes* stamped in the corner; a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature; and an empty purse.

Hogarth reviewed this work with a sad and troubled countenance. Alas! something lacks. Nothing is wanted but this, and taking up his palette, he broke it and the brushes, and then with his pencil sketched the remains. "Finis, 'tis done!" he cried. It is said that he never took up the palette again, and a month later died.

PRISCILLA.

MILES STANDISH was a fellow
Who understood quite well, oh,
In fighting with the redskins how to plan, plan, plan.
But I think him very silly
When he wished to woo Priscilla
To send another man, man, man.

For she said unto this other,
Whom she loved more than a brother,
"Why don't you speak, John Alden, for yourself, self,
self?"
So of course John Alden tarried,
And the fair Priscilla married,
And they laid poor Captain Standish on the shelf, shelf,
shelf.

CORPORAL FRED.

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN morning came, old Wallace's face had grown a year older. Up to midnight he had hoped that better counsels might prevail, and that the meetings called by the leaders of kindred associations, such as the Trainmen's Union, would result in refusal to sustain the striking switchmen; but when midnight came, and no Jim, things looked ominous. A sturdy, honest, hard-working fellow was Jim, devoted to his mother and sisters, and proud of the little home built and paid for by their united efforts. Content, happy, and hopeful, too, he seemed to be for several years; but of late he had spent much time attending the meetings at Harmonie Hall and listening to the addresses of certain semi-citizens, whose names and accent alike declared their foreign descent, and whose mission was the preaching of a gospel of discord. Their grievance was not that their hearers were hungry or in rags, down-trodden or oppressed, but that the higher officials of the road owned handsome homes and equipages, and lived in a style and luxury beyond the means of the honest toilers in the lower ranks. Jim used to come home with a smile of con-

tent as he looked upon the happy healthful faces of his mother and sisters, but for months past his talk had been of the way the Williams people lived, how they rode in their parlor car and went to the sea-shore every summer and to the theatre or opera every night, drove to the Park in carriages, and hobnobbed with the swells in town. "Why, I knew Joe Williams when he was yard-master and no bigger a man on the road than I am to-day," said Jim, "and now look at him." His mother laughingly bade him take comfort, then, from the contemplation of Williams's success. If he could rise to such affluence, why shouldn't Jim? Besides, Mr. Williams had married a wealthy woman. "Yes, the daughter of another bloated bondholder," said Jim. A year or two before they regarded it, one and all of them, as no bad thing that there were men eager to buy the bonds and meet the expense of extending the road; but since the advent of Messrs. Steinman and Frenzel, the orators of the Socialist propaganda, Jim had begun to develop a feeling of antipathy towards all persons vaguely grouped in the "capitalistic class."

He had long since joined the Brotherhood of Trainmen, having confidence in its benevolent and protective features. There was no actual coercion, yet all seemed to find it to their best interest to belong to the union, even though they merely paid the small dues and rarely attended its meetings. These latter were usually conducted by a class of men prevalent in all circles of society, fellows of some gift for speech-making or debate. The quiet, thoughtful, and conservative rarely spoke, and more frequently differed than agreed with the speakers, but all through the year the meetings had become more turbulent and excited, and little by little men who had been content and willing wage-workers became infected with the theories so glibly expounded by the speakers. They were the bone and sinew of the great corporation; why should not they be rolling in wealth they won rather than seeing it lavished on the favored few, their employers? The only way for working-men to get their fair percentage of the profits, said these leaders, was to strike and stick together, for the men of one union to "back" those of another, and then success was sure. Called from his home to a meeting of the trainmen, Jim Wallace was one of the five hundred of his brethren to decide whether or no they too should strike in support of their fellows, the switchmen, demanding not only the restoration of the discharged freight-handlers, but now also that of Stoltz. Old Wallace had firmly told him No; they had no case. But by midnight the trainmen had said Yes.

An hour after midnight, anxious and unable to sleep, the father had stolen quietly up into the boys' room. Jim's bed was unoccupied; but over on the other side lay Corporal Fred, his duties early completed, sleeping placidly and well. With two exceptions, all the companies of his regiment were made up of men who lived in the heart of the city. The two junior companies, "L" and "M," had been raised in the western suburb, and as many as a dozen young fellows living almost as far west as the great freight-yards were members of these. According to the system adopted in some of the Eastern States, each company was divided into squads, so that in the event of sudden need for their services the summons could be quickly made. Every man's residence and place of work or business were duly recorded. Each Lieutenant had two sergeants to aid him, each sergeant, two corporals; and immediately on receipt of notification, it was the business of each corporal to bustle around and convey the order to the seven men comprising his squad. By ten o'clock on the previous evening Fred Wallace had seen and notified every one of his party, and then, returning home, had gone straightway to bed. "There won't be much sleep after we're called out," said he, "so now is my time."

It would have been well for all his comrades had they followed his example, but one or two of the weak-headed among them could not resist the temptation of going to the freight-yards to see how matters were progressing, and there, boylike, telling their acquaintances among the silent, gloomy knots of striking railway men, that they too, "the Guards," were ordered out. It was not strictly true, but

young men and many old ones rejoice in making a statement as sensational as possible. It would not surprise or excite a striker to say "we've received orders to be in readiness." It did excite them not a little when Billy Foster told them in so many words, "Say, we've got our orders, and you fellows'll have to look out."

"There need be no resort to violence," said the leaders. "We can win at a walk. The managers have simply got to come down as soon as they see we're in earnest." And at ten o'clock at night the striking switchmen, many of them ill at ease, had been waiting to see the prophesied "come down" which was to be the immediate result of the tie-up. What the leaders failed to mention to their followers as worthy of consideration was that superintendents, yardmasters, conductors, engineers, brakemen, and firemen, one and all had risen from the bottom, and could throw switches just as well as those employed for no other purpose. It was inconvenient, of course. It meant slow work at the start, but so far from being paralyzed, as the leaders predicted, the officials went to work with a vim. Silk-haired managers, kid-gloved superintendents, and "dude-collared" clerks were down in the train-shed swinging lanterns and handling switches, and so it had resulted that all the night express trains of the five companies using the Great Western tracks, one after another, slowly, cautiously, but surely had threaded the maze of green and red lights, and safely steamed over the four miles of shining steel rails between the Union depot in the heart of the city and these outlying freight-yards, and, only an hour or so behind time, had flaunted their long rows of brilliantly lighted plate-glass windows in the sullen faces of the striking operatives, and then gone whistling merrily away to their several destinations over the dim, starlit prairies. The managers were only spurred, not paralyzed.

"We'll win yet," said Stoltz, in a furious harangue to a thousand hearers, one-tenth of them, only, railway employés, the others being recruited from the tramps, the ne'er-do-wells, the unemployed and the criminal classes, ever lurking about a great city. "The managers cannot play switchmen more than one night, and no men they hire dare attempt to work in your places—if you're the men I take you to be. Now I'm going to the trainmen's meeting to demand their aid." And go he did, with the result already indicated.

Half an hour after midnight, despite the protests of the old and experienced men, the resolution to strike went through with a yell, and when the dawn came, faint and pallid in the eastern sky, and the myriad switch-lights in the dark, silent yards began to grow clear and dim, there stood the long rows of freight cars doubly fettered now, for not only were there no switchmen to make up the trains, there were no crews to man them and take them to their destination. Jim Wallace had struck with the rest.

It was two o'clock when at last the father heard the heavy footfalls of his first-born on the wooden walk without. There he seemed to pause for some few words in low tone with a companion who had walked home with him from the yards. Old Wallace, going to the door to meet his son, heard these words as the other turned away. "And you tell Fred what I say. I'm a friend of yours, and always have been, but the boys won't stand any nonsense. It'll be the worst for him if he don't quit that militia business at once, and if he don't, he won't be the only one to suffer."

"Who is that?" demanded old Wallace, stepping promptly out from his front door. "Who threatens my son or my people?"

The stranger had stepped away into the shade of an ailanthus-tree before he answered. Jim Wallace stood in moody silence, confused by his father's sudden appearance, and ashamed that such menace as this against him and his should have been spoken without instant rebuke. "What I said was meant in all friendship to you and yours, Mr. Wallace. You don't know me, but I know you," said the stranger, with marked foreign accent, but in civil tone. "I want to avert trouble from your roof if I can, and therefore told Jim to get Fred out of that tin-soldier connection. No son of yours ought to be used in the intimidation of hon-



"WHO THREATENS MY SON AND MY PEOPLE?" DEMANDED OLD WALLACE.

est workingmen who only seek their rights, and if he is wise he'll quit it now and at once."

"No son of mine shall be intimidated from doing a sworn duty by any such threats as yours," said Wallace, with rising wrath; "and if that's the game you play I'm ashamed to think that son of mine has had anything to do with you. Who are you, anyway? What do you mean by coming round 'intimidating honest workingmen,' as you say, at this hour of the night? You're no trainman. Man and boy I've known the hands on this road nearly forty years, and I never thought to see the day when rank outsiders could come in and turn them against one another as you have. Who are you, I say?"

"Never mind who I am, Mr. Wallace. I speak what I know, and my voice is that of ten thousand working—or more than working—thinking men. If you're wise you'll see to it that this is the last time your boy carries orders to his fellows to turn out against us, for that's what he has done. If you *don't*, somebody may have to do it for you."

"That isn't all!" shouted the old Scotchman, as the other turned away, "and you hear this here and now. My voice is that of ten million law-abiding people, high and low, rich and poor, and it says my boys shall stand by their duty, the one to his employers, the other to his regiment, you and your threats to the contrary notwithstanding. You haven't struck, have you, Jim?" he asked, turning in deep anxiety to his silent, crestfallen son.

And for all answer Jim simply shrugged his broad shoulders and made a deprecatory gesture with his brown, hairy hand, then turned slowly into the little hallway, and went heavily to his room. At breakfast-time he was gone.

Fred came bounding in at half past six, alert and eager, yet with grave concern on his keen young face. "I've been the length of the yards," he said, "and I'm hungry as a wolf, mother. They say they're going to block the incoming trains, and prevent others going out. Big crowds are gathering already, and I shouldn't be surprised if we were ordered on duty this very day. Where's Jim?"

"He got up and dressed after you went out, Fred," was

the reply. "He said he wanted no breakfast. Father has gone early to the shops. He thought he might meet you."

"Well, I'll stop there to see him on my way to the office. I've got to see Mr. Manners first thing about getting off if the call comes."

"I hope he'll say no," said Jessie Wallace, promptly. She was the younger, prettier sister, and the more impulsive.

"You thought the regiment beautiful on Memorial day, Jess, and were glad enough to go and see the parade," said Fred, with a mouth nearly full of porridge.

"That's different. I like the band, and the plumes and uniforms, and parading and drilling, but I don't want you to be shot or stoned or abused the way the other regiment was at the mines last spring."

"Well, there's where you and Manners don't agree. He objects to my belonging because of the parades and drills and summer camp, says it's all vanity, foolishness, and that only popinjays want to wear uniforms. I guess he'd be glad enough to have us in line if a mob should make a break for the works, but I own I'm worried about what he'll say to-day."

And Fred might well be worried. Dense throngs of excited men were gathered along the yards as he wended his way to the works after a few words with his father at the gloomy shop. An engine with some flat cars had come out with newly employed men to man the switches. Engineer, firemen, and the newly employed had to flee for their lives, and the assistant-superintendent was being carried to the emergency hospital in a police patrol wagon. Nobody was being carried to the police station. "There'll be worse for the next load that comes," shouted Stoltz from the sidewalk, and a storm of jeers and yells was the applauding answer. These sounds were still ringing in young Wallace's ears when he came before the manager. Mr. Manners turned round in his chair when Fred told him of his orders of the night before.

"Wallace," said he, "I told you last month that no man could serve two masters. We can't afford to employ young men who at any time may be called out to go parading with a lot of tin soldiers."

"This isn't parade, sir; It's business. It's protecting life and property."

"Fudge!" said Manners; "let the police attend to that—or the regulars. It's their business. If you leave your desk on any such ridiculous orders you leave it for good."

And at four o'clock that afternoon, towards the close of a day filled with wild rumors of riot, bloodshed, and destruction, a young man in the neat service dress of a sergeant of infantry—blue blouse and trousers, and tan-colored felt hat and leggings—walked in to Corporal Fred's office with a written slip in his hand, and Corporal Fred walked out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER VI.

JACK and Neal entered into partnership in the poultry business.

"You see, I sha'n't have a cent of my own until I am twenty-five," explained Neal, "and my old grandmother left most of the cash to Hessie. She had some crazy old-fashioned notions about men being able to work for their living, but women couldn't. It's all a mistake. Nowadays women can work just as well as men, if not better. Besides, they marry, and their husbands ought to support them. Now, what am I going to do when I marry?"

Cynthia, who was present at this discussion, gave a little laugh. "Are you thinking of taking this important step very soon? Perhaps you will have time to earn a little first. Chickens may help you. Or you might choose a wife who will work—you say women do it better than men—and she will be pleased to support you, I have no doubt."

They were on the river, tied up under an overhanging tree. Cynthia, who had been paddling, sat in the stern of the canoe; the boys were stretched in the bottom. It was a warm, lazy-feeling day for all but Cynthia. The boys had been taking their ease and allowing her to do the work, which she was always quite willing to do.

"I'll tell you how it is," continued Neal, ignoring Cynthia's sarcasm. "I'll have a tidy little sum when I am twenty-five, and until then Hessie is to make me an allowance and pay my school and college expenses. She's pretty good about it—about giving me extras now and then, I mean—but you sort of hate to be always nagging at a girl for money. It was a rum way of doing the thing, anyhow, making me dependent on her. I wish my grandmother hadn't been such a hoot-owl."

Cynthia looked at him reprovingly. "You are terribly disrespectful," she said, "and I think you needn't make

such a fuss. You're pretty lucky to have such a sister as mamma."

"Oh, Hessie might be worse, I don't deny. It's immense to hear you great girls call her 'mamma,' though. I never thought to see Hessie marry a widower with a lot of children. What was she thinking of, anyway?"

"Well, you are polite! She was probably thinking what a very nice man my father is," returned Cynthia, loftily.

"He is a pretty good fellow. So far I haven't found him a bad sort of brother-in-law. I don't know how it will be when I put in my demand for a bigger allowance in the fall. I have an idea he could be pretty stiff on those occasions. But that's why I want to go into the poultry business."

"And I don't mind having you," said Jack. "Sharing the profits is sharing the expense, and so far I've seen more expense than profit. However, when they begin to lay and we send the eggs to market, then the money will pour in. I say we don't do anything but sell eggs. It would be an awful bore to get broilers ready for market. By-the-way, I think we had better go back now and finish up that brooder we were making."

"Oh, no hurry," said Neal. "It won't take three minutes to do that, and it's jolly old here. It's the coolest place I've been in to-day. Let's talk some more about the poultry business. We'll call ourselves 'Franklin & Gordon, Oakleigh Poultry Farm.' That will look dandy on the bill-heads. And we'll make a specialty of those pure white eggs. I say, Cynthia, what are you grinning at?"

"I am not grinning. I am not a Cheshire cat."

"I don't know. I've already felt your claws once or twice. But you've got something funny in your head. The corners of your mouth are twitching, and your eyes are dancing like—like the river."

Cynthia cast up her blue eyes in mock admiration.



"YOU ARE A PERFECT DEAR!" SHE WHISPERED. "EVERYTHING IS NICER SINCE YOU CAME."

"Hear! hear! He grows poetical. But as you are so very anxious to know what I am 'grinning' at," she added, demurely, "I'll tell you. I was only thinking of a little proverb I have heard. It had something to do with counting chickens before they are hatched."

"Oh, come off!" exclaimed Jack, while Neal laughed good-naturedly.

"And I've also a suggestion to make," went on Cynthia. "From what I have gathered during our short acquaintance, I think Mr. Neal Gordon isn't over-fond of exerting himself. I think it would be a good idea, Jack, when you sign your partnership papers, or whatever they are, to put in something about dividing the work as well as the expense and the profits."

"There go your claws again," said Neal. "Let's change the subject by trying to catch a 'lucky-bug.'" And he made a grab towards the myriads of insects that were darting hither and thither on the surface of the water. "I'll give a prize—this fine new silver quarter to the one who catches a 'lucky-bug.'"

He laid the money on the thwart of the boat and made another dash.

"When you have lived on the river as long as I have you'll know that 'lucky-bugs' can't be caught," said Cynthia. "Now see what you have done, you silly boy!"

For with Neal's last effort the quarter had flown from the canoe and sunk with a splash in the river.

"Good-by, quarter!" sang Neal. "I might find you if I thought it would pay to get wet for the likes of you."

"If that is the way you treat quarters, I don't wonder you think your allowance isn't big enough," said Cynthia, severely; "and may I ask you a question?"

"You may ask a dozen; but the thing is, will I answer them?"

"You will if I ask them. Were you ever in a canoe before?"

"A desire to crush you tempts me to say 'yea,' but a stern regard for truth compels me to answer 'nay.'"

"You couldn't crush me if you tried for a week, and you couldn't make me believe you had ever been in a canoe before, for your actions show you haven't. People that have spent their time on yachts and sail-boats think they can go prancing about in a canoe and catch all the lucky-bugs they want. When you have upset us all you will stop prancing, I suppose."

"Claws again," groaned Neal, in exaggerated despair.

"I say, Cynthia, let's go back and put him to work on that brooder," said Jack, who had been enjoying this sparring-match. "We'll see what work we can get out of him."

And, notwithstanding his remonstrances, Neal was paddled home and put to work. Cynthia's "claws" did take effect, and for the first time in his life he began to feel a little ashamed of being so lazy.

Jack was one of the plodding kind. His mind was not as brilliant as Neal's, nor his tongue as ready, but at the end of the year he would have more to show than Neal Gordon.

Mrs. Franklin carried out her plan of inviting their friends to the "hatching bee," and Thursday was the day on which the chicks were expected to come out. As the morning wore on Cynthia's excitement grew more and more intense, and all the family shared it.

"What shall we do if they don't come out?" she exclaimed a dozen times.

At one o'clock a crack was discovered in one of the eggs in the "thermometer row." At three it was a decided break, and several others could be seen. Cynthia declared that she heard a chirping, but it was very faint.

Mrs. Franklin remained upstairs to receive the guests, who came down as soon as they arrived. There were about a dozen girls and boys. Fortunately the cellar was large and airy, and the coolest place to be found on this warm summer day.

And presently the fun began. Pop! pop! went one egg after another, and out came a little struggling chick, which in due time floundered across the other eggs or the deserted egg-shells, and flopped down to the gravel beneath on

the lower floor of the machine. It was funny to see them, and, as they gradually recovered from their efforts, and their feathers dried off, the little downy balls crowded at the front, and, chirping loudly, pecked at the glass.

Mrs. Franklin joined them now and then, and at last, when about seventy chicks had been hatched, she insisted upon all coming up-stairs for a breath of fresh air before supper.

Here a surprise awaited them. Unknown to her daughters Mrs. Franklin had given orders that the supper-table should be arranged upon the lawn in the shade of the house, and when Edith stepped out on the piazza she paused in astonishment.

What terrible innovation into the manners and customs of Oakleigh was this? Last year, for a little party the children gave, she had wanted tea on the lawn, but it could not be accomplished. How had the new-comer managed to do it?

"Isn't this too lovely!" cried Gertrude Morgan, enthusiastically, turning to Edith. "My dear, I think you are the luckiest girl I ever knew, to have any one give you such a surprise. Didn't you really know a thing about it?"

"I have been consulted about nothing," returned Edith, stiffly. She would have liked to run upstairs and hide, out of sight of the whole affair.

"I hope you like the effect, Edith," said Mrs. Franklin, coming up to her as she stood on the piazza step. "I thought it would be great fun to surprise you."

"I detest surprises of all kinds," replied Edith, turning away, "and it seems to me I have had nothing else lately."

Much disappointed and greatly hurt, Mrs. Franklin was about to speak again, but at this moment Cynthia, enchanted with the success of the hatch, and with the pretty sight on the lawn, rushed up to her step-mother and squeezed her arm.

"You are a perfect dear!" she whispered. "Everything is nicer since you came. Even the chickens came out for you, and last time it was so dreadful." And Mrs. Franklin smiled again and felt comforted.

The table was decorated with roses and lovely ferns, strewn here and there with apparent carelessness, but really after much earnest study of effects. Bowls of great unhulled strawberries added their touch of color, as did the generous slices of golden sponge-cake. The dainty china and glass gleamed in the afternoon light, and the artistic arrangement added not a little to the already good appetites of the boys and girls.

Fortunately Oakleigh was equal to any emergency in the eating line, and as rapidly as the piles of three-cornered sandwiches, fairlike rolls, and other goodies disappeared the dishes were replenished as if by magic.

After supper the piano was rolled over to the front window in the long parlor.

"Put it close to the window," said Mrs. Franklin, "and I will sit outside, like the eldest daughter in *The Peterkins*, to play. That will give me the air, and you can hear the music better."

They danced on the lawn and played games to the music; then they gathered on the porch and sang college songs, while the sun sank at the end of the long summer day, and the stars came twinkling out, and by-and-by the full moon rose over the tree-tops and flooded them with her light.

Altogether, Jack's second "hatching bee" was a success. A good time, a good supper, and, best of all, one hundred and forty chickens. Yes, it really seemed as if poultry were going to pay, and "Franklin & Gordon," of the Oakleigh Poultry Farm, went to bed quite elated with prosperity.

The next morning at breakfast they were discussing the matter, and Mr. Franklin expressed his unqualified approval of the scheme.

"If you succeed in raising your chickens, now that they are hatched, Jack, my boy, I think you are all right. You owe Aunt Betsey a debt of thanks. By-the-way, where is Aunt Betsey? Have you heard from her lately?"

There was no answer. Jack exploded into a laugh

which he quickly repressed, Edith looked very solemn, while Cynthia had the appearance of being on the verge of tears.

"I want to see Aunt Betsey," said Mrs. Franklin, as she buttered a roll for Willy. "I think she must be a very interesting character."

"It is very extraordinary that we have heard nothing from her," went on Mr. Franklin. "What can be the meaning of it? When was she last here, Edith?"

"In June."

"Was it when I was at home? Hasn't she been here since the time she gave Jack the money for the incubator?"

"That was in May. You were in Albany when she was here the last time."

"It is very strange that she has never written nor come to see you, Hester. It can't be that she is offended with something, can it? I must take you up to Wayborough to see the dear old lady. I am very fond of Aunt Betsey, and I would not hurt her feelings for the world."

There was a pause, and then into the silence came Janet's shrill tones:

"I know why Aunt Betsey's feelings are hurt. They were terribly hurt. Edith an' Cynthia an' Jack all knows too."

"Janet, hush!" interposed Edith.

"Not at all; let the child speak," said her father.

"What do you know, Janet?"

"Aunt Betsey came, an' she went to see Mrs. Parker, an' Mrs. Parker said she'd been there before an' Aunt Betsey said she hadn't, an' it wasn't Aunt Betsey at all, it was Cynthia dressed up like her, an' Aunt Betsey said we was all naughty 'cause we didn't want the bride to come, an' the bride was mamma, an' we didn't want her, it was the truth, an' Aunt Betsey went off mad 'cause Cynthia dressed up like her. She wouldn't stay all night, she just went off slam-bang hopping mad."

"What does the child mean?" exclaimed her father. "Will some one explain? Edith, what was the trouble?"

"I would rather not say," said Edith, her eyes fastened on her plate.

"That is no way to speak to your father. Answer me."

"Papa, I cannot. It is not my affair."

"It is your affair. I insist."

"Wait, John," interposed Mrs. Franklin.

"Not at all; I can't wait. Edith was here in charge of the family. Something happened to offend Aunt Betsey. Now she must explain what it was. I hold her responsible."

"Indeed she's not, papa," said Cynthia, at last finding her voice. "Edith is not to blame; I am the one. I found Aunt Betsey's false front, and I dressed up and looked exactly like her, and Jack drove me to see Mrs. Parker. Edith didn't want me to go, but I would do it. Really, papa, Edith isn't a bit to blame. And then when Aunt Betsey came soon afterwards she went to see Mrs. Parker, and she didn't like it because she said she had been there two weeks ago and told her—I mean, Mrs. Parker told me about—"

Cynthia stopped abruptly.

"Well, go on," said her father, impatiently.

Still Cynthia said nothing.

"Cynthia, will you continue? If not—"

"Oh yes, papa; though—but—well, Mrs. Parker told me that you were going to marry again. And then when Aunt Betsey really went, Mrs. Parker said, 'I told you so.' Aunt Betsey didn't like that, and when she asked us if she had been here, of course we had to say no, and she was going right back to tell Mrs. Parker what we said; so I had to confess, and, of course, Aunt Betsey didn't like it, and she went right home that day."

Mr. Franklin pushed back his chair from the table, and began to walk up and down.

"I am perfectly astonished at your doing such a thing, and more astonished still that Edith—"

"Papa, please don't say another word about Edith. She didn't want me to go, and I would do it."

"Why have you not told me all this before?"

"Because, you see, I couldn't. I had heard that you

were going to be married, and I didn't believe it until you told me; at least—"

Cynthia paused and grew uncomfortably red.

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Franklin, smiling at her sympathetically. "It must have been very hard for you."

"It was," said Cynthia, simply; "only you know, mamma, I don't feel a bit so now. And then when you came home, papa, it was all so exciting I forgot about it, and I have only thought of it once in a while, and—well, I've been afraid to tell you," she added, honestly.

"I should think so! I am glad you have the grace to be ashamed of yourself, Cynthia. Has no apology gone to Aunt Betsey?"

"No, papa."

"It is outrageous. The only thing to do is to go there at once. Jack, get the *Pathfinder*."

The *Pathfinder*, boon of New England households, was brought, and Mr. Franklin studied the trains for Wayborough.

"Hester, you had better come too. It is only proper that I should take you to call on Aunt Betsey. Get ready now, and we will go for the day."

The Franklins were quite accustomed to these sudden decisions on the part of their father, and Mrs. Franklin did not demur. She and Cynthia hurried off to make ready, and the carriage was ordered to take them to the station.

Cynthia's preparations did not take long. Her sailor-hat perched sadly on one side, her hair tied with a faded blue ribbon, one of the cuffs of her shirt-waist fastened with a pin. All this Edith took in at a glance.

"Cynthia, you look like a guy."

"I guess I am one."

"Don't be so terribly Yankee as to say 'guess.'"

"I am a Yankee, so why shouldn't I talk like one? Oh, Edith, what do I care about ribbons and sleeve-buttons when I have to go and apologize to Aunt Betsey?"

Edith was supplying the deficiencies in her sister's toilet. "It is too bad. Janet ought not to have told. But it is just like everything else—all Mrs. Franklin's fault."

"Edith, what do you mean? Mamma did not make Janet tell; she tried to stop papa."

"I know she *appeared* to. But if papa had not married again would this ever have happened? You would not have heard at Mrs. Parker's that he was going to, Mrs. Parker wouldn't have said 'I told you so' to Aunt Betsey, Aunt Betsey wouldn't have found out you were there—"

"Edith, what a goose you are! Any other time you would scold me for having done it, and I know I deserve it. Now you are putting all the blame on mamma. You are terribly unjust."

"There, now, you have turned against me, all because of Mrs. Franklin. I declare it is too bad!"

"Oh, Edith, I do wonder when you will find out what a lovely woman mamma is! Of course you will have to some day; you can't help it. There, they are calling, and I must run! Good-by."

Hastily kissing her sister, Cynthia ran off.

Neal had much enjoyed the scene at the breakfast-table. He only wished that he had been present when Cynthia impersonated her aunt. It must have been immense. He wished that he could go also to Wayborough, but he was not invited to join the party. He was to be left alone for the day with Edith, for Mr. Franklin had decided that Jack should accompany them, to thank Aunt Betsey once more, and to tell her himself of the success of the hatch.

"I'll have to step round pretty lively, then," said Jack. "Those birds must get to the brooders before I go. Come along, Neal. It's an awful bore having to go to Wayborough the very first day. You'll have to look after the chicks, and don't you forget it."

The chickens safely housed, and the family gone, Neal prepared to enjoy the day. He had made up his mind to see something of Edith, and he had no idea of working by himself, especially as there was no absolute necessity for it.

"The day is too hot for work, anyhow," he said to himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET.

BY THE HONORABLE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE executive business of the national government is divided into eight departments, and the heads of these eight departments are known as Cabinet officers, and form the President's Cabinet.

It often happens that we use the same name that is used in England for an officer or an institution, which is not, however, quite the same, and is sometimes widely different, and we must always be on our guard not to be confused by such seeming similarity. This is true in our political life, just as it is true in our sports. For instance, we could not get an international match between Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, and Oxford or Cambridge on the football field, because, although football is played at all of them, yet the game in the American colleges is so different from that played in the English universities that it would be impossible to have American and English teams meet on the same ground, any more than we could put a baseball nine against a cricket eleven. It is just the same way in our politics. The Senate is sometimes spoken of as corresponding to the House of Lords; but they really have few points of resemblance, save that they are both second chambers. So the Speaker of the House of Representatives is sometimes spoken of as if his position corresponded to that of Speaker of the House of Commons. This is not true at all. The Speaker of the House of Commons is, properly, merely a moderator, like the moderator of a New England town meeting, and his duty is to preside and keep order, but not to be a Speaker, in our sense of the word, at all, not to give any utterance to party policy. In the American House, on the contrary, the Speaker is the great party leader, who is second in power and influence only to the President himself. The functions of the two officers have nothing in common, save in the mere presiding over the deliberations of the body itself.

So in England the cabinet officers are all legislators, exactly as the Prime Minister, their chief, and they are elected by separate constituencies just as he is. In America the cabinet officers are not legislators at all, and have no voice in legislation. Instead of being elected by their own constituencies, they are appointed by the President, and he is directly responsible for them. It is upon his

Cabinet officers that the President has to rely for information as to what action to take, in ordinary cases, and he has to trust to them to see the actual executive business of the government well performed.

The chief of them all is the Secretary of State. At the Cabinet meetings he sits on the right hand of the President. He would take the President's place should both the President and the Vice-President die. It is he who shapes or advises the shaping of our foreign policy, and who has to deal with our ministers and consuls abroad. He does not have nearly as much work to do, under ordinary circumstances, as several other Cabinet officers; but whereas if they blunder it is only a question of internal affairs, and is a blunder that we ourselves can remedy, if the Secretary of State blunders it may involve the whole nation in war, or may involve the surrender of rights which ought never to be given up save through war. Questions of grave difficulty with foreign powers continually arise: now about fisheries or sealing rights with Great Britain, now about an island in the Pacific with Germany, now about some Cuban filibustering expedition with Spain, and again with some South-American or Asiatic power over insults offered to our flag, or outrages committed on our citizens. All of these questions come before the Secretary of State, and it is his duty to digest them thoroughly, and advise the President of the proper course to take in the matter. The Secretary of State very largely holds in his hands the national honor.

Next in importance to the Secretary of State comes the Secretary of the Treasury. The great economic questions which the country always has to face are those connected with the currency and the tariff, and the Secretary of the Treasury has to deal with both. On his policy it largely depends whether the business of our merchants is to shrink or grow, whether the workmen in our factories shall see their wages increase or lessen, whether our debts shall be paid in money that is worth more or less than when they were contracted, or in money that is worth practically the same. I do not mean by this to say for a moment that the Secretary of the Treasury, or any other official, can do anything like as much for the prosperity of any class or of any individual as that class or individual can do for itself or himself. In the end it is each man's individual capacity and efforts which count for most. No legislation can make any man permanently prosperous; and the worst evil we can do is to persuade a man to trust to anything save his own powers and dogged perseverance. Nevertheless, the Secretary of the Treasury can shape a policy which will do great good or great harm to our industries; and, moreover, he has to work out the financial and tariff policies which he thinks the President and the party leaders demand. The position is therefore one of the utmost importance.

The Postmaster-General has to deal with more offices than any other official, for he has to control all the post offices of the United States. He is the great administrative officer of the country. Unfortunately, under our stupid spoils system, postmasters are appointed merely for political reasons, and are changed with every change of party, no matter what their services to the community have been. This is a very silly and very brutal practice, and all friends of honest government are striving to overthrow it by bringing in the policy of civil service reform. Under this all these postmasters will be appointed purely because they will make good postmasters, and will ren-



THE CABINET-ROOM



President Cleveland.

J. G. Carlisle, Treasury.

H. Harbert, Navy.

R. Olney, State.

D. Lamont, War.

A MEETING OF THE CABINET.

der faithful service to the people of their districts, and they will be kept so long as they do render it, and no longer.

The Secretary of the Interior has to deal with the disposal and management of the great masses of lands we have in the West, and also he has to deal with the management of the Indians, and with the administration of the pension laws. All three are most difficult problems, and their solution demands the utmost care, patriotism, and intelligence.

The Attorney-General is the law officer of the government. He sees to the execution of the Federal laws throughout the country, and appoints his agents to do this work in every district of every State, and he also advises the President and heads of departments on all legal matters.

The Secretary of Agriculture is a man of mixed duties. A good many bureaus of one kind and another are under his supervision, and most of the scientific work of the government is done under him. Some of the scientific bureaus, however, are under other departments. The work done by these scientific bureaus, as by the coast survey and the geological survey, and by the zoologists in the department, has been of the very highest value, and has won cordial recognition from all European countries. Much of the work of the early scientific explorers in the West reads like a veritable romance; and this governmental work has added enormously to our knowledge in all branches of science, from the natural history of mammals and birds, to the geological formation of mountains, and the contour of the coasts.

The remaining two officers are the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of War. The Secretary of the Navy, again, occupies a most important position, for upon the navy depends to a very great extent the nation's power of protecting its citizens abroad, and of enforcing the respect to which it is entitled. Most fortunately for the last ten or twelve years the secretaries of the navy have done admirable work. Each has built on the good work of his pre-

decessor, so that we are gradually getting our navy to a pitch where it can worthily uphold the honor and dignity of the American flag.

The Secretary of War is an officer whose duties are usually not very important, as he has comparatively little of consequence to do during time of peace, but is perhaps the most important officer of the Cabinet, with the sole exception of the Secretary of State, whenever a war arises. He has all kinds of work to do even in peace, however. Thus during the last two or three years the experiment has been tried on a large scale of working the Indians in as soldiers; and although hitherto this experiment has not had the success its promoters anticipated, yet good has been obtained by it. But when war comes, the Secretary, if not a powerful man, will be crushed helplessly; and if a powerful man, can do great good for the country and win a great name for himself, for in war he stands as one of the supreme officers, and upon his energy and capacity depends much of the success of the contest.

A strong President will usually make up his mind on certain policies and carry them out without regard to his Cabinet, merely informing them that their duty is to do the work allotted to them; but except in the case of these few policies, to which the President is committed, and the workings of which he thoroughly understands, he has to rely on his advisers.

The necessary advice is given him in these Cabinet meetings as well as privately. At these meetings the business of the departments is discussed, and also all questions of public policy of sufficient importance to make the President feel he would like advice about them. Of course the importance of the questions thus discussed may vary much, ranging between the adoption of a course of policy which may force Great Britain into war with us on the one hand, and on the other the abolition of the annual football games between Annapolis and West Point. The average Cabinet officer has a great responsibility, and can exert a most powerful influence for good or for evil throughout the entire republic.



This department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

YOU can tell me nothing about it, girls, nothing that I do not perfectly understand when you confide to me that you find vacation days rather slow of pace. Jenny Lucille spent last year in college, studying hard, and under high pressure from her entrance as a Freshman till the day she passed her examinations triumphantly, and was ready to begin her work as a Sophomore. It was due to her parents, who were making a great sacrifice in sending her from home, that she should do her best, and be an honor and credit to them, and being a girl of acute sensitiveness and much devotion to duty, Jenny would have been incapable of wasting her time. Then it is, after the first feeling of homesickness wears off, a gay and exciting world, this college world where so many young women are gathered, where there are sports and games and pleasant social evenings, and the feeling that something worth while is happening every day. The time flies, especially the last half of the last term, and at last, when there is a breaking-up, and the girls separate and take their different ways for home, notwithstanding their gladness that they are going to meet their dear home people, tears fill many eyes, and overflow furtively, and wet dainty handkerchiefs, and not till the train or the boat is fairly off are the faces quite bright again.

WELL, home is reached, and home is sweet. How kind and hearty the father's greeting, how loving the mother's word and look, how much the children have grown, how nice it is to be in one's own room again, and to sit in one's own old seat at the dear home table! But after a little, if the household be a quiet one, and the village or town a place in which little goes on, the girl is vexed to find herself a wee bit blue. She wouldn't let anybody divine it; she shakes herself, and calls herself names in private, but she has to fight to be cheerful, and now and then she sits down and writes a long letter to her chum, and indulges in a good comfortable cry, with nobody to guess that she is not entirely contented, as indeed all sensible people would say she ought to be. The chum at Bar Harbor or Put-in-Bay, or some nook in the White or Green or Blue Mountains, some perch in the Rockies, or springs, or beach, or other gay resort, has had no time to be blue, and her letter back will be a complete contrast to Jenny's.

Now, my dear Jenny, listen to me! This fit of low spirits will pass presently, and you will be none the worse for it, if you will just credit it to the account of reaction. Take hold of whatever work there is to do in the house, the harder the better, and do it with both hands. Read an entertaining book, not a study book, but a bright story, the novel people are talking about, or else the novel of yesterday, which you have always felt you ought to read, but have not yet had time to attack in earnest. Hawthorne, Wilkie Collins, Thackeray, Dickens, choose your author and your book, and float off into the life of imagination, which cheats the life of the actual of so much of its pain.

WHATEVER else you do, resolutely speak brightly and look cheerful. The brave effort to be bright and cheerful on the outside braces up the inside wonderfully, soul and body, as you know, being such inseparable partners.

Margaret E. Langston.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

IF you can't afford a barometer to tell you what kind of weather you are going to have, perhaps the following old proverbs will prove of use in helping you to prophesy as to whether it will rain to-morrow or not:

If spiders in spinning their webs make the termination filaments long, we may, in proportion to the length, conclude that the weather will be serene, and continue so for ten or twelve days.

If many gnats are seen in the spring, expect a fine autumn; if gnats fly in compact bodies in the beams of the setting sun, there will be fine weather.

If the garden spiders break and destroy their webs and creep away, expect rain or showery weather.

If sheep, rams, and goats spring around in the meadows, and fight more than usual, expect rain.

If cattle leave off feeding, and chase each other around the pastures, rain.

If cats back their bodies and wash their faces, rain.

If foxes and dogs howl and bark more than usual, if dogs grow sleepy and dull, rain.

If moles cast up hills, rain.

If horses stretch out their necks and sniff the air and assemble in the corner of a field with their heads to leeward, rain.

If rats and mice be restless, rain.

If peacocks and guinea fowls scream, and turkeys gobble, and if quails make more noise than usual, rain.

If the sea birds fly toward land, and land birds toward the sea, rain.

If the cock crows more than usual, and earlier, expect rain.

If swallows fly lower than usual, expect rain.

If bats flutter and beetles fly about, there will be fine weather.

If birds in general pick their feathers, wash themselves, and fly to their nests, rain.

Some of the queerest miscellaneous quips received are to the effect that:

If there are no falling stars to be seen on a bright summer evening, you may look for fine weather.

If there be many falling stars on a clear evening in summer, there will be thunder.

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning.

If fish bite more readily, and gambol near the surface of the ponds and streams, then look out for rain.

If porpoises and whales sport about ships, expect a hurricane.

The best proverb of all, however, is the following couplet:

A coming storm your toes and teeth presage;
Your corns will ache, your hollow molars rage.

HOW TO MAKE A HERBARIUM.

BY CAROLINE A. CREVEY.

A YOUNG lady who was a great lover of wild flowers once brought me a number of pressed specimens to name. They were carefully pressed, but were loosely laid between the pages of a magazine. Among them were several choice plants, one or two of the rarer orchids, and a ginseng that I had never found. In handling them the leaves and flower petals had become broken.

"Your specimens are being ruined," I said. "Why do you not gum them each on a separate piece of paper and lay them in a box? You have here an excellent beginning for a herbarium."

"Oh dear, no!" she said. "I never could take the trouble to make a herbarium. I don't care for the flowers after I know what they are. You may have them all, and welcome."

She had doubtless seen the longing look in my eyes. I was generous, however, and tried to persuade my friend to

treasure her own flowers, which she had been at some pains to press, assuring her that the herbarium did certainly pay for its trouble, and that unless she were a collector she would fail of becoming a real botanist. My arguments had no effect, and I fell heir to my friend's specimens.

Another time a lady (a member of a botanical club) said to me: "I don't care to make a collection. I would as soon look at hay as dried plants. What I want to study is *living nature*."

This sounds like a fine sentiment, and if the herbarium were to take the place of out-door study, we would better burn our entire collection.

Here are the questions, then: How will the herbarium help us in our study of flowers? and Why is it not better to confine our study to "living nature"?

We cannot deny that the herbarium is a matter of time and trouble; but nothing worth having can be acquired without trouble. There is a lever which lightens all tasks wonderfully. That lever is enthusiasm. If you are enthusiastic about anything, you will be pretty sure to succeed, whether that thing be music, drawing, or even arithmetic. This is especially true of nature studies. The successful student of insects, birds, flowers, shells, or rocks must love his work with a passionate ardor. He must almost be a man with a hobby.

Now perhaps you will say, "I have not this enthusiasm, and therefore I shall not be successful." Let me tell you a secret. Nature herself inspires enthusiasm. You have but to work in any one of her departments, and you will learn to adore her. She is like a story-book. The first few pages, and especially the preface, are somewhat dry. But pretty soon, as the story opens up, you can hardly leave it for your meals or your sleep.

The principal value of a herbarium is that one has it always on hand for reference when the living flower cannot be studied. After the summer comes winter. My young lady who threw away her flowers forgot their names during the winter. She could not help forgetting some of them, for the botanical names of flowers are often hard to learn, being composed of Latin or Greek words, or of proper names with Latin terminations; and sometimes it would seem that the smaller and more unpretentious the plant the longer and more jaw-breaking its name.

When early spring comes, one can make a point of reviewing his herbarium and refreshing one's memory, so as to begin where he left off last fall. Thus each season's work is clear gain. The very labor necessary to make a herbarium impresses the flower and its peculiarities vividly upon the memory. If you handle and linger over your flowers, they will seem to you like pets whose sweet faces you cannot forget.

You want your herbarium, then, for reference, just as you need an encyclopedia in your library. You want it when the snow is on the ground and there is no "living nature" in the flower realm to study.

Every page of the herbarium should look neat and pretty. In order to secure this result you must first know how to press your flowers. A flower once wilted can never be made to look nice on paper. It is therefore necessary to keep fresh the specimen you wish to preserve. You might carry a large book, and shut your flowers in it as soon as plucked. But that would be inconvenient. A better way is to buy a botany box and carry it with you in all your walks. You never know when you may find some new thing. The box is of tin, opening on one side, and it may hang by straps from your shoulder. If you lay a little wet moss inside, and close the door every time you lay in a flower, your plants will keep fresh in their cool dark nest for three or four days.

To press them tear up newspapers into uniform sizes. Newspapers are porous, and absorb the moisture from plant stems and leaves better than brown wrapping-paper. Insert several leaves of the newspaper between the single flowers. When all are ready, place the whole pile between two boards, the same size as the papers (any carpenter will cut them for you), and lay the whole under a heavy weight, like a trunk or pile of large books. Once a day look over your plants, and put those not quite pressed into clean dry

papers. The papers already used, unless badly stained, can be spread out, dried, and used again. The problem is how to dry the plant quickly and thoroughly. The quicker it is dried the better it retains its colors. The petals will fade, but careful pressing will make them look very well, not at all like hay. If the plant be taken out of its press too soon its leaves will wrinkle. Some delicate plants will dry in twenty-four hours' time, others take three or four days, or even a week.

Have ready sheets of nice white paper. These you can get a printer to cut for you of uniform size. The regulation size is 17 by 11 inches. If the specimen be too long for the paper, bend the stem once or twice. A botanical specimen should include the whole stalk down to the root, unless, like some of the taller snailflowers, it be quite too long for the page. Place only one specimen on a page, and fasten it in several places with narrow strips of gummed paper. Last fall I had a bright idea. After the election I collected a number of unused ballot papers. From these next summer I shall cut blank strips, already gummed, and I shall moisten them with a wet camel's-hair brush, and use them for my herbarium. Large leaves will stay down better if a drop of mucilage be placed in their centre. When the stem is very heavy I sew it with double thread tied on the under side, or I cut two small slits in my paper, and slip the stem through. As fast as sheets are prepared, leave them under a large book till the mucilage is dry. The page is then ready for labelling. Write now in the lower right-hand corner your own name, the botanical and common name of the flower, where and when found; or you can get labels with your name printed on them, which you can paste on the bottom of your page.

HERBARIUM OF J. BROWN.

Calltha palustris

(Marsh. Marigold.)

IN MARSH NEAR BRIDGEPORT, MAY 3, 1894.

The papers belonging to the same family should now be placed inside of family covers, made of stiff brown paper, and these again should be inclosed in a box. I use the boxes in which tailors send my husband's shirts and suits of clothes. On the cover of the box write the families which it contains. That plan facilitates finding any particular specimen. Certain families, as ferns and orchids, go well together; mints and figworts are allied. Compositae should have a box to themselves, and the species should be gathered into genus covers.

The botany gives directions for poisoning plants, if you are likely to be troubled with insects. Many of my mounted specimens are ten or twelve years old, yet I have never had any such annoyance. Therefore I do not poison my plants. I always use mucilage. Perhaps flour paste or starch would afford food for insects.

It is pleasant to keep a flower calendar as part of the herbarium. Procure a diary, and note the day when you first find certain flowers. This, if kept several successive years, will show interesting variations of season, and of the time of the flowering of the same plants.

For study of trees keep a leaf album. I know of no other way to learn the many species of oak and maple.

The herbarium is never a finished book. Each year, as you visit different parts of the country, you will add to its beautiful pages. You may well show it to your friends with pride. It is an achievement, a monument of your industry, and proof of your knowledge. To yourself it will be a source of never-ending pleasure. Here a leaf will recall a visit to a friend, a trip to the mountains, or a month at the sea-side. This flower suggests a picnic, or a shady walk, or mountain stroll with choice companions. Turn to the herbarium on a day in January, when the wind and snow are having a merry dance outside, and you will see visions of sweet woods, fresh fields, and blooming wild flowers, biding their time, but sure to come again.



3.



2.



1.



6.



5.



4.



S. A. W. BALTAZZI.



8.



7.

THE RUNNING HIGH JUMP IN DETAIL.
From instantaneous photographs of Mr. Baltazzi jumping.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

THE PICTURES ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE are reproductions of instantaneous photographs taken especially for this Department of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE. They clearly show the exact position and form of an athlete at the various stages of action in the running high jump, and a careful study of them will prove of great usefulness to any one desirous of perfecting himself in this particular branch of out-door athletics. The striking feature of the series is that it proves that a man practically steps over the bar with one stride, instead of flying over it in a compact bunch as he appears to do when watched by the naked eye. But before describing the jump itself, it will be best to give certain general directions about the necessary lay-out, and a few points on preliminary work.

IN THE FIRST PLACE, no one should start in to train for this event until after he is eleven or twelve years old. In fact, it is safe to say that no boy under this age ought ever to go into any kind of systematic athletic work, for his ambition is liable to lead him to injurious over-exertion. Don't do any high-jumping in the winter months; for running on a hard board floor is not a good thing, and you are apt to slip and get injured. If you want to take up jumping as a specialty, spend the winter, or the in-door season, in pulling weights so as to strengthen the back and chest, and in going through leg motions to fortify the limbs. No one can ever succeed as a high-jumper unless he has a well-developed chest and back. As will be seen later on, the strain on the dorsal muscles is practically what lifts the man over the bar. This sounds very much like lifting one's self up by the boot-straps, but it is nevertheless correct. The leg exercises are simple. There are two kinds. One is to lift yourself up on your toes. Start in by doing it about twenty-five times every day for a week; then increase the number until you get up to about three hundred times. An expert high-jumper can lift himself five hundred times without great fatigue. The second exercise is the "frog motion." This consists of placing the heels near together and of squatting and rising. Do this a few times only, to start with, and gradually bring yourself to the hundreds. Exercise the chest, as I have said before, with weights and dumbbells. Strengthen the back by bending over with the legs stiff, the arms thrown out in front until the fingertips touch the floor easily.

THE JUMPING COSTUME should consist of a jersey ant the jump of a linen blouse and trousers, because the knit goods cling to the form and keep the muscles warm. The trousers should never reach the knees, which have to be kept free. The feet are encased in shoes made of kangaroo-skin, laced in front like running shoes, and are worn without socks. The left shoe is made several ounces heavier than the right, and is about twice as heavy as a sprinter's foot-wear. The heel is made of quarter-inch sole leather, and has two spikes. Some men jump with one spike in the middle of the heel, but this is very bad, because when the jumper alights his heel bone pounds on the spike and soon raises a stone bruise. If you have two spikes fixed at the extremities of diagonals drawn through the centre of the heel this bruising is easily avoided. There are no spikes on the heel of the right shoe, but the heel itself is made slightly thicker. In the toes of both shoes there should be six spikes.

A GREAT MANY ATHLETES who have gone in for high jumping have abandoned the sport after a few weeks of training because of sore heels. They should remember that the heel must be toughened as well as the other mus-

cles, but as soon as it begins to feel sore, rest until it is in good condition again. A good way to avoid soreness of the heel and ankle is to keep that part of the foot thickly painted with iodine all the time. Keep the ankle absolutely black for several months, until the muscles there have become so tough and strong that there is no danger of straining or bruising. For the leg muscles, rubbing with alcohol is good, but do not resort to this too frequently. And in order to have the leg muscles in the best of condition, do not indulge in the frog motion and other exercises for a week or two previous to a match.

FOR PRACTICE THE JUMPER should have two square posts about two inches thick, made of almost any kind of wood, and bored with holes one inch apart up to five feet eight inches, and half an inch apart above that. The pegs should be three inches long, and the bar, made of pine, should be about twelve feet long and one inch square. The posts are placed eight feet apart, and it is usual to hang a handkerchief over the centre of the crossbar, so that it can be seen better. A jumper must *always* keep his eyes on the bar from the time he starts to run until he lands safely on the other side. The runway should be eight feet wide and about forty feet long. It should be made of cinders, well rolled, and ought to be kept dampened so as to make it springy. Beyond the posts the earth should be turned over and raked, so as to make a soft landing-place.

THERE IS NO RULE about how far off from the bar a jumper should start to run. The nearer the better, because less power is then wasted on the approach. In No. 1 the jumper has just started. He takes an easy gait at first, with his eye fixed on the bar, and he regulates his speed and his step so as to come to the "take-off" with his left foot. In jumping all the work is done with the left foot. A good way for a beginner to determine how far from the bar to take-off is to stand before it on one foot and lift the other until he can touch the cross-piece with his toes. He takes off as far back as he can thus place one foot and touch the bar with the other. This distance from the base line between the posts to the take-off is usually equal to the height of the bar from the ground.

AS THE JUMPER APPROACHES the bar he runs as fast as he can, and in picture No. 2 he reaches the take-off with his left foot. His heel strikes first (as may clearly be seen from the heavy mark underneath it), and gives the power for the jump. The toe merely gives direction to the motion imparted by the heel and the big shin muscle which connects with the heel. The leap has now begun, and with the right foot rising the jumper begins to sail over the bar. His line of travel is a perfect semicircle, beginning at the take-off, and ending in the soft ground on the other side at exactly the same distance from the base-line of the posts. No. 3 shows him still rising from the ground, his right foot giving the direction of the leap. The muscles of the arms and back are now just coming into play to raise the torso and the left leg—and all the time the eye is firmly fixed on the bar. In No. 4 the right foot is just passing over the handkerchief, and the arms and back are seen straining with the exertion of bringing up the left leg. Notice that muscle of the neck. It connects with the muscles of the side and abdomen, and these harden like steel to force the quick motion that has to be made to lift that side of the body. The strain on this neck muscle and the working of the back and arms are even better displayed in No. 5, where the left leg is almost up, and is about to clear the bar. Considerable practice is required for this motion, because it has to be

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

done very quickly. The left foot has to be brought in very close to the right thigh, and yet the sharp spikes must be kept on tearing the flesh. Note how the eye is constantly on the bar.

IN THE NEXT PICTURE, No. 6, the bar has been cleared, the whole body is over, and the right leg has dropped. It is now no more used, except as a balance to the body, the entire work of the jump, as before stated, being done with the left leg. The jumper's eye is still fixed on the bar, and not until he is well over it, as shown in No. 7, does he remove his gaze. As he clears the stick his back muscles give a twist to his flying form, and his right arm thrown



G. B. FEARING'S FORM IN HIGH JUMPING.

into the air aids him in turning, so that he will fall facing the bar. The left leg has now passed the right, and is making ready to sustain the weight of the body on landing, while the right is thrust slightly backward to sustain a proper equilibrium. The strain on the back and arms is relaxed. In No. 8 he is just about to land, and the camera has given us a beautiful display of the looseness of the arm muscles, showing the right arm still in the air and about to drop as soon as the feet strike the ground. The body is lying along the curve of the semicircle through which the jump has been made.

THE BAR IN ALL THESE PICTURES was at 5 ft. 8 in., and each photograph necessitated a separate jump. This alone is enough to show in what excellent form the young athlete worked, for a kinetoscope could not have caught his separate actions in one leap to better effect than these photographs have shown them in eight different leaps. The ninth picture is a portrait of the clever young athlete, who is shown in action in all the others. He is S. A. W. Baltazzi, of the Harvard School of this city, who holds the interscholastic high-jumping record not only of the N.Y.I.S. A.A., but of the United States. At the Interscholastics last May he cleared 5 ft. 11 in., but since then he has covered 6 ft. in practice, and I have no doubt that he will defeat the Englishman who is coming over to represent the London Athletic Club at the international games this fall. Baltazzi is seventeen years old, and weighs 135 pounds. He began jumping while at St. Paul's School, Garden City, in 1891, and won first in a school competition with 4 ft. 9 in. At the school games of 1892 he took first, with a jump of 5 ft. 4 in., and in 1893, as a member of the Harvard School, he established the in-door scholastic record of 5 ft. 3½ in.,

at the Berkeley School winter games. The following year, at the same games, he raised the record to 5 ft. 6½ in., and subsequently took first in the Wilson and Kellogg games with a jump of 5 ft. 5 in. At the Interscholastics of 1894, Baltazzi and Rogers tied for first place at 5 ft. 9 in., breaking Fearing's Interscholastic record of 5 ft. 8½ in. In September of that year he won first at Travers Island, jumping 5 ft. 7 in., and later in the winter he took first in the Barnard games with 5 ft. 8 in. Having taken first in the Berkeley, Poly. Prep., and Columbia College handicap games of 1895, he lifted the Interscholastic mark up to 5 ft. 11 in. at the Berkeley Oval in May. The following week, at the Inter-city games, he cleared 5 ft. 10½ in., and took first at the N.Y.A.C. spring games with the same figure. Baltazzi expects to enter Columbia College this fall; and if he does, there are five points sure for the New-Yorkers at Mott Haven for some years to come.

THE PICTURE PRINTED ON THIS PAGE is a reproduction of a photograph taken of G. B. Fearing, the Harvard high jumper, in 1892. Fearing held the record of the N.Y. I.S.A.A. until Rogers and Baltazzi broke it in 1894. His form was entirely different from Baltazzi's. As he clears the bar in this picture, both his feet appear to be curled up under his body, and his head is thrown forward and down. He seems to be almost reclining on his side, whereas Baltazzi makes the leap with his body practically perpendicular, although he necessarily bends forward in the motion which lifts the torso over the stick. Fearing's form as displayed in this photograph does not give the same idea of power and assurance as that shown by Baltazzi.

THE PROSPECTS FOR RECORD-BREAKING in the N.Y.I.S.A.A. next year are not very bright, for most of the record-breakers are leaving school. Besides Baltazzi, Tappin, the mile runner of Cutler's winning team, will go to Columbia. Yale will get Meehan, who is a clever half-miler, Ayres, the hammer-and-shot man of Condon's, Powell, the bicyclist, and Hackett, the mile walker. The first three in this last group hold United States interscholastic records in their events. Princeton's track team will no doubt secure three of Barnard's best athletes, Syme, Simpson, and Moore, whereas Harvard will only get one good man from the N.Y.I.S.A.A., Irwin-Martin. Cowperthwaite, broad jumper, and Beers, who holds the high hurdling record, will also leave school for college. This will make room for new men, and ought to be a good thing for the association.

A CORRESPONDENT SUGGESTS that the schools of New York—and I don't see why it would not be just as good an idea for schools of other cities—hold an interscholastic bicycle meet this fall. At first thought this sounds like a very good scheme. There are few scholars, comparatively, who are strong enough, or who have the inclination to play football, and now that use of the bicycle has become so universal these could devote the fall season to preparation for a bicycle contest. Far be it from my intention to suggest to even the weakest football-player that he give up the gridiron for the bicycle; but I have seen so many young men standing around football fields watching the game, with no ability or desire to participate in it, that I welcome the suggestion of making the autumn a bicycle season too.

IT IS VERY PROBABLE that the inter-collegiate association will do away with bicycles at the Mott Haven games next spring. If they do, the interscholastic associations will no doubt follow suit, and then the wheelmen will find themselves, to a certain extent, out of it, if they have not already prepared for separate contests. It is right that bicycle events should be excluded from track and field meetings, because a running track is not the proper place for a bicycle race. Bicycle races, however, ought not to be given up entirely or left to professionals, because such racing is productive of good sport. The best course to pursue under the circumstances, then, is to have a meet especially for bicyclists. I am sure there are enough wheelmen in the schools to make it worth while, and the fall season with

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

cold days and bracing air is just the time for such sport.

IF A BICYCLE FIELD DAY cannot be gotten up this fall, there is no reason why there should not be an interscholastic road race. The executive committee of the N.Y.S.A.A. could easily arrange such a contest, and offer a pennant to the winning school. Let each school of the association enter two riders, and let the managers of the race adopt a course. This can be easily done by looking over the back numbers of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, and choosing a good road from one of the many bicycle maps of the vicinity of New York that have recently been printed. This would be a novelty in the way of school contests, in this section at least, although it is quite a common event with the California school associations.

THE GRADUATE.



This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

THIRTY years ago there were probably fifty coin-collectors where there is one to-day. As a consequence coins have now little value unless they are, first, coins of great rarity; or, second, scarce coins in absolutely uncirculated condition, or "mint state."

Dealers in coins whom I have questioned say that there is very little demand, and that in many instances they sell coins now at a lower price than they would have paid for them a generation ago. Further, if coins could be sold as quickly as stamps, they could afford to sell them at an even lower price. As it is, the interest on the capital locked up in stock and the cost of doing business are so large, that they make very little profit. The common obsolete coins (except U. S.) are bought by the dealers at the price of old metal. There is no money in collecting coin, but lots of fun.

JOS. GOLDSMITH.—The green 5c. Confederate unused is sold by dealers at 50c. The value of common stamps by the million depends on the assortment. If there is a fair quantity of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, and 15c., etc., they bring a good price. For 1c. and 2c. only there is little demand. Dealers' addresses are not given in this column.

HYLEN MARKV.—The used 3d. Canada unperforated is quoted in catalogues at 20c. on wove paper, \$1.00 on laid paper, \$1.50 on ribbed paper.

L. M. L.—The current blue special-delivery is printed from the same dies as the previous blue, but the lines have been deepened and two cross lines added under the words TEN and CENTS.

WILLIE K.—No premium on the coins. The stamp is the 3c. blue 1869 U. S.

G. TARBETON.—U. S. fractional currency has no value beyond face unless it is absolutely uncirculated. There ought to be a demand for these interesting war relics, but practically there is none. Dealers sell them at a small advance over face.

D. R. O'SULLIVAN.—There is no premium on the coins mentioned. Rare coins if worn by use have very little value. High prices are paid for rare coins if in "mint state," that is the condition when the coins are new and uncirculated.

A. E. BARRON, Tarrytown, N. Y., wants to correspond and trade with stamp-collectors. He has the beginning of a good collection.

H. B. THAW.—The Bloods Penny Post is catalogued at 60c. There are three varieties of the Bloods Despatch worth from 15c. to \$4 each. The Adams Express is not a stamp. It is probably a trade-mark.

R. CRAIG.—State Revenues, as a rule, are collected only in the State using them. General collectors do not buy them, and consequently they are not catalogued.

A. LOWKOWSKY.—The letter-sheets will no longer be made. There are eight main varieties—series 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and the first without series number. They are not classed as stamps, but as envelopes, and envelopes are not collected as generally as adhesive stamps. I believe you can buy the \$3, \$4, and \$5 Columbian stamps at face from the Washington, D. C., Post-office.

R. G. HUGHES.—It is a Colombian revenue stamp. These stamps are not generally collected except in Colombia, and hence no value can be given. Your sketch is admirably well done.

R. MOODY.—The stamp is the 3c. 1869 U. S., and is sold by dealers at 2c. The coin has no premium.

Lewis E. B.—If the coins are in mint condition the dealers will probably buy at a premium. If not uncirculated they are worth face only.

L. KENTON.—The coin and bank token do not command a premium.

P. B. EVANS.—The 10c. U. S. you mention is the 1861 issue if not griddled. If griddled it is the 1863 issue. Your questions as to values have been answered several times in this column. You can get a late catalogue of any dealer at a small price.

M. N.—If in mint condition the dealers will buy, otherwise they are worth face only.

ROBERT CRAIG.—Not worth more than face.

G. L. MURPHY.—Not generally collected in the U. S., hence no value can be quoted.

A. MITTEL.—The coin is probably the William III. of England. The stamp is the current 2c. postage due.

A. BEE.—The unused U. S. and British North American Colonies stamps issued before 1865 are all advancing in price rapidly. The used stamps are also advancing, but slowly.

J. WOLFE.—If the stamps you mention are in good condition I would advise you to sell them by auction. Rareties bring a higher price when all the big collectors compete for them. Common stamps, on the other hand, do not bring catalogue price at auction.

W. J. HOLBKOPF.—The Mobile 5c. blue is quoted at \$7.50. If on the envelope do not take it off.

J. ADAMS.—The present \$1 black U. S., it is said, will soon be printed in another color. The 3c. with triangular ornaments is on sale at many offices. No copies have yet been seen with the white-framed triangular ornaments.

FRANK T.—Almost any dealer can supply you with a complete set of the U. S. stamps (cancelled) showing the varieties between 1870-1882. It consists of the 1c., 3c., 6c., 7c., 10c., and 12c., and, counting shades, numbers about twenty stamps. Prices vary.

M. C. WRIGHT.—The best way is to go to responsible stamp-dealers, look over their stock, and take no damaged stamps at any price, however low.

ROBERT TAYLOR.—I do not know to what "1894 penny" you refer. The dimes have no premium.

S. T. DODD.—Yes. The present issue of U. S. will probably all be printed on water-marked paper.

PHILADELPHIA.

War-time Memories.

My grandamma is an old lady, and lived in Atlanta, Ga., at the time Sherman and his soldiers, on their famous march to the sea, took possession of that city. She buried her plate and valuables under the house. Her husband was away in the service of the Confederate Army, and she was left alone with two or three little children.

One night two young officers came and knocked on the door, demanding admittance, which she refused. They grew angry and made some terrible threats. Grandamma hid an army musket in the house. She told them if they didn't desist she would fire through the door at them. After some further parley they left. But they returned the next morning and told her she was the spunkiest little woman they ever saw.

One day grandamma received some fresh sausage from the country. Presently in entered a man wearing the blue. He took those sausage and stuffed his pockets full. On the table was a large sugar-bowl, filled. He picked it up and carried it away, dipping the raw sausage in the sugar and eating it.

Finally, grandamma obtained guards to protect the house. One cold night one of the guards was dozing in front of the fire when in stalked a huge Indian. Planting himself in front of the fire, he began to act and talk in a shocking way. The guard promptly ejected him.

Such were a few of the many experiences of my grandmother during the "times that tried men's souls."

Correspondents wanted.

UNATILLA, FLA.

HARRY R. WHITCOMB.

On the La Viga Canal.

I will tell you about our big canal, La Viga. At the park called the "Zocalo" one takes the tram. After going through a good many dirty streets the tram lands you at the "Embarcadero," a clean spot, where you get into flat-boats that look like barges. The first town you come to is called Jamaica. Here there are lots of canoes filled with vegetables, which are very cheap indeed. Along the route you usually meet women in canoes selling tamales. These are made of corn boiled, crushed, some "chile" added, and then the whole put into cornhusks. They are good eating. The next town you come to is Santa Anita, where you get off, if you wish, eat some tamales, and drink some pulque. Leaving Santa Anita, you reach, a little way out, what used to be floating gardens—now delightful places for picnics.

CITY OF MEXICO.

R. L. MILLER, JUN.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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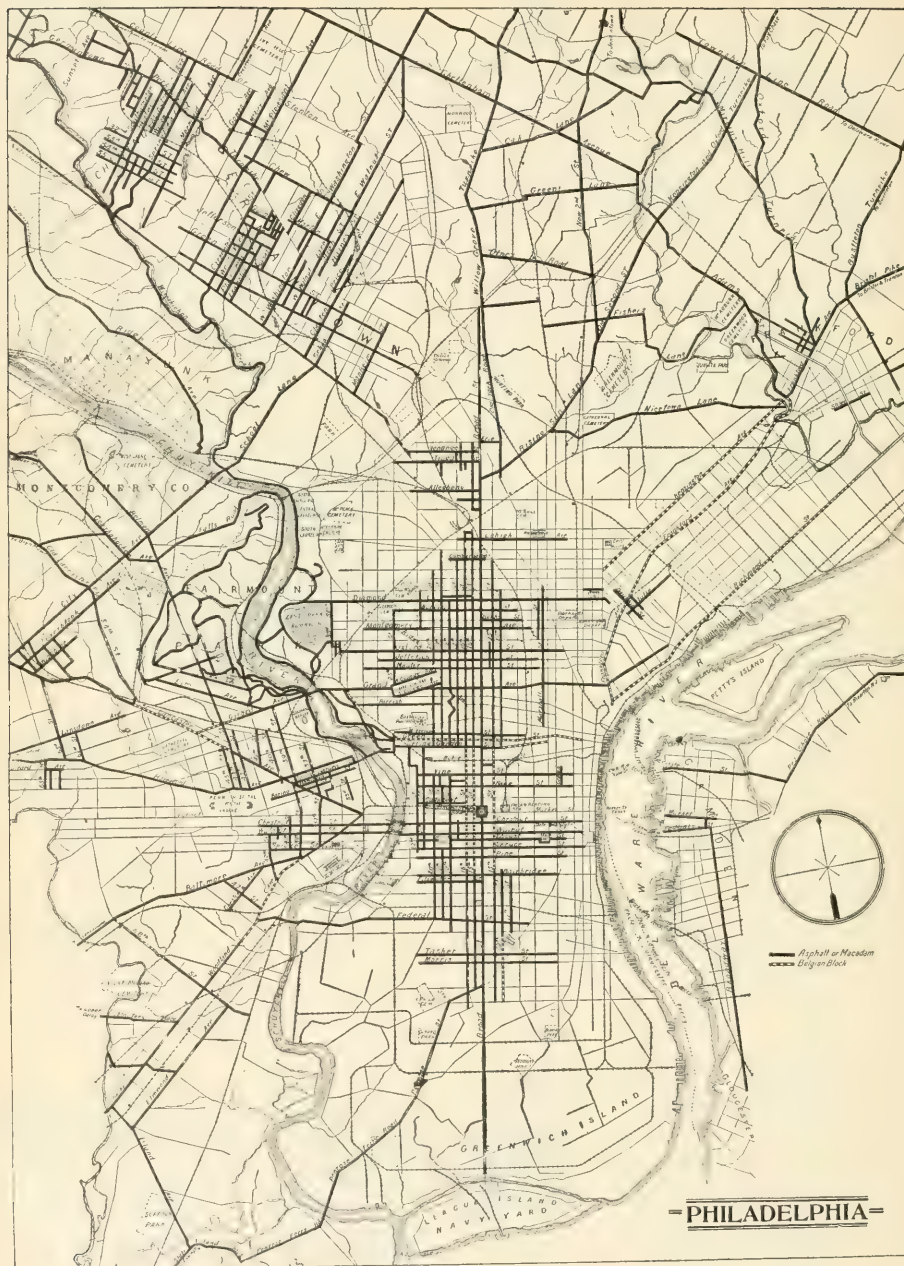
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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE



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This Department is conducted at the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any questions or inquiries. Our maps and lists contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done in the L. A. W. the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THE map this week shows the macadamized and asphalted streets in Philadelphia and its vicinity; and for all bicyclers who live near the Quaker City, or who think of going there, this map will prove of great value. It will be very easily seen that Philadelphia is eminently adapted to bicycling. In the first place, Broad Street runs from League Island entirely through the city, and out to the Willow Grove turnpike on the north. To get in and out of Philadelphia either to the south or the north, therefore, one needs but to take the shortest route to Broad Street, which is kept in admirable condition. Furthermore, one can get with the utmost ease to the river—i. e., the Delaware—by turning from Broad Street either down Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Spruce, or Pine. The Market Street ferry is perhaps best reached by taking Chestnut Street, and then turning a block north just before reaching the river.

In making this map it has been found advisable, for the better clearness of the reproduction, to omit a good many unimportant streets in the heart of the city. Every asphalted or macadamized street in Philadelphia is given, but in many cases other streets are omitted, or every alternate street is given. The wheelman who studies the map may very likely count a certain number of blocks on the map to the place where he wishes to go, and in that case he would be somewhat mystified in making this map agree with his count. Names are given in the case of macadam or asphalt streets, and you have only to watch for those names on the signs to find any place in the city and to keep the situation before your eyes.

Within the next few weeks we intend to publish certain of the best trips in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and it will be important to study this map, in connection with those, to discover the best method of getting out of the city in different directions. For example, to get out to Fairmount Park from the public buildings, run north on Broad Street from the buildings to Spring Garden Street, thence turning left, proceed to or across the river—the Schuylkill. In either case, turn to the right immediately before or after crossing, and the river is direct to the park. By not crossing, and following the river up through the park, you will come to the Wissahickon road. By crossing, and running out Belmont Avenue, you get into Montgomery County, and so out of the city. Germantown may be reached by the Wissahickon

NOTE.—Map of New York City asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Trenton to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821.

road or by keeping straight to the northward on Broad Street until you reach Toga Street. Turning left into this, you soon run into the Chestnut Hill road, and can keep to this until entering Germantown at School Lane. All through Germantown, and out to the north and westward there are beautiful roads of macadam that it is a pleasure to ride over.

TURNING IN THE OTHER direction, the rider, by bearing to the right into Rising Sun Lane from Broad Street, will have a clear course out of Philadelphia to the northeastward. By turning right into Lehigh Avenue, and continuing over Belgian block pavement to Kensington Avenue, he will run into Frankford, which is the way he has come from New York. The roads out of Camden on the other side of the Delaware are clearly marked. Crossing the Market Street ferry, you go south by Broadway or north by Pea Shore road, and by studying the map the rider will see where are the best roads for reaching Essington, Derby, Lansdown, and Haverford on the southwest.

SPEED.

ONE who has made a study of the subject states that the average rates of speed attained by certain travelling things, are as follows: A man walks three miles an hour; a horse trots seven; steamboats run eighteen; sailing vessels make ten; slow rivers flow four; rapid rivers flow seven; storms move thirty-six; hurricanes, eighty; a rifle ball, one thousand miles a minute; sound, eleven hundred and forty-three; light, one hundred and ninety thousand; electricity, two hundred and eighty thousand.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

which they stand in awe. They have among them a class of men called 'Shamammans,' who believe in spirits and practise certain rules for the influencing and controlling these spirits. The same worship is common all over Siberia and northern Europe. None of these people have an organized form of worship. Such a thing would be impossible in a country so forlorn and cold."

Vacation and moth-time come hand in hand the first week in July. The boys of the neighborhood come yelling from school to eat supper and go to bed to be up at six o'clock. At six o'clock around comes a man with a leather pouch filled with carbon sticks. One by one the boys, some on bicycles, some on foot, begin to follow him. Let us suppose we have joined the procession. We come to an electric light. As the light is let down the boys begin to jump up and down, yell, push, etc., to get their nick.

SPRING-FIELD, MASS. ALBERT W. ATWATER, B. T. K.

Some time since, Sir Knight James F. Rodgers, of Tiffin, Ohio, wrote us: "A man gave an illustrated lecture on Alaska at our school-house. He said, 'That when a girl arrives at the age of fourteen she is taken to the mountains and confined in a house for one year; when a girl arrives at the age of eighteen her parents put a wooden button in her lower lip; that the people worship the white crow.' Are these statements true?"

"The Indians of Alaska, like the other Indians of America, are divided up in their tribal relations into bands or clans called 'Totems,' and these are generally named after some prominent animal of the region. Great respect is paid to these animals, and frequently the clan refrains from eating the whole or a portion of the totemic animal. It is a very interesting study. I cannot find out that the Eskimos have any definite names for the objects of

✿ Links. ✿

No. 90.—BEN BOLT. (A NEW VERSION)
THIRTY PROPER NAMES CONCEALED.

No. 91.—PECULIAR WORD SQUARE.

1	10	11	2
4	※	※	3
5	※	※	6
8	9	12	7

1 to 2 is exalted reputation.
3 to 4 is one of the surfaces of a solid.
5 to 6 is a strain sung by a single voice.
7 to 8 is to repose or recline from labor.
1 to 8 is a snug abode.
9 to 10 is a summer drink extensively used.
11 to 12 is equivalent to 320 rods.
7 to 9 is a well-known and beautiful flower.

LYONS M. BEEMAN STOUT

No. 89

1. "Elm."—Holmes.
2. "Chestnut."—Holmes.
3. "Norway pines; larches."—Phebe Cary.
4. "Chestnuts."—Holmes.
5. "Spice-trees."—Holmes.
6. "Pine-tree."—Whittier.
7. "Pines."—Paul Hamilton Hayne.
8. "Pine-trees; oaks."—J. T. Trowbridge.
9. "Willow."—Holmes.
10. "Pine; elm."—Holmes.
11. "Hemlock."—Holmes.
12. "Hemlock-tree; hemlock-tree."—Longfellow.

Victor Gao wanted to know the experience of others who have kept rabbits. I have kept them for the last five years. I find that they will not drink water if you feed them on clover, grass, cabbage, lettuce, turnip tops, and other green plants. There is always a little dew on this food. If there is much dew, they will get enough water to last them all day, and often for three or four days. On the other hand, if you feed them on dry food, such as hay, oats, corn, stale bread, and other dry things, they will generally drink water about two or three times a week, and sometimes every day.

feeds his rabbits on the dry food mentioned for four or five days and then give them water, he will be convinced that rabbits do drink.

CONCORD, N. H.

LION GARDINER

Vincent V.M. Beede, East Orange, N. J., asks some members to describe some less common games of dominoes, and tell the origin of the game croquet. Let's have them in the form of morsels for printing. L. V. Riddle, 13 Roanoke Avenue, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass., is interested in botany, and wants to hear from Albert W. Atwater, a young naturalist and botanist. Ralph Cain, 104 Santa Fe Street, Atchison, Kan., thinks it would be a capital idea to form an electrical Chapter about the Table, and would like to have other members join him. He hopes to become an electrical engineer—an excellent direction for one's ambition just now, we think, for electricity is to be the motive power of the future far more than it is now. Knights of to-day who reach their threescore and ten in due time will see steam supplanted by it on our railways. Sir Ralph will have to be a little more energetic in his search for a very much used for sustained power. The arclight is the result of frictional not chemical electricity.

W. D. S.: What is the simplest and cheapest form of electric battery depends upon the use for which the battery is needed. Electricians use the blue-stone for telegraph or closed-circuit work; sal-ammoniac or Leclanche and other open-circuit batteries for electric bells and burglar-alarms; acid batteries, such as Grenet, Bunsen, and others, for electro-plating, and dry batteries for medical use. The cost is from \$1 50 to \$5 per cell. Books on electricity are divided into subjects. For instance, *Ayrton's Practical Electricity* is a series of lectures for students, \$2 50, while *Maver's work*, at \$3 50, treats wholly of telegraphy. Ask J. H. Bunnell & Co., 76 Cortlandt Street, N. Y., for their list of books. You will find the one you mention on the Round Table. Mary Newton Eaton, 197 South Lafayette Street, Grand Rapids, Mich., wants indoor games for persons of sixteen to twenty. She also wants to hear from any member who has visited or who now lives in Italy or China. She may send us the worst she mentions.

Joseph H. Durant hopes we will publish a story every other week that young artists may illustrate. We could hardly find space for one so often, but we intend to offer some prizes for illustrations. Conditions will be announced soon. Sir Joseph must learn to use India ink or water-colors (black only). Pencil cannot be reproduced at all, and crayon but poorly. John H. Campbell, Jun., 413 School Lane, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., wants to receive sample copies of amateur papers, to join corresponding clubs, and to hear from members in Germantown with a view of forming a local Chapter.

Smith Phillips sends us some odd epitaphs from tombstones in a cemetery at Brownsville, Pa. Such oddities are in many similar yards. It is in this cemetery, by-the-way, that the parents of James G. Blaine are interred. Speaking of cemeteries, can any one tell us why we use single slabs set up at the head of the grave, while in England and France, countries from which we borrowed most of our customs, one sees quite different marks of graves? Where did we get our idea? Who can tell the Table?

Ronald Chhase thinks we should add swimming to our list of all-around sport events when we offer another medal. Lloyd Thomas asks how to make a simple telescope for use in studying astronomy. Better news for the One that is the Sun, which may only be made by an American and is expensive, to D Highway, Oakwood Place, Eau Claire, Wis., publishes the *Abernathie*, and wants to send you a sample. It is a neat eight-page amateur paper. Will Fred Hawthorne tell us about the fruits of Jamaica—what ones are ripe when he writes. Compare them, date for date, with their American counterparts, and carry them to the United States. The date is 1964. Sir Fred, we should, explain, lives at "Mona Great House," Kingston, British West Indies.

CAMERA CLUB.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, NO. 9.
TREATMENT OF UNDER-EXPOSED PLATES.

BY an "under-exposed plate" is meant a plate which has not been exposed long enough to the action of light for the objects to make a deep enough impression in the silver salts, or to cause the chemical change to take place which makes the perfect picture.

The normal development of an under-exposed plate results in a negative in which the high or white lights are very strong, and have a chalky appearance in the print, while the shadows have little or no detail; and where a plate has been much under-exposed, only clear glass is the result of the development. The reason why the high lights appear so harsh and strong is due to the fact that to get detail in the shadows the development is carried on till the high lights are very much over-developed and the film has become dense.

The practised amateur usually knows whether his plate has been under-exposed or not, and treats it accordingly. The beginner, not having learned how to gauge exposures correctly, must learn how to distinguish an under-exposed plate as soon as the developer begins to act on it, so that he may get a good, or fairly good, negative.

If a plate which has been under-exposed is placed in a normal developer, the high lights will be some time in coming out, and the shadows will not appear at all, or, if they do, will be very dim. If the development is continued in order to bring out detail, the plate is apt to fog, and is then spoiled entirely.

If the rest of the image does not follow the high lights in a reasonable length of time, take the plate from the developer and place it in clean water. It will do no harm if it stands in water for a few minutes, for water will bring out detail in an under-exposed plate.

Nothing has been said about the different kinds of developers, though they will be fully treated in later papers. The beginner should stick to one developer till he has learned just how to use it.

If one is using pyro, a fresh solution should be at once made up, using half the quantity of pyro given in the formula, and the full amount of the alkaline solution. The pyro is the developing agent, or that which gives the required strength or density, while the alkaline solution, containing the sulphite of soda, prevents the staining of the negative and preserves the pyro. After the development of the plate is finished turn off the solution, leave the plate in the tray, pour water over it, and allow it to stand for fifteen or twenty minutes, being careful that it is covered from the light.

If one uses hydrochinon, which is a favorite developing agent with amateurs, dilute the developer and add from three to seven drops of iodine solution. This solution is composed of 1 grain of iodine, 1 ounce of water, 1 ounce of alcohol. Mark the bottle "Accelerator." This solution hastens the development of the image and brings it up evenly, and the contrasts between the lights and shadows are made soft and delicate.



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CARAWAY SEEDS.

I'm going to plant these little seeds,
And some fine day I'll wake
To find a pretty spreading stalk
All bending down with cake.

HARD WORK.

"WELL," said Jack, "vacation has begun, and I'm just as busy as ever."

"Doing what?" asked his father.

"Finding something to do," said Jack. "And I tell you, Daddy, it's hard work."

PROOF POSITIVE.

PERCY. "Don't two negatives make an affirmative?"

PAPA. "Yes, Percy."

PERCY. "Then I'm awful smart."

PAPA. "Why?"

PERCY. "Because the teacher says I'm a 'Know-nothing.'"

ALL great artists have queer experiences during their lives, which the biographer loves to dwell upon in his books of anecdotes. Here is one that occurred to the great pianist Paderewski in England. He received a polite letter from an invalid lady, asking him if he would spare the time to play her one piece during an afternoon, as her health would not permit of her going to any crowded concert-room, the letter closing with an offer of a half a guinea reward.

Paderewski replied with an invitation to call at his hotel, appointing an hour when he would receive her. The lady called, and Paderewski, after pleasantly greeting her, sat before his piano and played a prelude, a nocturne of Chopin, and Songs without Words.

The little impromptu concert over, the lady rose, thanked the virtuoso most graciously, and extended her hand to bid him adieu, slipping the promised half-guinea into his palm.

"Ah, what is this?" Paderewski inquired.

"Why," she said, sweetly, "it's the half-guinea I promised you."

"Now, I really believe," he answered, with a smile, "that I shall be able to get to the next town without it." And pleasantly returning the coin, he bowed the lady out.

NAPOLEON's smooth face was a sure evidence of his dislike for a beard. In some anecdotes of the Russian campaign there is a story told of the great Emperor and a poor but witty barber, who had occasion to shave him.

Napoleon had made a rather lengthy detour from the line of march with a detachment of officers. Arriving at a small village they refreshed themselves with a good meal and baths. Napoleon, wishing to be shaved, the village barber was called in. While the poor fellow strapped his razor and passed it industriously over the great Emperor's chin, he remained silent and seemingly melancholy, although performing his work with amazing rapidity and smoothness. When he had finished, Napoleon complimented him, remarking, "But, man, why do you wear such a melancholy face? You should be happy to have the privilege of shaving an Emperor."

"I am doubly happy, your Majesty."

"Then what is it that troubles you?"

"Alas, your Majesty, when I think of the Kings upon Kings and Emperors that have died without knowing what it was to be shaved by me, I am sad and melancholy."

"WHAT did Washington mean when just before the battle of Trenton he said, 'Put none but Americans on guard to-night?'" asked an Irishman, who was heatedly defending the valor of the Celtic race in general. "I'll tell you what he meant! He meant, 'Let the Irish sleep; I've work for them to-morrow.'"

BOBBY. "Mamma, I want you to crack me open."

MAMMA. "Why, my boy, what's the matter with you?"

BOBBY. "Papa said I was a bad egg. I don't believe it."



HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

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GREAT MEN'S SONS.

THE SON OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

IT was all glory and glitter one bright day in Babylon. It was that eventful morning, ages and ages ago, when the armies of the East and the armies of the West, with the *epigoni*, or brilliant young "sons of the King," twenty thousand in line, with horse-archers and foot-archers, and slingers and spearmen, and war-elephants and war-chariots, and all the galleys and barges of the King's navy, marched and countermarched, sailed and manœuvred, all in honor of one very small boy, who was yet a very important one.

He sat under a gorgeous canopy upon the gleaming portico of the palace of the kings at Babylon, and clapped his hands, and crowed his praises, and laughed aloud in glory, as spears were tossed and shields were clashed aloft, and soldiers shouted and generals saluted, and princes of vassal nations bowed themselves to the ground in homage and admiration—all in honor of this very small boy with a very

great name. For he was Alexander, the Shield, the Great Lord, Blessed, That liveth forever. He was constitutional King of Macedon, Captain-General of Greece, Lord of Egypt, and monarch of Asia. He was the son of Alexander, King of Macedon, called by men the Great and Conqueror of the World.

But Alexander the Great was dead. And in the palace of the kings whose empire he had conquered, the palace in which Belshazzar had feasted and Cyrus had ruled, and in which the all-conquering Macedonian had died at thirty-two, this helpless baby, less than a year old, and who had never seen his father of the mighty name, held the sovereignty that Alexander the Great had established.

It was a vast possession. It stretched from Greece to India, from Egypt to Siberia; it was such as only a genius could have conquered and only a genius could rule. With Alexander dead and only a baby as his lord, it was a vast

in danger. But Roxana the Queen said, boldly, "My boy shall be King," and all the "Companions of Alexander," as his generals and ministers were called, echoed her words: "The boy shall be King!" And so it came to pass that at the great display in Babylon the little son of Alexander was honored and saluted and adored as the successor of his imperial father.

But Alexander the Great had died too soon. He had wonderful plans as to what he would do if he had lived, but none at all as to what was to be done if he should happen to die. He did die—suddenly—in the year 323 B.C. And thereupon each one of his leading generals, or "Companions," declared that he was the man to step into Alexander's shoes, and have the charge of the empire and the care of the young King until the boy should come of age.

So they began to quarrel among themselves and to make things very uncomfortable for the Queen Roxana in the splendid palace at Babylon, until finally little Alexander's grandmother, the Princess Olympias, declared that she would take charge of the King and his empire. This made the generals angry with Olympias, who was a very determined and a very vindictive old lady, and things became more mixed up than ever. But the Princess Olympias had considerable power, and she managed to get possession of little King Alexander and his mother, and to have them brought, under a strong body-guard, from province to province and from camp to camp from one end of the empire to the other, until they reached her home in western Greece.

Gradually the quarrelling generals who were fighting for the possession of Alexander's empire were reduced, by victory or death, to five. And of these five the most ambitious and determined was Cassander, the regent of Macedon. He hated Alexander the Great; he hated the son of Alexander; for the father had slighted him when living, and the son, by living, stood in his way. He had determined to be the head of the empire, and he did not rest until he had forced his rivals, the fighting generals, into a bitter quarrel for supremacy, that led to a long and bloody war.

It was during this war that little King Alexander's grandmother, the Princess Olympias, set out to punish Cassander. While he was fighting in southern Greece, she gathered an army in northern Greece and attempted to invade Macedon and get possession of its capital city, Pella. But Cassander was a shrewd young general; he seized all the ships he could get together and sailed up the *Ægean* Sea so quickly that before Olympias knew it he had landed his army and got between her and the road that led to Pella. Thereupon the old Princess, being afraid to risk a battle, shut herself up with her slender army and the little Alexander and his mother in the city of Pydna, an old town of Macedon lying at the head of what is now called, on your map of Turkey in Europe, the Gulf of Salonica. It is in the walled town of Pydna that, in the year 316 B.C., we get our second brief glimpse of the son of Alexander, now a little boy of seven.

It was a beautiful spot in which that old town of Pydna was built; it stood three miles from the sea, in a fair and fertile region, and almost in the shadow of that grand old hill Mount Olympus, the home of the gods of Greece.

It was anything but a beautiful home for little King Alexander, however, when he found himself locked behind its thick walls. For Cassander, the Macedonian, marched his soldiers against it, and dug a great trench all around it, and set up all the dreadful old-time war-engines about it, and determined either to batter down its walls or starve out its inhabitants.

It was a terrible siege. Provisions gave out, and poor little Alexander went to bed hungry many a night. The horses, the mules, and the dogs were killed for food. The great war-elephants, having nothing to eat but sawdust, grew too weak to be of any use, and, with their useless drivers, were killed and eaten by the soldiers.

One dark night, through a secret doorway in the city wall, a little party crept softly out of Pydna and went down toward the port. It was the Princess Olympias, with the little King and his mother, accompanied by a few followers. Grown desperate by failure and famine, they had planned to escape on a swift galley which was waiting

for them in the harbor. Silently they moved forward, but before they had gone a mile a breathless messenger met them. "Back, back to the city," he cried; "back ere you are all made prisoners! Cassander has discovered your plan. The galley is captured, and men lie in wait at the port to seize and slay you all."

Hurriedly the fugitives returned to the city. Then, unable longer to stand the horrors and privations of a besieged town, Olympias the Princess and little King Alexander, her grandson, surrendered to Cassander, after getting him to promise to do them no harm.

But those were days when such promises did not amount to much. For the lying Cassander speedily went back upon all his promises. He had the ambitious old Princess killed, and he imprisoned Alexander and his mother in the gloomy old citadel at Amphipolis, an important city of Macedon, on the river Strymon, three miles back from the sea, at the head of what is now called, on your map of Turkey in Europe, the Gulf of Orfani.

Here in this massive and gloomy old citadel of Amphipolis ("the city surrounded by water"), where the boy was kept close prisoner for five years, we get our last glimpse of the son of Alexander. For when Cassander learned that there was a movement on foot to set the young King free and make him King indeed, he sent to Glaucius, the commander of the citadel, a swift messenger bearing a fearful message. It was an order to make away with Alexander and his mother as speedily and as secretly as possible.

The dreadful work was done. How, when, or where none knows to this day. The "taking off" of the thirteen-year-old King of Macedon was as great a tragedy and as complete a mystery as was the murder of the English Princes in the Tower of London eighteen hundred years later.

So the last of the race of Alexander was cut off. Cassander and the generals made themselves kings, and the Macedonians held sway in the East until the growing power of Rome overshadowed and absorbed all that was left of the once mighty empire of Alexander the Great.

It is evident that the son of the conqueror possessed little of the pluck and spirit of his famous father, who was a governor at fourteen, a general at sixteen, a king at eighteen, a conqueror at twenty. The strength of his father's name was great, and had the little Alexander been of equal valor he might have changed the history of the world.

But he did not. The life that began in glitter and glory in the splendid palace at Babylon, tasted privation and misery behind the gates of Pydna, and went out in secrecy and death in the grim dungeons of Amphipolis.

It is a sad story, but the son of Alexander was not the only "sad little prince" in the history of the world. His story is simply more notable, and perhaps more pathetic, than that of other unfortunate boys because of the greatness and splendor of his father's name, and because not even the shadow of that mighty name could save from sorrow, pain, and death the short young life that should rather have been full of pleasure and of promise, and should have made itself a power in the union of races and the history of the world.

COBWEB LANE.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THE most curious and interesting highway that I know of is Cobweb Lane, and I very much doubt if any of my readers ever heard of it. I am sure, however, that some of them have been in it in the daytime, but strangely enough they have never seen it, for the peculiar reason that Cobweb Lane doesn't exist in the daytime. It only exists at night. It isn't some out-of-the-way and quaint place in London, as, at first thought, its name might indicate, but it is in the most conspicuous place in Greater New York. I'll let you into the secret—I am quite sure it is a secret with me—and tell you where it is and what it is.

Cobweb Lane is nothing more nor less than the promenade on the Brooklyn Bridge. It doesn't exist until after midnight, because not until then do the strands that hang from the big cables resemble the huge cobwebs that have

suggested the name Cobweb Lane. The moon has to be in just the right position; the great cities of New York and Brooklyn must have gone to bed and left numerous lights, some in full glare and some turned down; the water in the river below must have a thin veil of mist hanging over it, and then, in the stillness of the night, if you will walk over the bridge you will see Cobweb Lane.

There is East Cobweb Lane and West Cobweb Lane. The first is on the Brooklyn side of the bridge and the other is on the New York side. As you walk out on the promenade and look over the cities and the beautiful harbor, perhaps you soon will turn your eyes to the top of one of the towers as you approach it. You are now at the beginning of Cobweb Lane. The four big cables curve down from the top and hide themselves in some masonry at your feet, and when you look up the narrow spaces between them, as they reach away before you, the eye catches sight of strands of steel rope, woven regularly and gracefully, hanging from the cables and extending to the structure on which you are standing. These strands, when the moon shines just right, partly obscured and lying low in the south, are like the filmy threads of a monstrous cobweb spun in the sky.

Just as you are entranced with this fairy picture, and are wondering where the big spider must be, you look ahead of you on the promenade, and, as if coming from some hidden passage, you see a cloud of vapor. There is something approaching, surely. You wonder at once if the spider that could have strung this web in the air would have hot breath, and it is not until you hear a noise and are conscious that a train of cars has passed you that you begin to realize that it really isn't a spider chasing along one of the paths of his web after you, in the hope of catching you and making of you a very choice morsel of a fly.

For nearly five years I have been going over the Brooklyn Bridge night and day, and it seems to me that every few days I see something in the arrangement of the details of the structure that I never saw before. It is a constant delight to watch the bridge under the varying conditions that affect it from day to day. One can see, for example, how carefully the wires for the electric lights are strung. They are almost within reach of any person walking across the structure, and yet there is absolutely no danger from them. It is interesting to watch the bracing of the structure, how the big and little stays slope now this way and that, and to note just where they change in their slanting direction. It is also interesting at the dead of night to see the workmen splice one of the car cables, taking out some broken strand and weaving in another.

I always like to see the workmen paint these cables. The men walk along the tracks with pots of red paint in their hands. They have great mitts of lamb's wool on their hands, and they use these for brushes. They dip their hands in the paint, and then run them along the cables until the paint is transferred from the hands to the cable. It is dangerous work, for not only must the workmen guard against falling between the ties to the water below, but they must face the danger of being run over, for every minute a train of cars comes along.

I like to see the care that is taken of the stations. Every Sunday morning at two o'clock the workmen get out a hose and wash the terminals, just as sailors wash the decks of a ship. Once every four years the structure is painted in every part. It is fascinating to see the painters swinging in their chairs far up one of the cables or along the strands that make the cobwebs at night. Every eight months a new flooring has to be laid down on the driveway, and so you see there is something going on constantly on the bridge that is worth watching.

I do not intend to tell anything about the bridge in the way of statistics. The well-known facts as to length and height and cost and power to resist strains may be found in any of the newspaper almanacs. But there is one feature about the bridge that I do not think is well known, and which has interested me greatly. I think it will be news to most persons that up in the towers where the big cables rest there are a series of steel rollers over which the cables pass. Each cable rests in a sort of a cradle as it goes through the top of the towers, and under each of these

cradles are forty-three steel rollers, four and a half feet long and three and one-half inches in diameter. It is well known that the heat and cold elongate and contract the cables, and most of those persons who know about these rollers think that they have been placed there to allow the cables to lengthen or shorten themselves according as the weather is hot or cold. They are in error on this matter, however, for the rollers are placed in the towers merely to equalize the strain on the bridge. The contraction and expansion are equal on both sides of a tower, and so there would be no need of them on that account.

If, however, there should be a great weight on one side of the bridge and not on the other, then these rollers come into use. Under these conditions the weight of the cables, and the structure they support, is thrown down the inside of each tower straight to its foundations.

Another thing I like to watch about the bridge is the slip joint exactly in the centre. There are two others of these joints, one between each tower and the land anchorage, but the most interesting one is in the centre. When a train of cars passes, you can see the joint expand and contract three-eighths of an inch, and even when a carriage passes on the roadway you can see it move a little. These slip joints are necessary chiefly because of the heat and cold. In summer the cables are fifteen inches longer between the towers than in the winter. The bridge structure is cut in two in the middle, and an arm is fastened to one of these ends. It slips into an opening in the other end, and moves back and forth as any expansion or contraction occurs. I noticed one day last winter, when the greatest crush in the history of the bridge occurred, and when it was estimated that 2500 tons of human beings were distributed along the bridge at one time, that this slip joint in the middle was drawn out at least fifteen inches because of the unusual weight. As each cable, however, is intended to sustain a weight of 12,000 tons, this great crush was a small matter. Still, the constant motion of the bridge that seems so solid and inflexible is well worth studying.

I am also very fond of watching the structure away in a high wind. I was talking with one of the guards recently, who had been on the bridge since the day it was opened. He said that early one morning, in the first high wind that came after the opening, he looked over to the New York side and apparently saw one of the biggest chimneys in town bending this way and that, and he stood there transfixed, waiting for it to fall. It didn't fall, although it bent far over, and he thought it must be wonderful mortar that could hold so many bricks together. Suddenly he noticed that the chimney was exactly in a line with one of the vertical strands from the cables, and he saw at once that it was the bridge and not the chimney that was swaying. The guard was unprepared for such a situation. Of course the bridge was moving only a few inches from side to side, but when this man measured by a chimney a mile away it seemed to move as much as the chimney apparently had been moving.

This guard said he had been all through the civil war, and had faced death a hundred times in battle, but he never was so frightened as on this occasion. He actually expected to see the bridge go down at any moment, but he stood at his post until relieved. When he got home later in the morning his wife asked him why he was so pale, and he said that he had to go and lie down for several hours to recover from the shock. Nowadays no one thinks anything of a slight swaying of the bridge in a fierce wind, but to my mind it is one of the most interesting things about the bridge to watch.

Soon after the bridge was opened word came to Chief Engineer Martin that Barnum was going to march his entire herd of elephants, with the famous Jumbo at their head, across the bridge some night. There was no room for elephants, and the Barnum agents hoped that the authorities would refuse to allow the herd to pass over. That would give the Barnum people a chance to say that Jumbo was so big that the authorities of the bridge were afraid to let him cross the structure, and the circus people foresaw a splendid advertisement.

Mr. Martin wasn't to be caught napping, and he was on



YOU ARE NOW AT THE BEGINNING OF COBWEB LANE.

hand when the herd approached. The man in charge offered to pay for crossing, but Mr. Martin said there was no charge for elephants, and that the man could take them over at his own risk. Mr. Martin stipulated that the elephants should be kept at regular intervals. But when the animals got out on the roadway, a train passing over frightened them, and, with Jumbo to lead them, they gathered in a group and trumpeted fiercely. Finally the keepers got them to go on, but they were so timid that they crowded each other all the way over. Mr. Martin ran out to the centre to watch the effect on the slip joint, and found that the weight amounted to nothing. Ever since that day elephants by the hundred would not cause the bridge officials any concern. Mr. Barnum's elephants got over in safety, but there was no Jumbo advertisement to be had out of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Chief Engineer Martin of the bridge once said to me, when I asked him if he could not tell me some of the interesting things about it that usually escaped the ordinary observer:

"There isn't much to be said. The bridge is a very prosaic thing."

I have no doubt it is to Mr. Martin. He concerns himself with abstract mathematical formulas a good deal. He knows about the tangents and sines and cosines and curves and strains and all that, which some of us grown-up people studied about in college, and have been glad to forget in our humdrum lives since. When I asked Mr. Martin, however, if he knew where Cobweb Lane was, he smiled, and said he didn't. He showed in that way that the bridge was a very prosaic thing to him; but I am sure that if you take no thought of mathematics, and look for the beautiful

and interesting things about the bridge, you will be convinced that the bridge is not prosaic after all. A visit to Cobweb Lane will prove it.

THE WESTBRIDGE BURGLAR ALARM.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"I WONDER we didn't think of it long ago. Why, we can sit in our rooms and talk to each other as well as if we were together. The whole outfit won't cost us more than fifteen dollars."

Tom Dailey began to drum telegraphic dots and dashes on the table with the ends of his fingers. He had just unfolded to his two particular chums his plan of connecting all their houses with a telegraph line, and the boys agreed that a telegraph line was precisely the thing they needed.

"I'm ready to begin right away," said Harry Barker. "The sooner we have it working, the better."

"It's very easily learned," Tom continued. "You can learn the alphabet in an hour or two, and after a week's practice you can read the sounder slowly. Our houses stand just right for it, too."

Tom was certainly correct about that. Their houses were in a cluster in the suburbs of Westbridge, two on one side of the broad avenue, and one just across the way, with only about five hundred feet of space between them.

"It would be a grand thing," Joe said, after deliberating a little, "but I don't know whether I can get father to advance me the cash. That canoe about used up my money, and I may have trouble to get any money for a while."

"No, you won't!" Tom exclaimed, very decidedly. "You'll not have any trouble at all to get money for a telegraph

line. I've thought that all out. You see, this thing is not just a toy to play with; it's for real use. You know what the worst drawback is to living here half a mile out of town; it's burglars, isn't it? That's what we always have to be looking out for, specially since they broke into your house two years ago, and took all your silverware. And I'd like to know what better burglar alarm we could have than a telegraph line between our houses."

The three families all took kindly to the telegraph idea, for they said that it would be a great convenience to them in asking and answering questions, and would save them many a step. Besides, if a burglar should visit any of the houses it would be such a consolation to know that they could call assistance in a few seconds. Tom and Harry put little tables close by their beds to hold the key and sounder, but Joe had to make other arrangements. His mother was afraid to have the wire so close to his head for fear it might conduct the lightning when there was a thunder-storm, so it was decided that his work-room over the kitchen should also be his telegraph-office. That was the room where he kept his printing-press and his carpenter's bench, and the turning lathe that he had saved up for months to buy.

This work-room was too far from Joe's sleeping-room for him to hear the click of the sounder if the other boys should call him at night; but Harry got his friend the operator to help put up the line, and the operator made an ingenious arrangement by which a little electric bell was rung in the work-room whenever any of the keys were used. By leaving the door open this bell could be heard.

"Ain't it great!" Harry clicked off after the boys had been practising a few days, meaning to say "Ain't it great!"

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

"Biggyrf thirg out," Tom ticked in reply, imagining that he had said "Biggest thing out."

But they soon did better than that, and in the course of a week or two they were talking over the wire almost as glibly as though they were in the same room. Their mothers and sisters were delighted with it, for Mrs. Dailey found that without the trouble of going out she could ask Mrs. Barker just how much food to put in those new ginger-snaps, and the girls made frequent appointments to walk down town together—all by telegraph.

The line was so successful that the boys had to talk with their schoolmates about it, and through them the news reached the reporter of the Westbridge *Eagle*, and he put a paragraph in the paper about it.

"Our young townsmen Tom Dailey and Harry Barker and Joe Bailey," the *Eagle* said, "have added materially to the comfort and safety of their respective families by putting up a telegraph line and burglar alarm between their houses. It is a regularly equipped line, with an office in each house. Td is the office call of young Dailey, Hb of Barker, and Jb of Master Bailey. The instruments are in the boys' sleeping-rooms, except Barker's; he uses his work-shop for the purpose, and an electric bell gives warning when he is wanted. Burglars will give those three houses a wide berth in the future."

"Give us a wide berth!" Tom exclaimed. "Well, I guess they will! They wouldn't have any chance at all. Father always keeps a revolver in his room, and I have my baseball bat. Now mind, fellows, if we hear a burglar at night, we send an alarm first thing, and the minute we get an alarm we call our fathers. I guess a burglar would soon wish he was somewhere else."

"I have a baseball bat all ready at the head of the bed too," said Harry. "Do you suppose it would kill a man to hit him over the head with it, Tom? I shouldn't like to kill a man, not even a burglar. I guess I'd give him a rap over the shoulders. But I'm afraid father would fire some bullets into him before I had a chance."

"I almost wish we'd have a chance," Joe put in. "But, of course, there won't be any burglars around, now that we're all ready for them."

However, burglars are a little uncertain in their ways, and it is not well to feel too secure. Perhaps it was even while the boys were talking that two rough-looking fellows

had their heads together in the back room of a disreputable saloon in Westbridge making plans. One was older than the other, and the younger had a copy of the Westbridge *Eagle* in his hands, occasionally reading a little here and there. These two fellows were burglars in a small way, and burglars, like other people, get a great deal of information out of the newspapers. When they see that "John Smith and family have gone to the Catskills; the house is closed for the summer," they find it more interesting news than the latest election returns.

"Oh, pshaw!" the younger burglar exclaimed, as his eye fell upon the paragraph about the boys' telegraph line—only he used language better suited to a burglar sitting in a saloon; "those fellows have put up a burglar alarm."

"What, at the three houses?" the other exclaimed. "Let me see;" and he snatched the paper rudely from the younger man's hand. "Oh, my, my, my!" he went on, after he had read the paragraph; "that's the neatest thing I ever saw in my life." And he leaned back in his chair, and chuckled as merrily as if he had been an honest man.

"I don't see anything to laugh about," said the younger. "We've spent over a week getting the lay of the land out there, and now all that labor is lost. We'll have to try somewhere else."

"Will we?" said the older man, chuckling again. "You only think so because you're young at the business. Jest leave this thing to me, my child. I know'd we'd have an easy job out there, but I didn't think they'd take so much trouble to make it easier for us."

The rest of their talk was in too low a tone to be overheard; but about one o'clock the next morning Tom Dailey and Harry Barker were both aroused at the same moment by the furious clicking of their sounders. "Td," "Hb," the instruments were calling, and in a second or two both boys were sending back the answering,

"Ay, ay! Ay, ay!"

"Help! Burglars! Jb," both sounders said at once. The message was repeated, and then all was still. Evidently Joe Bailey had left the key and taken up his baseball bat.

It was quick work for Tom and Harry to arouse their fathers and tell them that there were burglars over at Baileys'. Hasty toilets were made, and the four sallied out, father and son from each house.

"Isn't it lucky we put up that burglar alarm!" Tom



"EVERYTHING'S UPSIDE DOWN HERE," HE SAID, HOLDING THE LAMP ABOVE HIS HEAD.

whispered to his father as they hastened across the avenue. "Now you see what a lot of use it is. We'll have those burglars just as sure as they're born. You and I can watch one side of the house, while Harry and his father watch the other, and there's no possible way for them to escape."

Tom was suddenly silenced by the ominous click of a revolver. They were in the Bailey grounds now, and Mr. Dailey had caught sight of two forms moving among the shrubbery.

"Stop there!" Mr. Dailey said, in a low but very determined voice, his cocked revolver pointing at the two forms. "Stop there! If you move you're a dead man!"

"It's all right, Dailey," came the reassuring answer. "I'm Barker, and this is Harry with me. We'll capture those burglars over at Baileys' if we're smart about it."

Mr. Barker also had a revolver in his hand, and Harry, like Tom, carried a baseball bat.

"Now I guess they see what use the burglar alarm is," Tom found a chance to whisper to Harry. "But say, we must be careful where we hit them. I don't think we ought really to kill one of them; better strike for their shoulders and arms."

In a minute more Tom and his father were stationed where they could watch the front and one side of the Bailey house, and Harry and his father commanded the rear and the other side. No one could possibly leave the house without being seen.

The strangest thing about it was that there was no light in the house, not a sound to be heard, no sign that anything unusual was going on. After a few minutes the watchers began to feel uneasy about this. Mr. Dailey moved cautiously down toward the other corner.

"Hey, Barker!" he called, in a suppressed voice. "Any signs of a light around there?"

"Not a bit," Mr. Barker replied. "Not a sound inside, either."

"I don't like that," Mr. Dailey said. "There may have been murder as well as robbery. Keep a sharp eye out, and I'll give an alarm at the front door."

Bang! bang! bang! went Mr. Dailey's boot against the front door. No answer. Bang! bang! again.

"Hello!" said Mr. Bailey's voice at the second-story window.

"It's all right, Bailey," Mr. Barker shouted. "We're Barker and Dailey, with the two boys, and we're all armed. You'd better come down and open the door. They can't possibly escape."

"Who can't?" said the voice at the window.

"The burglars," said Mr. Dailey. "They must be still in the house."

"Wait a minute," said the voice at the window. And those outside heard a footstep on the stair, and in a moment the front door was thrown open.

Mr. Bailey had a revolver in his hand when he opened the door, and he was in a great state of excitement, though he had seemed very cool when he was at the window.

"Everything's upside down here," he said, holding the lamp above his head; "hats and coats all gone from the hat-rack, chairs upset, doors left open. They must have been all through the lower part of the house."

"I'll go into the dining-room with you to see whether they've got the silver," said Mr. Dailey. "They may be in there yet. We have the outside well watched."

The two men found everything in confusion in the dining-room. Burglars had broken spoons and forks that they suspected of being plated, and left the pieces lying on the floor. Buffet drawers had been pulled open and ransacked, and all the valuable silver was gone. So were some fine pieces of cut glass, and other valuable things. Just as the two men were about to extend their search to the kitchen, Joe came down stairs, rubbing his eyes.

"I'm afraid we are too late, Joe," Mr. Dailey said, "but your message brought us over in a hurry."

"My message!" Joe exclaimed, thoroughly awake now. "What message, sir?"

"Why, your message by telegraph, telling us there were burglars in the house."

Joe looked thoroughly bewildered now.

"But I have sent no message, sir!" he replied. "I didn't know there were any burglars in the house, and I've not been near the key to-night."

"How is that?" Mr. Dailey exclaimed; "you have sent no message! A call for help certainly came over the wire. Go up and look at your instruments as quick as you can, Joe, and see whether they've been tampered with."

Joe struck a light and went up to his work-room, and returned in a moment looking more bewildered than ever.

"It's very strange," he said, "but my bell has been disconnected, so I couldn't have heard a call if one had come. I'm sure I left it all right when I went to bed."

"Not strange at all!" Mr. Dailey snapped; and Joe had never heard him speak so sharply. "We're a pack of fools, that's all. There are burglars in my house at this minute, Bailey, unless I'm very much mistaken, and in Barker's too. I must get home; so must Barker."

The developments of the next ten minutes were highly interesting. Mr. Dailey and Mr. Barker both hurried to their homes, with Tom and Harry, and each found that burglars had been in his house while he was away. In each place the work had been done in the same way, evidently by the same men. Hats and coats were gone, and all the solid silver, and the cut glass, and many other things.

But no burglars were to be found in either place. They had done their work and escaped.

"This is the most mysterious thing I ever saw!" Tom said to his father, after they had searched the house and taken account of their losses. "You say Joe didn't send a call for help, but it certainly came over the wire. And I don't see yet how you knew while we were over at Baileys' that there were burglars in our house."

"Don't you?" There was a lot of sarcasm in Mr. Dailey's tone. "I should think the inventor of a private burglar alarm might see through a little thing like that. One of the burglars knew how to send a message; now do you see?"

"I don't quite understand it even then, sir," Tom answered.

"Oh, it's plain enough," Mr. Dailey explained. "They knew all about your wretched burglar alarm, and the paragraph in the paper told them your signal calls. They robbed Bailey's house first, then disconnected Joe's bell, and sent out the call for help. Of course they knew that we would hurry over, leaving our own houses unprotected. As soon as the call was sent they stepped out and came over and robbed our houses at their leisure, knowing that we had gone to Baileys'. I suppose they're sitting somewhere now laughing at us."

Mr. Dailey was quite right about that. The two burglars were at that moment dividing their plunder in an empty barn, and laughing over their work.

"Give me a private telegraph line when you want to do a job up slick," said the older man, handing out a cut-glass pitcher, "especially when there's a newspaper to tell you the office calls. We don't have such luck as that often."

The Westbridge boys have learned from experience that it is hardly safe to ask Tom or Joe or Harry how he likes telegraphing; and the private burglar alarm has gone out of business.

CORPORAL FRED.

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER III.

THE situation along the line of the Great Western at four o'clock this sultry afternoon was indeed alarming. "No violence," said the leaders of the strike, "will be countenanced, though of course we cannot guarantee that it won't occur. Our men are bitter at the refusal to comply with their just demands, and they have thousands of friends and sympathizers whom we can't control." Whether friends

of the striking switchmen and trainmen or not, there could be no question about the number of so-called sympathizers. They swarmed to the yards from every slum in the city, a host of tramps and thugs, vagabonds and jail-birds, re-enforced by beves of noisy, devil-may-care street boys, and scores of shrill-voiced, slatternly women. The men who ventured to handle switches under instructions of the yard foremen were stoned and driven off. Loyal train hands who had refused to strike and came out with the mail and express trains were hooted, jeered, and assaulted, despite the deputy marshals and the widely scattered police. Some strange apathy chained the city authorities and its battalions of uniformed and disciplined men who were held in reserve at the police stations, while the pitifully small force, distributed by twos and threes along ten miles of obstructed track, made only shallow pretence of resistance to the efforts of the mob or of protection to the objects of its wrath. Mail trains and some few passenger trains, heavily guarded, had managed to crawl through the howling throng, and this partial success of the management served to fan the flame of fury, and every window was smashed by volleys of stones and coupling-pins in the last train to be pulled through. The track behind it was suddenly and speedily blocked by the overturning, one after another, of dozens of freight-cars. The rioters, guided by graduates of the yard, now worked in most effective and systematic fashion. There was no need of assaulting switchmen when they could so readily block the tracks. The last train got in at noon. At 2 P.M. no trains, even the mails, could get either in or out.

Then the authorities had to take a hand. The law of the United States prohibited any interference with the carriage of its mails. The railway officials represented their tracks blocked by mobs and obstructed by overturned cars, spiked switches, and unspiked rails. A wrecking train, under guard of both police and deputy marshals, was pushed out to clear the way. The rioters jeered the deputies and cheered their friends among the police. The work was attempted, but was not done. Fifty deputies couldn't cover four miles of mob, and five hundred police winked at personal acquaintances in the shouting, seething throng, and contented themselves with occasional hustling of some manifestly friendless tramp or the vigorous arrest of some vagrant boy.

Prominent business men in a body went to the Mayor and demanded action. Others had already wired the Governor. The Colonels of the city regiments who had, of their own accord, warned their men to be in readiness, got their orders for service at 3.50 in the afternoon, and at 4.45 Corporal Fred came bounding in across the threshold of his home to kiss his mother and sisters good-by and hasten into town where, ready packed, was his knapsack with his blanket, uniform, arms, and ammunition, at the regimental armory.

The roar of the multitude at the yards only a block away rose hoarse and vibrant on the sultry air. The dust was sifting down in smothering clouds. Drawn thither by curiosity numbers of women and children had gathered at the upper end of the street, and were thronging the porches, windows, and even the roofs of the frame houses that covered the neighborhood. "What ever you do, mother," said Fred, "keep away from the crowd, and keep the girls at home. Has Jim been in?"

"No, he hasn't come back," was the almost tearful answer. "Your father said he would try to find him when he went to the shops after dinner. I wish he had kept away from those meetings. No good can ever come of such rioting."

"I haven't a moment to lose, mother," said Fred, kissing away the tears now brimming in her eyes, "but I must go across the tracks to get to the cable-cars, and he may be there. If so, I'll try to make him promise to come home."

It was a tearful group the gallant young fellow left behind him on the narrow porch, as he strode swiftly up the street. Some fifty yards away he turned and waved his hat to them, then disappeared among the groups of women excitedly, nervously watching the proceedings. The throng grew denser as he neared the white rod gates

that were lowered to close the crossing with every sign of coming train or switch engine. Ordinarily they were rising and falling and their warning gongs tolling every other minute, but not once this long June day had their white fingers ceased to point straight to the zenith. At the crossing a solitary and perspiring policeman was swinging loosely his club and occasionally drawing "Come, get back out of this," and laying benevolent hand on the nearest spectator; but where one fell back a dozen surged forward, and the entire crossing was in the possession of a throng of strike sympathizers, among whom Fred failed to recognize more than three or four real railway men. Prominent among the more active and determined at the very front, however, he caught sight of a man named Farley, a brakeman, who was often one of Jim's own crew. He was shouting and gesticulating to friends in the second-story windows of a saloon across the tracks, a rendezvous of men who, at ordinary times, rarely drank a drop of liquor. The ground-floor was invisible to the throng. "Come out here, you fellows," he was saying. "I tell you they're going to try to clear these side-tracks, and we'll need every man of you."

Farley was right in his prophecy. The managers realized that it would take much longer to right the overturned freight-cars than to draw away the long trains of empty or half-loaded cars at the sides, and so clear a track or two for the mails and passengers. At the crossing of Allen Street there were ten parallel tracks, those in the middle—numbers five and six—being the through tracks. Freight-cars by the dozen on tracks four and seven had been toppled over so as to completely block all four, and, as Farley spoke, down the long vista towards the city and over the heads of the throng the smoke of locomotives could be seen puffing steadily towards them. With carloads of such guards as they could command—deputy marshals picked up and sworn in anyhow—the railway officials were coming to make the attempt. Fred had reached the spot at the most exciting hour of the day. He should, perhaps, have pushed on through the crowd and hastened on to the cable road, but it occurred to him that an account of the situation up to the last moment might be of use to his officers, or that he might find a quicker way of getting to town on a switch engine. Then, too, he longed to speak with Jim and get him to go home. He determined, therefore, on a few minutes' delay. Ducking, dodging, and squeezing, he made his way through the crowd to Farley's side.

"Jerry," said he, "I hate to see one of Jim's men in this. Surely he and you ought to keep out of the yards. Where is he?"

"He has kept out of the yards so far," answered Farley, with an angry oath and glaring eyes. "But the time's come for them that are men to show it, and them that don't step out and fight for their rights now are skulkers and sneaks—skulkers and sneaks," he shouted, and the crowd roared approval. Out through the densely packed mass of humanity across the tracks something came shoving and surging, and presently, welcomed by a cheer, a dozen burly men burst into view and came striding out upon the right of way, Jim Wallace among them. Pale with excitement and apprehension Fred sprang towards him.

"Jim—brother—think what you're doing! For Heaven's sake take no part in this rioting! Go to mother and the girls. They're all alone."

"Go yourself, Fred," answered the elder, thickly. To Fred's dismay he saw that his big brother, his pride and protector for many a boyish year, had been drinking, and was flushed and unbalanced as a result. "Go yourself and keep out of harm's way. I'm in this to stay now. I'm not the man to see my brothers wronged and abused and robbed of their rights. You go to them, Fred. Why are you not at the office?" he added, with sudden suspicion in his glittering eye.

"I'm here to find you," said Fred, evasively. "Mother is crying because of her anxiety about you. Father has been searching. Do come out of this, Jim, and home with me."



"JIM, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TAKE NO PART IN THIS RIOTING!"

But a yell of wrath and defiance drowned the boy's words, and as though with one simultaneous impulse the mob heaved and surged and broke into a run. The engines had switched to the side tracks a block away, and, protected by armed guards on the tender, the pilot, and footboard, were coupling on to the standing trains. Fred felt himself swept along, tugging at his brother's arm. Half a dozen agile men edged out of the crowd and dove under the cars to which the foremost engine was now attached. Shriek went the whistle, clang the bell, back leaped the guards, some of them swarming up the freight-car ladders. The engine jetted smoke and steam and backed promptly away, but a roar of triumph and derision went up from the mob. Only one car followed it. The strikers had drawn the coupling-pins of the rest.

Two of the deputies, Winchester in hand, had clambered to the roofs of the second and third cars, and now as their comrades were trundled away there they stood irresolute. Instantly those cars were the centre of a jeering, howling mob. Instantly stones, coupling-pins, and mud began to fly. Throwing themselves flat upon their faces, the luckless fellows sought to escape the storm. Missiles hurled by the mob on one side came raining down into the faces of their fellows on the other, and even as Fred was imploring his brother to come away now and at once, a rock, hurtling over the nearest car, struck the roof and bounded into the throng below, cutting a gash on the younger brother's white forehead, and striking him senseless to the earth, just as some untaught, undisciplined fool among the deputies pulled trigger and fired. Whistling overhead the bullet went hissing away up the tracks the signal for a mad rush of men and boys. An instant more and only three forms occupied the ground where a hundred were struggling but the moment before—Jim Wallace and

a fellow - trainman bending over the senseless, bleeding form of brother Fred.

"They've shot him! They've killed him!" howled the retreating crowd. "Down with the deputies! Kill 'em! hang 'em!" were the furious yells. Three or four policemen came running up to assist the fallen. An old gray-haired man dropped the lever of the switch engine, calling to his assistant to watch it, and ran forward along the tracks, wild anxiety in his eyes, and in another moment, brushing aside the bluecoats, old Wallace threw himself upon his knees and raised the blood-stained face of his boy to his heaving breast. "In God's name," he cried, his lips piteously quivering, "how came he here? Why is he not at the office?"

There was a moment of silence. Covering his face in his hands, big burly Jim turned almost sobbing away. A young man leaping across the tracks caught the last question as he joined them, and it was his voice that was heard in answer. "Because they've discharged him, Mr. Wallace, as they have me, for obeying orders to join our regiment at once."

And as though recalled to his senses by a comrade's words, Corporal Fred faintly opened his eyes and looked up and saw his father's face. "Don't let mother know," he murmured. "It might frighten her for nothing. Help me over to the cable road, Charley; we've got to hurry to the armory."

And then the crowd came swarming back even as a little boy, escaped for the moment from watchful eyes at home and drawn by eager curiosity to the gates, now ran sobbing back to tell the dreadful news he had heard among the women in the crowd—that brother Fred was shot and killed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER VII.

NEAL dropped into the hammock that was hung across the corner of the porch, and waited for Edith to come. This was where she was apt to sit in the morning, with her work or a book.

Bob lay on the grass near, panting with the heat. He had just had an exciting chase after a bird that would perch occasionally on a low bush, then flap its wings triumphantly, and fly away just as naughty Bob drew near. He thought it a most mistaken arrangement of affairs that birds were able to fly. Now, disgusted, he had apparently given up the game, but lay with one eye open, awaiting further developments. Presently Edith came out, followed by the children with their toys. She had her work-basket, for she continued to take care of their clothes, notwithstanding Mrs. Franklin's remonstrances.

She was not particularly pleased to see Neal in her favorite corner. She said to herself that she would like to have one day at least free from the Gordons. Edith felt cross with herself and every one else this morning.

Neal rolled out of the hammock when he saw her, and sprang to draw up her chair with extreme politeness and courtesy.

"And you would like this little table for your basket, wouldn't you?" he said, lifting it across the porch.

"Thank you," said Edith, mollified in spite of herself. Then she stiffened again.

"Where are Ben and Chester?" she asked, with a severe glance at Bob.

"I saw them around at the side door."

"It does seem a shame that they should be banished from the front of the house. For years they have had the use of this piazza; and now, just because Bob chooses to monopolize the place, they feel that they must go."

"Very foolish feelings," said Neal, who had returned to his hammock. "If they only had a little spirit they would soon show Bob his proper place. Why don't they give him a good shaking when he nips their legs?"

"Because they are larger than he, and because they are too polite to do it in their own home."

Neal laughed. He had a hearty, contagious laugh, and Edith could not refrain from joining in it.

"They set you a very good example," he said. "Come, Edith, confess that you hate the Gordons from Bob up."

Edith colored. "How silly you are!" she said, with supreme dignity. "Why should I trouble myself to dislike you?"

"Why, indeed? There's no accounting for tastes. Then, 'love me, love my dog.' But I say, Edith, it rather pays to make you mad. You grow two inches visibly, while I shrink in proportion. It is just as if you had some of that cake in your pocket that Alice came across in Wonderland, don't you know?"

"Oh, Neal, tell us about it!" cried Janet, dropping her dolls and flinging herself on the end of the hammock. "I just love your stories."

"It is more than can be said of your big sister, Janet, my child. Bob and I are in disgrace."

"Bob's no good," said Willy; "he won't play."

"His coat is too thick," remarked Neal. "Bob wishes it were the fashion to wear short hair in summer. I say, Edith, where are you going?" for she had put up her work.

"I think I shall take the buggy and go down to see Gertrude Morgan. I'm tired of it here."

"Thank you," said Neal, meekly.

"Children, you can stay here," she continued. "I sha'n't be gone more than an hour or two."

The children did not object. They counted upon having Neal for a companion, and he was all-sufficient.

But when the old buggy rounded the corner, and, instead of coming up to the house, rattled down the drive on the farther side of the "heater-piece," Neal sprang out of the hammock with a bounce and ran across the grass. Bob wanted to follow, but he ordered him back. He reached the fork in the avenue before Edith did.

"You're pretty cool, to go off this way when I'm going with you."

"And you are *very* cool, to come when you are not in-



THEN THEY STARTED HOME, CARRYING THE CUSHIONS BETWEEN THEM.

vited," said Edith, wrathfully, as Neal climbed into the carriage without waiting for her to step.

"I know. It's pleasant to be cool on such a hot day as this."

"Where is your hat?"

"I'm under the impression it is on the hall table; but no, it may be in my room. On second thoughts, it is probably in the cellar. In fact—"

"Oh, hush!" said Edith, laughing involuntarily. "Where are you going in this plight?"

"To see Miss Gertrude Morgan."

"Indeed you are not. I have no intention of driving to Brenton with a hatless boy."

"Then we'll go to the woods," says this pig"; and seizing the reins, he turned abruptly, as they reached the gate of Oakleigh, into a rocky, hilly lane that led up through the woods.

"Now, isn't this jolly?" said he, leaning back in his corner of the buggy. "Just the place for a hot day."

"Oh, I must go back!" exclaimed Edith, suddenly. "It has just occurred to me you have left the children."

"They're all right. They've got Bob, and we sha'n't be gone long. Great Scott! what a road this is! I don't believe these wheels will stay on long. Why don't you use the surrey?"

"Because the surrey is not mine, and this is."

"So that's your line of march, is it? I suspected as much. But I think you are pretty hard on Hessie. She means well, and she's not a bad sort, though I say it as shouldn't."

Edith made no answer.

"Why don't you try and make the best of things? I always do. It doesn't really pay to do anything else."

"Very good philosophy. But if you have come out merely to lecture me on my duties as a step-daughter, I think we may as well turn round and go home again."

"Oh, come off, Edith! You're a nice girl in the main, and I think it's a howling shame for you to make yourself so mighty offish and disagreeable to Hessie. Why, if any one ought to mind it—her marrying, I mean—I'm the one. It makes a big difference to me."

"Will you let me get out and walk home, if you have not the grace to drive me there? You have no manner of right to talk to me this way."

"I know I haven't, and I'm awfully sorry if I've offended you. I'm afraid I have. You'll forgive me, Edith, please! Don't go home. I've put my foot in it, like the great awkward fellow I am. But I hate to see things all at sixes and sevens the way they are, and I thought perhaps if I told you what Hessie really is you would feel differently. If you only knew what a good sister she's been to me! You know our father and mother died when I was a little duffer, and Hessie's been an A1 sister ever since. Our grandmother didn't take much stock in me because I was a boy, but Hessie always stood up for me. It's natural I should take her side. I hate to see any one dislike her. But I see it's no use, and I'm sorry I spoke. But, say, you will excuse me, Edith. You don't like it, and I ought not to have said anything, and I apologize."

This was Neal in a new light. Edith was astonished. She had supposed that he was only a rollicking boy, too lazy to amount to anything, and too fond of a joke to think of the more serious side of life.

She hesitated. She was very angry with him. Of course he had no business to speak to her on this subject, but he was evidently sorry. His brown eyes looked very repentant, and there was not a shadow of a smile in them.

"Come now, Edith," he urged, "do it up handsomely, and forgive and forget. Give me your hand on it."

And Edith did so, and with difficulty repressed a shriek at the hearty squeeze that was given it. And just as they had reached this point in their conversation there was a sudden crash. Off went the wheel, and down went buggy, Edith, and Neal in a heap.

Fortunately the horse stood still. They were in the depths of the wood, two miles from any house. A few startled birds fluttered among the trees, and a gray squirrel paused in his day's work to view the scene.

Neal and Edith crawled out from the debris.

"Here's a pretty how-d'y' do," said Neal, surveying the wreck. "Edith, I greatly fear you'll never drive in that buggy again."

He unhitched the horse, and then removed the remnants of the vehicle to the side of what road there was, and partially hid them in the bushes.

"On that rock we split," said he, solemnly, pointing to a big stone that rose high above a rut. "If I hadn't been so busy apologizing, Edith, we wouldn't have gone to pieces. However, perhaps now you will use the surrey."

It was a dangerous speech, but Edith tried not to mind it, and she helped Neal to clear away the stuff. Then they started for home, Ned leading Robin, the old horse, while together they carried the cushions and a lap-robe that had been under the seat.

Neal, his spirits raised by the accident, was in his gayest humor, and the quiet air rang with his laughter as they trudged home in the heat. Edith quite forgot her previous displeasure, and was so like her old self that Neal in his turn was surprised, and thought she was almost as nice as Cynthia. He had never seen her in this mood before.

When Neal abruptly deserted the children in his pursuit of Edith they were at first too much amazed to do anything but stand perfectly still and watch him. Then, as the back of the buggy disappeared behind the trees, their wrath found words.

"Mean old things!" exclaimed Janet. "They've gone off and left us, an' I ticklerly wanted Neal to tell us a story."

Bob joined the group, his tail disconsolately lowered. His master had been very harsh and unfeeling to leave him at home, he thought. The trio stood in a row on the top step of the piazza. Then, with a feeble and melancholy wag of the tail, Bob again stretched himself on the grass and prepared to make the best of a bad bargain.

The others were not so easily appeased.

"We've got nuffin' to do," grumbled Willy. "I wish we could play wif de chickens."

"We can't do that," said Janet, decidedly. "We can't touch those chickens if we don't want a terrible spanking. You know what papa said."

The chickens presented a powerful fascination for Willy. He was revolving in his mind the question as to whether it would or would not pay to be spanked for the sake of having some fun with the chicks.

"No, no," said Janet, who had no fancy for a whipping. "We've got to do somethin' else." She paused. Slowly a gleam of mischief came into her eyes, and a smile broke over her round and rosy face. "Willy, we'll play barber."

"How do we do it?"

"I speak to be barber. Don't you remember when papa took you to have your hair cut? Well, you be papa an' you bring Bob, an' we'll cut his hair. Neal said it was terrible hot for him. Neal 'll be glad when he comes home an' finds it all nicely cut."

"Course he will. Only I'd like to be barber, Janet."

"No, I will. It is my game, so I can be barber. Get the hat and be papa."

Willy obeyed, and presently returned in a large straw hat that had once been his father's farm hat, and was now relegated to a back closet for use in the children's games. Janet, meanwhile, had found a large pair of scissors in Edith's basket, unfortunately left on the porch, with which she was viciously snipping the air.

"We'll have some fun even if they did go off an' leave us," said she. "Bring along Bob. Here's the chair."

But Bob refused to be brought. He lay stretched on his side, now and then weakly wagging his tail in response to their commands, but otherwise not stirring. It was too hot to move for any one but his master.

"We'll have to do it there. We'll pretend he's a sick person that has to have his hair cut off. They do sometimes, you know," said Janet, with an air of superior knowledge. "You can be my 'sistant. Here's a scissor for you"—extracting another pair from the too convenient basket.

In a moment they were both hard at work. Snippity,

snip, clip, clip, went the two pairs of scissors. Bob's beautiful long black hair, the pride of his master's heart and the means of securing a prize at the last dog-show, lay in a heap on the grass.

"That's nice," said Janet, surveying the result with satisfaction. "He must feel lovely and cool. Now let's do the other side."

But that was not so easy. Bob still refused to stir. They pulled and punched and pushed, but he would not turn over.

"Well, we'll just have to leave it an' do it 'nother time," said Janet at last, with a parting clip at ear and tail. "Let's go down an' play in the brook."

And flinging the scissors on the grass, these two young persons deserted the scene of their labors, and were soon building a fine dam across the brook in the pasture. There they remained until the sound of the bell on the carriage house, rung to summon to dinner the men at work in the distant fields, warned them that it was twelve o'clock and almost time to go in themselves.

Edith and Neal plodded slowly homeward. It was very warm, for though it was not sunny in the woods, the trees shut off the air. They turned in from the lane and walked up the avenue, Robin's hoofs falling regularly on the gravel with a hot, thumping sound.

"Jiminy, this is a scorcher!" said Neal, wiping his forehead. "Here comes Bob. He doesn't seem to mind the weather. No, it isn't Bob, either. What dog is it? Great Scott, Edith, it is Bob! What has happened to him?"

He dropped the reins, and Robin trudged off alone to his stall.

"Why, Neal, I never saw such a sight!" cried Edith.

Bob, bounding merrily over the grass, overjoyed at seeing his master return, was quite unconscious of the effect he produced. On one side he was the same beautiful, glossy-coated creature he had ever been; on the other, through stray, uneven bunches of hair gleamed touches of whitish skin. His ears, which had measured a proud eighteen inches from tip to tip, flapped on either side in ungraceful scantiness; and his tail, from which so short a time before had waved a beautiful raven plume, now wagged in uncompromising stubbiness.

"Bob, Bob, what has happened to you? You look as if you had been in a fire!"

Edith, with an awful foreboding in her heart, hurried towards the house. Yes, her fears were realized! Two pairs of scissors and a mass of black hair told the tale. She sank down on the steps and covered her face.

"The children have done it," she murmured. "Oh, Neal, we ought never to have left them!"

Neal stood there perfectly silent. He had grown very white, and his eyes looked dangerously dark.

"Oh, those children!" he said at last, between firmly set teeth. "You had better keep them out of my way for a time, Edith. I'd just like to murder them, the way I feel now."

"Oh, Neal, I am so sorry! I can't tell you how dreadfully I feel. But we oughtn't to have both gone. You see, I didn't know you were coming too."

"And I didn't know I was expected to act as child's nurse," said Neal, angrily. "The dog is done for, as far as shows are concerned. His coat will never be the same again; it ruins it to cut it." He stopped abruptly. "I guess I had better get out of the way," he said, presently. "I can't answer for my temper. Come, Bob."

And he walked down across the grass and went off into the woods.

Edith, left alone, began to cry. She would not have had this happen for the world. Again she said to herself, why had the Gordons ever come there to disturb their peace of mind in so many ways? And where were the children? They should be severely punished.

She looked for them all over the house, but of course they were not to be found. After a long time she saw them coming slowly homeward. They were wet and bedraggled, for the stones had been as obdurate as Bob and refused to move. Willy had tumbled into the brook, and Janet had followed, in a vain attempt to help him out.

And now they were met by an irate sister, who, seizing them roughly, dragged them upstairs.

"You shall go straight to bed and stay there! You have ruined Neal's dog, and he'll never get over it. You are bad, naughty children!"

"I think you're silly, Edith!" screamed Janet. "We didn't hurt him, and we only cooled him off. You're mean to make us go to bed in the middle of the day, an' you'd order not drag us this way. Mamma wouldn't."

"I don't care what your mamma would do; it's what I do."

Edith did not realize that a few words spoken calmly but sternly to Janet and Willy would have more lasting effect than this summary mode of punishment. The truth was she was too angry to trust her tongue at all, and this reference to Mrs. Franklin annoyed her. Everything seemed against her, and the hot weather made things worse.

She ate her dinner in solitude, and then, when the afternoon had worn on for an hour or two, she at last saw Neal coming across the fields.

Edith went to meet him.

"You want something to eat," she said. "Come in and I'll find you something. Neal, I am so sorry."

"Oh, don't say anything. What's done can't be undone. Lend me your shears after dinner and I'll finish things up with a flourish. I can get him into better shape than he is. He looks like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde just now. I'm as hungry as a hunter, so I don't mind accepting your offer of a bite."

Edith went off to find something, and as she prepared a dainty meal for the boy, she thought to herself that he set her a good example. She knew what pride he had taken in Bob's appearance, and she knew how angry he had been at first. It must have been a hard battle for him.

And it was. Edith was far from realizing what a temper Neal had. He had felt that morning that his only safety lay in flight, and he had tramped many miles through the woods in the endeavor to overcome his anger.

After luncheon he took the scissors and set to work upon Bob's other side. He could not repress a groan of dismay once or twice.

"If they had only done it decently!" he said. "In some places it looks as if it had been torn out by the roots, they've cropped it so close, and here again are these long pieces. Well, well, Bobby, my boy, I fancy we were too vain of our appearance. Here goes!"

In a short time Bob had the appearance of a closely shaven French poodle.

Edith watched the process for a few minutes, but presently went to her room.

"I shall be held accountable for this too, I suppose," she said to herself. "Oh, why did those Gordons ever come?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BUILDING OF MODERN WONDERS.

THE BOOK.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

ALTHOUGH we are apt to speak of the "writing" or the "making" of a book, rather than of its "building," each of these is a distinct operation; and when a book, first written, then made, is finally ready for the reader, it has been built as truly as a house or a ship is built. It has demanded an equal amount of careful planning, skilled labor, and close attention to the thousand details that go to the making of a completed whole. In reading an interesting book how very little we think of this, or realize the amount of time and hard work expended in thus giving us a few hours of pleasure. Most people consider writing to be a very easy method of making a living, and nothing is more common in an author's experience than to have his friends express surprise when he speaks of going to his work.

"Work!" they exclaim. "Surely you do not call it *work* to occupy a pleasant room at home, and write for a few hours each day? That's more like play than work. If you

want to know what real work is, come with us and see what we have to do."

So every one, except those who know, imagines book-writing to be so easy that most of those who desire to earn a livelihood without very hard work try their hands at it. The girl of brains and education thrown upon her own resources decides to become an author; and, after a desperate struggle, fails because she has no real experiences to draw from. The sea-captain who is too old to follow his chosen profession, but must still make a living, and is brimful of experience and adventures, decides to become an author. When he too meets with failure he blames everybody and everything except himself, and rarely discovers that the reason he cannot become a successful author at his time of life is because he has not been trained to the business, and does not know how to write.

Authorship, or book-writing, is a trade that must be learned the same as any other, and I believe that any boy or girl of average intelligence may be trained to successful authorship if only he or she is willing to work hard enough and long enough at the trade. Even imagination can be cultivated. Of course the literary apprentice must know how to apply the rules of grammar, must practise clearness and conciseness of style, must know how to use books of reference, must have what is known as a liberal education, and, above all, must be possessed of a genuine liking for his chosen calling. After leaving his school or college he should spend at least two years—and four would be better—as a reporter, a private secretary, an amanuensis to some skilled writer, or as assistant editor of some first-class publication that insists upon the use of grammatical English in its columns. During this apprenticeship he may try his hand at sketches, essays, or short stories, and must learn to accept calmly a dozen disappointments with each success.

When the author is ready to write a book his most difficult task is to select a subject that shall be interesting, timely, and not already overdone. It must be one that he can write about from his own experience, or from the experience of others. The latter may be gained from books or from the verbal accounts of those who have been through with what he desires to describe; but a book compiled from other books is apt to be dull and lifeless, while one dealing with a personal experience is almost certain to be interesting. "Mark Twain's" best books are those based upon his own life on the Mississippi, in Western mining camps, or while travelling abroad. The great charm of Miss Alcott's stories lay in the fact that she wrote of her



SETTING UP THE BOOK.

every-day surroundings. The absorbing interest of Captain King's *Cadet Days* is due to the author's absolute knowledge, from personal experience, of the joys and sorrows, the trials and triumphs, of West Point life. Thus to be a successful writer of books one must have something to say, and must know how to say it. To these qualifications must be added tireless industry, boundless patience, and a determination to succeed in spite of all obstacles.

Let us suppose that our author decides to write a book for boys, and to make it a mining-story. But he has never been down in a mine, nor even seen one. He knows nothing about mines from personal experience. Under

these circumstances it is clearly his duty to visit the nearest mining region, and remain there long enough to become familiar with its life, its scenery, and its incidents, before he attempts to describe them. From such a trip he returns to his workshop with a thorough knowledge of what he desires to write about. Before beginning the actual work of writing he must plan his book, decide how many chapters it is to contain, and what shall be their length; lay out, either on paper or in his mind, the general scheme of his story; select a name for his hero, and, if possible, decide upon a title; for it is better to fit a story to a title than to fit a title to a story.



STITCHING THE SHEETS.

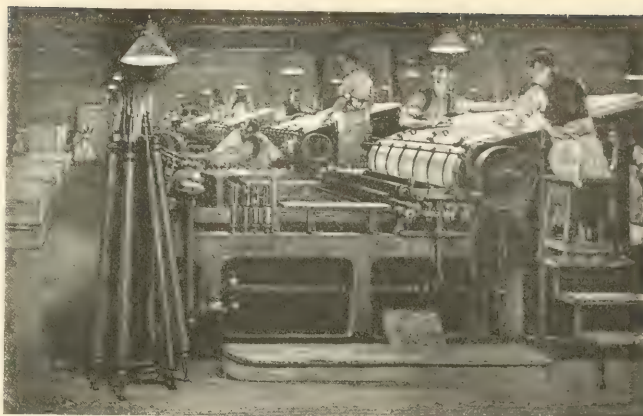
HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

In these preliminaries the author has invested a month or more of time, and has expended a certain amount of money. In other words, he has paid for the stock of goods upon which he hopes to realize a profit. Now he is ready to enter upon the building of his book.

As writing is among the most tiresome and exhausting forms of labor, it should never be allowed to occupy more than eight hours of each day, and the best results are reached in four or five hours, followed by a change of employment, recreation, out-of-door exercise, or complete rest for the remainder of the day. Every book should be written twice, the first draft being made on soft unglazed paper with a No. 2 pencil, while the second is a revised and punctuated copy, written in ink or type-written on sheets of a medium size. The neatness of a manuscript has much to do with its favorable reception at the hands of an editor or a publisher's reader. Some authors do not write at all, but dictate to a stenographer or an amanuensis; but this requires extra practice, and is generally so expensive a method that it can only be adopted by those who have an assured market for their work, or are not obliged to earn a livelihood.

At length our book is written; a fair copy of the original rough draft has been made, and provided with chapter headings, title page, and table of contents. The precious manuscript is put into a box the exact size of its sheets, sent off to a publisher, and, with his occupation gone, the anxious author waits days, weeks, and sometimes months, for news of his venture.

Very few publishers have either the time or inclination for a personal reading of books in manuscript, and for this work they employ skilled readers upon whose judgment they can rely. Some houses thus retain as many as six such readers, and very often a manuscript book must pass through the hands of all these, taking its turn with scores of others, before a decision is reached concerning it. Each reader hands in a written opinion as to its merits and de-



PRINTING OF THE BOOK IN THE PRESS ROOM.

merits, its chances of success or failure. Sometimes, if these opinions are conflicting, the publisher hands them all, together with the book in question, to a seventh reader—a sort of a court of final appeal—and requests him to write an opinion on the opinions. Even if all the opinions are favorable, the publisher may still refuse to bring out the work in question. There are a hundred good reasons for declining to publish a book, and the manuscript must run the gauntlet of them all. It may be too long or too short, or too similar to something else already in hand. Its principal characters may be too young or too old. It may not be in a certain publisher's peculiar line, or it may contain sentiments of which he does not approve. He may already have accepted as many books as he cares to issue in that year. This one may be interesting but badly written, or it may be beautifully expressed and as dull as dish-water. Thus an endless list of "mays," "ifs," and "buts" present themselves, by any one of which the fate of the book may be influenced. The one question to which they all lead is: "Will it pay? If so, we will publish it; if not, we won't."

Of course publishers and publishers' readers sometimes make mistakes concerning the value of a book, and decline one that, in the hands of another publisher, or brought out at the author's expense, achieves a tremendous success. In fact, there is hardly a popular book about which some tale of this kind is not told.

Our book having escaped the many perils that beset it, and been accepted, the publisher makes the author one of three offers for it. He will buy it outright, publish it subject to royalty, or on shares. If he buys it and its copyright outright, he gives an unknown author for his first book from \$100 to \$400, rarely more; while offers to well-known and successful authors often run up into the thousands of dollars.

If the agreement is to publish on the royalty plan, the offer to an unknown author will be that of a ten-per-cent. royalty on the retail price of his book after one thousand copies shall have been sold. It costs from \$300 to \$500 to publish one thousand copies of the ordinary one-dollar book. One hundred or more of these are given to editors or critics for the sake of the advertising contained in such notices as they may write about the book. The remainder are sold to the trade at a 40 per-cent. discount from the retail price. The disposal in this manner of 1000 copies of a book not only pays the cost of its publication, but generally yields a small profit to the publisher.

By getting a one-dollar book for sixty cents, or "forty off," as they say in the trade, the dry goods stores, who sell a great many books, and the regular retail booksellers,



IN THE BINDERY.

are able to offer it at 65 or 70 or 75 cents, and still make a profit on it; while at the same time the publisher is obliged, by his agreement with the trade, to charge the full list price for every copy of a book that he sells at retail. For this reason it is generally cheaper to buy a book from a dealer than from the publisher.

If a book is successful enough to run into a second edition or reach its second thousand, which very few first books ever do, then the author begins to receive ten cents for every copy sold. If, however, it fails to pass its first thousand, he receives nothing for his labor, except the advertising of his name gained by the publication of a book. A well-known and popular author whose work is certain to sell, bringing out a book on the royalty plan, receives from 10 to 15 per cent. on every copy sold from the very first.

The copyright life of a book, or the time during which it will pay its author a royalty, is fourteen years, and may be extended, by application, fourteen years longer.

If the publisher and author agree to bring out a book "on shares," it means that they shall share equally all expenses and profits. In any case a long and formidable contract is drawn up, which both parties must sign before the book can be "put in hand," or enter upon the second stage of its building.

After a publisher has arranged to bring out a book, the questions for him to decide concerning it are: At what time of year shall it appear? Whether or not it shall be illustrated? What shall be its size, its style of type, the weight of its paper, and the form of its binding? How many copies shall be printed? How much money shall be expended in advertising it? etc., etc. Occasionally the author is consulted concerning some of these questions, especially in regard to illustrations, for which he is sometimes requested to furnish photographs; but more often he is not. The publisher, who bears the expense of illustrating the book, generally reserves the right to select the artist for this work as well as to decide upon the number, the style, and the size of the pictures.

There is so much art in the making of a book that by the aid of large type, wide spaces between lines, heavy paper, and broad margins a small manuscript may suffice for a large volume; while by the use of small type set "solid," thin paper, and narrow margins an immense amount of matter may be compressed into very small compass. As a rule the large or medium-sized volumes, especially among those known to the trade as "Juvéniles," sell best, for there are many people who in the purchase of books follow the plan of the Chinaman in buying shoes, and select the largest size to be bad for the money.

After forming the subject of innumerable consultations between those interested in its success, our manuscript book is finally "put in hand," or sent to the foreman of the composing-room, who scatters its pages here and there among his printers. As soon as half a dozen or ten or twenty sheets have been "set up" or turned into type, a galley-proof is "pulled" and handed to the proof-reader for correction. The galley is a long, narrow, brass-lined frame, in which a column of type is placed. The face of this type is inked with a hand-roller, a long strip of white paper is laid over it, and the whole goes into a hand-press. The printing thus done is not very fine, but it is plenty good enough to enable the keen-eyed proof-reader to detect any errors that have been made. He marks these on the margins of the proof, and hands it back to the compositors, each of whom corrects the mistakes appearing in the portion he has set. There is no more interesting sight in a composing-room than that of a skilled compositor making these corrections, picking out and replacing the little black types, transferring whole lines or paragraphs from one place to another, spacing, leading, punctuating, without dropping a type or making a mistake. The untrained eye can make nothing at all out of the type column, which has the same effect as the mirror reflection of an ordinary page.

After all corrections are thus made, another galley-proof, called a "revise," is pulled. Several copies of this are made, two of which are sent to the author of the book. There is no prouder nor happier moment in the life of an author

than when he receives the first proofs of his first book. Never again will they appear so beautiful or so precious, though every author who is interested in his work always enjoys reading the proofs of each new book, no matter how many he may write. His ideas present such a different appearance in type from what they did in manuscript that he hardly recognizes them. His characters have attained such a dignity and reality that he almost needs an introduction to them.

On this galley-proof the author makes such changes and corrections as he pleases, though of course the fewer the better, and then sends one copy back to the composing-room, where all the alterations he has suggested are made in type. The galley columns are now broken into pages of the size previously agreed upon, and a set of page-proofs is pulled and sent to the author for his final revision. He must read this proof very carefully, for this is his last chance to make changes, and whatever passes this time must go into the finished book. When this page-proof returns to the composing-room, and the final corrections are made in the types, they are sent to the foundry. Here stereotypes are made from them in the manner described under the title "The Making of a Great Newspaper" in Vol. XV. of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. For book-printing these type-metal stereotypes are converted into electrotypes by being hung in an acid bath, where, in a very short time, by the action of electricity, they are coated with a thin film of copper.

The finished plates are sent down to the basement of the great building, where are the book-presses that will turn out printed sheets of from four to thirty-two pages each, almost as fast as the huge cylinder presses of a newspaper office can turn out newspapers.

On the press the printed pages of our book meet and make the acquaintance of the illustrated or picture pages with which they are henceforth to be so intimately associated. In the building of a book the artist's part must by no means be overlooked, for a well-illustrated book, especially if intended for youthful readers, like the one we are considering, is doubled in value by its pictures. For ordinary books very little engraving or wood-cutting is now done, since by the aid of photography and electricity so many cheap processes for reproducing drawings have been discovered that the slower methods of the engraver are only employed for the very best and finest work. If the picture is to be engraved it is either drawn directly on the wood or transferred to it by photography; while if it is to be reproduced by one of the cheaper processes, it is photographed on a prepared plate of metal, from which the light spaces are eaten out by acids, while the shadows remain untouched. The thin plate is given a substantial wood-backing to preserve its form, and is then ready for use.

From the press-room the printed sheets are sent to the bindery, where they are folded, once into quartos (4tos), twice into octavos (8vos), three times into sextodecimos (16mos), or into any other size that shall have been agreed upon. Then the sheets are stitched together, pressed, their edges are cut by powerful machine knives, and the whole, finally glued into its cover, is set aside under pressure to dry.

The making of covers is a distinct branch of book-building that gives employment to a great many skilled workmen and workwomen. The most conspicuous of these is the artist who draws the cover design, and suggests its scheme of color—for the sale of a book depends very largely upon whether or not its cover is attractive. Covers are made of paper, cloth, or leather. Most books are bound in "cloth," as it is called, which means pasteboard, covered with muslin stiffened with sizing, and colored a uniform tint before the design is stamped or printed on it. A book bound in "boards" is enclosed between covers of pasteboard, and one bound in calf or morocco has its heavy pasteboard covers hidden beneath very thin sheets of leather. The inside of covers is often made of "marbled" paper, and one of the most interesting corners of the bindery is that devoted to marbling. Here a bath of gum-tragacanth, looking like a mass of smooth black glue newly

melted, has wet colors sprinkled over it from paint-brushes. These are drawn into lines or figures with coarse wooden combs. A dampened sheet of paper is spread over the colored surface, quickly withdrawn thoroughly "marbled," and hung on a line to dry.

In another corner of the room busy girls are applying gilding to covers from packets of gold leaf; while elsewhere dozens of others are doing different and equally interesting things, all belonging to the great trade of book-binding.

At length our book, having passed through all these stages and processes, is pronounced complete, and a date is set for its "publication" or presentation to the public. On the day that it appears half a dozen copies are sent to the author with compliments of the publisher. If the author wishes any more copies of his book to present to his admiring friends, he must buy them and pay for them like any one else.

Thus the building of the book is finished, and it is launched on the stormy sea of literature, to sink or swim according to whether or not it has been constructed of poor material by incapable workmen, or has been well and wisely built.

CLOTH OF GOLD.

CLOTH of ermine covered
The earth awhile ago;
A royal robe on every hill;
In every valley low
The sparkle as of diamonds,
The sheen of dancing light,
And the world a fairy palace
By dawn and noon and night.

Cloth of gold is woven
To wrap the earth to-day,
With stars of many twinkling rays,
Broadcast upon the way.
The dandelions laughing,
The daisies coming soon,
And the world's a fairy palace
By morn and night and noon. M. E. S.

ON BOARD THE ARK.*

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER I.



It took a long time for Tommy Toddlers to recover from the exquisite sensation of surprise and wonder which clung to him after his strange adventures with the Sheep and the ex-Pirate. He used to talk to his Uncle Dick continually of what he had seen and done during that famous afternoon, and many and many a time the two went out into the woods together and searched through the bushes and the trees for the haunt of the Loon, and for the lake by the side of which had stood the Poor-house. But they never found anything; and Tommy was consequently forced to sit at home and content himself with recollections and reminiscences—"which are decidedly unsatisfactory substitutes," thought he.

So it frequently happened that the little boy sat all alone in the big room at the top of the house, and went over and over again in his mind those peculiar incidents in which so many strange creatures had figured, and in which so many odd things had been said and done. But one rainy day he seemed to be more affected by those reminiscences

than he had ever been before, and so he settled back on the window-seat, and gave himself up entirely to thoughts of the ex-Pirate, the Sheep, the Reformed Burglar, and to all the quaint creatures of his acquaintance. He was smiling quietly to himself at some of the funny things Thingumbob had said on the beach, when all of a sudden he thought he heard somebody knocking on the door. Nobody ever knocked before coming into Tommy's play-room, and so the little boy looked up in a curious way, wondering who it could be, and wishing that no one would come in to disturb his reverie. The door was ajar, but he could see that there was some person standing out in the hall. Presently there was another knock. Tommy straightened up on the window-seat, and called out,

"Come in!"

The door swung slowly inward, and who should be standing there looking straight at Tommy but his old friend the ex-Pirate! It was the same old ex-Pirate of days and days ago, with his fierce mustaches and long hair, and his big pistols sticking out of his sash. He looked at Tommy for a moment, just as if he wanted to make sure that he was calling on the right little boy, and then a pleasant smile spread all over his face, and he walked rapidly across the room. Tommy jumped from the window-seat and hastened to meet him.

"Why, I'm awfully glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "How do you do, Mr. ex-Pirate? And how did you get up here?"

The ex-Pirate laughed, and shook hands with Tommy, and then he said: "Oh, I just came. Things come and go, you know; and I just came. Wasn't it nice?"

"Awfully nice," said Tommy, enthusiastically. "I've been thinking a lot about you. I was beginning to think you were not real."

"Oh yes, I'm real," asserted the ex-Pirate. "Just as real as you are."

"Perhaps I'm not real," suggested Tommy; and then, becoming alarmed at the thought, he felt in his pockets, and pulled at his hair to see if he was all there. Reassured on that point he added, "Where is the Sheep?"

"I guess he's running yet," answered the ex-Pirate, laughing. "Poor fellow; I left him 'way behind. But I never saw anybody run like you in all my life. You ran faster than Time, and Time runs pretty fast now, I tell you! He can go pretty near as fast as Money—and you know how fast Money goes."

Tommy did not know how fast money went, because he had never seen very much of it, but he thought that, from the nature of his past business, the ex-Pirate must have had wide experience in those matters. So he said, "I suppose so."

"That's right," continued the ex-Pirate. "That's perfectly right. But I ran as fast as I could, and I've only just arrived."

"You must be tired," remarked the little boy.

"Not at all. I never get tired. I'm ready to keep right on, if you want to."

"Keep right on?" queried Tommy.

"Yes."

"On what?"

"Why, looking for the animals," replied the ex-Pirate.

"But I found them," said Tommy.

"You did?" exclaimed the ex-Pirate, in surprise.

"Certainly. They were right here."

"Where?"

"Right in this room."

"Well, where are they now?"

Tommy Toddlers would have given his word, fifteen minutes before the ex-Pirate asked him this question, that his Noah's Ark with the animals in it was on the floor near the table; but when he went to look for it to show it to his friend he could not find it anywhere.

"It's gone," he said finally, after several minutes of vain searching under tables and sofas. "It's gone, and all the animals too."

"They've gone?" repeated the ex-Pirate.

"Yes," said Tommy, dejectedly, "they've gone away again. Not only the animals, but the Ark."

* "On Board the Ark" is a sequel to "The Strange Adventures of Tommy Toddlers," which began in No. 790.



THROUGH THE HALLS OF TIME.

"The Ark!" exclaimed the ex-Pirate.

"Certainly," said Tommy. "My animals belonged in the Ark. There were two of each."

"In Noah's Ark?" said the ex-Pirate.

"Yes; did you never see one?"

"Why, what nonsense!" laughed the ex-Pirate. "That was hundreds and hundreds of years ago."

"I know it was," said Tommy, with dignity. "But my animals were imitations."

The ex-Pirate was gazing absent-mindedly out of the window over toward the ocean. "Your animals had invitations?" he said presently, recovering himself. "Of course. They all did. The Ark was no promiscuous affair. There was admission by card only. All those that had invitations got in; the others got drowned."

Tommy saw that the ex-Pirate did not quite understand what he had said to him, so he thought it would be wiser to branch out on some other topic, but before he could do so his visitor remarked,

"They had lots of fun in the Ark," and he chuckled to himself.

"How do you know?" asked the little boy.

"The Sheep told me. He was one of the Few Hundred. I should like to have been on board too."

"So should I," assented Tommy, eagerly, "especially if they were all as nice as the animals we met the other day."

"It would have been fun to take that trip," continued the ex-Pirate, musingly. "I don't know but that we can, even now, fix it to go on board."

"On board the Ark?" cried Tommy.

"Exactly. We would have to go a long way back through the Ages; but perhaps we can fix that up with old Father Time. He might take us back and let us go aboard."

Tommy stared vacantly at his peculiar companion, and wondered silently if he had gone mad. Pretty soon the ex-Pirate said,

"Let's go."

"Where?"

"On board the Ark."

"How shall we do it?" asked Tommy, who felt that it could do no harm to humor his caller.

"We will find Father Time, and see if he will go backwards for us. Where is the clock?"

"In the hall down stairs," answered the little boy.

The two went out into the corridor and down the stairs to where the old Dutch clock stood under the staircase, ticking loudly through the silent house. It was much taller than either Tommy or the ex-Pirate, and as they approached the little boy was amazed to see the clock's face brighten up and smile, and wave its hands in greeting to the ex-Pirate. The latter returned the courteous salute, and knocked on the door below. The door immediately opened, and old Father Time, with his scythe and his hour-glass, stepped out into the hallway, and nodded cheerfully to the ex-Pirate.

"How do you do?" said he.

"Sixty seconds to the minute as usual," answered Father Time, genially. "What can I do for you?"

"Can you go back a little?" asked the ex-Pirate, inquiringly.

"What for?" asked Father Time.

And then the ex-Pirate started in to explain what he wanted. His argument was most involved, and Tommy Toddles could not follow it at all; but the latter kept on talking as fast and as impressively as he could, and occasionally he pulled out his pistols and shook them vigorously in the air over his head. Father Time listened attentively, and shook his head negatively for a long time, but finally he appeared to yield to the ex-Pirate's persuasive arguments, and when he spoke he said he would do what was wanted.

"Will you go?" said the ex-Pirate, turning quickly to Tommy. The little boy hesitated a moment, because he did not know exactly where the ex-Pirate wanted him to go, or how long he would be gone if he went; he hesitated, but it was only for a moment, because he soon noticed that Father Time was growing impatient, and the ex-Pirate looked slightly displeased at the delay.

"Oh yes, I'll go," he said, impulsively.

He had hardly spoken these words when Father Time slung his scythe and his hour-glass over his shoulders, grabbed the ex-Pirate with one hand and seized Tommy with the other. Then the old Dutch clock began burring and whizzing, as if all the wheels were revolving as fast as they could turn; and they must have been, for when Tommy glanced at the face of the clock to see what the hour was the hands were racing around so fast that he could hardly see them—and they were turning in the opposite direction from the way clock hands usually travel. There was no time to notice this slight peculiarity, however, for the little boy felt himself rudely jerked off his feet, held firmly by the tight grasp of Father Time, and before he could exclaim or object or expostulate, he saw himself flying through space at what seemed to be the rate of many hundreds of miles a minute. Father Time was vigorously working his wings, and was speeding backwards, his long gray beard flowing in the wind between Tommy and the ex-Pirate, who were sticking out straight behind, and neither of whom had breath enough left to be able to say anything.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

ALTHOUGH IT MAY HAVE BEEN a surprise to many to see Whitman play his way through to the finals at the Longwood Tournament last week, his success was hardly unexpected by those who have been watching his work since his defeat by Ware on Jarvis Field in May. Ware earned the championship of the Boston schools on that occasion, and he had to play hard to do it, defeating Whitman 6-4, 6-3, 7-5, but since that time his game seems to have fallen off slightly, whereas Whitman's has vastly improved. He let the champion take the first set of their match, 6-3, but in the three that followed, Ware only pulled out five games.

IT CANNOT BE SAID, HOWEVER, that Ware played poor tennis, for that was by no means the case. He played well—he certainly had to play well to reach the semi-finals—but Whitman played better. Again and again, especially during the first part of the match, Ware passed his opponent at the net, which is Whitman's strong position. That kind of play won him the first set; but Whitman braced after that, and closed up, and although Ware got the balls over the net, he could not pass him. Ware lacked head-work in placing. He seemed to lose much of his coolness as soon as Whitman came up to him, and instead of lobbing, as he ought to have done, or of going up to the net himself, he placed the balls frequently to his opponent's advantage and to his own discomfort. I had expected to see Ware put up a strong offensive game, but his play was mostly defensive. He had evidently not expected to en-

counter such a change in his rival's methods. Whitman certainly showed greater confidence in himself than he did on Jarvis Field, and was much more at home at the net.

Steele. Lure. Field. Chapman.
Inghalle. Howard (Manager). Daly (Trainer). Lawrence (Captain) Parkhurst. Cady.



Ingraham. Bradin. Sturtevant.

HARTFORD HIGH-SCHOOL TRACK-ATHLETIC TEAM.
Champions of the Connecticut High-School Athletic Association.

IT MAY BE THAT SOME of Ware's weakness was due to his lack of practice, as he injured his wrist in June and did not touch a racquet for four weeks; but I doubt if he could



L. E. Ware, umpiring.

Hovey.

W. Ware.

FINAL MATCH OF THE LONGWOOD TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

have defeated Whitman at Longwood, even if he had been in the form that made him champion at the Interscholastics. He will have to do some hard work between now and the date of the Newport Tournament if he wishes to hold his own there. He must pull himself together and keep from falling into that listless style of play which proved so disastrous to him in the last two sets against Whitman. The latter now stands a good chance of carrying off the honors of the year, if present form may be depended upon to be prophetic. He has beaten at Longwood men who were considered his superiors, and he only met defeat at the hands of a man who is rated as the fourth player in the United States.

THE HOVEY-WHITMAN MATCH was one of the most interesting of the week, in spite of the fact that it was evident from the start that the school player was outclassed. This fact might not have been so patent if Whitman had kept his nerve better, but he seemed to be afraid of his antagonist from the very outset, and did not put up anywhere near so good a game as he did against Ware. Hovey apparently realized this weakness, and kept close up to the net. Whitman made his greatest mistake in falling back, for Hovey's net game is hard to beat. This also gave the champion an opportunity to do some sharp volleying with a stiff wrist and forearm—strokes that the younger player was unable to return. Occasionally Whitman made some brilliant plays, but he was overshadowed by the veteran.

HOVEY TOOK THE FIRST FOUR GAMES largely on his opponent's nervousness, but in the fifth he drove out of court twice, and Whitman got in a first-rate side-line place. Thus with the score 40-15 in his favor he ought to have taken the game, but he let Hovey pull it up to deuce, and then he drove out, giving Hovey vantage, which was followed by a hot rally, ending in a sharp stroke that Whitman was unable to reach. In this set Whitman made but ten points to Hovey's twenty-six, and not until the third game of the second set did the interscholastic player secure a game. Even this was somewhat of a gift, for Hovey started in with a double fault and then drove into the net. The fifth game showed some pretty rocky playing on both sides, but Whitman finally secured his vantage on a clever side-line place, and made game on Hovey's wild drive out of court. The sixth game of this set was also deuce—for Whitman was doing his best work at this juncture—but it went to Hovey, who, having coaxed his opponent into back court, dropped a teaser just over the net. The set score was 33-28, the closest of the match.

IN THE LAST SET Whitman began to lose some of the timidity which had characterized his play up to this point, and in the third game, when Hovey had him 40-0, he worked it up to deuce, but unfortunately eventually lost on drives out of court. He kept his nerve, nevertheless, and earned the fourth game with steady, and at times, brilliant work. Hovey could not connect on the young man's serve and drove out. Whitman then ran up to the net and scored a beautiful side place, making it 40-0. I cannot help feeling that if he had done more of this work he would have kept Hovey playing an hour longer for his win. The score then went from 40-0 to 40-30, but Hovey followed with a drive out, and it was Whitman's game. This was the end of the latter's good work. Hovey took a brace and had it all his own way until the end, giving Whitman only two points in the next three games, closing the set with the score 27-13. Whitman is only seventeen years old, and goes to Harvard in the fall. His school in Boston was Hopkinson's, although for five years previous to this last he attended the Roxbury Latin School. Ware is a Roxbury Latin player, and also enters Harvard with the class of '99.

BESIDES WHITMAN AND WARE another scholastic player at Longwood was W. M. Scudder, of St. Paul's. He has the making of a good player, but only got as far as the first round, when he met Faret, and was defeated, 1-6, 6-2, 5-7, 6-4, 6-3. Scudder played a good game in this match, in

spite of his ill-success, volleying and smashing with a degree of proficiency that would have done credit to many an older player. Faret won by better head-work, but I am confident Scudder will be heard from later on.

THE REFERENCE TO NEW ENGLAND football made in these columns two weeks ago has aroused the interest of a number of readers in that section, and several questions have been asked about the origin of the present association. The subject is of enough general interest to receive a little more space than it was possible to devote to it last time. It is of enough general interest, because this football league, with the possible exception of the New York Interscholastic track-athletic organization, was the first interscholastic association formed in this country. It came about in a very natural way in the fall of 1898. Harvard football men had for several years been deploring the necessity of devoting two or three weeks at the beginning of each fall term to the weeding out and selection of new football material, and the idea finally suggested itself that if the schools could be used for this purpose the university would gain much by such an arrangement. It then became clear that the way to use the schools would be to get up some sort of a football league that would train players who would eventually enter Harvard, and furnish material for the university eleven.

THIS IDEA OF ORGANIZING an interscholastic league emanated from the fertile brain of R. Seaver Hale, then in college. He consulted with Captain Sears, of the Varsity football team, with F. C. Woodman, C. A. Porter, and A. P. Butler, members of the eleven, and with Fred Fisk, who took a living interest in the athletic welfare of the college. These six men discussed Hale's idea, and then decided to put in \$25 apiece and to offer a cup which should be contested for by football teams from the Boston schools.

WHEN THE QUESTION was submitted to the school football players it was looked upon favorably at once by them, and the interscholastic association was formed. The schools to come in were the Cambridge High and Latin, the Roxbury Latin, the Boston Latin, Chauncy Hall, Hopkinson's, Nobles, and Hale's, Nichol's, and Stone's combined. The six Harvard men then got together again, and drew up rules and regulations which should govern the playing for the cup. Hale was the Thomas Jefferson of the crowd, and turned out a code of laws that suited the schools perfectly.

THE FORMATION OF THE LEAGUE created a great boom in football in the schools. Up to that time playing had been of a desultory nature, and games had been arranged from week to week as the captains chose. There had never been any training or system. Now all this changed. Schedules were prepared and adhered to, and the players all made it a point to keep in as good training as possible. Each school had its eye on the cup. The Harvard men were much pleased at the success of their scheme, and the Varsity Captain looked hopefully toward the development of good material for the next year. The donors of the cup acted as a sort of advisory committee, and kept a general supervision over the league.

THINGS PROGRESSED FAIRLY on this line for a while, until the sport was so generally taken up all over the country that the college players no longer felt the necessity for taking that parental interest in the schools which had prompted the offering of a cup. Succeeding Varsity Captains, who had not gone through the labors of Sears and his predecessors to get good material, did not quite see the necessity for devoting their time to overseeing scholastic matches, and so the schools gradually took the management of their league into their own hands. The teams belonging to the association increased so in number, that the association had to be divided into two parts, known respectively as the Senior League and the Junior League, the Seniors playing each year for the cup, the Juniors playing for a pennant. The winner of the Junior League en-

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

tered the Senior League the following year. The latter was kept under the management of the donors of the cup, but the Juniors more or less ran themselves.

THIS METHOD HAS NOW AGAIN been changed, as described in the ROUND TABLE two weeks ago. There is henceforth to be only one League playing in two divisions. In the first are six Seniors playing for the cup; in the second, all the rest playing for a pennant. At the end of the season, or at the beginning of the next season, the last team of the first section will play the first team in the second to see whether they change places. This arrangement will serve to keep the first division always made up of six teams.

THE MANAGEMENT OF BOTH divisions rests in one committee composed of three members of the schools, the Captain of the Harvard eleven two Harvard men, who replace the original cup donors, and one graduate of the schools, who may be a Harvard man, but who at present is a Tufts College man, a graduate of the English High-School. This makes seven in all. It is well that one of the committee should not be a Harvard man, and so the presence of the Tufts man makes the arrangement as just as it should be. Harvard having offered the cup, should, of course, always retain a controlling voice in the councils of the association.

THE HIGH-SCHOOL OF STOCKTON, California, will apply for membership in the Academic Athletic League of the Pacific coast at the opening of the next school term, and as there is no reason to suppose admission will be refused we shall doubtless see some Stocktonians in the front ranks at the next semiannual field-day. Stockton H.-S. has a good record in athletics, and in addition to the regulation sports of the school list they indulge in rowing. The Stockton Athletic Club has for some time allowed the High-School oarsmen to use their barges, and the interest in aquatics has become so lively that a race may soon be arranged with the Oakland High-School. O. H.-S. has not rowed any yet, but there is a movement on foot to get the use of the University of California boats that are kept on Oakland Creek, not far from the school, and as this courtesy will doubtless be granted to the boys by the U.C. Navy, a water contest may not be far distant.

OF THE ELEVEN MEN who carried off the championship of the Connecticut High-School A.A. for the Hartford High-School, Lawrence, Field, Ingraham, and Parkhurst have graduated, and Cady will go to Andover for a year before entering Yale. These departures will greatly weaken the H.H.-S. team, and the Captain must now look to the development of new material, or else those ponies from Lakeville will come down again next spring and this time take the championship back with them to the Hotchkiss School.

HARTFORD'S LOSS IS ANDOVER'S GAIN. At the New England Interscholastics last June, Andover took both the high and the low hurdles with Hine; and in the dual games against Worcester, Andover got the high hurdles with Holt, losing the low race to Worcester through Barker. Both Hine and

Holt graduated this year, however, and Andover would have been left without a hurdler if Cady had not decided to spend a year in Massachusetts. Cady did not make a very strong showing at the Connecticut H.-S.A.A. games this year because of a dislocated shoulder. He ran second to Field in the high, and third in the low hurdles. But I feel confident that he has good speed, which careful and systematic training is sure to bring out. He will make a valuable acquisition to Andover's athletic team. Some day he will be as good a man as his brother.

THE GRADUATE.



Any questions in regard to photograph matters will be willingly answered by the editor of this column, and we should be glad to hear from any of our club who can make helpful suggestions.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, NO. 10.

PRINTING PROCESSES: THE BLUE PRINT.

THE number of processes used for photography are many. The very simplest is the blue-print paper. This quality is not the only one which recommends it alike to the beginner and the advanced amateur. It is nearly equal to the best silver prints in detail and clearness, and, unlike them, is absolutely permanent. It does not require any manipulation after printing except washing in clear water. It is only half the price of silver paper, and if prepared at home is still less expensive. Then blue paper is specially adapted to water pictures and to landscapes where there are plenty of clouds in the sky, and to those which have a long perspective with hills or mountains in the distance.

The ready-prepared paper costs twenty cents for a 4x5 package containing two dozen sheets. That prepared at home will cost about five cents for the same quantity.

The process of printing with blue paper is as follows: Place the negative in the printing-frame, glass side out, lay a sheet of blue paper on the film side, fasten in the frame and expose to bright sunlight. Blue prints may be made on a cloudy day, but the quicker they are printed the clearer and sharper will be the picture. Print until the shadows are slightly bronzed—that is, have a sort of metallic or shiny look, and are a bluish-green in color.

Take the print from the frame and place it face up in a tray of clear water, and let it stand in the sun for a minute or two, and then wash for fifteen or twenty minutes in running water. If one has not running water, wash the print in a few changes of water till the water ceases to be tinged with the blue color of the print. If the fine details of the picture wash out, the picture has not been printed long enough. If the high or white lights in the picture are tinged with blue, then the picture has been printed too long.

After the print is washed sufficiently, lay it between two clean pieces of white blotting-paper to absorb the moisture, then pin it up by the corner to dry.

It is very easy to sensitize the blue paper. Any unglazed paper will answer, but the Rives paper is the best. The following formula was sent a few days ago by Sir Knight Willis H. Kerr, University of Omaha, Bellevue, Wisconsin:

No. 1.	
Citrate of iron and ammonia	1 oz.
Water	4 "
No. 2.	
Red prussiate of potash	1 "
Water	4 "

Keep the bottles in a dark place or wrapped in black paper. Mix equal parts of No. 1 and No. 2, and having first dampened the paper with a brush or sponge put on enough of the solution to tint the paper evenly and apply lightly to avoid streaks. As soon as the paper is dry it is ready for use. The operation of sensitizing the paper must be done by gas or lamp light.

SIR KNIGHT FRANK S. WHITNEY asks how to mount prints made on Omega paper without removing the gloss, and also wishes a good formula for paste, and to know just how mounting of prints is done. Trim the prints ready for mounting before they are toned. Tone them, and squeeze them to the ferrotype plate. When they are thoroughly dry apply paste to the back of the print before removing it from the ferrotype. This will moisten the print just enough to let it be removed from the plate without tearing or sticking, loosening the corner first with the point of a penknife. Have the card-mount ready, and lay the picture carefully on it just where it is to be pasted. The prints treated in this way lose little of the gloss made by the ferrotype plate. When first beginning to mount pictures it is best to mark the place on the card where the picture is to be pasted. Lay a piece of tissue-paper over the face of the print, and rub the ^{paste} ~~paper~~ over it lightly. Take off the paper, and if any paste has oozed out from the edges of the print, wipe it off carefully. Then lay a fresh piece of paper over the card and rub down smoothly. If one has no squeegee, a smooth glass bottle answers well for small prints. For a formula for good paste see No. 754.

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BICYCLING

This Department is conducted in the interest of bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

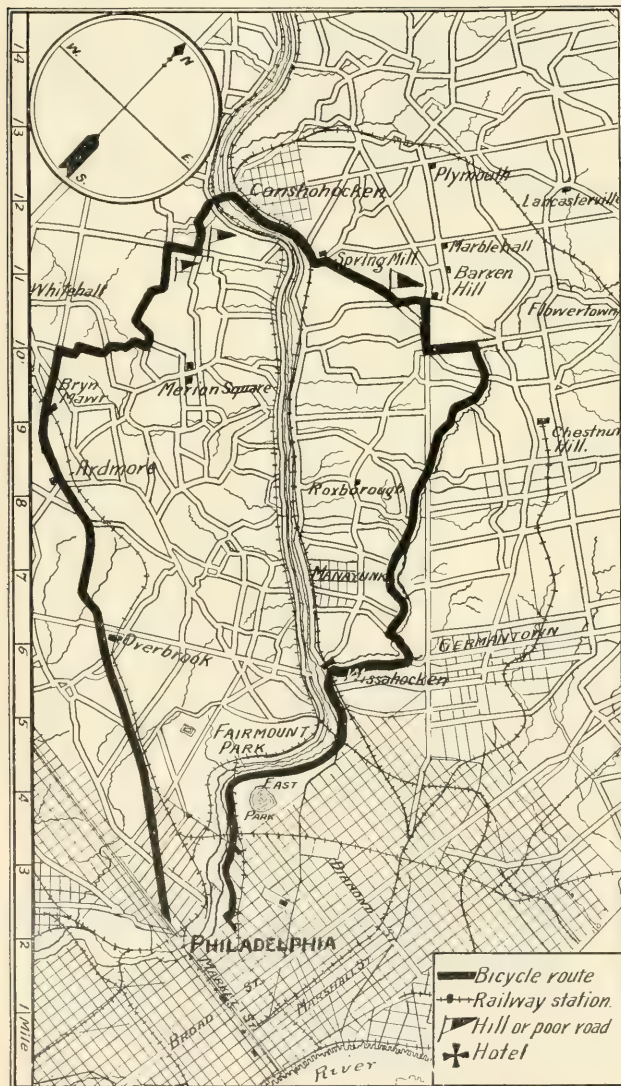
ONE of the prettiest and perhaps the best trip for an afternoon ride in the vicinity of Philadelphia is to run up through Fairmount Park, following the Wissahickon, which is a branch of the Schuylkill, and return to Phila-

delphia by Bryn-Mawr. The distance altogether is about thirty-three or thirty-four miles, and the road is not only a fine one from a bicyclist's point of view, but is most picturesque, cool, and pleasant. Leaving the public buildings at Broad and Market streets, proceed as described last week, up Broad Street to Spring Garden Street; turning left into this follow it to the bridge, but instead of crossing this turn to the right through East Park, leaving the reservoir on the right, and then keeping to the Schuylkill until Street Lane is crossed. Here the Wissahickon drive begins, and the grade from this point to the end of the drive, while it is not the most level, is not by any means too hilly for pleasant bicycle riding. At the end of the

Wissahickon drive turn left into the new road, which has been recently opened, thence turn right up the Ridge Road, and continue on to Barren Hill. Here you should turn sharp to the left again, and run down a hill, keeping to the right at its foot. This road carries you on to Spring Mill, and from here the road again, running along by the Schuylkill, will bring you into Conshohocken, a distance of seventeen miles and a half from the public buildings in Philadelphia. The road along the route is gravel, but it is good bicycling over almost every foot of it. There is no very good stopping-place in Conshohocken, but the wheelman will find a road-house which will serve the purpose of a noonday meal very well.

LEAVING CONSHOHOCKEN, cross the river, going southwestward, then continuing southward, follow the route marked on the map to Bryn-Mawr, the road from Conshohocken until Lancaster Avenue is reached being easily followed with the exception of a sharp turn to the right soon after crossing the river, and another turn to the left a few moments later. From Bryn-Mawr through Ardmore, Overbrook, into Market Street at the ferry, is a straight run along Lancaster Avenue, which is paved with Belgian block pavement from the point where it is joined by Fifty-fourth Street to Forty-third Street, but is otherwise a capital bicycle route. A somewhat pleasant way to return from Conshohocken is to follow the western bank of the Schuylkill until you strike Belmont Avenue. This is in capital condition, and will carry you through Fairmount Park. On reaching Elm Avenue, turn left, and again turn left into Girard Avenue, and from this point either continue, crossing the river and running down Grand Avenue to Grand Street, or turn to the right just before crossing and follow the western bank of the river as far as Spring Garden Street, where another crossing may be made, and the return to the public buildings followed as already described.

AS WAS SAID LAST WEEK, Philadelphia is most admirably suited



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for bicycling, but it would be difficult to find a more picturesque road than that which runs up through Fairmount Park or East Park and out towards the source of the Wissahickon, and this run is one of the best that can be found not only in the vicinity of Philadelphia, but anywhere in the United States.

NOTE—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island, in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 814. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Totenville to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 821.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

THIS Pudding Stick will be a very practical affair. In these summer days, when families are separated, or young people are paying visits to their friends, a great many letters must be written, and it is well to know what sort of stationery to use, what sort of ink is best, and, in brief, to understand the small details which make a letter or note graceful and elegant. The reverse of elegance is caused by lack of attention to what seem to be mere trifles, yet, in a way, nothing is trifling.

Thick white note-paper without lines is the approved style for young ladies, the sheet of note-paper folded once in the middle to fit an envelope which comes with the paper. Little girls may use the pretty Brownie paper, or other note-paper with a dainty device in the corner; but girls over twelve years of age should confine themselves to the clear smooth white paper. If you cannot write without lines to keep your words from a zigzag course, slip in between the folds of your paper a heavily ruled sheet, which will be a guide until practice enables you to control your hand so that you can keep your writing straight and even without an outside help.

Use black ink and a good pen, steel or gold, as you prefer. Keep your pen in perfect order.

At the top of your paper, a little to the right hand, write very plainly your post-office address. If your house has a special name, as, for instance, "Sunnyside," "The Owlery," "The Wren's Nest," "Riverbank," that will be first mentioned, but must be followed by the names of your town, or village, county, and State. It is important to give each of these in full. If you reside in a city, your street and number must be plainly written at the top of your letter. Should your letters be sent to a post-office box, instead of to your house, give the number of the box. Never omit these details. You cannot be sure that the most intimate friend will not be glad to save herself the trouble of looking up your address, and the proper thing is to be methodical and begin a letter with care.

Of course, in corresponding with your parents, sisters, and brothers, or dear school-

mates, you may be very affectionate in your expressions. "Dearest Mother," "Darling Papa," "My Own Dear Mollie," are all appropriate if your heart prompts you to write in this way to your home people. It is well to be less demonstrative with others, and "Dear Susie," or "My Dear John," are in better taste when writing to your cousins at a distance. "Dear" is considered less formal than "My Dear." Should you have occasion to write a letter of business, make clear to your correspondent what you wish to say. Business letters should be straightforward and to the point, and as short as is consistent with telling all that ought to be told. Home letters, and letters of affection, as also letters written when on a journey may be as long as you choose, and as far as possible, should be written as you would talk, a letter being a talk on paper to a friend out of sight.

No part of a letter is of more consequence than the signature. I sometimes receive letters from strangers, and am wholly unable to ascertain the names of the writers, their signature being so hurriedly written that it is what we call blind. Do you not think it worth while to write your name plainly when you remember that the name stands for you wherever you go, that it represents your character, that its lack makes a legal document worthless, and adds worth to whatever it is affixed? Always write your name in full at the end of every letter, preceding it by "Yours sincerely," or "Faithfully yours," or "Your loving daughter," or any other appropriate form or phrase.

Margaret E. Langster

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are loved by everybody. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address for a copy to New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.—[Adv.]

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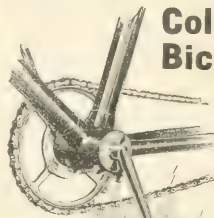
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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

A Treat for the Music Rack.

At the close of my former "Anecdotes of Von Bülow," I wrote against the German conservatories in general, and against Stuttgart in particular. Here are a few sentences on the same subject taken from an article by John C. Fildner which appeared in the December issue of *Music*:

"Touch in general is of two kinds, that based upon the blow principle and that based upon the principle of pressure. The former was the kind of touch universally prevalent. It is exemplified in extreme degree in Plaidy's *Technical Studies*, and in Leblert and Stark. Unmodified by other ideals, it produces a hard, rigid, unelastic touch, and a corresponding dryness and monotony of tone quality such as makes really expressive and artistic piano-playing impossible. This is the reason why the Stuttgart Conservatory, with its hundreds of pupils, yearly turns out no real artists. The pressure principle has found place in the playing of many European pedagogues without being adequately analyzed or explained. Julius Knorr and his pupils employed this kind of touch with beautiful effect; but if any of them even so much as mentioned the distinction between blow and pressure, I have never been able to hear of it.

"The two most valuable means of producing that condition of the nervous and muscular apparatus on which a sympathetic touch, based on the pressure principle, depends, are, so far as I am aware, the two-finger exercise of Dr. William Mason, and the up-arm touch. This latter is very lightly touched upon in the first volume of Mason's *Touch and Technique*; but it is of enormous value, as I have had occasion to know in the experience of the last years, and vastly more can be done with it than most players and teachers are aware."

I also stated in my last that Von Bülow was not a great pianist. But that he was a popular pianist there can be no doubt, though why he was popular it is hard to understand; for, according to Fildner, Von Bülow was a pianist in whom the intellectual greatly overbalanced the technical and emotional; and so his playing, while it might be interesting in a certain sense, was really dry from its lack of the emotional quality. Perhaps if Von Bülow had been born half a century later he might have been a greater pianist, for at present the advantages for piano students are much greater than formerly.

I suppose that when Von Bülow was young Stuttgart and similar schools were in the lead, and from those his technic touch and emotional tendencies could not be as fully developed as at the present day—not in Germany, but rather in Paris, or even in the great musical centres of our own country. But the great advantage that the "Home of Music" has over us is in her concerts and opera; not so much quality as quantity, and at cheaper rates. We have good concerts, but so few, comparatively, and too high-priced for the average person to attend many. How can a violin or a piano student in this country hear many violinists or pianists? It is in this respect that Germany is far ahead of us; while it is in her system of piano teaching and playing that she is pedantic and behind the age; and the sooner she awakens to a realization of the unfortunate truth, the better it will be for our nevertheless ever dear beloved Germany.

NEW YORK CITY. MARIE THERESE DERGE.

The Helping Hand.

We are glad to announce that the sum for the Willie A. Grant memorial stone has been secured, the contributors being:

A Friend, Maine.....	\$1
Grant Knapp.....	1
Sallie E. Hodges.....	25
Grace Pearl Richards.....	25
James F. Rodgers.....	25
Fred W. Baxter.....	1
Thomas W. Smythe.....	50
Helen Hunt Ermentrout.....	50
Fanny C. McElvaine.....	25
James W. Gerard, India.....	1
The amount needed.....	\$6

These sums are given to place a Grant memorial stone in the School Building, Sir William having

contributed to the Fund \$250. He was a Brooklyn member, and died last year.

The following contributions have reached us since last report:

Robert I. Wilson.....	10
W. S. M. Silber.....	1
Hubert and James Mitchell, Truman and John Pierce, Samuel Canfield, and Allen Russell.....	5 50
Miss J. F. Gillespie.....	1 75
George Pierce.....	2
Kirk Munroe Chapter, of Kingman, Ariz. Isawa Finchon, South Africa.....	2 55
Henry S. Canby.....	1
G. W. Hinckley.....	1
Lancelot Chapter, of Newtonville, Mass. Edison Chapter, of Bangor, Me.....	3 2
Virgilia M. Porter.....	50
Edith Cartledge.....	5
S. A. Rulon, Jun.....	10
Ruth S. Earle.....	10
Belvidere Chapter, of Daretown, N. J.....	5
Cornelius Newman.....	10
Cornelius S. Lombardi.....	1
Paul E. Good.....	1
Leonard, Florence, and Helen Whittier.....	1
Lois S. Miller.....	1
Esther R. Custer.....	1

36 40

The Order is to raise \$3000, if possible, and still needs about \$1000. Any sum from anybody is welcome. The Fund is to build an Industrial School-house for the boys at Good Will Farm. These boys are orphans and known to be deserving.

GOOD WILL MITE

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FUND

Amount, \$.....

Contributor.

This money is contributed, not because it is asked for, but because I want to give it.

If you use this Good Will Mite, simply pin it to your letter, in order that it may be detached for filing. If the amount is given in full, or if you are a contributor, add nothing to this money; but attach the added sheet firmly to the Mite, that it may not become detached and lost. Include a given name in each case, and write plainly, to avoid errors on the Honor Roll.

✻ Kinks. ✻

No. 92.—BEHEADINGS.

The beheaded letters, if rightly guessed, will spell the name of a famous English revolutionist.

1. Behead cowardly, and leave a large black bird.
2. Behead a skating pavilion, and leave a writing-fluid.
3. Behead a fruit, and leave to exist.
4. Behead a red pigment, and leave a serpent.
5. Behead to blow gently, and leave abaft.
6. Behead an occurrence, and leave an opening.
7. Behead to bind, and leave a unit.
8. Behead a den, and leave atmosphere.

No. 93.—COIN OF THE REALM.

Men will fight for sterling silver,
And hoard the shining gold;
For the dollar is almighty,
With uses manifold.

There are various other moneys
Not taken in account,
That have their special values
And uses paramount.

1. There's one that's hard and brittle,
Grayish or silvery white;
'Tis used in bells and mirrors
To make them clean and bright.
2. One oft purchases an office,
Which never should be sold.
3. One's the heritage of children,
In goods or lands or gold.

4. This one ushers in another,
5. A union of two lives—
Oft a curious kind of lottery
For husbands or for wives.
6. This is paid as compensation
To many an injured wife;
7. And this is used as medicine—
Mayhap 'twill save a life.
8. This one curses every miser,
9. And this will bitter be;
10. This is useful confirmation,
11. And this makes all agree.

No. 94.—FIVE WORDS SQUARES.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

- Upper left-hand square.—1. To exist. 2. A metal.
- Not good. 4. Extremities.
- Upper right-hand square.—1. To make a sound.
2. What heathens worship. 3. A knot. 4. A dale.
- Central square.—1. To utter with musical sounds.
2. A stone image. 3. Part of the head. 4. Joy.
- Lower left-hand square.—1. To bluster. 2. A notion. 3. Tidy. 4. Outer door.
- Lower right-hand square.—1. Snakelike fishes.
2. To publish. 3. An acid fruit. 4. A pace.

Answers to Kinks.

No. 90.—Ben Bolt.

Odo.	Mat.	Shadrack.	Fish.	Ord.	Count.
Sam.	Mesheok.	Bert.	Hook.	Key.	Banks.
Lear.	Abe.	Abednego.	Pasha.	Eve.	Hered.
Olive.	Hemans.	Ham.	Ibsen.	Kit.	Wayne.
Church.	Atlas.	Will.	Low.	King.	Bird.
Sargent.					

No. 91.

N A M E
D I S
S O L O
T S E R

Questions and Answers.

Howard Notman, Keene Valley, N. Y., is interested in beetles, and wants to get specimens from Florida, Mexico, Central and South America. In return he will send good American specimens. Barbara A: The new badges are delayed by the decision about design. We shall, if possible, secure the new gold badges for fifty cents each. Margaret Slosson, Pittsford, Vt., says: "I would like to exchange fresh specimens—that is, ones not pressed—of ferns described in Gray's *Manual* of the botany of the northern United States. Will those wishing ferns please send list of ferns wanted, and list of ones for exchange?"

In the new form of the ROUND TABLE, the advertisements are to be bound into the complete volume. Not a few people think the advertisements far too interesting to throw away. Florence E. Cowan, who belongs to a Chapter that has been most active in helping the School Fund, suggests that the Order gives to Good Will a library. We like the suggestion, but think the best plan is to first finish the Fund. Rebekah Philip Dixon, 1513 Jackson Street, San Francisco, Cal., wants to hear from anybody interested in college yells and colors, and especially asks "M. T." who started the discussion about yells, to write her.

The Lafayette Chapter, Norman Hart, Easton, Pa., is to begin publication of *Lafayette History*, and wants original contributions that are short, say 300 words. The Lafayette is an active Chapter, and its paper ought to be a good one.

Here is a trick played with dominoes which may be new: Spread out a set of dominoes upon the table, being careful to extract one for your own use. Inform the company that if they will match the dominoes you have laid down, using every domino, you will, after leaving the room, determine the numbers at either end of the match. You then leave the room, and read the numbers on your stolen domino. This will almost infallibly prove to be the end numbers of the match. When the match has been formed and concealed by a handkerchief, you enter the room and announce the end numbers.

VINCENT V. M. BEEDE.

VINCENT V. M. BEEDE.

STAMPS

HAVE you noticed that U.S. stamps are now printed on water-marked paper? The water-mark can be seen quite plainly in the blank margin, but is very indistinct in the stamps themselves. It consists of the letters U S P S in double line capitals 16 mm. high repeated, and the probable intention was to have one of the letters on each stamp. But if so the work has been carelessly done by the paper-makers, as there are only ninety letters to the one hundred stamps, together with the two blank margins on the two sides of each sheet. The arrangement is as follows:

P	S	U	S	P	S	U	S	P
S	U	S	P	S	U	S	P	S
U	S	P	S	U	S	P	S	U
P	S	U	S	P	S	U	S	P
S	U	S	P	S	U	S	P	S
U	S	P	S	U	S	P	S	U
S	P	S	U	S	P	S	U	S
P	S	U	S	P	S	U	S	P
S	U	S	P	S	U	S	P	S

Only nine letters horizontally, to each of the ten lines. It is to be hoped that the Postmaster-General will have the paper made in such a way that each and every stamp will have the same water-mark. Why not use the letters U. S. on each stamp? They could be made 4 or 5 mm. high, and be plainly seen. The New South Wales stamps, for instance, are marked "N. S. W.," with a crown above. So far as I have seen, the present water-mark appears on the following stamps: 1c. blue; 2c. red, on all three types of the triangle; 8c. purple, and 10c. dark green.

A. CONT.—The dealers sell quarters of 1819 at 75c., dimes of 1838-39 at 20c. each. Age has nothing to do with the value of a coin. You can buy some coins 2000 years old and over at 25c. each at the dealers.

ALICE CALHOUN.—Impossible to answer your question as value depends on what the stamps are. You can buy a packet of 1000 varieties of stamps from dealers for \$15.

M. C. W.—Sold by dealers at 8c.

A. BALL.—The initials D. G. on coins mean "Deo Gratia," that is "By the grace of God." Almost all mottoes and inscriptions on coins are in Latin, and usually with many abbreviations.

H. B. CARING, Rochester, N.Y.—I have a letter for you which has been returned from Rochester.

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We wish to introduce our Teas, Spices, and Baking Powder. Sell 30 lbs. and we will give you a Fairy Tricycle; sell 25 lbs. for a Solid Silver Watch and Chain; 50 lbs. for a Gold Watch and Chain; 75 lbs. for a Bicycle; 10 lbs. for a Beautiful Gold Ring. Express prepaid if cash is sent for goods. Write for catalog and order sheet.

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PATIENT. "WELL, YESTERDAY I ATE ABOUT THREE DOZEN NAILS, TWO TIN PLATES,
THREE CHAIR RUNGS, ONE-HALF A RAW POTATO—"
DOCTOR. "THAT'S IT; YOUR STOMACH IS TOO SENSITIVE TO STAND UNCOOKED
VEGETABLES."

THE LITTLE GARDENER.

"WHY, Wilbur, what are you doing?" asked Wilbur's father, as he saw the boy burying his little engine in the ground.

"I's plantin' this engine," said Wilbur. "I want a lot more of 'em, and I's plantin' zis one so's we'll have an engine-tree."

A WISE CHOICE.

"I'd rather be a policeman than a burglar," said Jack. "Burglars have to work nights."

"So do policemen," said Bob.

"Maybe," said Jack; "but they have uniforms and brass buttons, and burglars haven't."

AN EXCUSE.

"TOMMIE, your spelling report is very bad," said Mr. Hicks to his boy.

"That's all right, papa," said Tommie. "When I grow up I'm going to dictate all my letters, like you do. It's the type-writer that'll have to know spelling, not me."

WHENEVER he felt two stitches in his side
The little old philosopher cried:

"I'm lucky, I think; don't you?"

If one in time saves nine, as they say,

I'd have had eighteen of 'em some day

If it wasn't for these two!"

A BAD COMBINATION.

"FAR as I can see," observed Jack, after his bicycle accident, "a bicycle's just as skittish as a horse."

"It's worse," said Willie. "My bike not only threw me like a horse, but turned back and gored me with the bar-handles like a bull."

A LITTLE TOMMIE QUESTION.

"SAY, mamma," said little Tommie, looking up from his tin soldiers, "do angels put their heads under their wings like turkeys when they go to sleep?"

HIS MEMORY.

JOHNNY. "I can't remember the name of that little girl I met at Newport."

PAPA. "You must improve your memory. That little girl had a very common name. Now guess—what happens before meat?"

JOHNNY. "The sharpening of the knife."

OLLIE'S OPINION.

IF the two "z's" in buzzard
Are because it buzzes, then
I think that in "mosquito"
There should be eight or ten.

MAMMA. "Bobby, which rule in school do you find the hardest?"
BOBBY. "The teacher's."

LITTLE Ella, hearing her father speak of putting something aside for a rainy day, broke out with the remark,

"Oh, papa! I've got an umbrella laid aside for that."

JACK. "I think my brother is an awful cross fellow."

MOTHER. "Don't you think you're a little to blame at times, Jack?"

JACK. "No; because he can't help it—it's the W in his name makes the ill Will."

JIMMY'S FUTURE.

JIMMY. "When I grow up I'm going to be a school-teacher."

PAPA. "Why do you want to be a school-teacher?"

JIMMY. "Cos you don't have to know the lessons yourself—you just have to hear them out of a book."

"HA! ha!" laughed the fish, as it glanced at the bait
That hung so temptingly by;

"By your silence I see you're intended to be
Rather too pointed to try."

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CIDER PIGGIN.

A HOPPERGRASS, one sunny day,
Turning hand-springs amid the hay,
O'erleaped himself, and fell into
A piggin of good apple brew.

"Shame on you, thirsty little one,"
Cried the haymakers in the sun;



The hopper took one draught, and then,
Ere he flew off, addressed the men:

"Good sirs," quoth he, "although one swallow
Does not make summer, it would follow
That several swallows were at fault
If you had made that summersault."



HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1895.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE STORY OF NOEL DUVAL.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

THE summer of 1814 was a troubled one for the people living in northern New York. English troops were concentrating at points just across the Canadian border, and there were rumors that they would soon invade the territory of the States. The farmers were being hastily drilled into militia companies—train-bands, as they were called; the women were anxious and frightened; the boys shared the general excitement, and were busy drilling.

Early one warm July evening four persons were sitting in the little lattice-covered portico of a cottage in the outskirts of one of the larger villages near the Canadian border. The most noticeable of the little group was Madam Marston, an old lady, tall and straight, one of the type that

furnished the New England pioneers with wives as hardy and brave as themselves. On the bench on the other side of the portico sat her daughter, the Widow Duval, a slender, gentle woman, but with the same look of determination in her fine gray eyes. Close to her side was Noel Duval, a boy of about fifteen, whose dark skin and keen aquiline features came from his French-Canadian father, but who had his mother's eyes. The sharpness of the boy's features was emphasized by the thinness of his face, which was pinched, as if by suffering. While a child he had met an accident that had brought on a long illness, and left one arm withered and almost helpless. His mother, a petite, nestled close to her stately grandmother.

"Mother," the boy was saying, "Abram Dodds made me very angry to-day. He said I was not an American, because my father was not, and because I have always lived in Canada."

"I wouldn't mind what the boys say. When they know you better I'm sure they'll stop trying to tease you." She laid her hand on his shoulder as if to check his impatience.

"Nay, daughter," interposed the older woman, her eyes flashing, "let him stand up for himself—if he can. Because you chose, against my wishes, to marry a Canadian is no reason why the boy should be sneered at. Was not his grandfather, Caleb Marston, as good a soldier as fought in the Revolution, and a captain, too? Let the boy stand up for himself, say I!"

His mother only stroked the boy's hair soothingly. "Bide your time, Noel," she whispered; "your chance will come, and in the mean time keep guard over that quick temper of yours. Remember you must be strong to take care of us all—Ninette, and your grandmother, and me—and a quick unruly temper ever means weakness."

"I'll not forget," said Noel. "But still, it angers me to be told I'm not an American. If my arm would only get stronger, I could be a soldier like grandfather, and prove that I'm an American. I am, really, am I not? for I was born in this country before my father took you back to his home in Canada."

Noel got up and walked off down the road toward the field where the boys held their drills. In spite of his weak arm he thought he could manage well enough in the drilling, and he was anxious to be asked to join a military company the boys had organized. This evening there had come together about twenty boys, all of whom lived on the neighboring farms. Their drill-ground was a level piece of pasture-land, bordered on one side by the forest, which in those times stretched far away to the north, even to the banks of the St. Lawrence River.

When they saw Noel coming toward them the boys had just finished one of their evolutions and were resting, leaning on the wooden staffs which served them instead of real muskets. Jacobus Bounter, who was captain, had a real sword—one that his grandfather, Ensign Dirk Bounter, had carried in the war of the Revolution. The boys had much respect for the old sword, especially when Jacobus pointed out some spots on it that looked as if they might be blood-stains.

"Captain," said one of the boys, "there comes Noel Duval. You know, he came here with his mother from Canada only two months ago, and they live with old Widow Marston on her little farm. He only has one good arm, but to-day he wanted to fight Abram Dodds for saying he was not an American. Shall we let him join the company? I know he wants to."

Broad-faced Jacobus shook his head gravely.

"No, I think we'd better not. He's so lately from Canada that he may be an English spy. You can't be too careful. They say he talks French. Besides, he's only one good arm. No, I think we'd best not have him. I don't trust him, and a one-armed soldier wouldn't be good for anything, anyway."

"Well, I'd trust him," said the first speaker, "and I know him better than the rest of you do. It's true he's lived in Canada, and when he was there he learned lots of clever things about the woods, too; but he feels that this is his country, and he's just as good an American as any of us."

However, the opinions of Captain Jacobus prevailed, and when Noel came up he was treated in so cool a way by most of the boys that at first he felt very angry; but he remembered to check his temper. He remained and watched the drill, in spite of their evident intention to treat him as an outsider.

Soon it got so dark that the boys had to stop drilling. They were lying about on the ground near the edge of the woods, resting a little before they parted, when of a sudden thirty or forty men, each leading a pony, loomed out of the dusk. They were walking rapidly, and keeping close to the forest. The startled boys remained quiet, and the men did not see them till they were close upon them.

"Hello! What's this?" exclaimed the one who seemed the leader. "Here, you little rascals, don't you stir! Not a word—not a move!"

The boys were frightened into complete submission, and lay huddled on the ground staring at the new-comers. These, with the exception of the leader, who wore the uniform of an English officer, were all dressed in deer-skin suits, with fur caps and moccasins. The boys saw that they had been captured by a band of the dreaded Canadian scouts—about whose Indianlike ferocity many tales were told—and most of the young warriors trembled with fright. Jacobus tried to say something, but his voice broke, and the attempt ended in an ignominious mixture of gulp and sob.

"You won't be hurt if you keep quiet," said the officer, trying not to smile when he saw Jacobus and his big sword. His voice grew stern as he went on: "Pierre and Antoine, you stay and guard these boys. If one moves you are to shoot him. Remember that order, boys; remember also that my scouts always obey. Be careful, Pierre, to let none of them escape to give the alarm. Join us when you hear firing. Come on, the rest of you."

In a moment the stealthy company of scouts, leading their ponies, that stepped carefully, as if they too understood the need of quiet, were gone. The boys would have thought it all an apparition if the two stalwart Canadians, Pierre and Antoine, had not been there to prove they had not been dreaming. The two scouts talked together for a short time in Canadian French; then, while the one called Pierre stood guard with his rifle, Antoine picketed their two ponies, and next began to picket the boys—that is, he tied together the wrists and ankles of each one, using some long thongs of deer-skin which he and Pierre carried wound round their waists. When all were securely tied the two scouts stretched themselves out on the grass, and, paying little further attention to their trembling prisoners, began talking—none of the boys save Noel could understand French.

"How long must we wait here with these wretched youngsters?" said Pierre.

"It will take an hour or more for them to encircle the village; and that must be done before the attack is made."

"And we must lose it all! It's a shame. Well, they ought to give us a better chance when—" Here he dropped his voice so low that Noel could hear no more.

While Noel's ears had been busy, his fingers had not been idle. With the deftness and patience born of his forest training in Canada he had worked at the knots that bound him, and had at last succeeded, with the help of the darkness, in untying them. He lay just at the forest's edge, and it required only one sudden spring to carry him into the underbrush.

The leap had been a quick one, but Pierre's sharp eyes had seen the boy's first movement; and as Noel crashed into the bushes, the scout's knife—which he wore at his belt, and which he could throw as an Indian throws the tomahawk—glanced through the air, severing a twig close to the boy's cheek. Noel made two or three long leaps, then crouched down, and, feeling along the earth, found a heavy stick, and flung it crashing into the bushes at one side.

Pierre, leaving Antoine to guard the others, had sprung after Noel; he carried his rifle, which had lain by his side, wrapped in his jacket to protect it from the dew. It was very dark under the thick evergreens; and as Pierre, misled by the sound of the stick, went a few yards to one side, Noel rose and moved away, his moccasins making as little noise as do the furry feet of a Canada lynx creeping up to a moose. But even a lynx sometimes stirs a twig that rustles a dead leaf, and now this happened to Noel. Pierre's ears caught a slight sound; instantly he made out the crouching figure, and, throwing his rifle to his shoulder, fired. Thanks to the darkness, the bullet missed, but whizzed so close to the boy's head that the concussion almost stunned him. Yet he felt like shouting for joy, for the scout, his muzzle-loading rifle empty and his knife gone, was practically unarmed.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

"Have you got him?" cried Antoine, from the open
"Not yet," shouted back Pierre. "But I'll have him, alive or dead. He sha'n't get away!"

Noel, knowing that there was now neither knife nor bullet to follow him, had leaped forward, running like a deer. The scout sprang after him not twenty yards behind. The little forest creatures that run about at night—weasels and sables and hares—scrambled out of their way, and crouched down, wondering at them as they came dashing by.

The two were not unequally matched; for while the scout had the advantage in strength, Noel was the more agile. His small size was also of great advantage, as any one who has tried to run through the woods will understand. The low-growing branches of trees did not trouble the boy as they did the tall Pierre, who several times measured his length upon the ground.

They went on for what seemed a long time to the man and boy plunging through the underbrush of the woods, but which was probably not more than half an hour. By that time Noel felt that his strength was fast going. He was breathing painfully, and had been forced to slacken his pace, when he came upon what at first seemed a thick growth of bushes; as he broke through he found that it was a brush fence which some farmer had built through the woods to enlarge his pasture. The boy, agile and light, had little trouble; but Pierre fared worse, and before he could struggle through the brush and the tops of fallen trees that composed the fence, Noel had doubled the distance between them.

As Noel hurried on as fast as he was able he was startled by some large animal, which he stumbled upon just as it was getting to its feet; it too was frightened, and ran on ahead. Noel saw that it was one of the farmer's heifers. Here was an opportunity to mislead his pursuer, and the boy dropped to the ground by the side of a log and lay perfectly quiet. Pierre, out of breath, and struggling to make up the ground he had lost, kept on after the heifer, thinking it was Noel. As he leaped over the log, he was so near the prostrate figure that his foot actually touched the boy's jacket.

As soon as the Canadian was out of hearing, Noel jumped up and started toward the clearing, which he knew was near by. There was no time to lose, for Pierre must soon find out his mistake and return. In a few minutes Noel reached the edge of the wood, and far off across the fields saw a black shaft in the starlight, the spire of the village church. It was fully three miles away; for he had been running from the village, rather than toward it. The attack, he knew, would be made within an hour.

There was a stretch of nearly a mile across the fields before a road could be reached. Noel, tired from his dash through the woods, started forward across the uneven pasture-land. In spite of his anxiety, he laughed to himself at the thought of Pierre's feelings when he should discover that he was chasing only a frightened cow.

As he hurried on as fast as his tired legs would carry him, it seemed to his strained senses that an unnatural and forbidding hush pervaded the warm night. Even the notes of whippoorwills that came from the bushes near the forest sounded less loud than usual, and seemed to foretell a calamity. The hares and other animals that come out in the darkness had hidden themselves.

Finally he came to the road that led on to the village, still two miles away. There was little danger of being overtaken by Pierre; but there was a chance of his being seen by the sentinels that the raiders might station on the roads leading to the village. He could not go faster than a slow trot now, and he was pausing painfully. His moccasins-clad feet ploughed through the dust, striking against the stones in the rough road. He thought, a little bitterly, that the other boys were right if they believed that he was not really able-bodied; the accident that had hurt his arm had weakened him in every way. However, he plodded on steadily, resolved that determination should take the place, as far as possible, of bodily strength.

He had gone perhaps half the way when there was the sound of a horse's hoofs coming from the direction of the

village. He crouched down in the shadow of some bushes, and waited. In a moment the horse and its rider came in sight, and by the dim light Noel recognized the village doctor, old Mr. Hedding, astride his white pony. Noel stepped into the road in front of the pony.

"It's only I, doctor," Noel Duval, grandson to the Widow Marston," he said, in a whisper. "Don't make any noise! Was everything quiet at the village when you left?"

"Quiet as usual, and that's quiet enough, for certain. But what's the matter, lad? Why are you stopping people in the high-road in this way? And why are you trembling and panting so? That's not like a highwayman."

"There's going to attack the village—raiders from Canada! There's no time to explain! But you must let me have the pony! I'm all tired out—and I must get to the village!"

For a moment the doctor scrutinized the boy's face. Then he got down from the pony. "I was going to Farmer Tonwell's, who's down with his rheumatism again, but he shall wait. I wouldn't do this at every boy's word, but you look as if you know what you're about, and I will take the chance."

Already Noel had sprung to the saddle and turned the pony back toward the village.

"Look out for my saddle-bags," said the doctor. "There's enough costly drugs in them to kill all the English in Canada. I'll follow on slowly, and 'twill go hard with you if you've been trifling with me."

But the boy was out of hearing. It seemed as if Providence had come to the aid of his weak body, and Noel, with renewed hope of reaching the village in time to give the alarm, urged on the sturdy white pony.

They had almost reached the outskirts of the little town when a man on horseback rode into the middle of the road, and confronting Noel, ordered him to stop. Noel thought he recognized the dress of the Canadian scouts. He bent low on the saddle and struck the pony sharply. An instant later a rifle blazed in his face. Then he realized that in some way the white pony had got by the other horse and was galloping down the road, terrified by the rifle's flash. The scout's pony was close behind.

The white pony was running as it had not done since it was a colt in lower Canada, and had carried its habitant master in many a race, and won them too. Noel was conscious of a feeling of exultation; for he saw that the scout was losing ground. He cried out to his pursuer in French, and started to wave his hand in a derisive farewell. The effort caused a sharp pain to shoot through his arm, and he found that his hand and wrist were covered with blood. The scout's bullet had torn its way through the flesh of his forearm.

He grew very faint, and had to clutch the saddle tightly with his knees to keep from falling. His weak arm had served to hold the reins, but it was good for little else. He was so dizzy that he could hardly see, and he only dimly realized that he was close to the streams of light coming from the windows of the village tavern. The sound of a galloping horse brought several men to the tavern door.

"Raiders from Canada are coming! They're close by!" he gasped, then his head swam round and he fell from the saddle. After that there was much shouting and hurrying to and fro, and finally the beating of a drum and the quick clang of the bell in the village church. But Noel, stretched out on a table in the tavern, was undisturbed by all the turmoil.

Even Congress heard of what had occurred that warm July night by the Canadian border, and when the war was ended, Noel Duval was remembered in such a substantial way that he was able to provide a good home for his mother and the old Widow Marston and for little Ninette, and to keep poverty from ever again pinching them.

One day in the autumn, Noel, who was now quite well of his wound, was asked to come to the drill-ground. Jacobus Boonter met him, and led him to where the company of boys were drawn up in lines. "Noel Duval," Boonter said, "we ask you if you will please be our captain."

THE LAZY HOUR.

SO bright are the branches,
 The shadows so cool,
 So dark is the water,
 So deep is the pool,
 So hard is the lesson,
 So hot is the school—
 If I were the son of a merman
 I never should hear of a rule!

Light as the arrow
 Springs from the bow,
 Off the big ledges
 Down I should go
 Into the hollow
 Whose secret I know,
 Up I should come like a bubble,
 Shake off the water and blow!
 Now for a breast stroke
 Under the tide—
 Arm o'er arm sweeping
 I float on my side;
 Deep in green crystal
 Slowly I slide.
 There goes the class up in Cæsar!
 I wish I'd a corner to hide!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.

SIGN-BOARDS bearing the legend "Boston ice" over the doors of cellars and other places where ice was kept for sale have long been a familiar sight in the South. During the last twelve years, however, nearly every Southern town of importance has established its own factory for making ice, and the process has become so perfect and cheap that the artificial ice competes with the natural article shipped from the New England States.

The cost of transportation, handling, and enormous waste by melting serves to make "Boston ice" a costly luxury to the Southern consumer. This has stimulated the invention of improved methods of making artificial ice.

On his first visit to an ice factory, one who is not familiar with ice-making machinery will be surprised to see large steam-engines and boilers, with great piles of coal, and will wonder how the use of fire and steam can assist in producing cold; but a little understanding of the chemistry of the process will enable him to perceive the need of such machinery.

All objects contain a certain amount of heat. The capacity for retaining this heat varies in different substances. Liquids retain more than solids, and gases more than liquids. If gases be compressed, their heat-retaining capacity will be reduced

in proportion. Nearly all of the known gases may be compressed until they assume the liquid form. Gas made from ammonia when subjected to a pressure of about one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch, becomes a liquid. Should the pressure be now removed, the liquid ammonia will instantly rush into gas again, and in doing so tries to absorb the heat which has been squeezed out of it.

If this expansion into gas be allowed to take place in pipes sunk in brine, it will draw all the heat out of the brine, and cause the brine to become cold enough to freeze fresh water in cans suspended in it, and convert the fresh water in the cans into solid ice.

In the factories which freeze the water in cans there is provided a very large brine-chamber or vat, so deep that the cans may be immersed in it nearly to their tops. The cans are about four feet deep, and are made of galvanized iron. They are filled with pure water, and let down into the brine through openings in the top of the vat. Between the rows of water-cans are tiers of iron pipes running back and forth through the brine, and throughout these pipes the expansion of gas takes place, cooling the brine to ten degrees below zero. Ice soon begins to form on the inside and bottom of the cans under the influence of this intense cold. It becomes thicker and thicker, until it is finally a solid mass of clear crystal ice, usually with a small core of opaque or snowy ice, exactly through the centre.

As fast as their contents are frozen the cans are removed by a special lifting apparatus, and dipped for a minute into hot water to loosen the block from the can. Then it slides out easily, and is stored away for use.

There are other factories conducted on a somewhat different plan from the foregoing, in which the ice is made to form on iron plates, in cakes weighing several tons each.

In such factories the brine-chamber is in the shape of

double partition walls of iron plates, about four inches apart. The partition divides a deep wooden water-tank into two equal rooms, and in the narrow space between the iron plates the brine and pipes for the ammonia gas are placed. The rooms are filled with pure water, which is in contact with the brine-chamber on one side. Ice soon begins to form on the iron side plates, precisely in the same way as on a pond or river, except that the sheet of ice is vertical instead of horizontal. Only about half of the water in the rooms is allowed to freeze.

When the cakes of ice are considered to be of sufficient thickness, the cold brine is pumped out of its compartment into another tank, and its place is filled with water of ordinary temperature. This soon thaws the ice cakes loose from the plates, and allows the mass of ice to be lifted out by hoisting machinery. The ice is then passed on to the sawing-machine, which divides it into blocks weighing

about two hundred pounds each. The only essential difference in the two systems described lies in the fact that in the can method all the water is frozen, and if



AN ICE "CAN."

there be any impurity in the water the ice will contain it. In the plate method the ice is formed entirely from one side of the cake, and only about one-half of the water is allowed to congeal into solid ice. Since water, in freezing, tends to purify itself in the way in which the natural ice of ponds and rivers purifies itself, the plate method more nearly resembles the natural way, and the ice shows its characteristic structure.

After having performed its work in cooling the brine, the expanded gas is drawn from the pipes by means of powerful steam-pumps, and it is then compressed into a coil of iron pipes kept immersed in a tank of cold running water. This compression of the expanded gas requires very heavy machinery, and the operation develops much heat, which is absorbed by the running water. In other words, the expanding gas having absorbed much heat from the brine, and having been made cold by this means, must be deprived of the heat thus gained by compression again into a coil surrounded by running water, which takes away the heat as soon as it is developed by compression.

Being now restored to the liquid form, the gas is ready to go on another round, and may be used again and again. The only loss of gas sustained is from leaky joints in the pipes.

It is a curious sight to see these pipes and pumps, even in the hottest weather, all coated with a thick layer of snow-white frost, so thick that it may be scraped off with the hands and squeezed into a snowball. The brine-pumps soon lose their characteristic shape, and are scarcely recog-



A BLOCK THAT STOOD SOME TIME IN THE SUN.

nizable, looking more like a fantastic snow-drift than a piece of iron machinery.

Sometimes we see fine fruit or a bouquet of handsome flowers which had been so placed in the water as to become frozen in the centre of a large block of crystal ice. Such objects form beautiful ornaments while they last.

Many people believe that coal is really at the foundation of cheap ice, and that it will presently be cheaper to use coal to make ice than to use it in transporting ice to the place where it is wanted. Artificial ice is already produced in considerable quantities in districts where natural ice is also cut for the market.



A BLOCK OF MANUFACTURED ICE.

GRANDFATHER'S ADVENTURES.

AS A PIRATE.

"RALPH," said Grandfather Sterling, one winter's evening, as they sat together before a fire of crackling logs, and listened with a dreamy sense of snugness and comfort to the howlings of the storm without, "did I ever tell you about the time that I was a pirate?"

"Grandpop!" exclaimed the startled boy, "you don't mean to say that you were once a real pirate, the kind that rob people and cut their throats and all that, just like the story of Captain Kidd in my school Reader?"

Grandfather Sterling nodded his head in assent.

"Yes, Ralph, your grandfather once sailed under the black-flag having a white skull and cross-bones painted on it, and, what is more, he was a member of the crew of the pirate schooner *Dragon*, commanded by Captain Brand, the most notorious pirate that ever cruised among the West India Islands."

An amused smile crept over the old sea-captain's face, and his eyes twinkled mischievously as he detected his nephew's horrified, pained, and reproachful look.

"Well, Ralph," said his grandfather, with an affected air of shame and remorse, "I'll tell you how it happened:

"You see, it was my second voyage as boy on board of the brig *Saucy*, commanded by Captain Abraham Smith, being long down Salem way in Massachusetts, and trading between that port and the West Indies. We left harbor one summer morning, loaded with all kinds of hardy vegetables, which we expected to exchange in Cuba for sugar. When

a fortnight at sea we sighted San Salvador Island, belonging to the Bahama group, which island, by-the-way, was the first land that Columbus discovered on his great voyage. That afternoon we were sailing along past Crooked Island, which lies just to the southward of San Salvador, when a trim-looking schooner with very tall masts, on which were spread enormous fore-and-aft sails, stood out from under the lee of the land, and came down rapidly upon us. Knowing that we could not escape from her, the stranger openly showed his colors—the pirate's black-flag. We crowded every stitch of canvas on the poor little *Saucy*, but in less than an hour the pirate was so close that his shot commenced to carry away our spars and rigging.

"Men," said our Captain, "there's no good in trying to escape, so let us heave to. Perhaps when he finds out that our cargo is of no value he will let us go our way."

"Well, we shortened sail at once, and put our wheel down, waiting for the enemy to board us. Seeing that we had given up the race, the pirate kept getting in his light sails as he swept down on us, and after he had forged ahead a little he tacked ship, leaving his jib to windward, and so laid hove to. Immediately one of his boats pulled out from under the lee of the schooner, and a minute later was alongside of us.

"Preceded by a fair, handsome, lightly built man, who proved to be none other than Captain Brand, a dozen swarthy, evil-looking pirates, armed to the teeth, tumbled over the rail. Captain Smith stepped forward to address the chief, but was immediately cut down with a cutlass wielded by the latter, who haughtily remarked,

"Excuse me, I've no time for conversation."

"The pirate's action was a signal to his men, and before our crew could offer the slightest resistance they shared the master's fate. A wicked-looking scoundrel with an ugly scar across his cheek made a savage swing at me with his sword, but before the blow could fall the pirate's cutlass was sent flying from his grasp, and he uttered a shriek of pain and seized his arm where Brand's blow had fallen.

"I don't make war on children," was all that the Captain said.

"Fifteen minutes later the *Saucy* had been ransacked and set on fire, and sick at heart I was on board the schooner, having been given to understand that my name had been entered as a pirate's apprentice, and that I was a regular member of the crew and must obey orders.

"At once the word was passed to get the vessel under way, and I found myself trailing on to the fore-topsail hal-yards alongside of a sad-looking lad of about my own age, who was addressed by the men as Dick, and who, I took it rightly, had been forced to join the *Dragon* under similar conditions to my own.

"That night we two found ourselves in the same watch, and, after answering to roll-call, we stowed ourselves away between two of the guns and exchanged confidences. Later on we talked over various plans to gain our freedom. Dick informed me that the schooner was on her way to the pirates' stronghold, where he had been once before, on the island of Tortugas, there to divide the spoils of the voyage, and to gamble and carouse for several days before starting on another expedition.

"Two days later we reached the island in a small securely locked bay on the western side. After lowering and furling the sails, a chest about two feet square was brought out on deck, and its contents, consisting of gold and silver, money and jewels, were divided among the men by Captain Brand. After that a barrel of rum was lowered into the long boat, and the crew entered her and rowed away, leaving the Captain and we two boys the only ones on board.

"Late in the evening Captain Brand ordered Dick to row him ashore, and I was left alone. About an hour later Dick sculled the boat quietly alongside out of the darkness, climbed on board, and addressed me in an excited whisper:

"Now's our time, Sterling; the Captain has gone up to his shore house and thinks I'm waiting for him on the beach; we will cut the cable, and the wind will set us out of the bay; they can't follow us, for I've sent their boat adrift, with the plug pulled out so that it will sink!"

"While Dick ran to the wheel I jumped forward and

saw my knife through the anchor hawser, and immediately saw the schooner's head falling off against the stars under the influence of the easterly wind. In a quarter of an hour we were outside the mouth of the harbor and drifting to the westward. We knew that we never could hoist the sails and handle the vessel to sail anywhere, and that if a gale sprang up we would probably founder; but these dangers could not rob us of great happiness, for we realized that we were free from the pirates' clutches.

"During the night we took turns at steering the schooner so as to keep her before the wind, but just before daybreak it fell a flat calm. When the sun rose Dick was the first to see a large man-of-war about a mile away on our beam, also lying becalmed. They made us out at the same time, and evidently disliking our looks they fitted out three large launches with guns in their bows, and pulled toward us. When they got within hailing distance we told our story. One of the boats then came alongside and took possession of the pirate craft. Dick and I were then sent off to the cruiser to tell our story to her Captain.

"Well, Ralph, to make a long story short, the commander of the man-of-war determined to take the pirates by surprise, if possible, so he stood off to the northeast all day to get the island under his lee, and when night fell he crowded on sail and ran for the place that we had escaped from twenty-four hours before. We made the entrance to the harbor about midnight, and while the man-of-war remained hove to, all the boats were fitted out and sent in to the bay.

"About an hour later we heard the sound of distant firing, and toward morning the boats returned with all the officers and men safe and sound, who stated that they had found the pirates stupefied with drink, and had made short work of the gang. Captain Brand, however, had not been seen, and it was supposed that he had escaped to the interior of the island.

"Now, Ralph, you have the history of your grandfather at the time he was a pirate and sailed under the black-flag with Captain Brand, the notorious robber chief."

CORPORAL FRED.*

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER IV.

FOUR miles away, in the heart of the great city, a throng of men and women and children surrounded the massive stone walls, and peered up at the narrow windows of a formidable-looking building, from whose lofty flag-staff the Stars and Stripes were fluttering in the fresh lake breeze—a crowd even denser than that we saw in the distant dusty yards. Here, too, among them were faces grave with anxiety. Here, too, among the women were eyes red with tears; but here all was silence and order. Suddenly from within the huge brown walls there rose the shrill summons of the bugle, sounding in quick, spirited call the well-known "assembly," and in company rooms, crowded to suffocation by wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and friends of the guardsmen, the men of the —th regiment fell in for roll-call. Almost at the same moment, in other sections of the city, the same signal called two other commands to their ranks. The State was waking up at last, but waking up in earnest.

Down in the paved court below the chargers of the field and staff officers were awaiting their riders, every swish of their tails slashing the faces of boys and men wedged in an almost solid mass about them. Orders had been given that only members of the regiment and people having important business with its officers should be allowed within the walls; but the summons for duty had reached over eight hundred of its men while still at their places of business downtown. There was no time to go home, and the Colonel could not resist the pleas that came from without. First by threes and fours, then by dozens, scores, and finally in one uninterrupted stream, relatives and friends, followed

* Begun in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE No. 821

by mere curiosity-seekers, swept past the guarded gates, until the great interior was packed, and there was no room for more. Before it was possible to form the command in the big drill-hall the guards had to clear the court, then drive all men and boys into the space thus redeemed, and post a solid section across the sally-port to hold it against further ingress. It was 3.50 when the Colonel was handed his orders, and touched the button that flashed the summons to each company commander. It was just 5.45 when he reported his command in readiness, and just 6.30 when, amidst a storm of cheers, tears, and God-speeds, through a flashing sea of white handkerchiefs he guided his startled, spirited horse, and followed by his staff and a solid column of fours, eight hundred strong, turned into the broad avenue and led the way. No exultant strain of martial music, no gayly decked bandsmen at the head of the regiment; only the hoarse throb of the drums. No nodding plumes and snowy helmets, cross-belts, trousers. This was war's array, magnificently stern, but as magnificently simple. Officers and men alike wore the drab slouch hat of the regulars in the field, and the sombre blouses of dark blue, the broad drab ammunition belt, crammed with copper cartridges, the brown equipments, haversacks, leggings, etc., all without an atom of show or tinsel. Even the popular idea of glittering bayonet and gleaming musket seemed rebuked, for the sloping Springfield was brown and businesslike as the belts and leggings. Out they strode with steady swinging step, and the heart of the great city seemed to leap to its throat, the spray of the eastward billows to its blinking eyes, for riot, insurrection, defiance to law and order, peace and security, had again burst forth, and were raging every instant nearer and nearer its very vitals. Police and sheriff had grappled or cajoled in vain, and here at last was its right arm—the hope and strength and pride of house and home, the pet regiment of the Western metropolis was being sent to check the torrent where it raged its maddest, through that mile-long reach of the Great Western yards. "Eight hundred strong with more a-coming," as the papers put it, the —th went swinging down the applauding avenue to face far more than ten times its weight in foes. No wonder women wept and waved their hands, and strong men prayed as they said God-speed and good-by.

Out to the rioters flashed the news of the muster. Trainers, switchmen, one and all, knew the coming force. Many a time had they carried them to the summer encampments in the interior of the State. More than once within the year had they hurried them away to the scene of some mad outbreak among the mines and iron-works. The masses of the mob might hoot and jeer and cry derision and boast of the reception they would give the "dudes," the "tin soldiers"; but these railway men, schooled themselves in lessons of order and discipline, knew the stern stuff of which the regiment was really made. Already the thinking men among them had begun to edge away, leaving only an occasional crack-brained enthusiast like Farley in the crowd. Long since had the promoters of the row, such restless agitators as Steinman and Frenzel, slipped off to shelter, where neither bullet nor bayonet could reach them, but where they could dictate further violence and plan madder schemes. Over about the deserted shops, away from the mad tumult of the yards, numbers of the strikers stood in gloomy contemplation of the wreck, but taking no further part in the proceedings. Work had been suspended during the day, for such was the need of old and trusted hands in the passenger stations and on the abandoned switch-engines that other foremen besides stern old Wallace had been called away, and these were stalwarts to whom the strikers had appealed in vain. Struck between the eyes by a coupling-pin while handling the lever of a switch-engine an hour before, Mr. Ainslie, the master-mechanic of the Air Line, had just been borne by in an ambulance; and Wallace, looking even older, sadder, sterner, than he did at dawn, bore down upon the muttering shamed group as he returned for his coat, hanging there on its accustomed peg in the darkening shops. Something of the smoldering fire in his eyes seemed to overawe them, for they gave way in sullen silence, many of them turning to avoid the

glower of the old Scotchman's gaze, and let him by without a word. There were those among them who earlier in the day could have cried him shame for his blunt refusal to either strike or sympathize. Stoltz, who called upon him with fiery words and fierce gesticulation at ten o'clock, had been told to go and stay. At one, when men were needed to man the engines, he had sent word to Jim to come and take his place in a cab and handle the lever like a man, or keep out of his sight till he could behave like one; and as no Jim came, the father himself manned the throttle of the first engine to force a way to the yards, just in time to see his beloved son shot down, apparently by the senseless folly of a deputy trained neither to aim nor to endure. His heart was hot against the leaders who had brought this madness on the men he had known and almost swayed for years, and he could not refrain from harsh invective now. Halting short, he turned upon the sullen group.

"Are you satisfied with your work now, you blind, misguided fools? Have you gained one point? You've struck down—killed, perhaps—the best man that ever handled a wrench in these shops. You've stoned my flesh and blood. Why don't you mob me? I would have run that engine back until every track was clear had I had my way. Why don't you mob me? I begged Mr. Williams to let me go and fetch away those trains, car by car, if need be. Why don't you mob me, I say? Your advisers are frands, and you are fools or worse. Look there at your doing!" he cried, pointing to the heaping wreck up the long lines of rail.

They would not answer him. Some already realized the extent of their blunder; others, sullen and disheartened, knew not how. All seemed to start and turn as though at sound of a familiar voice, when a man stepped from the open office door and began to speak, calmly at first, then with growing resonance and effect, as though he were again upon the rostrum preaching to the oppressed.

"No one would willingly harm you, Mr. Wallace; no one would knowingly have injured Mr. Ainslie. Our people, even when wronged and down-trodden, respect fair hairs, but the time has come when even patience has its limit. We are not the wreckers yonder, though we well might be. All that is the work of a great sympathetic people, long protesting against the tyranny to which we have bowed in the past. We would have spared the road and its officials as we have spared you, but let me say to you now the blow that downed your son was a blessing in disguise, for had he joined those coming minions of the government—those fancy soldiers of the aristocratic wards—I would not be answerable for what might happen, not only to him, but to you and yours."

Wallace let the speaker finish before he strode a long step nearer.

"You made those threats last night," he thundered, shaking his bony forefinger under the other's rubicund nose. "I know your voice, and I want to know your name. Who are you, I say, who have come here sowing seeds of riot among honest men? You dare not give your name, and these men will not. My own son said he could not tell me. No man afraid or ashamed of his name was ever in honest work. I answer you that if he hasn't gone already, just so soon as he can stir my boy shall take his place, musket in hand, and you and yours may do your cowardly worst."

"You've had fair warning, Mr. Wallace," said the stranger, backing uneasily away from the menacing hand of the old mechanic. "You've done enough already to merit mobbing, as you call it, and it was our mercy and our forbearance that spared you in the cab this day. But as for those who live in this suburb and have gone to join the gang of organized murder, and, under the guise of militiamen, to shoot down their suffering brothers, may Heaven help them if they once again show their faces here!"

And even as the speaker finished, over in the yards, beyond the long line of brown freight cars, went up a yell of wrath, a savage sort of cheer that seemed to carry a shudder with it, a sound as of the rush of a thousand feet, and presently men came dating under or scrambling upon the cars, and gazing eagerly through or over the high picket fence that separated them from the shop enclosure. *Curtain*



"YOU MADE THOSE THREATS LAST NIGHT?" HE THUNDERED.

ing sight of the gathering at the main entrance, and recognizing some familiar form, many among them began to gesticulate, and cries were heard of "There he is!" "Traitor!" "Scab!" "Scoundrel!" And fists were clinched, and clubs were brandished, and more men clambered to the car roofs, and boys beat upon the fence with stones, and shouted shrill taunt and insult.

"You hear?" said the stranger. "They're talking about you now, and the traitor work you've done this day. Will you go to your home and stay there, and see to it that Fred makes no attempt to join his regiment? Will you promise—promise to pull no throttle, handle no tool, until this trouble's ended?"

"Will I deal or dicker with such as you, do you dare to think?" burst in old Wallace, mad with indignation. "Out of my way, or I'll handle a tool to some purpose. Stand aside and let me go where I belong," he ordered, for the man stood at the doorway as though to oppose his passage, but the fire and fury in the Scotchman's eye appalled him, and instinctively he drew aside. Then with something like the snort of a Highland stag, in sheer contempt the foreman strode by and into the gloomy, unlighted shops, just as Jim, with alarm and misery in his face, came panting to the spot.

"For goodness sake, don't let them touch the old man, fellows! Think how he's worked for the road for years before we were born. It's like home to him. You'd feel as he does if you'd worked for it so long. Stoltz has been making a speech inciting them to mob him. They're coming now. Speak to them, Mr. Steinman," he implored the stranger. "Speak to them, and stand them off."

"It's his own folly," said Steinman, waving Jim aside, and starting to get out of the road. "I've pleaded with him—warned him to no purpose. He insulted me—threatened

to split my skull. Ask these men here," he continued, and the nodding heads and murmured words of the by-standers gave quick assent. "I promised him protection if he'd simply agree to go home and stay there, and keep that fool of a brother of yours from joining his regiment."

"He couldn't promise that," protested Jim, all breathless with anxiety and grief. Already a crowd of rioters were surging through the gate a hundred yards away, and coming threateningly towards them. "The moment Fred could get his head dressed he left. He's gone two hours ago."

"Gone!" cried Steinman; "to join men who'd shoot us down like dogs! Then let the old man swallow his pill," and turning to the coming throng the furious leader shouted, "Come on!"

To Jim Wallace's side came running now, trembling, weeping with excitement and fear, a little boy of nine. With one grab the burly freight conductor seized and fairly slung him through the doorway into the dark interior, sprang after him, turned and barred the heavy oaken door, then seizing again the little fellow's hand, rushed him through a long lane of half-completed cars, through dim and gloomy aisles, and a maze of work-benches, until they reached the north end of the shops, a long block away.

"Now, Billy boy," he cried, straining his little brother one instant in his arms, "be a man for daddy's sake. Run like the wind for the avenue. Fred's regiment can't be six blocks away. Tell the Colonel they're killing father at the shops. Away with you, laddie!"

And like an arrow from the bow the little fellow sped, even as the sound of battering beams thundered through the resounding arches of the dark deserted shops, and Jim went groping back to find his gray-haired father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS BETSEY TRINKETT had risen betimes this Friday morning. She had planned to do some work in her garden, and, besides, Miss Betsey was an early riser.

Ebenezer, the "hired man," when he came back from driving the cows to pasture, found her hard at work, in her huge sun-bonnet and garden gloves, pruning the box that formed the border of the old-fashioned garden.

Here bloomed together in delicious profusion roses—white, red, and pink—sweet-william, dahlias, peonies, mignonette, and heart's-ease, while the labyrinth which wound in and out among them was the pride of Miss Betsey's heart.

After a time she straightened herself and stood gazing at the view, her quaint little figure, in its old-time gay-colored gown, looking not unlike the flowers among which it stood.

"Well, I want to know!" she said, aloud, her hand raised to shield her eyes. "Any one who says his view is better than mine must be just about daft. Land sakes! I'd just about die if I didn't get that sweep of the Merrimac and those mountings beyond!" And then, satisfied, she returned to her weeding.

Miss Betsey's house—in which she had been born, and her father also stood on the side of a hill. Behind was a steep pasture, full of rocks and stubby bushes. In front, on the other side of the road, the ground sloped abruptly to the village. Even the old white meeting-house, built on a hill though it was, stood lower than the Trinkett farm. Beyond the village flowed the beautiful Merrimac. A broad stretch of meadow-land and cultivated fields rested the eye with their peaceful greens, and far away was the dim outline of the hills.

"Silas don't get a touch of the river," continued Miss Betsey; "and as for the medders, they're nowhere to be seen. He thinks because he can see the Common and the Soldiers' Monument his view's better than mine! He expects me to give up the Merrimac for the Soldiers' Monument! Sakes alive!"

She worked steadily for some time, until the click of the gate attracted her attention.

"I want to know!" she exclaimed, laying down her tools and drawing off her old gloves; "if here ain't Nephew John and

Jackie and that naughty Cynthia. Well, well! And this must be the bride." And she hurried down the path to meet them.

Cynthia came shyly forward after the introduction of her step-mother and the greetings were over. All the way in the train she had been meditating what she should say. With Jack's help she had composed a little speech. His help had consisted in acting as audience, for Cynthia was seldom at a loss for words. But when the time came the speech deserted her, and all she could think of doing was to put her arms around Aunt Betsey's neck, and, looking into the depths of the big sun-bonnet, say, softly:

"Aunt Betsey, I'm so sorry! Will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, child!" exclaimed the old lady, her resentment melting at sight of her favorite niece. "I want to know! Did you suppose I'd remembered to be angry all this time? La, Cynthia, when you're as old as I am you'll



"I WANT TO KNOW!" SHE EXCLAIMED, DRAWING OFF HER OLD GLOVES.

have learned to take a little joke. And don't you suppose I'm real pleased to have you look so much like me? If Mrs. Parker couldn't tell us apart there must be some resemblance."

"Nor Jack, either," put in Cynthia, eagerly, with a lightened heart.

"I think you are too good to her, Aunt Betsey," said Mr. Franklin, as they walked towards the house. "I brought her up here to-day for the sole purpose of apologizing."

"Do tell! And I nearly disremembered it entirely! But I'm real glad to see you and my new niece. Come right into the best parlor."

She opened the door, and with reverent step ushered them into the carefully kept "best parlor." An immaculate carpet, ever shielded from the light of day, covered the floor, and a horse-hair sofa and a few chairs of the same inhospitable material stood at regular intervals from one another.

A pair of tall vases and some sea-shells decked the mantel-piece. During their childhood it had been a rare treat to Jack and Cynthia to hold these shells to their ears and listen to the "roar of the ocean" within. On a table between the windows were some wax flowers under a glass, and on the marble-topped centre table were a few books placed together in neat little piles.

Mrs. Franklin was given the place of honor, the large arm-chair. The chair being a high one, and she being a rather small woman, her feet barely touched the floor, and she sat in constant terror lest she should slide ignominiously to the ground.

It was so dark when they entered the room that Mr. Franklin stumbled over a worsted-work footstool which stood in a prominent place, but Miss Trickett opened the blinds a crack, and two bars of blazing July sunshine fell across the carpet. Then she sat down to entertain her guests, but her mind wandered. The Franklins all talked, but Miss Betsey was unusually silent. "I want to know!" and "Do tell!" came at random. Finally she said, with a hasty glance at the sunlight:

"I wonder now if you'd mind coming into my sitting-room? I'd be real pleased to have you, and maybe we'd find it cooler."

They all jumped to their feet with alacrity. Miss Betsey closed her blinds again with a sigh of relief, and in the freer atmosphere of the sitting-room, secure in the knowledge that her best-parlor carpet was no longer fading, she found her tongue.

"I was coming to see you, niece, just as soon as I could see my way to it. Marthy, my hired girl, has been off for a spell, and that's kept me busy. I'd have written, but I'm a poor hand at writing. Silas he says he wonders the letters I write ever get there, but then he's one of the doubting kind, Silas is. I've great faith in government. I think as long as they undertake to carry letters about at all, they've got sense enough to carry 'em safe, even if I do disremember part of the direction sometimes. And it's wonderful, as I've said many a time before, what you can send through the mails nowadays. But now tell me about those poor little orphans in the poultry-yard."

The success of the last hatch was described to her; in fact, all the news of Brenton was asked for and received, and in turn bits of Wayborough gossip were told to the attentive Mrs. Franklin, while Silas's latest sayings were repeated and commented upon.

When Jack and Cynthia had gone out-doors, Miss Betsey drew her chair a little closer to that of Mrs. Franklin.

"My dear—Hester, I think your name is, and Hester it will be my pleasure to call you—my dear Hester, I want to tell you first and foremost that I'm real pleased you should come and be a mother to those children of Nephew John's. They needed you; they needed you badly. And now I'm going to treat you as one of the family, and talk over a little matter with you and John. You've probably heard of Silas Green. He's been courting me these forty years, and now he's got it into his head that he can't be climbing this hill any more of a Sunday night. He wants me to fix the day! I declare, it kind of takes the stiffening right out of me to think of fixing the day after all these

years, and I still hold out, as I can't give up my view of the river."

"What are you going to do about it, Aunt Betsey?"

"That's just it, John. Well, I'm going to hold out a little longer, and I think—in fact, I'm pretty sure—that Silas is weakening. You see, it's kind of lonesome for him down there, now his sister's dead that kept house for him, and it is depressing to have nothing much to look at but the Common and the Soldiers' Monument. Yes, I think he's weakening, and I shouldn't wonder if you were to find him here next time you come. But I'll let you know in time to come to the wedding, you may be sure of that. But there's something else I want to speak about."

Here Miss Betsey paused. She folded her hands anew in her lap, and, rocking briskly, waited for some one to speak. The clock on the chimney-shelf ticked comfortably, and Miss Trickett's canary chirped and hopped about in its cage at the window. Mrs. Franklin looked at her husband.

"And what is that, Aunt Betsey?" said he. "Somehow you have so taken my breath away by hinting that you are going to make Mr. Silas Green happy, after all these years, that I can't take in anything else."

"Ah, now, my dear boy, don't jump too quickly at a conclusion. Things may not be any nearer a settling now than they were forty years ago. It's all a question of view, and men are terribly set in their ways. However, to continue: I want to make each of the children a present. I feel that I'm getting on in life—though I'm not so very old either, but still no one knows what may happen—and I'd rather do things up before I die than have it all a-goin on after I'm laid away. I never did think much of wills, anyhow. So I'm going to send 'em each a present from time to time as I feel inclined."

"Nonsense, Aunt Betsey!" said Mr. Franklin. "You are not going to die for many a year yet, and you give the children enough. Keep your money."

"Now you needn't say a word, John. My mind's made up, and it takes a deal to make me change it—it's in the Trickett blood. And then I like to get the letters the children write to thank me. I must say I'm powerful fond of their letters, 'specially Cynthia's. She does write a beautiful letter. I'll send 'em each in turn, beginning with Edith and ending up with Willy. Of course they can do what they like with the money, but it would be my advice to put it in the savings-bank. It's wonderful how money does roll up in an institution of that kind."

Miss Betsey could not be turned from her purpose, so her nephew was forced to content himself with begging her, if she sent money through the mails, to address it carefully.

"One would think, nephew, from the way you talk that I didn't know how to write," said the old lady, with some asperity.

Jack and Cynthia in the mean time were exploring the farm. It was a never-failing source of pleasure to them, accustomed to farm life though they were.

"This is a really true farm," said Cynthia; "not a make-believe, like ours, with a hired farmer to do it all. And Aunt Betsey's garden is a thousand times nicer than ours, and her hens are all so big and strong-looking."

"That's only because you've been looking so much at the 'little orphans.' By-the-way, I wonder how they're getting on. I do wish I hadn't had to leave home to-day. I wonder if Neal will attend to things? Queer kind of a duffer, isn't he, Cynthia?"

"Yes; but I like him. He's awfully lazy and all that, but I think I'd trust him."

"Oh, I'd trust him far enough, except where hard work's concerned. In that line I think I'd rather trust myself. But I wish it was time to go home."

"So do I," said Cynthia, thoughtfully. "I have a feeling that something is going on there and we are missing it. Aunt Betsey's isn't as much fun as usual, though she was awfully good to forgive me so easily. And you have been frightening me about it all the way, Jack."

At last the day wore on, and amid cordial good-byes from Miss Betsey, her relatives took leave.

"I'll send you something for those little orphans at

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Christmas-time, Jackie," she called after them, "though this being only July, I hope to see you before then."

When the party reached home they found Bob shaven and shorn, Neal in his most careless and teasing frame of mind, Edith depressed and silent, and the children in disgrace.

"I knew something was happening while we were away," whispered Cynthia to Jack.

"If only we hadn't missed it!" returned he. "Smashing the buggy and shaving Bob, all in one day! It's a regular shame that we weren't on hand."

"It seems to me that you were neglecting things somewhat to-day, Edith," said her father, when he heard the story.

There! it had come. Of course she was to be censured, as she had expected.

"I didn't know I was to be tied hand and foot and look after the children every minute of the day," she answered, crossly; "and it was not *my* fault that we went to the woods and broke the buggy."

"I didn't care in the least about the buggy, but about Neal's dog."

This was too much. Edith felt badly herself about the dog, but surely she was not responsible. She had not been the means of bringing him to Oakleigh, she said to herself. She was about to reply, when Mrs. Franklin interposed and diverted her husband's mind from the subject. This still further annoyed Edith.

Why should Mrs. Franklin feel called upon to interfere between her and her father? And she encouraged herself to dislike more than ever the "intruders" at Oakleigh.

The summer went by. More chickens were hatched, until they numbered four hundred, and then "Franklin & Gordon" concluded that they would not fill the machine again this season. The stock must be carefully tended during the winter, and Jack would have his hands full, though one of the men would help him if necessary.

Jack was to go to Boston to school this winter. Neal was going back to boarding-school; it was his last year, and next autumn he hoped to begin college life.

One fine day towards the end of the summer Cynthia and Neal walked out over the pasture to the "far meadow," and sat down in the shade of a huge hay-stack. The air was full of the hum of fall insects, and grasshoppers alighted here, there, and everywhere about them. Neal tried in vain to catch one with his hat. Then he tossed it to one side, and clapping his hands behind his head, leaned back against the hay with a heavy sigh.

"What is the matter?" asked Cynthia. "I should think you had the weight of the world on your shoulders."

"And so I have. I've a good mind to trot out the whole story to you, Cynth. I wonder if it would do any good?"

"Of course it would," replied Cynthia, promptly. "There is nothing like talking a thing over, and, besides, I've wanted dreadfully to know what has been the matter with you."

"How did you know anything was?"

"I have seen you growing glummer and glummer. You haven't been nearly as jolly lately. And when you got that letter this morning you looked as if you would like to punch somebody."

"You do take in a lot! I never supposed anybody would notice. I wonder if Hessie did?"

"I saw her looking at you."

"I wish she'd look to some purpose, and hand out what I want. She's got taken up with you Franklins nowadays."

"What do you want?"

"Money, of course."

"Why, Neal, mamma gave you a lot the other day!"

"Oh, that was a mere drop in the bucket. Yes, I really think I'll have to tell you what a fix I'm in. Perhaps you'll see some way out of it."

"Do," said Cynthia, sympathetically; "I am sure I will."

"Well, it's just this: I owe a lot of money to a fellow that goes to St. Asaph's, and I had a letter from him this

morning asking me to fork out at once, or he would write to my guardians or speak to the trustees at the school. It's a nasty thing to do, anyhow. I don't think the fellow is a gentleman."

"Then why did you ever have anything to do with him?"

"That's just like a girl! I'm sorry I told you."

"Oh, don't say that! Indeed, it only just struck me that people who are not gentlemen are so horrid. Please go on, Neal, and tell me the rest."

"There's nothing to tell except that I owe him a hundred dollars."

"One hundred dollars! Neal!" To Cynthia this seemed a fortune. "Why, how did you ever spend it all?"

"Spend it! Easily enough. Suppers once in a while, ginger-pop, candy, cigarettes."

"I didn't know you smoked."

"Neither I do. I just do it occasionally to show I'm up to it. But it's no go if you're training, and I'm training most of the time. But you have to keep cigarettes on hand for the fellows."

"But, Neal, you told me once how large your allowance is, and I don't see how you ever in the world managed to spend so much more."

"Easily enough, as I said before. You see, I have the name of being a rich fellow, and I have to live up to it, which makes it hard. I have to live up to it, when, after all, I'm practically dependent on Hessie. I haven't a cent of my own until I'm twenty-five. This fellow Bronson offered to lend me a fiveer one day, and I got into the habit of asking him. I didn't mean to let it run on so long. He's a queer lot—awfully smooth on the outside, and inside hard as nails. We were good friends at first; then he did something I didn't like, and I cut him; but he didn't seem to mind it, and afterwards when he offered me the fiveer I thought I might as well take it. What a mean will that was anyhow of grandmother's!"

Neal moodily tugged at a wisp of straw which he held in his teeth, and looked across the meadow. A herd of cows came down on the opposite side of the river for a drink, and Bob barked at them loudly, running as near to them as he dared.

For a time Cynthia did not speak. Then she said,

"Aren't you going to ask mamma?"

"I suppose I'll have to. I wouldn't mind a bit if she were not married, but I suppose your father will have to know about it."

"I suppose," said Cynthia, sagely, "mamma would have just given it to you without saying anything, while papa will ask questions."

"That's just about the size of it. And he will not only ask the questions, but he won't like the answers. I think I won't tackle them for a hundred all at once. I'll put it at fifty, and try to get Bronson to wait for the rest. I suppose I'll get some tips at Christmas-time."

"I think it would be ever so much better, Neal, to tell the whole truth. It will save ever so much trouble in the end."

"But it won't save trouble now, and I hate a fuss. The fifty business will be bad enough. I like to take things quietly."

"That's just it, Neal. Do take my advice, and tell mamma the whole thing."

"That's the worst of telling a girl anything. They always want to give advice. I wonder why it is that a woman from her earliest years loves to advise?"

"Much you know about it," said Cynthia; "and you needn't have told me about your scrape if you didn't want me to say anything."

"Well, I've told you now, and you must give me your word of honor that you will never give me away. Now promise, Cynthia."

"Of course I'll promise, Neal. I wouldn't tell it for the world if you don't want me to. But, oh, I wish you would tell the whole thing yourself!"

But Neal was obdurate; and when he found how his brother-in-law received his demand for fifty dollars he thought he had acted wisely.

"Of course it is not really my affair," said Mr. Franklin,

"except that I am your sister's husband, and have a right to advise her. The money is hers, to do with it what she likes, and she can spend it all on you if she wishes. But I think fifty dollars is a good deal for a school-boy, with the allowance that you have, to owe. If you were my boy I should look into the matter pretty carefully, you may be sure. However, I am neither your father nor your guardian. But it is a bad precedent. If you spend money in this way at school, what will you do in college?"

Hester expostulated with her brother, but wrote a check and gave it to him. Neal was almost sorry then that he had not placed the sum at one hundred.

He sent the check to Bronson, assuring him that he would pay him the balance before long. This done, Neal became as gay and debonair as ever. Cynthia, knowing the facts, wondered that he could so completely forget the burden of debt that was still resting upon him. She thought that he must have discovered some other way of settling the matter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UNITED STATES NAVY AT THE BALTIC CANAL.

BY A JUNIOR OFFICER.

"GENERAL Signal 6421 from flag-ship!" cried the signal boy to signal officer of the U. S. S. *San Francisco*, as our fleet approached the entrance to Kiel Fjord.

"Report to the Captain that we are ordered by the flag-ship to take position at head of column," replied the signal officer, referring to signal-book.

Simultaneously the U. S. flag-ship *New York* stopped her engines, allowing the U. S. S. *San Francisco* and U. S. S. *Columbia* to steam ahead, leading the column into the harbor of Kiel, Germany, in order that they might be in proper sequence for picking up the buoys assigned them during the festivities attending the opening of the large and important canal connecting the Baltic with the North Sea. Ahead, beyond the light guarding the entrance to Kiel Fjord, which is nothing more than a long land-locked harbor five miles long by one and a half broad, we could see ships and boats by the score.

We are entering the harbor. Ding! and the engines are stopped, lines are thrown to the small launch coming alongside, and a German officer is helped aboard, who volunteers to show us to our assigned buoyage. The first of the unbroken series of hospitalities shown us by the Germans during our entire stay has been performed. Changing course to port, ahead we could see the spires and buildings of Kiel several miles distant; abeam, the little town of Friedrichsort close aboard; on our bow, distant about four miles, lay the little town of Holtenau, really little else than a suburb of Kiel, and here was pointed out by the pilot the canal, the opening of which we had come to celebrate. On our port hand the shore extended evenly from Kiel to our port beam, clothed in verdure, sprinkled by occasional villas, and marked particularly by a small hill just opposite the entrance to the canal, which had been surmounted by an immense stand for the reception of spectators to the yacht races following the opening week. In this harbor lay the German fleet, consisting of twenty-eight vessels, aside from torpedo-boats, and the Austrian fleet of four, many yachts, tugs, and steamers chartered for the functions. While gazing at the array before us we are aroused by the 21-gun salute of the flag-ship, fired in honor of the port. We now approach the German training-ships. The men are in the rigging. Three cheers ring out from the mass in the rigging. "Stand by to cheer ship!" yells the First Lieutenant. "Lay aloft!" and our rigging is a mass of human beings. "Stand by to cheer—hip, hip!" and the three long, hearty cheers of the Germans are returned. Again and again is this repeated as we slowly steam up by the line of ships riding to their moorings, the cheers ringing out even above the guns of the *New York*, which, it must be remembered, are all of this time engaged in a constant fusillade in extending and returning salutes to the Admirals of the various fleets.

Arriving at our buoy, we find that the boat which we had manned, ready for lowering, is unnecessary, as a German boat was waiting to carry out our hawser to the buoy. We are moored. Our position is not the best, but, being near the town, it counterbalances the disadvantage of being some distance from the canal entrance.

The two days now elapsing before the opening of the festivities, the grand ball at Hamburg, are days of prepa-



THE AMERICAN SQUADRON AT THE KIEL NAVAL REVIEW.



THE WAR-SHIPS PASSING THROUGH THE CANAL.

ration. The last touches are put on our white lustrous sides; the smallest particles of dirt or stain are carefully removed; morning and evening the various ships' boats are seen practising for the coming races. Entertainments have already begun. The officers of each German ship diligently apply themselves to the entertainment of the officers of the ship or ships assigned them, while the crews of our vessels accept similar hospitalities from the crews of theirs. These days also witness the arrival of the other numerous fleets — Denmark with two cruisers and four torpedo-boats; England with six battle-ships, two large cruisers, and two torpedo-boats, and two yachts; France with the *Hoch*, *Dupuy de Lôme*, and *Sarcouf*; the Italians with nine vessels of all classes; Holland with two cruisers; Norway with two; Portugal with one; Roumania with two; Russia with three; Sweden three; Spain three; and others, making a total in harbor on the morning of June 19th of eighty-six war-vessels, aside from torpedo-boats. Besides this, the numerous yachts, liners, and tugs made the harbor fairly covered with floating habitations.

On this date the Admiral of our fleet, accompanied by his staff, went to Hamburg, where he had previously ordered the *Marblehead*, our smallest vessel, to await him. Here, after the ball, which opened the festivities, he went aboard that vessel and steamed down to Brunsbüttel, the mouth of the canal, where a column of sixteen vessels, headed by H. M. steam-yacht *Hohenzollern*, began at 4 A.M. the passage through the canal. This canal connects the Elbe (at Brunsbüttel) to the Baltic at Kiel by a rather tortuous passage of 65 miles in length. It is from 27 to 30 feet deep, 70 feet broad at the bottom, and 120 feet at the top. The total cost was 156,000,000 marks—\$39,000,000.

At 8 A.M., June 20th, the holiday aspect suddenly came over the fleets.

The few flags and banners that the smaller boats had flown proudly the past few days were put to shame when at one instant, on the stroke of eight bells (A.M.), every ship hoisted her rainbow of every flag, extending from water-line forward over masts to water-line aft. Then the celebration began at Kiel. At noon the exit of the Emperor's yacht with the imperial party aboard was celebrated by the firing of thirty-three guns by each ship in the harbor, with rails manned, and officers in full dress.

At 8 P.M. the grand ball was given at Kiel. Four thousand people were present, representing all nations. The Emperor and royal party were there, and officers not having already met him were there presented.

The following day the ships were full dressed at 8 A.M.



THE EMPEROR'S YACHT OPENING THE CANAL

At 1 p.m. were the inaugural ceremonies at the mouth of the canal. Uniform full dress. Rails were manned, and ships passing by the Emperor gave three cheers. During the afternoon the *Hohenzollern* steamed through the fleet, and was saluted and cheered as before.

This was the night of the grand illumination. The commanders of the visiting countries had their ships outlined by electric lights, taking in funnels, masts, rails, etc. Those of the United States had besides their name in three-foot letters, and a large shield showing stars and stripes. In the midst of this display lights were suddenly cut off, and for an hour the flag-ship *New York* sent forth a display of fireworks not equalled in any other fleet. The most notable features were fire-likenesses of President Cleveland and Emperor William II. and the American and German coats of arms, all in immense frames, 16 by 20 feet.

As the festivities approach an end, so do I near the point where I shall leave you to fill in the omissions in your imaginations.

On the 22d the ships did not again hoist the rainbow, but instead floated a flag from each mast-head. A German manoeuvring fleet went out in the early morning for fleet manoeuvres, sham-battle, and review by Empress. At noon they returned, and the festival-time of Kiel was over.

The officers were still entertained, courtesies extended as before. Boat-racing received an impetus as the time approached. Visitors were received aboard ship, but the difference could be felt; the throng on the water diminished; the town, hitherto so gayly decorated, became more sober. Everything pointed that the festival was over, the canal was open, the entire celebration was a grand success.

America's fleet of snow-white cruisers, her display, her representation, when so far distant, have won unanimous praise and applause, and may be reckoned by all Americans as the grandest success of all.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Amateur Photographers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject to far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Camera Club Department.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, No. 11.

INTENSIFICATION OR REDEVELOPMENT.

A NEGATIVE which has been overexposed and developed in a normal developer, while perfect in detail, will be thin and without contrast. This is because it is underdeveloped, the chemicals acting too quickly to allow it to gain density. A satisfactory print cannot be made from such a negative, as the film, being so transparent, allows the light to reach all parts of the paper almost at once, and the print when toned is a dull slaty gray.

An overexposed and underdeveloped plate may be redeveloped, and this process is usually called strengthening or intensifying. Solutions come ready prepared for use, but the amateur who wishes can prepare his own.

The bichloride-of-mercury formula is one of the most satisfactory for the young amateur. This is in three solutions, made up and kept in separate bottles, labelled respectively No. 1, No. 2, No. 3. No. 1 is composed of bichloride of mercury, 120 grains; chloride of ammonium, 120 grains; distilled water, 10 ounces. No. 2 is composed of chloride of ammonium, 120 grains; water, 10 ounces. No. 3 is sulphate of sodium crystals, 1 ounce; water, 9 ounces.

Wash the plate for a few minutes, and then place it for ten minutes in a five-per-cent. solution of alum, and wash for half an hour. Place the negative in a glass tray, and flow enough of the solution marked No. 1 to cover it. The negative will turn white, and as soon as it is white, or nearly so, turn off the solution, and flow with No. 2 for one minute. Rinse the plate again, and cover with the solution marked No. 3, and let it remain till the negative has changed to a

dark brown or black. Wash for an hour and dry. No. 3 can be returned to the bottle, but the others had better be thrown away after using once.

Another method is to bleach or whiten the plate with a solution of bichloride of mercury, and then treat the plate with a hydrochinon developer. Dissolve a quarter-ounce of bichloride of mercury in 12 ounces of water. Soak the plate for a few minutes in clear water, till the film is thoroughly wet. Place it face up in a glass tray, and turn the mercuric solution over it, till the image first disappears and again becomes visible. Take the plate from the tray and wash away every trace of the mercury. Place it in a developing tray, and cover the plate with a fresh solution of hydrochinon developer. (Any formula will answer.) In a few minutes the negative will come out almost as strong as if it had been properly exposed and developed. Wash thoroughly and dry. If the plate does not need much intensifying, leave it in the mercuric solution just long enough for the surface to whiten.

Another formula for intensifying is one which can be used as soon as the plates have been developed and fixed, and gives the required strength to quite thin negatives. This is prepared in three solutions, and used in the same way as the first formula given. No. 1, bichloride of mercury, 2 parts; water, 100 parts. No. 2, iodide of potassium, 3 parts; water, 33 parts. No. 3, sodic acetate, 4 parts; water, 33 parts.

Caution: Mark all bottles containing intensifying solutions "Poison," be very careful in handling, and keep them locked up when not in use. Bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) is a violent poison, and a grain or two of it taken internally may prove fatal. An antidote is the whites of eggs beaten up with water and given promptly, repeatedly, and abundantly. The albumen of the egg renders the salts of mercury insoluble, and enables the stomach to throw off the poison instead of absorbing it into the system.

Mlle. C. de Gramont, Paris, France, asks "If an amateur can make a non-halation plate, and how, and what is the best method of sensitizing the salted paper described in No. 796?" Plates already sensitized can be covered, runed, almost free from halation, by painting the back or glass side with a mixture of collodion and rouge. In place of the rouge any dark red or brown pigment may be used. The mixture dries quickly, and is easily wiped off the plate before developing. Another mixture may be made of $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. gum-arabic, 1 drachm of glycerine, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. burnt sienna, and 5 oz. water. Heat enough of the water to dissolve the gum-arabic, and when cold mix all the ingredients together. Apply with a brush. After exposure and before developing it should be wiped off the plate with a cloth wet with benzine. In No. 898 will be found further directions for preparing plain salted paper. The easiest way to sensitize the paper is to cut it into 5 by 10 sheets, lay a piece on a pane of glass, holding it from curling by two or three letter-clips; or, if preferred, a smooth board can be used and the paper fastened to the board with small thumb tacks. Apply lightly and evenly, first one way and then the other at right angles. Be sure that all the paper is covered. Dry in a dark room, pinning the paper to the wall or some smooth surface. After two or three times trying one can apply the solution evenly. The prints are very beautiful, and if well washed do not fade.

ANSWERS TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—We have had many queries as to how one may become a member of the Camera Club. Any member of the Round Table may become a member of the club by sending his or her name to the Round Table. We hope all of our readers who own cameras will join the club, as we expect to give some new and original plans for work during the year.

SIR KNIGHT B. P. ATKINSON, Tilton, New Hampshire, asks, 1. What is Eikonogen made from, and what is the chemical name. 2. What is the difference between chrome alum and alum crystals. 3. When we expect to have another photographic contest. 4. Is Watkins's exposure meter a reliable machine. 5. How can films be kept from curling.

1. Eikonogen is the sodium salt compounded from three different chemicals, and comes in whitish-gray crystals. It is the name of a developing agent patented by Dr. Anderson about six years ago. It is not poisonous, does not stain the fingers, and gives a clear negative with plenty of detail. 2. The difference between chrome alum and alum crystals is principally that chrome alum has twice the strength of alum crystals, being a double salt, instead of the commercial alum usually sold. Both chrome alum and alum crystals are used for the same purpose in photography, for clearing and hardening the film of the negative. 3. The date has not yet been fixed for our next photographic contest, but we intend to have another soon. 4. It is out of our province to pass judgment on any kind of photographic apparatus. 5. Films may be kept from curling by soaking them after they have been developed and before they have been dried, in a solution of glycerine, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., distilled water, 16 oz., for five minutes, and then drying as usual.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to receive articles and queries from the friends of the young ladies.

ONE of my girls inquires how to ask for an autograph of a person whom she admires, and which she thinks would add to the interest of her collection. Such a letter might be written in this way:

DAISY MEAD, BROOKVILLE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. Sarah Maria Chester:

DEAR MADAM,—I am making a collection of autographs, and would feel much honored if you would kindly allow me to add yours to the number I have already received. I enclose a slip of paper and a stamped and addressed envelope, and thanking you in advance for granting the favor I ask, I am, Very sincerely yours,

ELEANOR ALICE AMES.

Or perhaps you may like better this simpler form:

NO 189 ASHTABULA STREET, ROOM, ILLINOIS

DEAR MRS. LADYLOVE. I am a little girl twelve years old, living a great many miles from you, but I have read your poems and stories, and like them very much. It will make me very happy to receive your autograph. Please use the slip of paper which I enclose in the stamped and addressed envelope, which I add to save you trouble.

Admiringly yours, EMILY ANNE JINKS.

The form of address, you observe, is not arbitrary. But you must be polite. You are soliciting a favor. And you must certainly send the envelope addressed to yourself, and stamped. Always enclose return postage in a letter which asks a friend to do you a kindness, to send you information, or in any way to oblige you. One little two-cent stamp is not very much to either your correspondent or yourself, but postage-stamps soon count up when one has a great many letters to write and answer.

ANOTHER girlie says, "Please tell me how soon I ought to answer my friend's letter—the same day, or the next, or in a week, or what?" Bless your dear heart, my child, answer as soon as you please, and if you are writing to somebody you love, who loves you, the sooner the better. A lady who has a large correspondence tells me that she always replies to her friends while their letters are fresh in her mind, before the glow and tenderness have faded. It is, as a rule much easier to answer a letter when you have recently read it than when it has been put aside for days and weeks. Still, much depends on the style of the correspondence, and on the tie which binds you to your friend.

I HAVE lately been reading some very remarkable letters. They are published in a book called *Letters from the New Hebrides*, and are by Maggie Whitecross Paton, the wife of the great missionary Dr. John G. Paton. I think these letters are very nearly perfect, so bright, so chatty, so full of simple goodness. Mrs. Paton has the gift of seeing things, and then telling about them so that we see with her eyes.

I WISH I might impress on you the importance of answering questions which may have been asked by your correspondent. Before closing a letter which is by way of reply, why not read over the one which calls it forth, and make sure that you have not omitted anything concerning which you have been asked to give information.

POSTAL CARDS should be used exclusively for purposes of business, the exception being that when on a journey it is a good plan to carry a postal card, addressed before you leave home, pencil on it the news of your safe arrival, and mail it in the station before going to your journey's end. This often gives the home people news of you

some hours in advance of the letter you write at the first opportunity after reaching your friend's house.

No LETTER should ever be marred by excuses and apologies.

Margaret E. Langster.

TRAVELLING STONES IN NEVADA.

THE curious "travelling stones" of Australia are paralleled in Nevada. They are described as being perfectly round, about as large as a walnut, and of an ivory nature. When distributed about on the floor, table, or any smooth surface within two or three feet of each other, they immediately commence travelling toward each other, and meet at a common centre, and there lie huddled in a bunch like eggs in a nest. A single stone removed to a distance of four feet, upon being released, returns to the heap, but if taken away as much as five feet remains motionless. It is needless to say that they are largely composed of magnetic iron ore.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER II.

AS soon as Tommy recovered his self-possession—or as much of it as he could under these trying circumstances—he opened his eyes and looked about him. He could not see much, for they were apparently racing down a dark, narrow corridor, "like a telegram in a pneumatic tube," he thought. But his eyes gradually grew accustomed to the darkness, and he could see that there were pictures on the walls—battle pictures, and scenes representing all sorts of historical events. He caught a glimpse of Washington crossing the Delaware, and of the battle of Bunker Hill; he saw the taking of the Bastille, and the great London fire. Soon he saw the Spanish Armada and the Crusades, and, later, the burning of Rome, Julius Caesar crossing the Rubicon, the siege of Carthage, the building of the Parthenon, the destruction of Troy, the fall of Babylon, and afterwards many other things that he could not recognize. They all seemed to whiz past him in a sort of confused blur. He screwed up courage enough finally to call out to the ex-Pirate:

"Wh-wh-wh is th-thi-thi-pla-ce, and how l-long are we g-going to go l-like th-thi-th?"

"Th-th-these are the balls of Time," the ex-Pirate shouted in reply. "We are going back through them as far as the Deluge."

This explanation was not very satisfactory to Tommy, and although up to the present moment he had not had a chance to think of getting scared, he now began to feel slightly alarmed at what had happened. He was about to question the ex-Pirate again, when suddenly there was a great burst of light, and they seemed to shoot out of the tunnel they had been travelling through. Tommy felt the grasp of Father Time's hand loosen, and the next thing he knew he was rolling head over heels on top of a big hay-stack in the middle of a broad sunny field. He pulled himself together as soon as he could, and found the ex-Pirate sitting in the hay beside him with a somewhat bewildered expression on his face.

"I don't think I like that sort of thing very much," remarked Tommy.

"I can't quite say that I do either," said the ex-Pirate, feeling to see if his pistols were still in his sash.

"Where is Father Time?" continued the little boy.

"I don't know. Perhaps he is going ahead now at his regular rate of sixty seconds to the minute."

Tommy scratched his head meditatively and looked about him. The field in which the hay-stack stood was surrounded by hills and forests, and here and there could be seen various kinds of animals travelling in pairs. Over the



"WHY, THAT ARK IS JUST LIKE MINE!" EXCLAIMED TOMMY

crests of the trees, directly in front of them, the little boy espied something that looked like the roof of an immense barn. He called the ex-Pirate's attention to it.

"That must be the Ark," said the latter, rising. "Let's go and find out."

They clambered down the hay-stack into the field, and started off in the direction of the woods. There was not any path for them to follow, and occasionally they had to wade through tall grass that reached almost up to their waists. In one of these clumps of herbage they heard voices.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said one voice, "I am sure we shall be late. We are *always* late. Oh dear! oh dear! I wonder what time it is!"

Tommy and the ex-Pirate stopped and looked about them; but they could not see any one, and were about to proceed on their way, when they heard the same plaint again. They parted the tall grasses and followed the direction whence the sounds appeared to come, until they found two Turtles plodding along as fast as they could over the rough ground. It was the larger of the two Turtles that was wailing over the probability of their being late in arriving wherever they were going.

"What's the matter?" asked the ex-Pirate.

The Turtles paused and looked up.

"The matter?" exclaimed the larger Turtle. "Look at this," and he pulled a newspaper clipping out from under his shell. "I am sure we shall be late."

The ex-Pirate took the piece of paper and looked at it. It was an advertisement:

DEPARTURE LINE:

THE ARK

Captain Noah.

Will sail at NOON precisely.

"I am sure we shall miss the boat," continued the Turtle, nervously. "What time is it, please?"

Tommy and the ex-Pirate looked at each other. Neither one had a watch.

"I can't tell you what time it is," answered the

little boy. "I'm not big enough to have a watch; and the last time I saw the clock it was going so fast I could not tell what time it was."

"Well," said the Turtle, "you are more polite than the Cuckoos, anyway. But I am sure we shall be late."

"I guess not," said the ex-Pirate, reassuringly. "Don't get nervous about it. There is always a delay. The Ark won't sail on time. And besides, they will have to wait for the mails."

"Oh no," persisted the Turtle. "They won't have to wait for the males, because we are going aboard in pairs."

"Can't we carry the poor things?" suggested Tommy. "It would be too bad if they got left."

The Turtle looked up at the little boy with an expression of overwhelming gratitude. This was all that was needed to persuade the ex-Pirate, and so he and Tommy leaned

over and each picked up a Turtle and tucked it under his arm.

"This reminds me of a conversation I overheard once," said the ex-Pirate, as they started off again. "I made a classic out of it; and as the Sheep is not here to object now, I will recite it to you:

"'It is much to be regretted,'

Said the Turtle to the Snail,
That as rapid-transit creatures
We so signally must fail.

"'But yet we should be thankful
That Nature still allows us
To carry on our weary backs
The wherewithal to house us.'"

"Correct!" blurted out the Turtle from under the ex-Pirate's arm. "Is there any danger of these pistols going off?"

"No," replied the ex-Pirate; "they are loaded."

"That's all right, then," he said, with a sigh of relief; "I was afraid they were not loaded."

Tommy and the ex-Pirate, with the Turtles under their arms, picked their way through the trees toward the Ark. As they advanced they could hear sounds as of a vast congregation of creatures, and at last, when they came to the edge of the woods, they looked out upon a broad plain, in the centre of which rested the huge house-boat that Noah had constructed. Around it were gathered hundreds and hundreds of animals, and in the air above were flying countless birds.

"Why, that Ark is just like mine!" exclaimed Tommy, "only a million times larger." The ex-Pirate looked at him in a half-surprised way, but made no reply.

"I guess you can drop us here," then said Tommy's Turtle; "and we are ever so much obliged." As soon as the two creatures had been put down upon the ground again they scampered off in the direction of the Ark as fast as their legs would carry them.

"Now what shall we do?" said Tommy.

"I guess we had better hold a council of war. When you don't know what to do, always hold a council of war," answered the ex-Pirate, and the two sat down in the shade of a big oak to consult.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

WARE HAS TURNED THE TABLES ON WHITMAN. They met in the finals at Newcastle, but it was 6-4, 7-5, 4-6, and 5-7 before the interscholastic champion could make it 8-6 in the fifth set, and call the tournament his. There was good playing that day, and the schools can take pride in the fact that they are sending new material, and better, into the tennis ranks this season than has entered for many a year. These new-comers are putting up a careful, steady game too. The principal failing of young and promising players in former years has been their inclination to play more for the benefit of the spectators than for the points of the game. But to sacrifice points for applause is a very evident absurdity, and so I was glad to see at the Wentworth that most of the men aimed to put up a steady game.

WARE AND WHITMAN are so nearly even in their play that it is difficult to determine which is the better man. Ware no doubt has the greater powers of endurance, and I should count on him to win more tournaments in the long-run, but Whitman is certainly strong in emergencies and steady at critical moments. Ware's best strokes are his cross-court plays, which I have no doubt he will eventually develop to a standard of proficiency superior to that of any player in the country. He volleys well, too, and when in back court often puts in some good smashes. Whitman is clever at a drive, and puts speed into his strokes, but he has not the physical development to stand a long match. His game would no doubt be greatly improved if he should devote himself during the winter to general athletic exercise. He smashes well, and is excellent on volleying. The performance of Beals Wright at the Wentworth tournament was a surprise to many. For a fifteen-year-old lad he certainly can play tennis. Scudder was also on hand, and repeated some of his clever work at Longwood. He put up even a better game at Newcastle, defeating Badlong in the second round, but he succumbed to Ware in the semi-finals.



LEONARD E. WARE.

WHITMAN WAS APPARENTLY not in the best of condition when he stepped into court for the final match, but he warmed up to his work as the games piled up, and showed good form in the last three sets. The first offered no ex-

hibition of particularly fine play. The score seesawed, until Whitman took the fifth and sixth games, and then Ware got the next four and the set. But in the second set there was pretty tennis. Whitman did some clever placing, and Ware's drives called forth considerable applause. In the eighth game there was an amusing lobbing contest, which finally turned to Ware's favor, and he followed up the advantage with some clean passes across that added the ninth to his score.



S. A. SYME.

POOR PLAY characterized the opening of the third set, not a point being earned in the first game. Whitman took it, and Ware got the second on his opponent's successive outs. Then Ware came up to the net and put in some good strokes; but Whitman was steady- ing down by this time, and with some clever passes and good volleying he got his first set. He took the next one, too, made lively by sharp work on both sides with many deuce games and plenty of fierce volleying. Then came the rubber. Ware was warmed up, and kept driving the ball at his opponent. Whitman set his hopes on placing, and played a careful steady game. Ware took the first two games, and Whitman got the following three, and then it was a seesaw until the twelfth. Deuce was called five times in the eleventh game before Whitman could win it. He was leading, then, 6-5. But Ware quickly brought the score to games all, and by beautiful placing earned the two following, the set and the match.

IT IS TO BE REGRETTED that all the interscholastic cracks will not meet at Newport. Sheldon of Hotchkiss Academy, winner of the Yale interscholastic tourney, cannot be present because he is out West, where he must stand again to defend the championship of Ohio, which he won last year. For a similar reason McMahon, the Brooklyn interscholastic champion, will be absent. He has won the Leland House tournament at Schroon Lake for the past two years, and if he wins again this summer the Leland House cup is his. That tournament occurs about the same period as the Newport Interscholastic. But the schools will be well represented, nevertheless, and we may look forward to seeing even better tennis this year than at any previous interscholastic tournament.

ALTHOUGH IT IS NOW SOMEWHAT LATE IN THE SEASON to recur to the spring championship series of baseball, it seems advisable to insert the result of the New England Interscholastic League contest, if only for the sake of the record which it will serve. The outcome of the series was not wholly satisfactory, because the Cambridge High and Latin School nine tied Hopkinton's for first place, and a deciding game was arranged. Had it been, the Cambridge men would doubtless have won. They were the

and in the field gave excellent support to Stearns, who was one of the best pitchers in the association. The Hopkinson players were likewise strong at the bat, but prone to get rattled. The surprise of the season was English High's defeat of the Cambridge team—in a most exciting contest after having lost to almost every other nine in the league. The scores follow:

April 26.—Hop., 13; Som. H., 11.
 May 1.—Hop., 6; B.L.S., 5 (12 innings).
 " 9.—Hop., 15; Som. H., 4.
 " 10.—Hop., 15; E.H.S., 14.
 " 11.—C.H. and L., 21; R.L.S., 12.
 " 16.—E.H.S., 11; Som. H., 1.
 " 17.—C.H. and L., 8; Hop., 5.
 " 21.—B.L.S., 8; R.L.S., 6.
 " 22.—C.H. and L., 7; Som. H., 0.
 " 24.—Hop., 19; R.L.S., 13.
 " 25.—C.H. and L., 17; B.L.S., 0.
 " 28.—R.L.S., 5; Som. H., 4.
 " 31.—B.L.S., 10; E.H.S., 5.
 June 4.—R.L.S., 15; E.H.S., 10.
 " 7.—E.H.S., 4; C.H. and L., 3.

CANOEING IS ABOUT AS GOOD AN out-door sport as any for the month of August, but it is a pastime largely restricted to inland waters. You can paddle and sail a canoe along the sea-shore, of course; but this is dangerous business for any but the most experienced canoeist, and thoroughly unadvisable. Canoes were not intended for rough water. But there is nothing more delightful than to paddle yourself along a winding stream through the quiet woods, or sail in your light craft across some beautiful lake in the mountains. To those who have never tasted this pleasure it can truly be recommended. One of the objections to indulging in it, many will say, is the expense involved in the purchase of a canoe. But this may be very easily overcome by any one gifted with even the slightest constructive ingenuity. If you can saw to a line and plane an edge, and drive a nail, you can build a canoe for yourself at very small cost.

THE SIMPLEST KIND OF CANOE is made of canvas, and for the purpose of a novice in the graceful art of paddling it is just as serviceable as a more expensive boat. Very little material is required to construct one, and the cost, including everything, will not exceed \$12. First procure two strips of pine board 12½ feet by 2 inches by ¾ of an inch; a bunch of oak strips 1½ by ½ inch, and about 4 feet long; a bunch of pine strips 13 feet long by 1½ by ¾ inch; and a piece of spruce 12 feet long by 2 inches by 1½ inch. This last piece is to be used for the keel, to the ends of which are fastened the stem and stern posts. These are both alike, and should be sawed out of a pine plank in the curved shape displayed in Fig. A. Lay out your curve on the plank in pencil first, then saw to the line, and level the edge, so that the prow will slip through the water easily. Next, saw into both ends of your keel piece, insert the stem and stern pieces; then plane the keel piece so that it will come to a point both forward and aft. Fasten these uprights to the keel with copper nails or rivets. They are better than any other kind because they do not rust.

NEXT, LAY OUT A CROSS SECTION of your canoe on a plank, and saw this out. Your section should be 2 ft. 6 in. across the top, which is the breadth of beam of your canoe; it should be 24 inches high, which is the depth of the craft; and the side lines of the section, which will determine the lines of your canoe, should be gracefully rounded, so that the boat when finished will appear as in Fig. B. Now, then, fasten your section upright on the keel, and with the bow, the stern, and the breadth of beam thus settled, all you have to do is to nail your two pine strips (12½ ft. by 2 in. by ¾ in.) to the bow and the stern. They will get their spread from the mid-section. The skeleton of the canoe is now complete, and the inside ribs may be bent on.

IN ORDER TO MAKE THE OAK STRIPS pliable, boil them in water until you can twist them into any shape you choose.

Then nail them to the keel at their middle point and to the gunwale boards above, sawing off the protruding ends. These strips form the ribs, and when they dry out they will keep the form they assumed when nailed on. All the nails should be of copper, and clinched when driven in; this is done by holding a flat iron against the points as they come through. There should be six inches of space between each rib. Next take your thin pine strips, which are of about the same length as your sheer planks, and plane them on one side only. These are now fastened to the ribs lengthwise, the unplanned side out, parallel to the gunwales, about two inches apart. This brings all the planking on the outside of the ribs. Be sure to have the protruding lines (after the canvas is put on) run fore and aft, and do not forget that the planking is brought down to a fine point at the stem and stern, and is securely clinched.

THE CANOE IS NOW READY to be decked. Fig. C shows about where the deck pieces should be fixed to form the cock-pit. They ought to be inserted about a quarter length of the boat from each end. The deck beams should



FIG. C.

be of one-inch square spruce, and as soon as they are clinched in you can saw out your mid-section, which is now of no further use except as lumber. As such it will come in handy for braces, etc. On top of your deck beams lay the cock-pit combing of 2 in. by ¾ in. pine, putting in braces of triangular-shaped pine underneath as a support to and from the ribs. After all the ribs are thus securely fastened, turn your boat bottom upward and lay on the canvas.

THIS IS BY NO MEANS an easy matter, as you will soon find out, but patience and care will do much toward making the undertaking less difficult. Medium-weight sail duck is a good kind of canvas to get, and second-hand material will do, provided it is firm; in fact, weather-beaten canvas is preferable, as it has a smoother and more pliable surface. To insure its setting firmly and smoothly make four gores along the upper edge on each side and sew them firmly. Sponge the canvas off on both sides with water, and while damp tack it along the gunwale, allowing the stem and stern-posts to protrude half an inch. Use galvanized iron or copper tacks, and do not be afraid of putting them too near together. If you don't use plenty of tacks there will be danger of a leak. Now turn your boat right side up again, and as the canvas dries it will tighten and, set with a firm surface. Have the canoe dry in the sun if possible.

BEFORE TACKING ON THE DECK CANVAS, give the inside and outside of the hull a liberal coat of a mixture composed of three-quarters boiled oil to one-quarter raw oil, with some patent drier. This acts as a filler for the canvas, and makes it water-tight. When this has become perfectly dry, apply two coats of brown ready-mixed paint for the inside, and two of dark green for the outside. These are serviceable colors. But before applying the last coat of paint, put on a gunwale-waring strip of 1-in. spruce, and a spruce keel of 1 in. by ¾ in. As the keel and waring strips are put on after the canvas has been painted, they ought to receive two coats of filler and one of spar varnish. This adds greatly to the appearance of the canoe. It is not advisable for the novice to attempt to manufacture his own paddle. It is cheaper in the end to buy one, and a good paddle is to be had for \$3.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

M. S. — Fifty cents a thousand

H. F. COOPER.—The Paris and London prints are much finer than the Belgium and Athens prints. The same plates being used in both places.

W. T. BRACKWELL.—"Re-engraved" stamps mean, those stamps of which the original die having been somewhat worn by the many transfers, has its lines deepened. The result is always a somewhat coarser stamp than the original one. At the same time, also, the re-engraved looks much darker and heavier. An illustration of the different kinds of paper we probably be printed soon.

J. HARRIS.—Probably no \$1 U.S. coin was issued in 1894. The die was prepared but not used. About fifty years ago the die disappeared from the Mint, but was returned after an interval of some months. Ever since that time, at long intervals, one of the coins comes upon the market. The first one brought \$1000, the last one about \$500.

A. R. KETCHUM.—Always send a 2c. stamp if you wish an answer, or, still better, a self-addressed stamped envelope.

PHILATUS.

BOUGHT HIS OWN FURNITURE.

AN amusing story is told of a gentleman living in London. As the anecdote goes, it seems that he had a passion for the purchase of second-hand furniture at auctions, and that in making "good bargains" he had filled his house with antiquated and almost useless articles. Upon one occasion his wife took the responsibility, without consulting her husband, to have a portion of the least useful of the pieces removed to an auction-room to be sold. Great was her dismay when, on the evening of the day of the sale, the majority of the articles came back to the house. The husband had stumbled into the auction-room, and, not knowing his own furniture, had purchased it at a better bargain than at first.

INDIA-RUBBER BAIT.

ACCORDING to a Troy fisherman, the latest triumph of Yankee inventive genius is an India-rubber fish-worm. It is said to be a remarkably good imitation of the common earthworm, is indestructible, and in actual use proves as alluring to the fishes as the genuine article. The old fisherman will be quick to see its advantages. One can equip himself for a day's sport without digging over a whole garden in his search for bait. A handful of India-rubber worms will last him a whole season,

and there will be no necessity for pulling up the line every few minutes to see if the small fry nibblers have left the hook. There is possibly hardly necessary to add here that the fisherman who feels of this innovation may be like other fishermen, in which case the reader need not believe the story, unless he wants to.

QUICK WIT.

A COMEDIAN in a French theatre once made a great hit out of a painful accident. One day, while indulging in a bit of horse-play on the stage, he hit his head violently, entirely an accident, against one of the pillars of the scene on the stage. On hearing the third everybody uttered a cry. "No great harm done," said the comedian. "Just band me a napkin, a glass of water, and a salt-cellar." These were brought, and he sat down, folded the napkin in the form of a bandage, dipped it in the glass, and emptied the salt-cellar on the wet part. Having thus prepared a compress according to prescription, and when every one expected he would apply it to his forehead, he gracefully rose and tied it round the pillar. The effect of his action was such that every one set him down as the readiest and wittiest man in his profession.

THE FIRST TELEPHONE.

THE Sheffield *Telegraph* gives the following interesting account of the first telephone of which there is record:

The first telephone that was ever used was not electrical, nor was it a scientific instrument in any sense of the term. A little more than fifty years ago the employees of a large manufactory beguiled their leisure hours by kite flying. Kites large and small went up daily, and the strife was to see who could get the largest. The twine that held them was the thread spun and twisted by the ladies of the village.

One day to the tail of the largest kite was attached a kitten, sewed in a canvas bag, with a netting over the mouth to give it air. When the kite was at its greatest height, some two hundred feet or more, the mewling of the kitten could be distinctly heard by those holding the string. To the clearness of the atmosphere was attributed the hearing of the kitten's voice. This is the first account we remember of speaking along a line.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

If afflicted with SORE EYES, USE DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE-WATER

HARPER'S NEW CATALOGUE, by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

THE TWO SCHOLASTIC REPRESENTATIVES at the Metropolitan championships of the A.A.U. held in Syracuse were Syme of Barnard School and Baltazzi of Harvard School. Syme entered as a member of the New Jersey Athletic Club, while Baltazzi wore the winged foot. The latter did not jump to his usual mark, dropping out at 5 ft. 9 in. Some excuse for this may be that he wrenched his ankle at that period of the contest, and could not do better afterwards. But Syme was in better fortune. He contested the low hurdles with Sheldon and Chase, and won. To be sure, Sheldon fell on the eighth obstacle, but Syme breasted the tape nevertheless in 28½ secs. It is encouraging for all lovers of sport to see how the school athletes—the real representatives of the younger generation—are getting in everywhere, and getting in with credit to themselves.

THE GRADUATE.



This Department is conducted by a team of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to accept any contribution, and to send the contributors the same as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

THE rise in value of many scarce stamps during the past two years has been phenomenal. For instance, the £1 brown, 1878 issue, with anchor water-mark, in unused condition. Two years ago this stamp could be bought for \$15, whereas the last copy sold of which I have any record brought \$250. The one shilling 1862, with white line across the corners of it, unused, was catalogued at \$50, a little more than a year ago, but to-day would probably bring \$300 at auction. The curious thing about this stamp is that hitherto not a single copy has been found in used condition. Without the white line this stamp used is worth fifteen cents, and hundreds of thousands were sent to this country every month for three years (1862-65).

THE FINEST AND MOST complete catalogue of U.S. stamps from 1853 to 1870 has just been published in England at ten shillings. The work is illustrated by numerous plates and fac-similes, and it takes note of the most minute varieties. It was written by Gilbert Harrison, who possessed at the time of his death the finest collection of U.S. envelopes ever made.

ACTIVE STEPS HAVE BEEN taken to form a list of those philatelic pests, "speculative" issues which threaten to bring stamp-collecting into disrepute. Quite properly the initial steps have been taken in London, as some of the earliest as well as latest offenders in this respect have been some of the colonies of Great Britain. All the so-called Chinese local stamps, the San Marino Jubilee, St. Anthony Jubilee of Portugal, as well as many of the surcharged colonial stamps, should be avoided by every collector. The money spent on them is simply thrown away.

C. A. S.—The 1894 dime is catalogued at 40c., in fine condition; 20c., in fair.

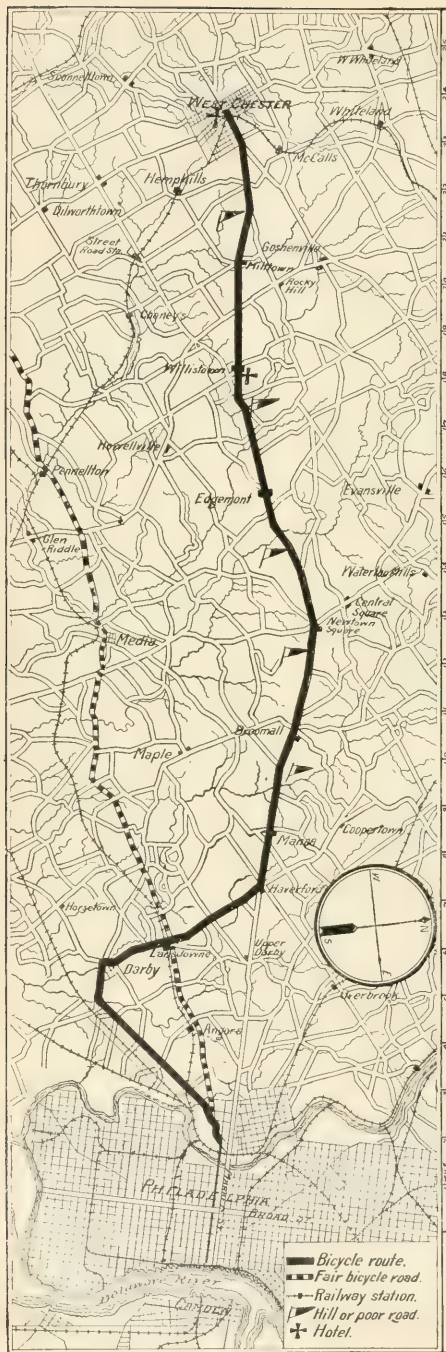


This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

IN No. 822, on the map of the city of Philadelphia, the reader of this Department will notice Woodland Avenue, running out from Market Street, across the Schuylkill River, southwest. This is the beginning of the route to West Chester, a run of about twenty-seven miles. The run itself may be made both ways, in which case the rider will have covered fifty-three or fifty-four miles, or it may be only covered in one direction, and the train from there taken back to Philadelphia. Starting from the public buildings, and running westward on Market Street across the ferry, and thence by a turn to the left down Woodland Avenue, the rider will find asphalt pavement until he reaches Baltimore Avenue. Woodland Avenue from here for a short distance down towards Darby is paved with Belgian pavement, but it is very rideable, and for the six and a half miles to Darby is as good a road as it is possible to find. Running out of Darby, passing the car stables, the route, a mile and a half, is direct to Lansdowne, where the rider crosses the railroad, and makes direct for Haverford. The roads are here macadamized, in the best of condition, and moderately level. On reaching Haverford, the rider should turn to the left into the West Chester turnpike. There is a sign here designating that it is four miles to Darby. Passing through Manoa, hardly a mile further on, you continue always on the West Chester turnpike through Broomall, two miles; Newtown Square, two miles and a half; Edgemont, Willistown, and Milltown, to West Chester, eleven miles. The road from Manoa to West Chester is macadamized as far as Newtown Square. From this point on to West Chester it is more sandy and more hilly, and the road is in a much poorer condition; but by making a judicious selection of side paths, excepting when passing through the villages, you will find the road very rideable. From Newtown Square to West Chester there are a number of capital coasting hills. The road is straight, you see the foot of the hill before starting to coast, and the grade in most cases is long and gradual. In fact, this West Chester route is famous for its good coasting. On the whole distance there is but one doubtful turn, and that is about a mile out of Newtown Square going towards West Chester, where the rider should take the left fork in the road. The right fork, as will be noticed on the map, also runs into West Chester, but the road is much more hilly, and not in such good condition.

IN GIVING THESE DIFFERENT TRIPS in the vicinity of Philadelphia, or of any other city, it must not be understood that they are not by any means the only ones, or that the route really ends at the point designated on the map. The road beyond West Chester is quite as good riding as between West Chester and Newtown Square, but this particular ride is a very pleasant one, through a pleasant country, and ends up in an attractive village, where the rider may put up without discomfort at a good road house—the Green Tree. This same trip, for example, can be extended from West Chester to Wilmington, Delaware, which is about twenty miles further on. The stop is arbitrarily made at West Chester because that makes a pleasant day's run for the average rider. Next week we shall give the first half of a two-day's run, and then, before treating of more trips in the vicinity of Philadelphia, we shall move from New York towards Boston, and give a series of trips in the vicinity of Boston itself.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Bayside in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Totterville to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia to Wissahickon Route in No. 822.



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THE DEPTH OF THE SEA.

A SUBMARINE DINNER PARTY.

學 生

FLUORINE

GRANT KNAUFF

829

Mr. Kirk Munroe to the Round Table Order.

My Dear Fellow-members of the Round Table:

I have just returned from a visit that I wish every one of you might have made with me. It was to the Good Will Farm away down in the State of Maine. There I spent two happy days, and from there I have come away filled with enthusiasm for the most splendid charity of which I have any knowledge. If you could only see what I have seen, and hear what I have heard, that manual training-school that we are proposing to build for the Good Will boys some time would long since have been built and in active operation. As you can't see it, and probably know just as little about it as I did before going there, which was practically nothing at all, I am going to try and give you a slight idea of what the Good Will Farm is, and what it is doing.

The man who conceived the idea of Good Will Farm, and has made it his life-work, is the Rev. G. W. Hinckley, a splendid, manly, whole-souled Christian, whom when he was a boy had as a playmate the son of a very poor widow. This woman went away from home every day to work after giving her boy his breakfast. Then she locked the house, and left the boy to shift for himself outside until she came home at night and prepared the second and only other meal of the day. Between those two meals the boy used to get awfully hungry, and one day he was caught with his hand in a workman's dinner pail. For this he was sent to a State reform school, from which he emerged three years later a thorough-going young criminal, ruined for life in body and mind. Distressed at the sad fate of his young playmate, Mr. Hinckley then and there declared his intention of devoting all the energies of his life to the saving of destitute boys from reform schools. By years of hard work he laid up \$2000, with which, less than six years ago, he purchased a farm of 240 acres on the upper Kennebec River in Maine, about midway between the cities of Waterville and Skowhegan. Here, in an old farm-house, he began his work with three boys. He had no source of income, and the work is carried on entirely by voluntary subscriptions. These come from everywhere, and generally from strangers, of whom there are many who are previous knowledge.

To-day Good Will Farm owns, besides the original farm-house, which has been wholly rebuilt, five handsome cottages, each in charge of a matron, and in each of which fifteen boys between eight and sixteen years of age find a comfortable, happy home. There are now seventy-six boys, most of them orphans, many without a relative in the world, and nearly all of them of American parentage, living, working, and growing up to a useful manhood amid the splendid influences of this farm. Each of the cottages in which these boys live has cost \$3000, and has been presented as a free gift to the farm either by individuals or by societies, such as the Christian Endeavor Society of Maine, who presented the one that is named after it, and in which I was lodged.

Beside these cottages there is a splendid brick school building that cost \$20,000, which was presented by two Maine ladies as a memorial to their brother. The farm needs more cottages, many more of them. For Mr. Hinckley has been obliged to refuse nearly 700 applications for admission to Good Will this year for lack of accommodations. It also needs a manual training-school, and needs it very much indeed. We, the Knights and Ladies of the Round Table, promised, more than two years ago, to build that school for them; but we haven't done it yet, and when visitors to the farm ask to be shown the Round Table building they are led to a most beautiful site, on which rest two great piles of stone, hauled there for the foundations. They are told that here is where the school will stand whenever the young Knights and Ladies get ready to build it; and Mr. Hinckley always adds, "They are certain to do it, for they have promised, and I have never yet been disappointed in any promise made in connection with this work."

It made me feel awfully ashamed to think that we made that promise two years ago and had not fulfilled it yet. How do you feel about it?

All the work of the farm is done by the boys themselves. They chop wood, and fetch water, and plough, and make hay, and bake all the bread, and wait on table, and sweep, and do a thousand other things, besides having regular study hours and drills. In addition to all this they somehow find time to attend to their own little private gardens—the produce of which

is bought by the Farm at the regular market price—to play ball, go in swimming, build "cubbies" or cubby houses down by the river out of bits of refuse lumber, and do almost everything else that hearty, happy boys find to do in the country.

The most striking features of the farm are the utter absence of profanity or even vulgar language, for I did not hear a word while there that could not have been uttered with perfect propriety in a Sunday school; the prompt obedience to orders; the happy, homelike air pervading the whole farm, and Mr. Hinckley's infinite patience in dealing with the boys. He is always ready to listen to them, always ready to advise them, and is always interested in their most trivial affairs. As he says, "If I encourage them to come to me freely with their little perplexities, they will give me far more advice concerning their greater affairs later on."

One boy is kept at the farm by an Odd Fellows Association, of which his father was a member, and who have pledged \$100 per year for his support until he is fitted to care for himself. The head waiter of the dining-room, a merry-faced, curly-headed, sixteen-year-old chap, is to be sent through Bowdoin by this year's graduating class of that college; while this year's class of Colby has promised to send another Good Will boy through that university.

Many of the boys don't want to go to college, but are very anxious to learn trades. The present facilities for teaching them are two carpenter benches and a few tools, all huddled into one little room in the old farm-house. Now don't you think this is a splendid charity, and that those boys need that manual training-school, and that that is a fine thing for us to work for? I do; though I must confess that I wasn't very greatly interested before I went there. But that was because I didn't know about it, and the reason the school building that we promised isn't occupying the lovely site set apart for it is because you haven't really known about it. But now you know about it, for I have been there and have told you something of what I saw; and I feel certain that you will believe that all I have said is true. So now we will go to work and build that school, won't we? Do you know that even five cents apiece from each Knight and Lady of the Round Table would do it? Who will follow me if I head a—let me say, ten-cent subscription list for the Good Will Farm Industrial School? I am sure every member of all the "K. M." chapters will, and I am almost certain that every member of our splendid order of modern chivalry will. At any rate, I am going to try it, and shall enclose a dime in this very letter to Messrs. Harper & Bros. Next summer I want to go again to Good Will Farm; but I shall not unless that school building is ready for dedication. In the mean time, I remain to all the Knights and Ladies of the Round Table, their loving friend and fellow-member,

KIRK MUNROE.

The "Do-Without" Society.

Should one ask which has been the most heroic age of the world, we believe that the right answer would be "the nineteenth century." In past centuries a few were imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice. To-day this spirit is manifest in nearly every life. Everybody seems to be trying to help somebody else—to lift those just below them to a higher plane of living and of thinking. It is said that the oldest book in existence is one devoted to a baranque on the evils of the time, and a longing for the good old times. Doubtless the last book that will ever be written will be in the same vein. But for all that the world is growing better.

During the last dozen years there have been many efforts made to urge people to indulge in certain little self-sacrifices of their own choosing in order to save money for charity. Special societies have been formed with this end in view. Large societies have inaugurated annual self-denial weeks, and have sent out envelopes in which the self-denial money was placed. The returns from the small collections have massed enormous sums.

A story issued in the interest of this figure of charity tells how a little girl, because of her poverty, had nothing to give up for the sake of another,

so she decided to sell her pet dog, that she might have an offering. The ways in which "do-without money" is obtained are many. Some go without certain articles of food. Others walk instead of ride in the street cars. Entertainments and excursions are given up and their cost duly noted.

* * *

A Suggestion and a Promise.

P. E. Hawkins writing from Taunton, Mass., tells how to cure skins—information we have printed from other sources, but we had not done so when he wrote—and adds:

"A pretty mat for a lamp or ash-receiver can be made by cutting the skin its entire length on the lower side of the animal. Then cut felt or cloth after the shape of the skin but larger, and sew the skin to it. The mat will be prettier if the felt or cloth be scalloped or 'pinked.' Any bright color will do. May write again describing the method of catching herring in the Taunton River, and the way the fish get above the East Taunton dam."

Let us have the herring monster. Thanks.

* * *

The Fun of the Amateur Editor.

In answer to your request in your issue of June 11th, I write to tell you that I do not hire my paper printed as the other correspondent does. The name of my paper is *Our Young People*, and the printing on each of its four pages measures five by six, slightly larger than the *Amateur Collector*. *Our Young People* is eleven by eight when open. As we print it ourselves it does not cost much actual money, but it does cost quite a good deal of work.

Our press has a five by eight chase—that is, it can print about five by seven. Our outfit costs sixty dollars in the first place; but this once bought, it does not cost much money to keep the paper running. At first it may be harder work to print one's own paper than to hire it printed, but in the course of a few months one gets used to the work, and it is easy to get out an edition. You save the money you would have had to pay the printer if you hired it done. But if there are many difficulties where one prints his own paper.

I find that I am much hampered for type. Although there is plenty of body type, I do not have enough varieties to print advertisements, small hand-bills, etc., very well. Many a time I have spilled, or "pied" the printers say, something after I have had it all set up. But nowadays this does not happen as often as it used to. These are samples of our difficulties, but I have said nothing about the pleasures and fun which far outnumber the difficulties. So I am not sorry for having tried to become an editor in a small way. I would be glad to exchange *Our Young People* with other amateur papers, and to send a sample copy to any one who wants it.

CLEMENT F. ROBINSON,

BREWER, ME.

Editor of *Our Young People*.

Sir Clement wants to belong to the New England Amateur Press Association. Will the secretary of that association kindly send him particulars?

* * *

Childish Wisdom.

A boy of three was in the garden. Going up to a rose-bush he exclaimed, "Oh, grandma, these flowers have teeth!"

L. L. V.

NEW HAVEN.

GOOD WILL MITE

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FUND

Amount, \$.....

.....

This money is contributed, not because it is asked for, but because I want to give it.

If you use this Good Will Mite, simply pin it to your letter, in order that it may be detached for the honor of the fund, without any other inconvenience. It is not to be used for any other purpose, but should be attached firmly to the Mite, that it may not become detached and lost. Include a given name in each case, and write plainly, to avoid errors on the Honor Roll.

More About Von Bülow.

Von Bülow had a continual headache, and that was sufficient excuse for his irritability. After his death, in accordance with his wishes, an autopsy was made, and it was found that a displaced bone pressed against his brain, and this was the cause of his trouble. But Von Bülow as a conductor of his orchestra was supremely great. His stronghold was as a Beethoven conductor, and he considered Beethoven the greatest composer. He said that the Ninth Symphony could not be appreciated in one hearing, so he played it twice at a certain concert. Needless to say the hall was almost empty during the repetition.

He did a similar thing once at another time with a composition of Brahms. His great mentality made him an ardent admirer of Brahms; and on this occasion the people were not all enthusiastic, upon which Von Bülow turned to the audience and said, sharply, "What! you do not like it? I shall make you like it!" And he immediately had the whole piece repeated, to the dismay of the audience. After that lesson the people applauded loudly whenever a Brahms piece was played. I wonder if Dr. Holmes would have classed Von Bülow among the men who have "squinting brains," as he calls them?

Von Bülow could not endure having any one present at his rehearsals, though it is said that people would be willing to risk a good deal for that enjoyment. A very good story is told on this subject about a few ladies who once gained access to the hall just before the rehearsal was to begin. Von Bülow saw them, of course—for he wanted to see everything that was to be seen, and also what was not to be seen—and he determined to get them away without speaking to them. So he said to the orchestra, "We will commence to-day by practising the bassoons." Thirty-two bars rest to begin with, during which Von Bülow beat time unflinchingly—then a snort here, and a snort there, for a little while—then sixty-four bars rest—then a repeat—but the would-be auditors of the rehearsal had made their exit!

At a certain concert the audience was very enthusiastic over a Meyerbeer March, I think it was, which his orchestra had just played, and which Von Halson, director for the opera, had also recently played. Seeing the immense excitement, he turned and said, "No wonder you like it after hearing it at the circus which Von Halson runs." Some time after came the memorial concert for Von Bülow. The conductor, fearing that there might be some trouble, said he would not have Von Bülow in the house. So he gave all the ushers portraits of Von Bülow, and told them to turn him out of the hall. It was done; but Von Bülow knew well his own favoritism, and the next day took a clever revenge, which rather turned the tables. He was to play the piano at a concert, and for one of his selections he chose a popular air of Mozart, the words of which happened to fit the occasion, and played variations to it. The house of course saw the joke, and there was an immense round of laughter and applause.

Von Bülow was once playing an accompaniment for a certain singer. She had sung but a few phrases, when Von Bülow's admiration and emotion were excited to their fullest extent; and he was then prompted to do a strange thing. Rising from his seat, he pushed the stool aside, and kneeling down before the instrument, he finished the accompaniment in that position, saying that he could not accompany such a voice except on his knees.

Do we not love Von Bülow the better for this?

MARIE THÉRÈSE BERGE.

NEW YORK CITY.

Did You Find that Verse?

Did you find the verse by Alice Cary in that travel story by Miss Denton? Here it is:

"True worth is in being, not seeming,

In doing each day that goes by

Some little good, not in dreaming

Of great things to do by-and-by."

The capitals in the story, arranged in regular order, spell it.

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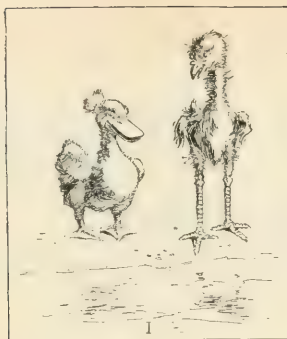
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A SWIMMING LESSON.

WISE CHILD.

"PAPA, I know why Napoleon needed to sleep only four hours every night."

"Why, my son?"

"Because he took a *Nap* everywhere he went."

A DISTRICT school teacher in New Hampshire has had great difficulty in explaining adverbs to a class of children. After toiling faithfully with them, he said: "Bring in a list of adverbs to-morrow. Remember that a great many adverbs ends in *ly*."

The next day one boy's list began: Slowly, fastly, lily, emily!

MAMMA labelled her jars of sweets,

"Put up by Mrs. Kay";

Later it read upon those meats,

"Put down by Tommy Jay."

A PUZZLER.

MRS. TEECHUM. "That small engine pounding away in the corner, Toby, is called a donkey-engine."

TOBY. "And yet the engineer says it works with a four-horse-power. That's funny, isn't it?"

AT THE ZOO.

BERTIE. "You say that is the bird of freedom, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Yes, Bertie."

BERTIE. "Then why is it in a cage?"

"MAMMA, where do eggs come from?"

"Chickens, my dear."

"Well, that's funny. Papa says that chickens come from eggs."

CHARLES MATHEWS, the celebrated English comedian, was probably one of the best mimics the world ever produced. Born June 28, 1776, after a successful career he died on the same date, 1835, fifty-nine years later.

One of his favorite amusements was that of mimicking children. One day in Suffolk, England, he walked up to a group of boys all about eight years of age, who were playing marbles, and adopting their actions and tone of voice, he asked permission to join in the game. They were, of course, rather startled at this big lad, and stared at him in silence. However, everything he did was so like themselves that a little fellow in the party cried out, "I say, fellows, what's the harm; let him play;" and then turning to Mathews asked him, "Have you got any marbles?"

"No," said Mathews, "but I've got a penny."

"Well, then, you can buy some of ours," which he did, and then knuckled down and proceeded to play.

The boys by this time had ceased to regard him as other than one of themselves, never entertaining the slightest suspicion that it was the celebrated comedian they had among them.

In a short time he squabbled with the boys, and the talk was something like the following:

"You, Bill Atkins! I say you've no right to that."

"I have," said Bill.

"I say you haven't!"

"I say I have."

"Ah! you cheat! I won't play with you no more."

This shortly led to a quarrel, and taking off his coat Mathews offered to fight any of the boys. One of the little fellows immediately threw his coat and hat on the ground, and squaring up to the big fellow, urged him to come on. Mathews got out of the row by giving his adversary the marbles he had won, thus restoring good humor, and he left the scene, delighted with the amusement he had received from it, although retaining his mimicry to the end by calling out as he quitted them, "I must go to my ma."



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



BRADDY'S BROTHER.

BY JULIANA CONOVER.



It was the ending of the ninth inning; the score stood 8 to 7 in Princeton's favor, but Harvard had only one man out, and the bases were full.

Was it any wonder that the Freshmen couldn't keep their seats, and that the very air seemed to hold its breath while Bradfield, '95, twisted the ball?

In the centre of the grand stand, where the orange and black was thickest, but the enthusiasm more controlled, stood a boy, his whole body quivering with nervous excitement, his eyes glued—as were all others—to the pitcher's box.

"Come in, now! look out! lead off!" the Harvard coach was saying, as the umpire's "one strike, two balls, two strikes, three balls," raised and dashed again the hopes of Princeton. Then came a moment of horrible nerve-destroying suspense, and then the umpire's calm and judicial—"striker out."

Above the cheers, which literally tore the air, the shrill discordant note of the boy's voice could be heard, yelling like mad for Princeton and '95.

"Who is that little fellow?" said a girl just behind him to her companion. The boy turned like a flash.

"I'm Braddy's brother," he said, his chest still heaving, and his cheek glowing. "He's struck out."

The girl smiled, and an upper classman, who was next to him, patted him on the back.

"It's a proud day for Braddy's brother," he said, "and for '98 and Princeton, that is, if Harvard doesn't—" For a moment it looked as if Harvard would, for the regular thud of the ball against the catcher's glove was interrupted by the ominous crack of the bat, and the men on bases ran for their lives on the bare chance of a hit, or possibly an error.

But '98 was not going to let a hard-earned victory slip between her fingers like that; the short-stop fielded the swift grounder beautifully, and the runner was out at first.

There was a short cheer, then a long wordless, formless burst of triumph swelling out from a hundred throats. The crowd swarmed on the diamond, the Freshman nine was picked up and carried off the field, "Braddy" riding on the crest of a dangerous-looking wave which was formed by a seething, howling mob.

"Well," said the Senior, turning to his small neighbor, "how does 'Braddy's brother' feel now?"

But "Braddy's brother's" feelings were too deep for utterance; besides, he was trying to remember just how many times the Princeton Freshmen had won from Harvard in the last six years.

"Hullo, Dave! Dave Hunter!" called Bradfield, as a small '98 passed near the group on the front campus. "Don't you want to take my brother off for a little while, and show him the town?"

Dave came up blushing with pleasure at having the man who had just pitched a winning game single him out.

"This is Dave Hunter, a special friend of mine, Bing," Braddy continued, turning to the little chap who was lying stretched out on the grass beside him, and who felt by this time as if he owned the whole campus and all the college buildings, for hadn't he been in the athletic club-house, the cage, and the 'gym' and wasn't he actually going to eat at a Freshman club, and sleep up in a college room? It was the greatest day of his life, his first taste of independence; and the glory of being "Braddy's brother" seemed to him beyond compare.

"Don't keep him too long, Dave," said Bradfield, as the two boys started off; "we'll have to get through dinner early if we want to hear the Seniors sing."

Young Bingham Bradfield nodded and blushed and smiled all the way down to the gate, as men in the different groups which they passed called out:

"There goes 'Braddy's brother,'" or, "Hullo, little Brad," or, "What's the matter with '98?" and one who knew him at home sang out, "B-I-N-G-O - Bingo!" It was awfully exciting.

"They're going to have a fire to-night," Dave said, as they walked up Nassau Street. "I heard some of the Freshmen say that they would begin and collect the wood as soon as it was dark."

"Where do they get it?" asked Bingham.

"Oh, just take it," Dave answered, carelessly. "They take fences and gates, and boards and barrels, and, oh, anything they can find. That would be a dandy one," pointing to a half-broken-down rail fence which divided an orchard from a newly opened road.

"It wouldn't let any cows or horses out, you see. They stole our barn gate once, and the horses got loose on the front lawn and tore up all the grass. We didn't mind, though," with true college spirit, "for we'd beaten Yale."

"Yale Freshmen?" eagerly.

"No," with great scorn; "the 'Varsity. Nobody's much stuck on Freshmen in Princeton," he continued, "except, of course, your brother. He's great; he'll make the 'Varsity next year, sure."

Bingo's feelings were soothed. He thought all the Freshmen "great," but was satisfied if others only appreciated Braddy.

They grew very chummy, the two boys, and Braddy's brother had learned a great deal about college life by the time he was brought back to the campus.

It was in the middle of Senior singing, when the shadows from the tall old elms were being swallowed up in the

gathering darkness, and the groups in white duck trousers scattered about the grass were beginning to be indistinguishable, that slim figures were seen hurrying mysteriously to and fro, and the peace of the evening was rudely broken into by the preparations for a "Freshman fire."

The victory had already been celebrated on Old North steps, for had not Bingo himself heard the Seniors sing, as an encore to a favorite solo, these never-to-be-forgotten lines, composed for the occasion:

"The Freshmen nine came from Harvard for to show
How they played the game of ball;
But found when Bradfield got in his finest curves
They couldn't hit the ball at all.
The game stood in our favor 8 to 7
When they came to the bat once more.
Their Captain said, 'Tis the ending of the 9th,
We've got to tie the score."

Chorus—Then when he saw the bases full
His sides with laughter shook.

But when he heard the umpire shout

"Two strikes"—then "stricken out!"

He wore a worried look—

He wore a worried look."

That brought even a finer glow to the boy's cheek than when the familiar "Bingo! Bingo!—way down on the Bingo farm!" had drawn the attention of his brother's friends to him, and made him feel for a moment as though he were a college hero.

The singing had ceased with "Old Nassau," and the campus was alive now with hurrying groups. The usual night cries filled the air: "Hullo, Billy Appleton!" "Hullo, Benny Butler!" "Come over here!" "See you later," etc., and the Freshmen were shouting and rushing wildly about. "Where's Porter?" "Where's Tommy?" "Where's Dad?" was heard on all sides. "'98 this way, '98 this way!"

"Stick to me, Bing," said Braddy, as he started over to his room in Witherspoon; "stick close to me, or you'll surely get lost."

"We haven't half enough wood, Park," said a '98 man, coming up to the class president, who was standing near Bradfield; "it won't make any sort of a fire."

"Can't you get more? We must have a good one," answered Porter. "Get a fence, or a house—any old thing will do. I've got to find Runt and Bunny now, and see about a wagon for the nine. Will meet you later."

"Come on, Bingo," said Braddy.

He, Braddy, ought not to stay round and hear all the arrangements for a celebration which was to be in his honor. The nine was supposed to keep modestly out of the way, and know nothing whatever about it.

"Come on, Bing!"

But Bingo didn't "come on," he has business of his own to transact. The Freshman fire, his first fire, must be a success, and he knew where a good fence was. Quick as thought he dropped behind his brother, and was soon lost in the crowd, then he made a break for the street. At the corner he met Dave Hunter.

"Hullo! where you going?"

It was a secret, but he told, and Dave, like "Ducky Daddles," "Cocky-locky," etc., in the old Grimm fairy-tale of *Henny-Penny*, said, "Then I'll go too."

It was a full hour later, and the Freshmen were crowding about the old cannon, round which a pile of boards, fence rails, barrels, etc., were stacked, all ready to light. The resources of the town had been about exhausted, and the raiders were returned "bringing their sheaves with them." Roman candles and fire-crackers still went off at intervals in different parts of the campus, but they were only a side issue, the fire was the real business of the evening. The college was there almost to a man, and the cheering for and by '98 was "frequent and painful and free," or would be to one whose nerves were below par; to a healthy enthusiast it was soul-stirring and exhilarating.

Even the upper classmen added their thunder from well-trained iron lungs when the old wagon containing the victorious nine came up, dragged by a lot of wild, reckless,

muscular Freshmen. Only true heroes could so calmly have imperilled their lives, for these bold young spirits were actually standing up and singing, as the wagon lurched and pitched and wobbled over cinderstones, and down into gutters, and up again. But fortune favors the brave, and they reached the fire without a single accident, and were halted at the cannon's mouth in the front row. Everything was ready, yet there seemed to be some hitch. The crowd began to get impatient.

"What's the matter?" they cried. "Why don't you light her up?"

"We're waiting for Braddy," came back the answer.

"Where is he?"

"Give it up."

"He's hunting his brother," said one. "He's down on the Bingo farm," cried another.

This was rather "fresh," but there was a general laugh, which turned into a cheer as Braddy, wearing a worried look, pushed his way through the crowd.

"I can't find the kid," he said, anxiously.

"Oh, he will turn up all right," said the others; "he's sure to come to the fire. Brace up and light her, Jennings."

Just then there was a shout from behind, and the closely packed mass opened up to let a fence come in, which two small flushed and panting boys were dragging after them.

"Great Scott, it's Braddy's brother!" said the Senior who had sat next to him at the game. "Where in the world did you get all that fence, and how did you manage to drag it here?"

Bingo was far too breathless to answer, but Dave spoke up.

"A lot of fellows helped us," he said. "We brought it round a back way, but Brad and I brought it through the campus alone."

"Give them a cheer, fellows," cried the Senior, "and start the fire."

"Here's to Braddy's brother," sang the Freshmen, as they threw the lighted matches into the pile, "drink her down! Here's to Braddy's brother, and—"

"Dave Hunter!" shouted Bingo, who had found his voice.

"and Dave Hunter he's the other; drink her down, drink her down, drink her down, down, down!" etc., ending up with a rousing B-I-N-G-O—Bingo!

Then the fire began to crackle and sizzle and blaze up and roar, and the Freshmen cheered and sang and shouted, and the bright light revealed groups of girls with brothers and friends who had come to see the celebration, and myriads of small boys who had come to see the fun.

It was a beautiful sight. The wood had been piled up in pyramid form, and the flames rose red and yellow almost to the tops of the tall elms, those still sentries of the campus. How it spluttered and hissed and crashed and roared! and not even the Freshmen could drown the mighty voice, which spoke in so many different tongues, though they did their best; and as Braddy's brother, standing near the wagon which held the nine, watched the shooting, dancing, devouring flames his heart thumped so that it almost broke out of bounds, and he drew long, very long breaths.

The fire had died down somewhat, the cheering was more spasmodic and subdued, the time for speeches had come. Every one crowded closer, and the wagon, not the burning pile, became the centre of attention.

"Speech! speech!" cried '98. "A speech, Braddy."

Bradfield was not only the pitcher, but the Captain of the Freshman nine. So they forced him upon the high seat, and yelled for quiet. Bradly looked down upon the densely packed mass, hushed for the moment into something like stillness, and his nerve completely deserted him. There he stood, fair and boyish, a target for all eyes, but he could not say a word. He opened his mouth, he even gestured, but no sound came. It was a case of pure stage-fright, and the awkwardness increased with every second. "Fellows," he managed to stammer out, "fellows—"

But there he stopped. Suddenly the painful pause was broken by a high excited voice. "Tell 'em Princeton's

the biggest college in the world, Tom, and that '98 can beat any Freshman nine in the country!"

It broke the spell. Long and loud were the cheers that followed this outburst, and "Braddy's brother," covered with confusion, was hoisted by a dozen hands into the wagon beside the nine. By the time that quiet had once more been restored Tom Bradfield had recovered his "nerve," and his speech on that memorable occasion will go down to posterity as one of the best on record. All the speeches were good, *splendid*, Bingo thought, for he heard, and understood, and thrilled with every word. When the final sentence had been delivered, and '98 had once more dragged the nine in triumph round the now visible cannon, and cheered them hoarsely for the last time, and when the crowd had begun to disperse, leaving the smouldering embers, and shouting and singing as they went, Braddy turned to his brother with a smile and said,

"Well, Bing, ready for bed?"

And Bingo answered with a sigh, "I suppose a fellow has to go to bed even after a Freshman fire."

"THE OLD-FASHIONED LAWYER."

LAURA'S cousins were coming to stay overnight, so she asked mamma if she might not invite some of her school friends, and some of brother Will's, to spend the evening. And as these friends were pretty sure to come, mother and daughter held a conference as how best to entertain them.

"Why not have games?"

"The very thing! What would I do without your help, mother dear," was the impulsive answer.

"And the best game I know to start with would be The Old-fashioned Lawyer. That will rub away all shyness, and all will feel as though they were friends for a year."

Laura was delighted, and contentedly ran off to tell her brother. But Will did not know the game, and Laura had to explain.

"We'll need an odd number of players. But that can be arranged by you or I dropping out."

"The odd one must be Judge, to settle disputed points."

"The players must sit opposite each other in two rows, and the Lawyer is to stand in the centre between the rows. The Judge can sit in the big green chair, because it is high; for he must keep all the players in full view."

"The game begins by the Lawyer putting a question to the person at either end of one of the rows. But the one to answer is not the one addressed. And there, Will, is where the fun comes in."

"Who is to answer?"

"The person at the extreme end of the opposite row. And should he not correctly answer before the Lawyer counts five, he must change places with the Lawyer. And the Lawyer begins to count slowly out loud as soon as he asks the question."

"What if the person addressed replies?"

"Then he must pay a forfeit."

"After the first question is answered, the Lawyer may address whomever he pleases, but the party addressed must remain silent; it is the opposite one who must answer. The Lawyer must of course ask questions that are possible to answer. If he should take advantage, there's the Judge to keep him in order."

"What kind of questions would you ask?"

"Why, ordinary ones. Whether or not a person paints from nature? Who is your favorite musician? Which do you prefer, rowing or sailing, tennis or golf? All kinds of questions like that. I don't believe one of us could tell the date of the first crusade, or who invented ink and when."

"And another thing, never look at the individual you intend next to question. For both he and his opposite neighbor would then be prepared. You must play very carefully or it's no fun. And if any question or discussion occurs, the Judge must decide."

"That will be enough, Laura. Do you think the boys will all come?"

CORPORAL FRED.*

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER V.

FOR a mile after leaving its armory the regiment had marched through the beautiful residence portion of the city, cheered and applauded to the skies. Turning "column right," it had then threaded a narrow street, shop-lined and less sympathetic, had tramped in cool disregard through half a mile of railway property where, in groups of twenty or thirty, strikers and sympathizers recoiled, but scowled and cursed them, yet prudently refrained from further violence. Once in a while some street arab let drive a stone, then dove under the nearest car, and scurried away into hiding. Then came the lumber district, the swaying bridges where they broke their cadenced stride, and crossed at route step. Then in the gathering darkness the head of the column reached the outlying wards. Square upon square, section on section of frame two-story houses, the homes of citizens of only moderate means, and here, too, people clustered on door-steps or ran to gather at street corners and murmur God-speed and blessing, for less than a mile away now the western sky was lighting up with the glare of conflagration, and the direful word was going round that the mob was firing the freight-cars, and that, despite the efforts of fearless and devoted firemen, the flames were spreading to warehouses and factories along the line. Only a few minutes after sundown the first summons had banged on the gongs of the engine and truck houses of the west side. Then every fire-box for four miles along the lines of the Great Western seemed to have been "pulled," and in a wild confusion of alarms assistant chiefs were driving their clanging buggies, followed by rushing hose-wagons and steamers, all over the outlying wards, unreeling their hose only to have it slashed and ruined by swarming rioters, and they themselves, the fire-fighters of the people, men whose lives were devoted to duty, humanity, and mercy, brutally clubbed and stoned by overpowering gangs of "toughs" bent on mad riot and destruction. For hours from every direction the vicious, the desperate, the unemployed of the great city had been swarming to the scene, and the police force that, properly led and handled at the outset, could easily have quelled the incipient tumult, was now as powerless as the firemen. Oh, what if a prairie gale should rise and fan these flames, as once, long years before, it swept before it an ocean of fire that left only a ruined city in its wake!

Marching at route step now, but still in stern silence, the column seemed to quicken its pace and push eagerly ahead. Open spaces between the houses or one-storied cottages became more frequent. Fiercer and wilder the flames seemed shooting on high. Over the low hoarse murmur of the distant throng could now be heard occasional crackle of pistol shots, followed by fierce yells. Out at the front, a hundred yards in advance of the staff, an alert young officer, with a dozen picked men, scoured the streets, the front yards, the crossings, sweeping the way for the main column; and now as they came within six blocks of the scene, the roar of the riot mingling with that of the mounting flames drowned all other sounds about them. Women at squalid saloons and corner groceries were laughing and jeering. Women at quiet homes were weeping and wringing their hands. Somewhere up at the front, beyond the black bulk of a row of warehouses, a sudden flash and glare lit up the westward front of every house, and shone on scores of pallid faces. A volume of flame, a burst of beams, sparks, and billowing smoke flung high in air, and an instant later a dull roar and rumble shook the windows close at hand, letting some loose sashes down with startling clash and jangle. From the sidewalks arose stifled shrieks and louder wailing. From the head of the column, where some horses shied in sudden fright, came the firm, low-toned orders of the Colonel: "Forward the first

company! Clear that street ahead!" For, as if hurled back by the explosion, a dense mass of rioters came flooding into the broad thoroughfare, blocking it from curb to curb. Promptly at double time the foremost company went dancing by, forming front into line as it cleared the group of mounted officers, and then the Colonel turned in his saddle, and looked back beyond his staff to a second rank of orderlies and buglers, to where a pale young fellow, hatless, and with heavily bandaged head, rode side by side with the signal sergeant, his dark eyes fixed on the soldierly form of his commander.

"Corporal Wallace!" called the Colonel, and our wounded Fred urged his horse to the commander's side. "You know all these buildings hereabouts. Can you judge what they're blowing up?"

"That's near the shops, sir. They may have fired them." "Which is Allen Street? The police officials are to meet us there."

"Second street ahead, sir; just this side of the crowd." "What's that big plant of there to the northward?" asked the Colonel, indicating a group of factorylike buildings whose walls and windows were illumined by the glare of the flames in the freight-yards.

"The Amity Wagon-Works, sir, where Sercombe and I were discharged this afternoon."

"Yes. I heard about that. Similar cases occurred in town. Never you mind, my lad, there'll be employers enough for both of you when this trouble's over, and troubles enough for the employers who discharged you. Now ride close by me; we'll need guides here, and that's why you're mounted. What an infernal row they're making yonder," he added, as though to himself, as yells of rage and triumph mingling rose madly over the hiss of the flames.

Already the advance company was nearing the crossing of the second street. At the hydrant on one side stood a fire-engine blowing off its useless steam. In a buggy, surrounded by a dozen helmeted police on foot, sat an inspector of the department, alternately eying the flames and the surging mob on one side, and on the other the dim column swinging up the dusty street. Already dozens of excited men were rushing, ducking, and darting along the sidewalks, speeding to their fellows in the mob to say the soldiers were close at hand. The little squad in advance had reached the crossing, when the official in the buggy raised his hand, signalled halt, and, obedient to the time-honored republican principle of the subordination of the military to the civil power, the Lieutenant respected the order. The leading company marched straight to the crossing, then, too, in its turn, as one man, halted short at the command of its stalwart captain, and down came the musket butts on the wooden pavement. The Colonel spurred forward, his Adjutant and Corporal Fred following in his tracks. There was little of gratification in the soldier's face as he recognized the official in the buggy; but the laws of his State, which he had sworn to obey, as well as the orders of the Governor and the officers appointed over him, prevailed. The Governor's orders placed the troops at the disposal of the Mayor. The Mayor ordered the Colonel to report to the Inspector of Police. It was something unheard of in military tradition, but this was no time to expostulate or object. The gentleman and soldier touched his hat to the ex-ward politician. "Mr. Morrissey, I report with my regiment for your instructions." And the long column behind him, battalion by battalion, came to the halt.

Up the side street among some piles of lumber arose above the tumult, or rather pierced its low, deep-throated roar, the shrill cries of a child in mad excitement and distress. "Oh, let me go!" it wailed. "I must see the Colonel! I want my brother! They're killing my father! Oh, don't stop me! Fred! Fred!" it screamed, and in the grasp of a burly policeman at the outskirts of a crowd of women and children a little hatless boy could be seen madly struggling.

"Ah, go home to your mother wid yer fairy stories," was the cajoling answer, as the officer strove to thrust the youngster back among the by-standers; but all in an in-

* Begun in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE No. 821.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

stant a lithe young fellow in the uniform of a corporal had sprung from his saddle and rushed to the scene. In another moment he had raised the boy in his arms, and with his burden clinging sobbing at his neck, Fred Wallace came bounding back down the street.

"Hear him, Colonel, oh, hear him!" he cried. "He has come straight from the shops. Jim, my brother, sent him to beg for help. They're mobbing father."

"Sure they fired the shops good fifteen minutes ago. They're all in a blaze," said an officer of police, in a tone of remonstrance. "There's no use going there."

"Who sent the kid?" asked the Inspector, doubtfully.

"How do you know this isn't all a fake?"

"It's my brother," cried Fred, nearly mad with impa-

"Can't I?" shouted the Colonel, eagerly grasping the implied permission. "Out of the way there, you people!" he cried to some women and children scurrying across the street. "Come up with the rest of that first battalion!" rang his voice, clear and thrilling, over the throng. "Mount, corporal, you must show us the way. The police will take care of the little man. Forward, Company B! Tumble that crowd into the gutter!"

"Forward, double time!" ordered the Captain, as the Inspector whipped his buggy out of the way, and the rifles bounded up to the right shoulder. "March!" he added, an instant later, and straight up the broad avenue, steady, solid, unswerving, went the long double ranks, the Colonel and his little party trotting close behind, the senior Major,



IN ANOTHER MOMENT HE HAD RAISED THE BOY IN HIS ARMS.

tience and dread. "Oh, for pity's sake, let us go, Colonel! Jim sent you himself, didn't he, Billy?"

"Yes, yes," sobbed the little fellow, "and they were screaming and bursting in the door."

"Who is he, anyhow?" went on the official, still bent on investigation, when the Colonel sharply interposed.

"This is no time for talk. I believe the story. You can see—hear it's true. I demand the right to drive back that mob, or the whole country shall ring with the story of your refusal."

"My goodness, Colonel! I'm not to blame. I've got my orders just as you have. I'm told to use force only as a last extremity, and not to fire at all. You can't scatter that mob without firing."

with his three companies, following sturdily in their wake while the Lieutenant-colonel, ordering the bugle signals "attention" and "forward," prepared to support them with the rest of the column. Yelling and jeering, but scattering right and left, the nearest notes leaped for the sidewalks, or turned and fled into the thicker mass ahead, less able from its own solidity to move. "Port arms!" was the next command, and down came the brown barrels across the broad blue chests. "Give 'em the butt if they keep in the way," growled the burly Captain. "Steady there in the centre. Keep in line," he cautioned, as some eager fellows strove to quicken the pace and lead in the anticipated charge, and so tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, in the confidence of the dancing feet, sixty-six strong, the senior com-

HIS SCORCHING WAS NOT IN VAIN.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

pany led the ready column straight into the heart of the mob, straight through the gates, where two footlardy fellows striving to lower them were flattened out by the whack of musket-butts, and went down like stock-yard cattle under the blow of the steel. Over the gleaming lines of tracks, in the glare of blazing rows of freight-cars, right and left, sweeping the cursing rioters like chaff before them, reckless of flying missile or savage oath, through the broad gates beyond the yards, with clearer ground ahead, they kept their steady way, then slowed down to quick time, their triumphant passage safely forced. Then, once outside the yards, leaving to their comrades in the rear the easy duty of facing and standing off the raging but impotent thorough, the foremost company, led now by the Colonel, with Corporal Fred in close attendance, broke once more into column of fours, and plunged into a narrow street lighted by the flames shooting aloft from the repair shops of the Great Western road. Ahead of them, separated from the yards by the high picket-fence, was an open space wellnigh packed with rioting men, their savage faces ruddy in the glare. The fence itself was blazing from the neighboring cars, and a broad section almost opposite the shops had been hurled down by the mob.

"Back with you, Captain!" called the Colonel to his Adjutant. "Turn the second battalion into the yards and up to that gap. We'll hem them on two sides there! Close up! Close up!" he shouted to the rearward companies. "Now, Captain Fulton, form line again the moment you clear this lane." The Adjutant went clattering back full gallop. Another minute, and the rush and roar of the crowd beyond the fence told that the ready second was sweeping all before it down among the blazing cars. Presently the long rows of drab felt hats could be seen dancing along in the fire-light.

"Never fear, corporal, we'll be there in time," said the Colonel. "See, the flames haven't reached half their length. Now, Fulton, right turn and drive them north. Split 'em up! Give 'em—fits!" he added, with a gulp, for he was a pious man, and opposed to the use of terms that come "far more natural" at such a time. And the next thing Fred knew Captain Fulton's men were again double-timing up another street, whirling the crowd before them. "G," "H," and "L"—Fred's own company—were sweeping the broad space in front of the shops from one side, and fairly pitching the mob into the faces of their comrades of the second battalion as they neared the gap. If there were broken noses, blackened eyes, battered heads all through those suburban streets and lanes that grew some night it surely wasn't the fault of the Colonel's "boys," but a score of these fellows, following the lead of the hatless corporal, who sprang from his horse opposite the blazing entrance, bending low to avoid the stifling smoke, pushed on across the little court-yard, past a wrecked and dismantled wing whose roof was just crackling and bursting into fierce flames.

Behind them, sure of protection now, a dozen firemen came dragging their hose. A knot of ragged, raging "toughs," issuing from a narrow door, burst away at sight of them—not so quick as to escape some resounding thumps of those hated rifle-butts, and through this smoking portal leaped Fred, closely followed by his comrades. The shooting flames overhead and down the main building lit a pathway even through the stifling clouds of smoke, and a moment more brought the foremost of the party to a little room partitioned off. There on its accustomed peg hung old Wallace's coat.

Here, there, and everywhere, overturned benches and chairs and scattered tools, and scraping, struggling footprints on the dusty floor told of some recent and desperate battle. Something warm and wet was sprinkled all about the place, at touch of which Fred grew sick and faint; but not another sign was there of old Wallace or of Jim, until from under a blazing, half-finished car some fifty feet away the firemen dragged a battered, bleeding form, and the younger brother threw himself by the senseless elder's side, madly imploring him to say what had befallen father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARTHUR CLARK believed himself the victim of gross injustice. His bicycle had brought him into disgrace. He had come home flushed with victory, ready to be hailed as the uncrowned king of scorchers, and here he was virtually a prisoner in his room, whither he had been sent directly after a wretched supper of oatmeal porridge.

"I wouldn't mind it if I had been ordered not to go into the road race," he said to himself, for the fiftieth time, as he rolled impatiently in his bed; "but just because I promised my father I wouldn't do any riding that would exhaust me, he has packed me off to bed as if I were a mere child. That's pretty rough on a fellow of fourteen. Anyhow, I beat all the scorchers in our school, and that's something."

Arthur could not go to sleep. He twisted and squirmed from one side of the bed to the other, listening to the solemn protests of the katydids and the shrill chirping of the crickets. That industrious prompter, conscience, began to annoy him shamelessly. Now that the first flush of his resentment had died away, he thought that perhaps his father was right after all. True, he had beaten all the other fellows easily; but then, what if it had been a hard struggle? Wouldn't it have exhausted him? It occurred to him that he had broken his word.

Arthur fell asleep very late. He usually slept so fast and so hard that from bedtime until the rising bell seemed like one minute. But now he tossed restlessly. His sleep was light. Suddenly he found himself sitting bolt-upright in bed. He saw a streak of pale whitish light on the floor and across his bed, and caught a glimpse of the moon. Oh, yes, it was the moon that had awakened him. Queer that had never happened before. He would go to sleep again. Then a rough, rather hoarse voice startled him. It came from his father's room.

"You're comin' right down ter de bank, dat's wat you're goin' ter do," the voice said, "an' if ye don't open de safe ye'll be learned how—see?"

"I shall not go one step. You may do your worst." It was his father's voice now.

"Hurrah for you, father!" Arthur could hardly keep from shouting. Then there was silence for a moment. He heard two sharp clicks that told of the cocking of a revolver; then his mother's voice pleading with his father to remember the children. Now there was the sound of a struggle. The burglar won, although he feared to use his revolver lest the noise might summon help. Arthur understood it all. His father was the cashier of the Traders' Bank. The burglar probably had an accomplice outside who would help take his father to the bank and force him to open the safe.

Help must be got. The bank was in Plainfield, three miles away. If only there were some way of telephoning to the police station! He knew that a sergeant sat there all night. Men slept upstairs. But there was no telephone. Now a thought came to him that almost made him shout for joy. In ten seconds he had jumped into his sweater and knickerbockers, and was lacing on his rubber-soled bicycling shoes. He did not wait for a hat or stockings. He peered anxiously over the edge of the porch roof into the backyard. No, there was no one watching there. Noiselessly the boy lowered himself over the edge, and climbed down one of the pillars, crushing the honeysuckle vine as he went. He found his bicycle leaning against the house, where he had left it that afternoon after the race.

He picked up the wheel and walked on tiptoe across the grass at the rear of the house. He threaded his way between the rows of corn-stalks in the kitchen-garden. He made a long circuit, and at last came out in the road. Then he mounted his bicycle and wheeled away at a pace that would have astonished his friends. Going down hill he was very cautious. He buck pedaled. There must be no falling; therefore no coasting. Again on the level road, he shot forward like a racer. He knew that if the burglars got his father into the bank they would try to make

him open the safe in which \$70,000 had been deposited that day. His father would resist, he knew. He remembered what had happened to other bank cashiers who resisted. The thought choked him. He bent over his handle bar, and the wheels seemed to fly. The pale, sinking moon, the silent road that stretched its white length before him, the tall trees, mysterious in their own dark shadows, the grass shining with dew, all made a picture that he never forgot. Above all, a scene stood out that he could not shut from his mind, try as he might—his father in the hands of the two ruffians, resolutely defying them in face of awful danger.

The sergeant nodding in his chair in the police station at one o'clock in the morning was startled by the vision of a bareheaded, white-faced boy.

"Hurry!" the boy exclaimed. "The Traders' Bank! Robbers!" In less than a minute the sergeant and two of his men were on their way to the bank. Arthur followed them closely. He hid with them in the dark vestibule of

the bank. It seemed to the boy as if years passed before he at last heard footsteps in the silent street. Then the minutes were hours long. At last the two robbers and their victim arrived at the outer door. They pushed him in and told him to be lively about unlocking that door. At that instant the policemen jumped forward and, presented their pistols at the heads of the burglars. They made no resistance. They were too surprised. Arthur and his father walked home side by side, Arthur pushing his bicycle by the handle bar. For a long time they had nothing to say to each other, for each was busy with his thoughts.

"Arthur," said his father at length, "I'm glad there is a scorch in the family, but I—"

"Yes, sir," interrupted the boy, eagerly; "but I want to tell you I'm sorry I went into the road race to-day."

"Perhaps I was too hasty," said Mr. Clark. "But the bicycle has done one good thing. It has shown me that my son is as quick-witted as he is brave."

GREAT MEN'S SONS.

THE SON OF CHARLEMAGNE.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.



IN the summer days of the year 781 an odd sort of a procession marched through France.

There were fluttering standards and melodious trumpets; there were gallant knights, and grave men in robes and gowns, and noble ladies, and a long train of servants; there were spearmen and bowmen and horsemen in martial array; and the central figure of all this parade and

pomp was a very small boy of but three years old.

Strangest of all was this small boy's dress. He was but little more than a baby, and yet he rode upon a stately war-horse housed in purple and gold. He was clad in complete armor of polished steel; on his head he wore a casque of steel and gold, surmounted with a tiny golden crown; in his small hand he bore a truncheon, and about his neck was slung a cross-handled sword of steel and gold.

A stalwart knight rode at the little boy's bridle-rein, his protecting arm holding the small rider firmly in the saddle; the royal banner fluttered ahead, and at the boy's right hand rode his governor and guardian, Count William, called the snub-nosed, well, because it was.

From castle and cottage, from town and hamlet, came thronging men and women, boys and girls, with smile and cheer and shout of hearty welcome: "Heaven bless his little Grace! God guard our little King! Long live King Louis!"

For this very small boy of three was indeed a King entering his dominion. He had been crowned by the Pope at Rome King of Aquitaine. Then, from his father's splendid palace in Aachen, or what is now the German city of Aix-la-Chapelle, he had started with his glittering escort to take possession of his kingdom in southwestern France. Over the first part of the route he was carried in his cradle; but when he left the city of Orleans, and, crossing the Loire, set foot within his own dominions, this cradle-traveling, so the old chronicle tells us, "besemed him no longer." He was a King, and this was his kingdom; therefore like a King he must make his royal progress. So upon this little three-year-old was put a suit of shining armor, made expressly for him, with sword and truncheon "equally proportioned"; they set him on horseback, and thus royally attended he entered Aquitaine, and marched on to his own royal palace at Toulouse. He must have looked "awfully cunning"—this three-year-old in armor—but just think how tired the poor little fellow must have been.

Aquitaine was that large section of southwestern France that stretched from the river Loire to the Pyrenees, and

from the Bay of Biscay eastward to the banks of the Rhone. It had been brought under subjection by the conquering monarch whose short-lived empire embraced all of Europe from Rome to Copenhagen, and from the English Channel to the Iron Gates of the Danube, and who, parceling out his dominion among his boys, had set over the principality of Aquitaine as King his little three-year-old Louis, forever famous as the son of Charlemagne.

Here, in his palace at Toulouse, did Louis rule as King of Aquitaine for thirty-two years, subject only to his renowned father, Charles the Emperor, called Carolus Magnus, or Charlemagne. This mighty man, "the greatest of Germans"—great in stature, in aim, in energy, and in authority—looked sharply after the small boy he had made King of Aquitaine. He had the lad carefully and thoroughly educated, and Louis grew to be an intelligent, bright-faced, clear-eyed, sturdy, and strong young man, but he was sober and sedate, skilled in the Scriptures and learned in Latin and Greek, unsuited to the rough war days in which he lived, more a scholar than a soldier, and more a priest than a prince.

So the years slipped by. Then trouble came to the great Emperor. One by one the sons of Charlemagne sickened and died—those brave and stalwart boys upon whom the father had relied as the stay and help of his old age, his successors in his plan of empire. At last only Louis the Clerk was left.

Hudwig Fromme he was called by his subjects of Aquitaine—that is, Louis the Kind; and thus, though wrongly rendered, the name of this good and peace-loving son of Charlemagne has come down to us as Louis the Pious, or Louis le Debonair.

Nowadays we are apt to think of debonair as meaning gay, careless, fashionable, and "dudish"; but Louis, the son of Charlemagne, was anything but this. He was kind, courteous, loving, gentle, and true; but he was also strict, dutiful, and just. He was strong of limb and stout of arm; none could bend bow better nor couch lance truer than he; but he never cared for sport nor thorough "house-play" of his day; he seldom laughed aloud; he was grave, prudent, and wise, "slow to anger, swift to pity, liberal in both giving and forgiving."

He won the loyalty of his subjects of Aquitaine, he loved and not by tyranny; he kept at bay the pagan Moors of Spain, and, under wise counsellors, sought to govern his kingdom justly and well.

But when his brothers died, and he, the youngest of the three, was summoned to his father's side, he left his government by the Garonne, in pleasant Toulouse, and hasted to Aix-la-Chapelle, his father's capital.

It was the year 813. An assembly of the French nobles



"HEAVEN BLESS HIS LITTLE GRACE."

empire met the great King in his capital, and promised to recognize King Louis of Aquitaine as heir to the throne of Charlemagne. Then in the great church that he had built at Aix-la-Chapelle the old monarch, dressed in magnificent robes (which he never liked and would but rarely put on), stood before the vast assembly of princes and nobles of Germany, leaning upon the shoulder of his sturdily built and kindly looking son.

The sounds of prayer and song that opened the ceremony were stilled, and then the old Emperor, facing his son, told him that the lords and barons of the empire had sanctioned his appointment as associate and heir.

"You will reign in my stead," he said. "Fear God, my son, and follow His law. Govern the Church with care, and defend it from its enemies. Preserve the empire; show kindness to your relations; honor the clergy as your fathers, and love the people as your children. Force the proud and the evil ones to take the paths of virtue; be the friend of the faithful and the helper of the poor. Choose your ministers wisely; take from no man his property unjustly, and keep yourself pure and above reproach in the eyes of God and man."

Then Charlemagne bade Louis take up the iron crown of Rome and the empire that lay upon the altar, and place it upon his head. "Wear it worthily, O King, my son," the father said, "as a gift from God, your father, and the nation."

And when the son of Charlemagne had thus crowned himself Emperor, turning to the great assembly the old man said: "Behold, I present to you your sovereign and your lord. Salute him, all people, as Emperor and Augustus!"

A mighty shout of loyalty and welcome filled the crowded church, and thus was the son of Charlemagne crowned as his great father's associate and successor. And when, in the year 814, Charlemagne, still a sturdy old man, suddenly fell sick of a fever, and died in his palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, at the age of seventy-one, Louis ascended the throne of what was called the Holy Roman Empire as its sole and sovereign lord.

He came to his vast power with high hopes and lofty

aims. The solemn words of his father upon his coronation day lived in his memory, and he determined to rule in peace, in justice, in wisdom, and in love. He would abstain from war; he would lift his people higher; he would make his court learned, refined, and pure; he would be father and friend to all his people, and make his realm rejoice. Louis, called the Pious and the Kind-hearted, should rather have been called Louis the Well-intentioned.

But alas for good intentions if strength of will be wanting! Louis lived in harsh and brutal days, and men could appreciate neither his gentle manners nor his worthy aims. He had neither his father's strength of mind nor firmness of will, nor had he what is called magnetism—the power to compel men to do as one elects. His noble aims were speedily brought to naught; his high purpose was swiftly overturned; his ambitious sons opposed him, quarrelled with him, defied him, assailed and dethroned him; and after a stormy reign of twenty-six years, during which he many times wished to give up his crown and become a monk, Louis the Well-intentioned died, in the summer of the year 840, on one of the little islands in the river Rhine, a disrowned, defeated, and sorrowing King, conquered by his sons.

The great empire his father had left him was speedily broken asunder, and from its remains, after long years of disorder and of blood, came at last the nations of France and Germany—the outgrowth of that vast heritage of power which the son of Charlemagne had received from his mighty father, but had neither wit nor will enough to govern or hold unbroken.

A noble man in many ways was Louis, the son of Charlemagne. But he lived in advance of his times, for stormy seas demand a strong hand at the helm, and great matters require the head to plan and the will to do. In all of these requirements for royalty was Louis deficient; and while history accords him praise for honesty of purpose, gentleness of heart, good intentions, and lofty aims, it still writes him down as an unsuccessful ruler, because a weak-willed son could not uphold the heritage of a father who indeed was great.

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND

CHAPTER IX.

THE last excitement of the summer before school began was a river picnic, given by Gertrude Morgan. A note was brought to Edith one afternoon which ran thus:

"MY DEAREST EDITH.—Will you, Cynthia, Jack, and Neal Gordon join us on the river to-morrow? My cousins, Tom and Kitty Morgan, are here, and another fellow, awfully nice, that Tom brought with him, and we want to do something to entertain them. This is such perfect weather for the river. We will come up from Brenton early, and reach Oakleigh before noon. You can join us in your boats, and we will go higher up above the rapids for dinner. If you will bring your chafing-dish and your alcohol lamp for the coffee it is all I ask. On the whole, you need not bring the lamp. We will build a fire. But the chafing-dish would be nice. Do come! Don't fail. Au revoir until to-morrow at about twelve. Devotedly,

"GERTRUDE.

"P.S.—I am sure you will lose your heart to Tom's friend. I have!"

The next day, shortly before noon, the Franklins were awaiting their friends on the Oakleigh boat-landing. They had two canoes, one that the family had owned for a year or two, and another that Mrs. Franklin had given her brother on his birthday.

Baskets were packed in the boats, containing the chafing-dish, some sandwiches, and delicious cake that Mrs. Franklin had had made as her contribution to the picnic, and a large box of candy which Neal had bought.

It was a glorious day. The September sun shone brightly, and a trifle warmly, on the dancing river. The gay foliage along the banks—for the autumn tints had come early this year—was reflected in the clear water, and a gentle wind stirred the white birches. An army of crows

had encamped near by, and the woods rang with their cawing as they carried on an important debate among themselves.

Presently around the curve came the advance guard of the picnic, a canoe containing Dennis Morgan and his cousin Kitty, while closely following them was another, paddled by Tom Morgan, in which sat Gertrude and a stranger.

They all waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and when they came within speaking distance Gertrude shouted:

"Isn't it fun? Such a perfect day, and more fellows than girls! You know my cousins, don't you, except Neal? Kitty and Tom, let me present Mr. Gordon, and this is Mr. Bronson. The Misses Edith and Cynthia Franklin, Mr. Tony Bronson. There, now, did I do it correctly? Did I mention the ladies' names first, and then the gentlemen's? I picked up a book on etiquette in a shop the other day, and it said you must."

Every one laughed, and no one noticed but Cynthia that Neal's face darkened when he heard Bronson's name and saw him for the first time. Of course, she knew at once who he was.

"There ought to be a grand change of partners," continued the lively Gertrude, "but it's too much trouble. However, Tom, you had better get out and take one of the Oakleigh canoes, and an Oakleigh girl and Jack can get in here—unless Mr. Bronson would rather be the one to change."

This was said with a coquettish glance at Bronson, who in a low voice hastened to assure her that he was more than satisfied with his present position.

He was a handsome fellow of about seventeen, tall and of somewhat slight build, with very regular features. His eyes were his weak point. They were of a pale greenish-blue, and were too close together.

His greeting to Neal was most cordial. "Holloa, old



THE START FROM OAKLEIGH.

fellow!" he said; "this is a piece of luck. Miss Morgan told me you were stopping here, so I was prepared for the pleasure."

"As if he hadn't known it before," muttered Neal to Cynthia, as he helped her into the canoe, and they pushed off. "He sent that letter here and he got mine from here. He's a hypocritical ass."

"Look out, Neal!" cautioned Cynthia; "you know how sound carries on the water." And she was quite sure from the expression on Bronson's face that he had heard.

There was some discussion as to where their destination should be.

"Let's go as high as we can," said Gertrude. "Above Charles River village."

"But there is the 'carry,'" objected her brother.

"What of that? We've often carried before."

"Not with an average of one fellow to a boat. No; I say we stop the other side of the small rapids. If any one wants to explore above there on his own account he can do so."

It was finally settled thus, and the party set forth. It was a pretty sight. The cedar canoes, with gay carpets and cushions, and freight of girls and boys in white boating costumes, gave the needed touch of life to the peaceful Charles River. So Mrs. Franklin thought when she came down to see them off.

"I have not been invited," she said, "but I really think I must drive up this afternoon and see your encampment."

"Oh, do, Mrs. Franklin!" cried Gertrude, enthusiastically. "We would just love to have you come, and we ought to have a chaperon, though we are all brothers and sisters and cousins! She is the most perfect creature," she added to Bronson, as they moved off. "You know she is the Franklins' step-mother. Isn't she a dear, Jack?"

Jack, who was paddling, acquiesced. Bronson sat at ease in the bow. He was always lazy. Neal, though averse to hard work which was work only, was ready for anything in the way of athletics. He was now an accomplished paddler, and had already far outstripped the others.

Their destination was some two or three miles up the river. The water was low, and Cynthia kept a sharp lookout for rocks.

"Keep to the left here, Neal," she directed; "that ledge runs all across the river."

"I bet those Brenton fellows will scrape going through here. Not one in a hundred would take the left. I haven't scraped once since I had the canoe. The bottom is as smooth as the day she came, and that is saying a good deal when the river is as low as it is now."

They skirted a huge oak-tree which had fallen half across the river, and, passing through some gentle rapids, reached the cleared shady spot on the bank where they were to eat their luncheon. The others soon arrived, and preparations were immediately begun for building a fire. The boys explored the neighborhood for dry sticks, and a cheerful little blaze was soon crackling away on the bank. Potatoes had been buried beneath to roast in the ashes, and the coffee-pot, filled with water from a neighboring spring, was placed above. Dennis Morgan, whose coffee was far-famed and unrivalled, superintended this part of the work.

The girls unpacked the baskets, and spreading a tablecloth, arranged the goodies most temptingly thereon.

"Edith, you must do the oysters on the chafing-dish," said Gertrude; "no one does them like you."

"Oysters! Have you really got oysters? How perfect!" cried Cynthia, who, laden with cups and saucers, was stumbling over some stray boughs at the imminent risk of herself and the crockery.

"Let me help you, Miss Franklin," said Bronson, coming languidly forward.

"Oh no, thanks!" returned Cynthia, tartly. "I would not trouble you for the world. You have quite enough to do."

Dennis Morgan, who heard her, turned away to hide a

laugh. Bronson had been leaning against a tree most of the time with his hands in his pockets.

"Come, now, don't be too hard on a fellow, Miss Franklin. I'll do anything you ask. A fellow feels kind of out of place, don't you know, with so many working."

"Really! Well, if you are truly anxious to make yourself useful, perhaps you will get some ferns to decorate the table?"

"Certainly," said Bronson, looking about him in a helpless way; "will these do?" and he broke off a large brake.

"No, of course not. The ones I want grow at quite a distance from here, over in those woods there," pointing.

"Please get some."

"Oh, Miss Franklin, so far? But you will go with me, of course."

"Of course," did I hear you say?" asked Cynthia, straightening herself from her arrangement of the table and standing very erect, with a bottle in one hand and an olive on the end of a fork in the other. "What can you be thinking of? Of course not. I am busy. But you have no time to lose if you want to get them here before lunch is ready. It is a good half-mile there and back."

"When Miss Franklin commands I have but to obey," said Bronson, with a bow, though there was a disagreeable light in his steely eyes. "Who will take pity on me and go with me? Miss Morgan, surely you will be so good?"

Gertrude was much pleased at being singled out by the guest of the occasion, and although she knew that the ferns which were growing in profusion all about them would adorn the table just as well, she gave no hint of it, for she was not averse to taking the walk with Bronson.

"Tell me about the Franklins," said he, as he took her red umbrella and opened it. "Are they fond of their step-mother?"

"All but Edith, and she can't bear her, and I don't think she is over-fond of Neal, either. Tell me something about him, Mr. Bronson. He is a school-mate of yours, you say?"

"Oh, don't ask me! I think it's awfully bad form for one fellow to give away another, don't you know. Of course, some fellows would, but I'm not that kind."

Gertrude admired these sentiments extremely. She wished that Bronson would hold the umbrella at an angle that would shield her a little more. It was entirely over him, while she herself was in the sun, and it was rather warm walking. However, it was a pleasure to have her umbrella carried by such an elegant-looking individual, even though she derived no benefit from it.

From his words and manner Gertrude gathered the idea that Bronson, if he chose, could tell something very much against Neal Gordon, but his high sense of honor held him back.

"What a lovely fellow he is!" thought Gertrude; then she said aloud, "Of course I would not have you for the world. I have always fancied there might be something, don't you know?"

Now Gertrude had really never fancied anything of the kind, and yet she did not dream of being untruthful. It was an idea born of the moment. Her vanity prompted her to agree with Bronson, who was apparently such a very charming fellow.

"Oh, don't say that, Miss Morgan! I didn't mean to give you that idea. You're so awfully clever, you have guessed what I never intended to say. Don't ever tell what I said, will you? I wouldn't take away the fellow's character for the world."

Gertrude blushed and promised, pleased to find herself in the position of having a secret with Bronson. She told her cousin Kitty, afterwards, that he really talked most confidentially with her.

When they returned, luncheon was ready. Cynthia took the ferns with a cool "Thank you," looked at them critically and somewhat dubiously, and laid them on the impromptu table.

"Terribly anty," she said, shaking a spray vigorously in the air. "Ugh! look at the ants!"

"Perhaps those that grow over here would not have had any ants," said Bronson, "but I am so much obliged to you for sending me for these, Miss Franklin. I had such a charming walk. It quite repaid me, even though you are so chary of your thanks."

"I'm so glad," returned Cynthia, "but not as glad as I am famished."

She left Bronson, and walking around to the farther side of the table, sat down. Neal followed her, and presently they were all seated and enjoying the dainty meal. Never was there such clear and fragrant coffee, and the rich cream that the Franklins had brought made it "equal to the nectar of Olympus," said Bronson; he was addicted to airy speech.

The oysters were done to a turn and seasoned to a nicety, and the sandwiches melted in one's mouth. In the midst of the feast they heard the sound of wheels on the bridge, and looking up, they saw Mrs. Franklin, who was driving herself.

"You see I couldn't stay away," she called to them. "Jack, come tie Bess for me, and then let me have a bite, if you have anything to spare."

Edith's face clouded. "Why did she have to come so soon?" she thought, and her expression was not lost on Bronson.

"So this is the rich sister and step-mother," thought Bronson; "and the eldest daughter doesn't like her coming. Now, I don't exactly see why Gordon can't settle the balance if she has such a pile. But I'll lie low and work him easily."

He watched his opportunity, and after luncheon he followed Neal to the river-bank, where he was getting a pail of water for dish-washing purposes.

"I say, Gordon, old fellow, I haven't had a chance before to thank you for sending me the fifty. You see I was in a confounded hole myself, and there was no way out of it but to ask you. I hated to dun you. As for the rest, there's no hurry about that whatever."

Neal looked at him. His brown eyes could be very searching when occasion required. Bronson stooped, and picking up a flat stone from the little beach on which they were standing, he tossed it across the river.

"Five skips," said he, lightly, as he turned away.

"Hold on a minute," said Neal. "Your offer is very kind, but you may be pretty sure that I'll pay you as soon as I can. I've no wish to be under obligations to you any longer than is necessary."

"As you like," returned Bronson, with a shrug. "I only thought it might ease your mind to know that there's no actual hurry. Ah, Miss Franklin," as Cynthia drew near, "can't I persuade you to go out on the river with me?"

"I am afraid not. I should think that you hadn't paddled a great deal, as I noticed that you took your ease coming up."

"Miss Franklin, I never should have imagined that you were timid on the water. How little one can tell!"

"I am not a bit timid, but I don't care to be upset."

"Upset!" laughed Bronson. "Why, I've been upset a dozen times. In such a shallow ditch as this it wouldn't make much difference, as long as we're suitably dressed."

Cynthia looked at him slowly, criticisingly, scornfully. Then she said:

"I should think bathing clothes were the only things suitable for upsetting. And the Charles River isn't a ditch. Of course you didn't know, and we can pardon the ignorant a good deal."

Bronson turned away and left them.

"That last was a scorcher," chuckled Neal, who had been listening attentively. "If there is one thing Bronson hates above another, it is to be thought not to 'know it all,' and he caught on to what you meant."

Cynthia, however, felt a little remorseful. She was quite sure that she had been rude. Bronson was a stranger, and should have been treated with the politeness due to such. But then he was Neal's enemy, and Cynthia could never be anything but loyal to Neal. Thus she soothed her conscience.

When luncheon had been cleared away and the baskets

packed to go home, Bronson asked Edith if she would go out with him on the river.

"Just for a little paddle, Miss Franklin," he said. "Do come!"

Cynthia heard him, and she frowned and shook her head vigorously at her sister, hoping that she would not go, but Edith had no intention of declining the invitation. She said yes, with one of her prettiest smiles, and accompanied Bronson to the place where the canoes were drawn up on the bank.

"I suppose it doesn't make any difference which one I take," he said, and, either by accident or design, he singled out Neal's boat and put it into the water. Edith stepped in, and then watched Bronson's movements with some trepidation. He did not seem to know much about the management of a canoe, and they rocked alarmingly with his short, uncertain strokes.

"I'll soon get the hang of it," he said, reassuringly. "I have never been much on a river, but it's easy enough."

Cynthia walked along the bank, watching them.

"I hope you've got a life-preserver, Edith! Mr. Bronson says he is in the habit of upsetting—likes it, in fact—and I'm dreadfully afraid for you. You know you can't swim, and Mr. Bronson will never be able to save you as well as himself. Do be careful of my sister, Mr. Bronson. The ditch is rather deep just there. Oh, look at him wiggle!" she added to Neal, who had followed her.

"And the fellow has taken my canoe!" growled Neal.

"Poor Neal! You boasted too soon. You'll never again be able to say there isn't a scratch on the bottom."

"I only hope I shall ever see the boat again. He'll probably smash her all to smithereens."

"I suppose it makes no difference if Edith is 'smashed to smithereens,' only the canoe," remarked Cynthia, demurely.

In the mean time Edith was having an exciting voyage. Bronson paddled slowly and unevenly up the river until he found himself in the rapids, which were much swifter and more dangerous than those they had passed through on the way from Oakleigh. The canoe scraped and creaked over the rocks. The only wonder was that a hole was not stove at once in the bottom.

They were in the midst now of the rushing water. Suddenly the boat lodged for a moment on a rock, and swayed to and fro. Down to the very water's edge went first one side and then the other. A half-inch more and they would have capsized.

Edith sat perfectly silent, scarcely daring to breathe. Bronson, never before so quick in his movements, righted the craft, and with a vigorous push of the paddle got off the dangerous rock.

"I—I think it would be rather pleasanter to tie up," faltered Edith.

"So do I. Wish you had said so before. Not that I mind exploring, but it's hot work such a day as this."

They found a shady bank and drew up under the bushes. Edith gave a sigh of relief.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" asked Bronson, getting out a silver cigarette-case with a *blanc* air.

"Oh, not at all."

"That's nice. Now we can be comfortable. I am so glad you came with me this afternoon, for I want to talk to you, Miss Franklin. I want to talk freely to you about something."

Edith's face expressed her astonishment.

"You look surprised," he continued, "but you will not be when I tell you what it is. You are the only person whom I can rely on to manage the matter well and to help me. It is connected with Neal Gordon."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AN EXPLANATION

MAMMA, "Why do you come in every minute for something to eat, Herbert?"
HERBERT, "Because, mamma, I am so starved that I can eat enough to last me over an hour."

ON THE EARTH AND IN THE SKY.

THE EARTH YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, TO-MORROW.

BY N. S. SHALER,

PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

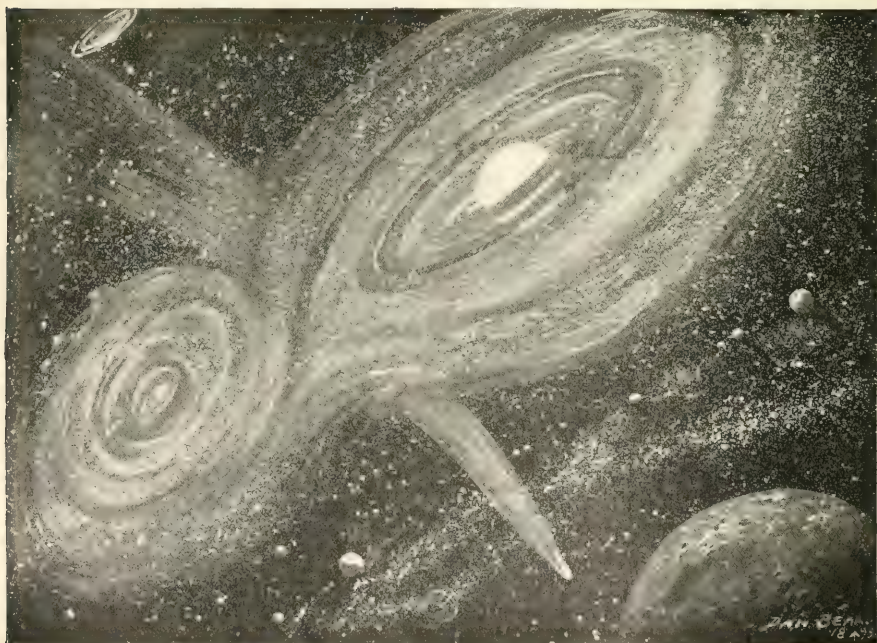
FROM ancient days men have been seeking to learn the history of the earth; how it came to be set in the orderly array of the heavenly bodies; how it has step by step come forth from the ancient chaos to the existing perfection; how and to what end it is to go forward in ages beyond our own. In this century many thousands of able men have been engaged in these inquiries.

The studies of astronomers have made it evident that in the olden days, indeed before days began, at a time which is to be reckoned as many hundred million years ago, the sun and the other bodies of the solar system, including our earth, the kindred planets and their satellites, were parts of a great mass of vapor or star dust, which extended throughout the spaces in which these spheres now swing about the sun. As time went on this nebulous mass, just like many such masses which the telescope reveals in the distant heavens, drew together, because its particles were impelled by gravitation towards the central point, and as it contracted it began to revolve, much as our earth and the other spheres as well now turn on their axes. Thus turning, it divided into successively formed rings, each of which in time broke up, the matter of the ring gathering into a separate planet. At first this planet, like the original mass, was gaslike, and when separated from the sun it began to gather in on itself, in most cases forming rings, which in time were to alter into the lesser spheres—the moons. The earth and all the planets lying further away from the sun have these little bodies about them, but in one case, as if to show the stages of creation, the unbroken ring remains, forming the magnificent

circles which girdle Saturn. When, in the history of these wonderful processes of growth which have taken place in our solar system, our earth parted from the shrinking sun, the separate life of the sphere began. In the course of ages it set off the mass of the moon, and after that process was effected by further shrinking, it was reduced from a body several hundred thousand miles in diameter to a relatively small sphere. Such are the steps which led to the birth of our planet.

As the earth's matter gathered into a smaller bulk, its heat was greatly increased, so that for a time it was a hot, shining star like the sun. Gradually, however, it parted with so much of its heat that it, as we may say, froze over or became covered with a solid crust which soon became cool enough to permit the waters hitherto in the state of steam to descend upon the surface of the sphere. With this descent of the waters, which led to the formation of the seas, another stage of great importance in the history of the earth began. In the earlier ages the heat of the earth, which came from within its mass, was so great that the temperature coming from the sun was of no consequence, but when the earth acquired a crust of cold rocks, a new period began, that in which the solar heat was thereafter to be the source of most of the movements that occurred in this limited world. Thenceforward to the present day, and yet on through the ages, the sun and earth are linked together in their actions in a marvellously entangled way.

When the sun's heat began effectively to work on the earth in the manner which we now behold, the winds be-



A RING THROWN FROM THE SUN FORMING A SEPARATE PLANET.



THE ICE SHEET WAS DEEP ENOUGH TO FLOW OVER THE TOP OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

gan to blow, the ocean waters under their influence to circulate currents, and the moisture to rise into the air to be carried to and fro and to fall as rain. It seems likely that these movements of air and water, which we know to be due to the action of the sun's heat, took place at first upon the surface which was everywhere covered by the ocean, a vast continuous sea through which the lands had not yet pierced, and in which living creatures had not begun to dwell. This universal field of waters could not have long continued, and this for the reason that certain changes in the earth itself brought about the creation of broad folds on the sea-bottom, which grew upward until dry lands rose above the level of the waters. The way in which this process took place can in general be easily understood.

After the earth had cooled to the point where its outer parts were what we term cold, and the whole of its mass approximately solid, it remained as it does to-day, exceedingly hot in its central portions, and therefore kept on slowly cooling. What we call the outer or crust part, because it had already become cool, had little heat to lose. The greater portion of the temperature, which crept away into the frigid places of the heavens, where the thermometer is always some hundred degrees below the freezing-point, came from the interior of the sphere. Because of this cooling in the deeper parts of the earth the mass shrank in its interior portion, while the outer part, losing less heat, because it had less to lose, did not contract to anything like the same extent. Thus it came about that this crust portion which forms the surface, and that which is below to the depth of many miles, were forced to wrinkle in order to fit the diminished centre. The action may be compared, in a way, to what takes place when in an apple or other similar fruit or vegetable with a distinct skin the water dries out of the interior parts. The skin wrinkles, because it has little water to lose. Let us conceive that the heat which keeps the particles of matter apart in our earth answers to the water which separates the solid portions of the fruit, and the likeness becomes clear.

When the great wrinkles of the earth's crust were high enough to bring their surfaces in part above the level of the ocean, another important stage in the history of the sphere was begun. Before that time, the water which the sun's heat had lifted into the air, and sent back to the earth in the form of rain, had fallen into the ocean whence it came without in any way affecting the solid parts of the crust. But now a portion of it came down on what we call the dry land, making the beginning of the rivers and the lakes, and in its course to the sea wearing away the rocks over which it flowed, conveying the debris to the oceans, where it served to build layers of rocks upon the bottom, which with the further upward growth of the continent might in turn rise above the sea. Thus we may fairly reckon the appearance of the land above the seas as the third great event in the history of the earth.

After the earth had cooled down so that the waters had something like their present temperature, and probably after the lands had appeared, came the fourth and, on many accounts, the most interesting episode in the history of the planet. This was the beginning of what we call life, those little temporary gatherings of the earth's substance which take shape in the form of animals and plants. As yet we do not know, we are not likely indeed ever to know, just when or how this change from the earlier stage in which the earth knew no living creatures to that in which they were to abound in seas and on land. All that has been found out concerning the matter leads us to believe that the first steps led to the creation of very simple species—jellylike forms having but few of the qualities which we commonly associate with living beings. But the first steps taken in the innumerable ages, the others followed in quick succession, so that the earliest fossil remains which we find in rocks formed on the sea-bottom, a hundred million or more years ago, show that the earth was richly peopled with a lowly life.

Probably at some time after the lands had risen above the sea, and had begun to yield their waste in the form of

mud, sand, and pebbles, to provide strata on the sea-bottoms, volcanoes began to break forth on the sea-bottom and along the margins of the continents. These strange outbursts, mainly of steam, but often accompanied by molten rock, appear to owe their formation to the accumulation of beds on the bottom of the ocean, which as they are formed are to a great extent filled with water. Accumulated to a thickness of many miles, the water in the lower part of these strata gradually becomes exceedingly heated. In the end it breaks forth in steam, having a temperature quite as hot as molten iron, so that it may melt ordinary rocks.

The beginning of volcanic action on the earth was in a way important, though the event is less noteworthy than any of those which have been previously remarked, for tremendous as a volcanic eruption may be (that of Krakatoa in 1883 shook a large part of the earth's surface, perturbed all its atmosphere, and sent its dust to every part of the world), they, after all, are not leading features in the earth's history, but rather incidents. It is otherwise with the last great physical event in the history of the earth, which we shall now have to consider.

As the earth became divided, so that there were a number of continents and oceans, its climate became diversified. This was in part accomplished by the changes in the course of the ocean currents, such as our Gulf Stream; in part it may have been by slight variation in the sun's heat. However brought about, from very ancient days to the present time large portions of the earth's surface have occasionally had climatal conditions which cause the rainfall to descend in the form of snow, the snow falling in such quantities that it did not melt away in the summer season. This condition now exists about either pole, and to a certain extent on the high mountains, even those of tropical lands.

From time to time, owing to the variable adjustments of climate, these periods of excessive snow have endured for ages, in which the glacial sheet has extended in either hemisphere far towards the equator. In our present day the earth is just escaping from the last of these wonderful ice epochs. At a time so recent that it may be called a geological yesterday the greater part of Europe and of North America was buried beneath accumulations of snow, or rather of ice formed from it, the sheets having in places the depth of a mile or more, and, according to their strange nature, moving slowly over the surface, crushing and grinding the rocks as they went, until the ice either reached the sea, where it would float off as icebergs, or a place on the land where it was far enough south to be melted away.

On the surface of North America the ice sheet, the remnant of which still covers Greenland, expelled all life from the region of Canada and the United States from a line a little to the east of the Rocky Mountains, and in general north of the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers to the sea-coast. It was deep enough to flow over the top of Mount Washington in New Hampshire, and a primitive man (for there were such in those days) might possibly have journeyed over all the realm without discerning the least trace of the earth's rock surface, for even the higher mountains were buried.

We do not yet know how many of these glacial periods there have been, or whether they occur at the same time in both the northern and southern hemispheres, but it is clear that they have been of frequent occurrence. In the intervals between the ice epochs warm conditions appear to have prevailed even up to the pole of the hemisphere, which was shortly afterwards to experience the dreadful winter of an ice-time. Thus, at a period which in its geological sense was not long before the last glacial epoch, the Greenland district bore a forest much like that which now exists in parts of the Southern States of this country. It seems probable from the history of the past that the next revolution in our northern hemisphere will dissipate the ice about the arctic pole, and make a wide realm now uninhabitable to man fit for his use.

The foregoing little sketch of a few of the great events of the earth's history does not take into account the great-

est of them all, the coming of man. But the conditions which surround the appearance of this flower of the earth are as yet so imperfectly known that they cannot well be considered.

HINTS TO YOUNG BOTANISTS.

BY CAROLINE A. CREEVEY.

ROOTS

WHEN we are about to do a thing thoroughly and systematically we often say we will "begin at the root of the matter." That is because the root of a plant is supposed to be the first thing in its life. It is indeed the foundation, the substructure of a plant, but not strictly the first thing that starts to grow. The little stem feels the first quiver of life, and the root follows. You can see the little stem, or *caulicle*, in fat seeds like squash and melon, beans and peas. Split a squash seed, and between the two fat sides the caulicle lies cozily tucked, like a tiny tail or handle. Plant a squash seed in the earth. The caulicle, fed by the two fat sides, pushes its way upward into the air, making a stem with leaves, and finally a big vine, while from its lower end the root develops and pushes itself as fast as possible into the earth.

The roots of some plants are small. I think most weeds make pretty large and strong roots, which are hard to pull up. But when a tree has grown to its full size its roots are almost as large as its branches. I once saw a fine old maple-tree cut down, and its roots dug up to make room for a cellar. I was surprised to see what a big hole the roots made. Two men dug for several days before they had the roots all up.

The work for the roots to do is to drink water. The upper half of the plant is very thirsty, and calls constantly for water. The roots push and dig into the moist soil, drink in water, and pass it up by a sort of pumping process. Only think, drinking and pumping! That is what roots do. And so if the earth is dry, and the roots can find nothing to drink, the plant will die. But after a shower see how glad the leaves seem, and how stiff and straight they stand, because the roots are sucking up great draughts of water.

To protect roots in their hard burrowing work a little cap of hard cells is fitted over their tips. Little hairs grow all over them, whose purpose is to help absorb moisture.

Some thick and fleshy roots are good to eat. They form many of our best vegetables. Beets, turnips, parsnips, and carrots are such roots. They belong to biennial or two-year plants. The first year they store up food in their roots; the second year draw upon this food, and produce flowers and fruit. They are named from their shapes. *Fusiform*, like radishes, when thicker in the middle, tapering at both ends. Carrots are *conical*, thicker at the top. Turnips bulge out in the middle, and are *napiform*. When clustered like a dahlia the roots are *fasciated*. All are *tap-roots*, or main roots. Besides these *primary* roots there are *secondary*. You may have noticed secondary roots springing from the joints of a corn-stalk above ground. The wonderful banyan-tree sends down roots from its branches, making new trees, until one tree is the mother of a colony.

There are plants which take their nourishment from the air alone, and not from the soil. They need roots as hold-fasts, not as drinking-cups. Some lovely orchids grow in that way. Those leathery patches which you have seen on old fence-rails and rocks are lichens. They have roots for attachment only, and such are called *aerial* roots.

Then there are *climbing* rootlets. Look at the poison-ivy, but do not touch it, and you will see it climbing over tree-trunks and fence-posts by means of rootlets. These rootlets are very strong, as you will find if you try to pull, as I did once, a trumpet-creeper out of a grape-vine.

A large class of plants are beggars and thieves. This is a hard thing to say of them, but what would you call them when they press their roots into the bark of other plants and suck their sap, which is the same to the plant as life-

blood? Why can't they dig in the soil for themselves? Some of these plants wear fine clothes, and look innocent enough. There is the beautiful yellow fox-glove. Many times I have seen it, tall and showy on hill-sides and in woods. But they were root-parasites, that is, fastened by their roots on the roots of other plants, sucking juices dishonestly. The delicate purple gerardia sometimes does the same thing. So, you see, appearances are deceptive, and in plants, as well as people, you cannot always tell character from the outside.



This Department is invited to receive contributions from writers of both sexes and of all ages. Contributors will be pleased to answer any question in the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

IT does not surprise me to find a number of bright girls asking for directions about the entrance to the difficult road of authorship. It is quite common for young people to think that nothing on earth can be so delightful as to write songs and stories, and have them published for the world to read. The fact, dear girls, that many of you overlook, is that no trade or profession or business is ever learned without time, study, and effort—what I might call the serving of an apprenticeship. Very few authors succeed at the beginning, although there is a contrary impression. Even those who seem at once to achieve eminence have really been getting ready for their work all their lives. You can see what I mean if you will read Miss Alcott's *Life and Letters*, or Mrs. Burnett's story of *The One I Knew the Best of All*, or, better than either, a charming little essay by Robert Louis Stevenson, in which he describes the books he read as a boy, and the pains he took to cultivate a good and clear style.

It is perfectly right for any reader of the ROUND TABLE to wish to become an author. In days to come the youthful Knights and Ladies for whom Kirk Munroe, Ellen Douglas Deland, W. J. Henderson, Captain Charles King, and your friend of the Pudding Stick are now writing, will be grown men and women, and some of them will be furnishing the literature of the next generation. I cannot say too strongly to all my correspondents, who are interested in this subject, be patient, be fearless, be thorough. Do not be in haste to send some busy editor the story which you have just written. Never send anything to an editor until you have written it four or five times over, and are satisfied that it is the very best thing that you can do, and that it is expressed in the briefest possible compass. A very good school for aspiring young authors is found in the beautiful little amateur papers which many young people publish for circulation among their friends. The several school and college literary papers are also excellent fields for beginners in journalism. Among the rising authors of the day I know a half-dozen whose first laurels were gained in school and college magazines.

I WOULD like to suggest that some of you who belong to Round Table Chapters should try the plan of having a little paper in connection with your Chapter. You could easily appoint one member of the Chapter the editor, then different girls and boys could furnish contributions. In every neighborhood there are a great many interesting things happening from day to day, so that your local column might be very spicy and entertaining. You could give your paper an attractive name, and should any of the members possess a typewriter you could have as many copies made each week as you have subscribers. Perhaps somebody among your friends has a little hand-press on which the little paper could be printed. Subscribers would be willing to pay two or three cents for a number of the paper, and thus you could have a little fund over expenses for the charities of the Chapter. Wouldn't that

be charming? I cannot enter into all the little details of such an enterprise, but if any of you shall adopt this suggestion I hope to hear all about it, and to know whether you think that it pays. I once knew a family in which a little home paper was kept up for years, each brother and sister in turn acting as editor, and different members of the household copying out the matter. They had a serial story, which ran on in the most exciting way for a long time, and on Saturday evenings father, mother, children, and friends always assembled to read and listen to the new number. This paper was called *The Busy Bee*.

A FEW sentences ago I said, let me know if you think it pays. Speaking of payment, do not make the mistake of supposing that I principally mean payment in dollars and cents. The money one earns by writing is the smallest part of the pleasure it gives. Several girls inquire of me what price they ought to put on their poems and stories, and what sort of letter they should send with a contribution when addressing an editor. All that is really necessary in the case is to write your full name and post-office address plainly at the top of your opening page, in the right-hand corner. In brackets at the other side you may, if you choose, write "offered at usual rates." Be sure always to write only on one side of your paper, to send a folded and never a rolled manuscript, to have it typewritten, if you can; if not, to have your writing very legible, and to send an envelope addressed to yourself, and enough stamps to pay return postage should your manuscript be declined. The stamps may be loose, or may be attached to the envelope, as you prefer. As a rule the first contributions of young people are worth very little money, and it is not good form to set a price on what you write unless you are an author of assured reputation. You must remember that publishers pay for work according to its market value, just as we pay for sugar and soap, and calico and note-paper, chairs and tables, or anything else we buy. When you go to a shop you always try to get good value for the money you give in return for goods. It is the same with articles and poems which are offered to the press. Hundreds and thousands of people are writing, and you must expect to face difficulties and have a struggle before you find your place, even if you are very well prepared for it.

I WOULD like the Chapters of the ROUND TABLE which have paid me the honor of naming themselves for me to write me a letter through their secretaries. I have a reason for asking this favor. I would also like to receive copies of amateur papers, published by young people who read the ROUND TABLE.

Margaret E. Langstee.

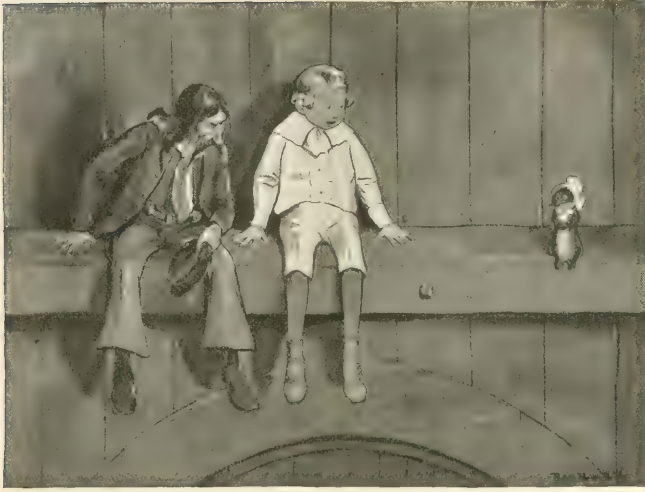
ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER III.

TOMMY often wondered afterwards why it was that he did not feel frightened when he found himself so close to this great congress of wild animals. But at the time he did not feel in the least alarmed, and he and the ex-Pirate sat together for some time under the oak planning as to what they had better do. Perhaps Tommy felt no fear, because all the animals seemed to be on such good terms with one another, and so gave evidence that they would not harm any one else. The little boy noticed the Lion and the Lamb lying down together; the Fox was playing tag with the Geese ("Fox and Geese, I suppose," thought Tommy); the Red Wolf was strolling about, arm in arm, with a bearded Goat and his kids; and half a dozen Mice were having all sorts of fun with an old Tom Cat who wanted to sleep.

"I guess the only thing for us to do," remarked the ex-Pirate at last, "is to just walk over and go aboard. There's no use sitting here any longer. We have not any more



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE? WHY AREN'T YOU OUTSIDE?"

bellows, and it is liable to begin to rain at any moment. Let's try our luck."

"Perhaps it would be best for us to walk around to the other side," suggested Tommy. "There doesn't seem to be so many animals there."

His companion approved of this, and they started off together, making a circuit which soon brought them to the other side of the huge house-boat. There were scarcely any beasts in sight, and so they boldly approached the great craft which towered high up above their heads. When they had come quite close, the ex-Pirate's keen eye caught sight of a small port-hole near the stern, and after calling Tommy's attention to it they decided to try to get in that way. The port-hole was very narrow, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the two managed to squeeze through. But they succeeded, nevertheless, and found themselves in a sort of dark chamber where there was a ladder that led to the upper regions of the Ark.

"We're all right now," said the ex-Pirate. "Do you think this will be too much for you?"

"What?" asked Tommy, who did not quite understand.

"The ladder."

"Not a bit. Why?"

"It's more than you."

"How do you mean?" asked the little boy, now somewhat puzzled.

"You are a lad, aren't you?" said the ex-Pirate.

"Yes."

"Well, this is a ladder."

There was not anything that Tommy could very well answer to any such statement; but then he had long since given up any idea of following the peculiar arguments and reasonings of the ex-Pirate. Yet in order to show him that, even if the ladder was more than he, he was certainly equal to climbing it, he seized the rungs and clambered up. It ended at a trap-door which, when lifted, opened into a very large room that appeared to occupy the entire length of the Ark.

"Aha!" exclaimed the ex-Pirate. "This is where they have the boxing-matches."

"Will they have any?" asked Tommy, eagerly, and his eyes opened very wide.

"I don't know," returned the ex-Pirate, "but this is the spar-deck."

"How did you get here?" suddenly asked a familiar voice from behind them, which so startled Tommy that he

by," and the Sheep trotted off and disappeared almost as suddenly as he had come.

"Guess we'd better do that," said the ex-Pirate, meditatively. "We don't want to get put out." So they walked to the other end of the big room, being very careful to make as little noise as possible, and when they came to the large arched entrance with the heavy bolted doors the ex-Pirate helped Tommy climb up a post, and the two slid out on a rafter, from which they could obtain a first-rate view of anything that might happen. Just below where they sat, and directly opposite them, was a window with a small counter in front of it and the words "Ticket Office" painted over it. Below the counter, nearer the floor, was another window, only smaller—"for the little animals, I suppose," thought Tommy. When their eyes had become accustomed to the semi-obscurity of their surroundings they found that they were not the only occupants of balcony seats. A few feet away from them sat a Gopher. He wore a pink sun-bonnet, and looked somewhat timidly at the intruders. As soon as the ex-Pirate saw him, he said: "What are you doing up here? Why aren't you outside?"

"Lost my ticket," answered the Gopher, timorously.

"Lost your ticket?" repeated the ex-Pirate.

"Yes, sir," continued the little animal, meekly. "Not exactly lost it. I put it in my month, and forgot, and swallowed it. I've got it inside."

"Oh," said the ex-Pirate. "Well, you'll get it back as soon as we start."

"Please may I stay?" asked the Gopher.

"Why, certainly," replied the ex-Pirate, affably, waving his hand in a grandiose way, just as if he had been the proprietor of the Ark; whereupon the Gopher looked much pleased and relieved, and settled down comfortably again at his end of the rafter.

Just then the shutter of the ticket window was thrown up with a loud bang that made Tommy jump, and the Bull stuck his head out and peered up and down the large room. He was a very fierce-looking Bull, and he wore on his head a cap with the word "Purser" embroidered on it in gold letters.

"All aboard!" he bellowed, in a voice that fairly made the timbers tremble, and scared the Gopher half out of his wits. And then some one from the outside opened the heavy doors and the animals began coming in.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

THE ANNUAL MEET of the American Canoe Association, which is now in progress on Lake Champlain, is decidedly the most important sporting event of the year to canoe lovers. For the past week hundreds of enthusiasts have been paddling and sailing and racing off Bluff Point, and every known kind of canoe has been seen on the water. It is only twenty-five years since canoeing as a sport found favor in this country, but since then it has grown steadily, and now there are canoe clubs in every State. Although the canoe, both as a paddling and a sailing craft, is distinctly American in its origin, it is a fact, nevertheless, that canoe cruising and the sport of canoe sailing were introduced from England. About thirty years ago a Scotchman named John MacGregor built a canoe, which he called the *Rob Roy*. It resembled an Esquiman kayak, being low and narrow and decked all over, except for a narrow space in the middle. It had a small lateen-sail, but the mode of propulsion used most by MacGregor was his two-bladed paddle. In this queer little boat he explored many of the waters of Great Britain, and cruised extensively in Holland, Germany, Norway, and Sweden, meeting with many adventures, an account of which he afterwards published under the title of *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe*. He has also written several other interesting accounts of other trips. The most delightful account ever written of a canoe cruise, however, is Stevenson's *Inland Journey*. Any young

ALTHOUGH MR. VAUX, one of the most experienced of canoeists, said, "There is no such thing as a best canoe," he did not mean that there was no such thing as the best



SAILING BEFORE THE WIND.

kind of canoe for certain purposes. He was particularizing. He meant that it was impossible for any man to tell another what particular make of canoe would suit his tastes best. It really depends entirely on what you want to do with your boat. If you wish to cruise in inland lakes and deep open rivers where there is plenty of wind, but no very heavy seas, and where you will use sail and paddle in about equal proportion, get a canoe of the "Nautilus" type. But for narrow streams and running rapids I should recommend a "Peterborough." The latter are of different sizes and varieties, and are built at the Canadian town of Peterborough. They are modelled after the Indian birch-bark canoe, and are made of basswood or cedar. They cost from \$30 to \$50, according to finish, and are very serviceable. The basswood boats are not so liable to leak as others.

ANOTHER ADVANTAGE OF THE "Peterborough" is that it will carry more passengers and duffie than any other style of canoe, and can easily be carried over land or around locks if you are travelling along a canal. It is easy to paddle, sails fast before the wind, and is the best craft in the world to shoot rapids. At night it can be drawn up on shore and turned upside down, thus making a dry and



BIRCH-BARK CANOES.

man who has the slightest inclination toward the sail and the paddle will surely take them up with enthusiasm after reading these books.

THE CHOICE OF A CRAFT is always difficult, especially to one who has had little or no experience in canoeing. I told last week how an inexpensive canoe might be built of canvas, but for cruising purposes a boat made of wood is necessary. It is taken for granted that any one who can afford the time for a cruise can also afford the money to purchase a suitable craft for his journey. A good cedar canoe nowadays costs from \$80 to \$150, but boats made of less-expensive woods may be had for as little as \$30. The building of these light canoes has become such a big business that there are over fifty varieties made now where there were only half a dozen fifteen years ago. But in spite of all the varieties there are only about three classes—the racing-canoe, the paddling canoe, and the cruising canoe—which use both sail and paddle.



IN CAMP.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

comfortable shelter. The "Nautilus" style of canoe is from twenty-eight to thirty inches wide and about fifteen feet long. It is fitted with a centreboard, and is an excellent cruising craft. It will carry one person comfortably, and two at a pinch, and the air-tight compartments forward and aft make it a life-boat, unsinkable. Beneath the decks and hatches there is plenty of room for dry stowage. At night the owner of a "Nautilus" canoe can either haul his craft ashore or anchor in deep water. In the latter case, he hoists his canoe tent above his head, unfolds his mattress, and sleeps comfortably in the cockpit. Personally, however, I prefer to land and pitch camp.

IT IS ALWAYS ADVISABLE to select your camping-ground and be in camp before sunset. Pull the canoe up out of water, take your duffle out, and turn the boat upside down over it. Then make your fire; see that there is no danger of its spreading, and that the breeze is blowing the sparks away from your camp or your canoe. The fire well started, take a pail and a glass jar and go to the nearest farm-house for milk and eggs. When you get back, you will find that the fire has made a nice bed of coals on which you can do your cooking. Never attempt to cook over a blaze. It sometimes happens, however, that the ground is wet, or



CRUISING CANOE UNDER PADDLE.

that a storm will interfere with your fire. For such emergencies it is well to have an alcohol lamp in your outfit, for on this you can boil enough water to cook eggs and make a cup of coffee, and if you are an expert with a chafing dish you can rival the best of city restaurants. But it is not probable that you will have such a luxury as a chafing dish among your equipments. You will probably have a saucpan instead—in fact it is necessary that you should have a saucpan. And with a little practice you can cook almost anything in the latter that you can in a chafing dish. The other necessary cooking utensil is a coffee-pot. With that and the saucpan and a small kettle you can live very comfortably. There are a number of small books of convenient pocket size that will tell you all you want to know about camp cooking. This is a good subject to study up before starting on a cruise.

THE SUPPLIES THAT A CANOEIST takes with him in his boat should consist of a few pounds of sugar, a box of salt, three or four pounds of ground coffee in a tin box with a close-fitting screw top, some bacon, a pound of tea, a couple of jars of marmalade or jam, a tin of deviled ham, and a pound or two of pilot-bread or hardtack. There will be lots of places along the course of your cruise where you will be able to replenish these stores should they run short, and at the villages you pass you can secure fresh meat if you care for it or are skilful enough cook to prepare it. Always have a line and some fish-hooks with you, for a canoeist should be a good fisherman.

A MESS-CHEST IS A GOOD THING to have if you are travelling in a "Peterborough." This is a tin box three feet long, one foot high, and about eighteen inches wide. Its

top should have a cover of painted canvas, with flaps that will come down over the edges. In this box your provisions and a change of under-clothes may be kept perfectly dry. Carry plenty of matches and a good lantern. Your matches should be kept in a glass jar with a screw top—an old preserve jar is just the thing. Then they cannot get damp.



A RACING CANOE.

AS TO THE CRUISE ITSELF, it should be carefully planned beforehand. Never start off with only a general idea of where you want to go. It is a bad thing to trust to luck in canoeing. Plan your trip so that you will start at the head of some river, or as near the head as you can find good water, and cruise down. Don't attempt to cover too great a distance in one day. Twenty-five miles a day is enough, and is more than you will care to make if most of it has to be paddled. Further—never hurry. Take plenty of time to fish, bathe, land, visit the country, and eat your meals regularly. If you have only a certain number of days to devote to your cruise, lay out the distance you must cover each day, and try to stick to your schedule as closely as camping-grounds will allow. Keep a record of your adventures in a log-book; this will prove not only interesting but valuable in the future.

NO ONE SHOULD EVER THINK of taking a canoe cruise unless he can swim. The canoeist gets too many upsets to risk venturing into deep water unless he can take care of himself. It is a good thing to practise upsetting in shallow water, so as to learn how to climb back into your boat again. Having fallen into the stream or the lake, whichever it may be, swim back to your canoe and seize the side nearest to you at the middle with your left hand. Then reach across the cockpit to the opposite gunwale with your right, and extend your body horizontally on the surface of the water. By a quick motion you can easily draw yourself across the cockpit and into the canoe again. It is well to keep your paddle tied to a thwart with a stout string long enough not to interfere with your work. Then it cannot float away when you upset.

THE SAILS MOST COMMONLY used on canoes are the leg-of-mutton sail and the standing lug. On racing canoes you usually see the bat sails—but racing canoes are mere machines that are not good things to have or to imitate,



LEG-OF-MUTTON

and the better element among canoeists to-day are frowning them down. A leg-of-mutton sail requires a tall mast, which some canoeists regard as a serious objection. The sail, however, runs to such a small point aloft that there is really very little surface exposed to the wind, and very little weight up there. It is the



STANDING LUG.

most simple form of sail, too, and can be easily raised and lowered, or reefed, and is, I believe, the safest kind of a sail for a canoe. It can be used to very good advantage on a boat of the "Nautilus" type.

FOR A CANOE OF the "Peterborough" type the best kind of a sail is the standing lug. It is very nearly square (and if you want to manufacture one yourself you can make it square), and very good for running before the wind. It is

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

easily managed, and serves admirably as a tent or awning when you are camping with your canoe turned up for shelter.

ONE OF THE GREATEST PLEASURES of canoeing is that the impressions you get are so vivid and real. All the world seems so big and strong. Your craft is so tiny that everything else appears to be very large. A breeze that would be welcome to a yacht is a gale to a canoe, and what are moderate waves to a sail-boat of ordinary size are heavy seas to a "Peterborough." And then, in a canoe, you are your own captain and your own crew. You can go as close in-shore as you wish, and the panorama that passes by you is so near that you almost feel you can touch the fields and hills, or pick up the cows from the pastures and put them down again. And then the expense of canoeing is so moderate. You can live on your voyages at the rate of about fifty cents a day. You carry your house along with you; your only expenses are for provisions. I should be glad to give more space to the subject, but while I believe that a great many of the readers of these columns are interested in canoes—or would be if they had ever tried one—I realize, too, that there are others who are just as eager for bicycling and cat-boating and mountain climbing and hunting and fishing. And to them I shall talk later. But if there is anything about canoes that any reader of the ROUND TABLE desires to know, I shall be glad to reply to his questions.

FOOTBALL PRACTICE has begun in California. The school term opens in August on the Coast, and the football men of the Academic Athletic League are already on the gridiron. The Oakland High-School eleven promises to be a strong one again this year in spite of losses by graduation. Lynch will probably fill McConnell's place at tackle, and Walton will no doubt play half-back. Russ, the clever half-miler, is trying for quarter. He is not particularly apt at the game, and is too good a track athlete to risk his legs in a scrimmage. If the O.H.-S. Captain can find another man for the position, it will be best for the general welfare of the school's sport to keep Russ on the cinder track. Chukering will be on the end again, and Guppy is pretty sure to hold the other flank.

CAPTAIN ANDERSON WILL KEEP his old position at full-back. He has speed, endurance, and pluck; he runs low, uses good judgment, and plays hard all the time. His principal fault is that he runs too far out in circling the ends. It is better football to make for a hole and to depend on your end rush to hold the opposite end off. A down inside the end is better than a hard run away around with the risk of being forced beyond the line. A two-inch gain is better than a run across the field. What the team needs most is a good punter and place kicker, and the ends ought to learn to get down the field quicker on punts, and to follow the ball better than they do now.

A GREAT MANY LETTERS come to this Department every week asking questions and making suggestions. Most of them are signed by the writers, just as any gentle-

man signs a business letter when writing to another, and these can be answered in due time. Others come signed with initials merely, or with *noms de plume*, and without addresses. Most of these writers expect me to answer them through the columns of the Department. This is not always possible or advisable. The subjects spoken of in the letters may not be of sufficient general interest to deserve space here, yet they may be of sufficient importance to warrant a personal reply. I always endeavor to acknowledge in some way all the letters that come to the Department, but I cannot promise to answer anonymous communications.

THE GRADUATE.



This Department is devoted to the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the following replies are to answer questions on these subjects in particular. Correspondents should indicate the Stamp Department.

THE high prices for the Great Britain 4d., red or blue paper, garter water-mark, quoted in the ROUND TABLE, No. 821, has stimulated the readers of this Department to look over their collections, and several think they have the rare varieties, but are not certain that they know the difference between the three garter water-marks. Therefore, I give fac-similes of all three—small, medium, and large garters. There is not only a difference in size be-



SMALL



MEDIUM



LARGE

tween the medium and the large, but also a slight difference in the design. There must be many copies of these stamps, as they were quite common for many years, and prices did not advance much until about 1885. They are frequently found in old collections.

THE newest development in the collection of U.S. stamps is that of plate numbers and stamps showing all or part of the imprint. Many English stamps bear the plate numbers on the stamps themselves, but the U.S. has never followed this example. Collectors who have a chance to look over the stamps on sale at their post offices should buy all the different stamps they can find with the marginal imprint and plate numbers, and lay them aside for future exchange. This is especially true of all the stamps issued previous to 1890. Many of the smaller offices have stamps of previous issues. Only the other day a collector bought of a local postmaster complete sheets of several 1870 issues, and about a year ago a sheet of 1868 24c. was bought at face, and sold immediately for \$200.

S.S.S.S. These four initials stand for the "Society for the Suppression of Speculative Stamps," which has just condemned the following issues as not worthy of collection: Portugal "San Antonio" Centennial Stamps, the 4, 10, 20, 30, and 40c. surcharged on the one dollar stamp of North Borneo and Labuan, and the various Chinese locals.

THE annual meet of the American Philatelic Association is about to hold its convention at Clayton, N.Y. It seems probable that Mr. Tiffany, of St. Louis, will retire from the presidency, and Mr. Alvah Davidson be elected in his place. The society now numbers about 1200 members, but lately has not occupied the commanding position it formerly held.

J. O. P.—No premiums on the coins mentioned.

CONSENT PAPER.—It is the ST. ANTONIO 4c. issue issued by Portugal. It has little value, as these stamps were made for the purpose of selling to collectors primarily, and for postal use secondarily. I do not think Portugal will find it very profitable, as collectors are growing shy of philatelic trash.

A. B. STEIN, Aubury Park.—It is a medal or token, not a coin, and it has no money value.

J. V. D. PROUDS Paul Despatch Stamp is worth from \$5 to \$20, according to variety and condition. The 1818 half-cent is sold by ounces for 75c.

F. M. L. Dealers quote the 1859 1c. at 50c to 60c.

INTERESTED READER.—A gold coin is either Austrian or Russian, probably the first. The value is about 10c.

N. P. P. There are four varieties of the 1867 and five varieties of the 1867 10c. The plate 24c. and 10c. "Africa and Navy" issue are worth 10c. each, and 10c. each. There are also 10c. and 10c. of the 10c. taken issued from 1867 to 1868.

PHILATEL.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

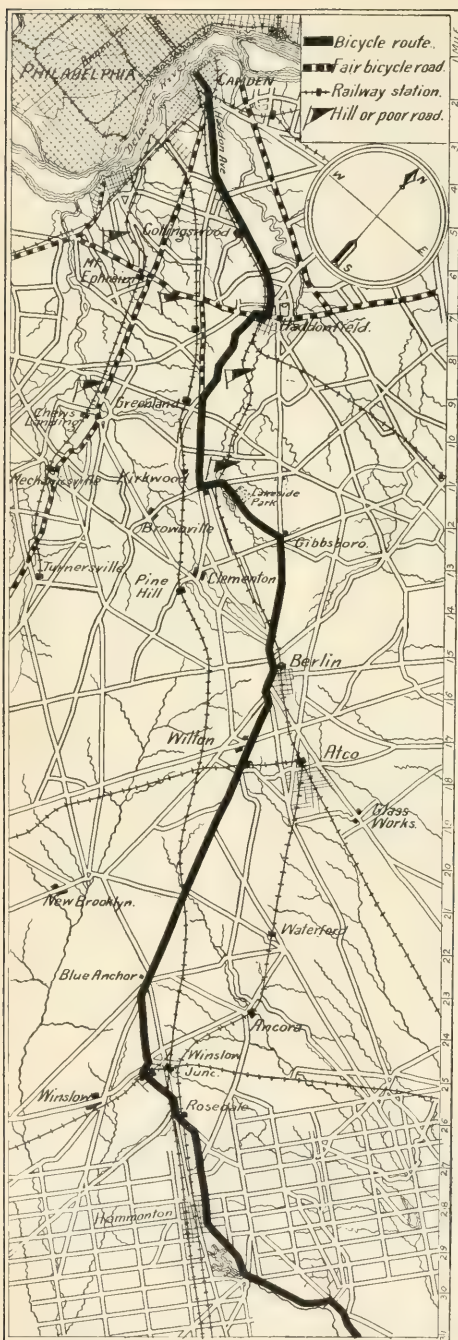
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This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information as far as possible.

THIS week we have divided the trip from Philadelphia to Atlantic City into two parts, of thirty-one and thirty-five miles each. It is perfectly possible for a good rider to go from Philadelphia to Atlantic City in one day, but if he can take two days to it, the ride will be pleasanter, he will see more of the country, and he can then take the train back to Philadelphia instead of riding the return.

LEAVING Philadelphia by Market Street, go east, across the ferry to Camden, and thence proceeding by Federal Street turn into Haddon Avenue. Upon reaching Line Street, keep to the left until the city line is reached; then take the right fork. The rider passes through Collingswood, Haddonfield, Greenland, to Kirkwood, a distance of ten miles or more over a reasonably good road, though not of the best nor in the best condition. Keep to the left in going out of Kirkwood, and be careful of the railroad crossing, which is a bad one. After passing over this crossing, turn to the right at the paint works, passing by Lakeside Park to Gibbstown, a distance of two miles. Here the grade is very good, but the road is in a pretty bad condition, and the rider had better keep to the side paths when outside of the town. From Gibbstown to Berlin is four miles over a gravel road not in any too good condition, and side paths will again be a boon. The road is direct. It is also direct through Wilton to Blue Anchor, a distance of eight miles. There will be no difficulty in recognizing the road, it being very straight, and in most cases showing by its size, as compared with branch roads, which is the main road.

RUNNING out of Blue Anchor, the rider takes the middle road of three forks, and shortly after passing this main fork he arrives at another, where, keeping to the left, he runs two miles into Winslow Junction. Crossing the track, he will find the road to Rosedale, a distance of a mile and a half, still gravel and not in the best of condition, but it is perfectly easy to tell which is the correct road. At Rosedale the tracks are crossed again at the station, and the run into and through Hammonton is made, the road being pretty good if you keep to the side paths. This makes in all about thirty or thirty-one miles, and the rider can stop at Hammonton for the night, though there are very few good accommodations, or even passable ones, to be found anywhere on the route from Philadelphia to Atlantic City; but the lack of good accommodations is really the one objection to making a two-days-trip of the Atlantic City route.

A WORD should be said here as to riding long distances. Any one who practises on a bicycle, i. e., any one who rides a certain number of miles a day for a certain number of days, depending on the particular make-up of the individual, will get himself into such a condition that he can ride any reasonable distance; i. e., up to one hundred miles in a day. It is not, therefore, a particularly desirable or difficult-to-be-attained facility to ride long distances in a day. Some men like to ride long distances fast; others like to ride a short distance fast, and then stop and walk or make a detour; while still others like to do a certain amount, say thirty or forty miles, taking a whole day for it, at a slow gait.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Bayton in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Totenville to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824.



Any questions in regard to photographic matters will be willingly answered by the Editor of this column, and we should be glad to hear from any of our club who can make helpful suggestions.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, NO. 12.

PRINTING AND TONING.

THERE are so many brands of sensitive paper on the market, and they are so cheap, fresh, evenly sensitized, and easy of manipulation, that it is a waste of time and money for the amateur to attempt to prepare his own. Even professional photographers are taking advantage of the prepared papers, and buy the paper ready sensitized.

The gelatine papers have almost entirely taken the place of the albumen paper, a paper which was always hard for the amateur to handle. The gelatine paper prints quickly, tones easily, and many different tones can be obtained in the same bath by removing pictures at a longer or shorter time. The combined toning and fixing bath is very popular, but the real gold tones can be obtained much better with a toning and fixing bath prepared separately.

See that the glass side of the negative is perfectly clean. Place it in the printing-frame, the glass side out, adjust a piece of sensitive paper over the film side, fasten in the printing-frame, and expose to the light till the picture is a little darker than required for a finished print. As soon as it is dark enough, remove it from the frame, and put it in a book, and put the book in a drawer. Do this with each print till all are printed. Thin negatives must be printed in the shade, but a good negative may be printed in direct sunlight.

For beginners who wish to use the combined toning and fixing bath, it is better to buy it already prepared. A bottle of prepared developer, which costs fifty cents, will tone from one hundred to one hundred and fifty prints 4X5.

Place the prints one by one in the tray, taking care that no air-bubbles form on the surface of the print. If not immediately broken they will leave dark spots on the prints. As the prints tone very quickly they must be kept in motion all the while. The best way to secure uniform tones is to slip the bottom print out and place it face up on top of the others, which should be face down in the tray. As soon as the last print has been turned in this way, turn the whole batch face down and repeat the operation. By handling the prints in this manner, the toning process is seen at once, and as soon as a print has received the desired tone it can be taken from the tray and placed in a dish of running water.

The prints should wash half an hour or more. The color obtained in the bath will remain. It does not fade as does the albumen print on being removed from the toning bath.

The gelatine prints should be toned at once after printing. Even if they are kept in a perfectly dark place, the half tones and high lights quickly discolor.

The separate toning baths are easily pre-

pared. What is called the stock solution is made as follows: 15 grs. chloride gold and sodium, 7½ oz. of water.

Dissolve and keep in a tightly corked bottle, marked "Gold Solution." Chloride of gold and sodium comes already prepared in 15 grain quantities, and costs thirty cents a bottle.

The other stock solution is a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda. A saturated solution is a solution which contains a little more of the substance dissolved in it than it can hold in solution. This is shown by a deposit on the bottom of the bottle.

To make the toning bath, take 34 oz. of water in the graduating glass and add ½ oz. of the gold solution. Dip a piece of blue litmus paper into the solution, and if it does not turn the paper red add a little more of the gold solution until it does. Then add enough of the bicarbonate of soda solution till it turns the litmus paper back to blue. A few drops of the soda solution should be added at a time, stirring the solution with a glass rod.

Mix the bath half an hour before wanted for use. Place the prints in this bath without previous washing, and tone till the required color is obtained. Rinse and place in a fixing bath composed of 1 oz. of hyposulphite of soda and 8 oz. of water. Leave them in this fixing bath five minutes, then wash for half an hour in running water.

In preparing stock solutions, label the bottles and write the formula with direction for use on the label. This saves time and trouble.

In preparing chemical solutions one must be very exact, as a little more or less of one ingredient sometimes produces chemical changes in the solution, rendering it useless for the purpose for which it was intended.

PAULINE asks how to fume paper. Fuming albumen paper makes it easier to print and tone. Freshly sensitized paper does not need fuming, but paper that has been prepared some time should be fumed before using. To do this put the paper inside a box, a wooden soap-box is just the thing, and set it over a saucer of ammonia water. Cover the box with a blanket, and let it remain for fifteen minutes. Use at once.

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all different, China, etc., 10c.; 5 Saxony, 10c.; 40 Spain, 40c.; 6 Tunis, 14c.; 10 U. S. Revenue, 10c. Act. with 50c. com.; 95¢ for free. CRITTENDEN & BORGMAN CO., Detroit, Mich.

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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

The Order's Badges.

The Founders decided to have new badges and asked for designs for the same. Old badges are still official, and those who have them need not feel called upon to buy the new style. Designs were received from about a score of members, but almost none of the suggestions were practicable. An old Founder, who has excellent taste in such matters, suggests an outline star; a centre the rose from the top of the King Arthur Table, and the letters K. L. O. R. T., one on each of the star's five points. The star is American, and the rose historic—a relic from the Order from which we get our name.

There can be two styles of badges, one a silver stick-pin to cost about ten cents, and the other a gold and enamel pin, same design, with pin and catch, to cost about \$1, and handsome enough to be worn as a scarf or dress pin, instead of a pin of any other design. When so considered, it is not a direct outlay for the Order, since nearly every person has and wears a pin of some sort. The designs are not yet made, of course, but they will be if the Table agrees to them. Founders need not write unless they disapprove of the suggested designs. Badges will be prepared at the earliest possible moment, and orders filled.

* * *

A Walk in the West Indies.

The other day I took a walk among the mountains with others of our family. We started in the morning before the sun had time to gain his full heat, and walked along the bank of a river until we reached higher ground. From the top of one of the mountains we could see wide stretches of blue sea, and green sugar-cane fields, and the whole of Kingston lying in the broad valley far away and beyond us. We saw Fort Royal and the old Spanish ship *Urgent*, lying at anchor in the harbor.

All this we looked at as we rested, and it was the best sort of resting, too. Then we turned our backs on it, and walked in the opposite direction. Higher and higher we climbed, and I found a wild rose, a white one, growing by the path, and some butterfly-weed further on—very rare-breath of America. The path is only wide enough for mules and donkeys, and people single file. We met some negro women with fruits on their heads, and the ground was covered with mangoes, green and yellow, some with large bites in them, for all the negroes eat them. Parts of the river crossed our path, sometimes with occasional little waterfalls; and we drank, partly from thirst and partly from pure pleasure in drinking water so clear and sweet and cold.

We passed a coffee-mill with big barbecues, and men spreading out the coffee on them with shovels. There seemed to be a great deal of it, but there are only a very few people here who have succeeded in making their "pie" by roasting coffee. The big mill-wheel was silent; it is turned by water power, and was probably out of order. I never heard of anything Jamaica that wasn't the latter. It was delicious cool up there, with a strong wind blowing, and occasional small patches of shade from thick-leaved mango-trees. There were plenty of banana-trees, but only a few palms. Palms grow better further down. The mountains were becoming misty already when we turned to go back. They generally do in the afternoon.

Gwendolen Hawthorne.

JORDEN TOWN, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

The Helping Hand.

Another memorial stone is promised for the School Building. It is to bear the name of J. Paul Charlton, who was a Canadian Knight and a Founder of our Order. His uncle sends \$10 to the Fund, and says he will provide the stone as soon as the size is given him. The stone will cost \$3 to \$6. The Table will be glad to hear from others who may wish to place memorial stones in the building. It is not necessary that the person belonged in life to the Order. We hope most of the Chapters will accept these names.

What do you think of Mr. Munroe's appeal? We answered it with this: *Dear Mr. Munroe: It looks a good deal on the Honor Roll. Have you forwarded*

your dime yet? Let us raise the balance of this Fund and crown our efforts with success. Ten cents from you will do it. We have received since last report: Josephine Howard, 10 cents. A friend, \$1. Kirk Munroe, 10 cents. W. A. Charlton, Jun., \$10. M. Le Roy Arnold, 25 cents. Harry Harper Chapter, of Newtown, Conn., \$10. A friend (K), \$10. Mary Barnes, \$2. Total \$33.45.

* * *

Note to Washington Members.

It is intended to have an entertainment in Washington, toward the end of September, in aid of the School Fund, and all readers there are cordially invited to attend. Due notice will be given of place and exact date. Any who are willing to help at selling tickets are asked to send word to Elizabeth W. Hyde, 1418 Euclid Place, N. W. The tickets will be twenty-five cents, and the entertainment a most attractive one.

* * *

A Sparrow's Ride.

In this city, and not far from our house, my father owns a large mill in which is a great deal of machinery. The other day a workman, busy beside a pulley that has spokes in it and a hollow cone for a rim, noticed an English sparrow fly rapidly toward him as if chased by an enemy and fleeing for its life. There was a flutter, and the sparrow suddenly disappeared. A workman near declared the bird had gone into the pulley. The first workman could not believe it, and so he did not stop the machinery.

Three hours afterward, when shutting down for the night, out flew the sparrow. It was a bit uncertain with feet and wings, but presently recovered itself and departed. An estimate was made, and it was found that the sparrow had made nearly twenty thousand revolutions, and was still unharmed.

JOHN B. KETCHAM.

LANSING.

* * *

Help Wanted.

The Little Women Chapter, of Upper Nyack, N. Y., is to hold a fair in aid of the School Fund, and asks for contributions of fancy-work and money. It also wants kitchen aprons, for they always sell. Send articles, postage prepaid, to Sophie Moeller, president, Upper Nyack, N. Y., at any time within three weeks. We ask the Table to help this Chapter.

* * *

✧ Kinks. ✧

No. 95.—IN A GARDEN

Supply blanks by names of plants.

A ——— stood off apart,
Clad in her ———, she cried:
"How can I stanch my ——— ———
Since my ——— died?"

Often she ——— at ——— ———
To go to feed her ———;
She also watered all the ———,
And put ——— in their ———.

She tried to keep a notions shop
For sale of fancy goods.
Like ——— for a ———,
——— too, and ——— ———.

But nothing brought ——— or ——— ———,
Till one ——— ——— ———
Gave ——— advice that gave ——— ———.
This was his pleasant plan:

Said he, "Your ——— shines, and ———
Your ———, sweet as honey.
There's ——— ———, and I think
You'd best try ——— ———."

No. 96.—HOLLOW ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.

Upper left-hand diamond.—1. In crystal. 2. A small fish. 3. Ventured. 4. The caves of a roof. 5. Existing. 6. To minister. 7. To assist.

Upper right-hand diamond. 1. In crystal. 2. A large wooden vessel. 3. Fanatics. 4. Thunderers. 5. Beryll. 6. In water. 7. In crystal.

Lower left-hand diamond.—1. In crystal. 2. The

end of a piece of lace. 3. Modified. 4. Fanatics. 5. Having the qualities of beer. 6. Arid. 7. In crystal.

Lower right-hand diamond.—1. In crystal. 2. Uneeded. 3. Committed to memory. 4. Relating to the arch-bend. 5. Winds. 6. An English prefix meaning "separated." 7. In crystal.

VISCENT V. M. BEENE.

No. 97.

First is a prima donna.
Second is a city in Germany.
Third the capital of New Jersey.
Fourth are the celebrated falls of the United States.

Fifth is one of the five great lake ports.
Sixth is the president of the United States.
Seventh is a country in Europe.
Eighth is a well-known temperance lecturer.
Ninth is a celebrated English novelist.
Tenth is an American explorer.

My whole counted down the centre is a celebrated American poet. LINDA MOHRMANN.

* * *

Answers to Kinks.

No. 92.

Name, Cromwell. 1. Craven, raven. 2. Rink, ink. 3. Olive, live. 4. Madder, adder. 5. Waft, aft. 6. Event, vent. 7. Lace, ace. 8. Lair, air.

No. 93.

1. Anti-mony. 2. Si-mony. 3. Patri-mony. 4. Cere-mony. 5. Matri-mony. 6. Ali-mony. 7. Scam-mony. 8. Parsi-mony. 9. Aciri-mony. 10. Testi-mony. 11. Har-mony.

No. 94.

L	I	V	E	D	I	N	G
I	R	O	N	I	D	O	L
V	O	I	D	N	O	D	E
E	N	D	S	I	N	G	L
I	D	O	L	N	O	S	E
D	I	N	G	L	E	E	L
A	I	D	E	A	I	D	E
N	E	A	T	L	I	M	E
G	A	T	E	S	T	E	P

* * *

Two Facts about Germantown.

It was in Germantown that the mariners' quadrant was invented by Thomas Godfrey in 1730; and that Christopher Sower, Sr., printed the first Bible in America, a copy of which, with Sower's imprint, could have been seen at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876.

PHILADELPHIA. JOHN H. CAMPBELL, JUN.

* * *

Questions and Answers.

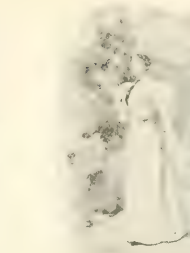
Charles Bellas, South Auburn, Neb., wants samples of amateur papers, and George W. Buchanan, Searcy, Ark., wants to correspond with editors of such papers. "O. E. S." wants us to offer prizes for music settings. We will do so. A "member" asks all about chicken raising. He will find this information in a long illustrated article in the Round Table, No. 896, which he can order through any dealer. It is too soon to reprint it. Estrella E. Ulrich, age sixteen, is a member who lives at Buckland's Road, Orenunga, Auckland, New Zealand, and sends us a puzzle answer "too late," as she says, "for the competition, but to let you see that children born and brought up in this out-of-the-way corner of the world know something about authors of England and America." If Lady Estrella's excellent answer is a sample of what Auckland Ladies can do, we will have to admit that New Zealanders are well informed on literary matters. Will you give the Table a morsel about Auckland?

Annie Kidder: It is impossible to tell, at this distance of time, who was the origin of "Little Blue Jacket" the picture published by this paper nearly nine years ago. It was from a photograph taken in London, and we doubt if any record can now be found of it. We have none.

Copyright, 1895, by The Printer & Camille Co., Chicago.

THE favorite candies illustrate the use of fondant both for the centre of candies and for the outside or "dipping," as candy-makers call it. In the first place get everything in readiness. A fork, some sheets of oiled paper—paper rubbed with olive oil—or waxed paper, a large bowl, and three small saucenaps or basins, your flavoring, the chocolate, and your mass of fondant are what you will need. Take a half pound of fondant and work into it half teaspoonful of vanilla drop by drop. Then break off small bits and shape them into balls or pyramids. Stand them on the papers so they will not touch each other, and let them harden in a dry cool place—not the refrigerator—for two or three hours. When the creams are ready to dip take half a pound of unsweetened chocolate or cocoa and put it in the bowl, and place this in one of the basins or saucenaps into which boiling water has been poured. You can add a trifle of boiling water to the chocolate to hasten its melting. When it is melted add an equal amount of melted fondant, and stir constantly till the mixture is like thick cream. To melt the fondant put it into a saucenap, and set this into a second filled with hot water. Never place the basin with the fondant in it directly on the stove; it will scorch and burn in a twinkling. In melting fondant for dipping you must never forget to stir it, because unless stirred it will go back into clear syrup. Be very careful no water splashes into it. If when the chocolate and fondant are mixed together they are too thick for a smooth covering add a few drops of hot water, drop by drop, until it is as desired. If you get the fondant too thin it is useless. When the mixture is ready bring it to the table, saucenap and all. Drop into it one of the balls and take it up on a fork, and, shaking it a bit, turn it on the oiled paper. This must be rapidly done, as the hot mixture will melt the balls if they are in it too long. If the mixture for dipping gets too stiff take it to the stove and let the water in the under basin heat again, or replace the cold water with hot from the kettle, carefully stirring the fondant every moment. If the chocolate runs off too much and shows the white cream underneath, the dipping mixture was too hot. Take it out of its basin of hot water and stir it, letting it cool a little before beginning the dipping again. The method of dipping candies, whatever may be their centres or their flavors, is the same, so that once you can make chocolate creams, you can make any of the cream candies.

SOME conception of the constant danger to the public health of New York may be had by reading the last quarterly report of the Board of Health. The sanitary inspectors, who are kept more steadily at work now than ever before since the organization of the Department of Health, in addition to their other labor, destroyed 600,000 pounds of vegetables unfit for food, 300,000 pounds of meat, 13,000 pounds of fish, and 50,000 pounds of confectionery, so called the poisoned sugar stuff sold to children at the penny shops all over town.



We wish to introduce our Teas, Spices, and Baking Powder. Sell 20 lbs. and we will give you a Fairy Tricycle; sell 25 lbs. for a solid Silver Watch and Chain; 50 lbs. for a Gold Watch and Chain; 75 lbs. for a Bicycle; 10 lbs. for a Beautiful Gold Ring. Express prepaid if cash is sent for goods. Write for catalog and order sheet.

W. G. BAKER,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

HEAR only invisible cushioned, have helped more to good hearing than all other devices combined. Whispers heard. Help ears in glasses or eyes. F. Hiscox, 858 B'way, N.Y. Book of proofs **FREE**

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THE MERRY OWLETS.

THERE were three little owls that had slept all day
In their downy nest in a dead tree's hollow;
Said the first: "It's time to go out and play;
I hear the good-night of the chimney-swallow!"
"Oh no," said the second; "the sun is high,
Who wants to be blind as a bat?—not I!"
But the third said: "Rats! we have slept enough!
Let's go, anyhow, and play blindman's-buff!"

SAMMY. "Who is the father of his country?"
JIMMIE. "George Washington."
SAMMY. "Correct. Who is his uncle?"
JIMMIE. "Why, I don't know."
SAMMY. "Uncle Sam."

MOTHER. "I really don't see how I'm going to make both ends meet."

BOBBY. "Why, mamma, you give me hold of one end, and you take the other, and we'll stretch it."

WILLIAM PENN.

ROBBIN and Dobbin, William Penn,
He was one of the best of men.
He was a Governor good and great
Of Pennsylvania's early State.
And he ruled by love, as a man should do,
For he was a Quaker kind and true.
Robbin and Dobbin, William Penn,
He was one of the best of men.

A BEE is a "busy bee," for it is said that in order to obtain enough honey for a load it has to visit many hundreds of flowers. It averages twenty trips a day, and from twenty to fifty pounds of honey are yearly produced by the hive, according to its size. Statistics taken from European countries place the number of beehives and their output of honey yearly as follows:

Germany, 1,910,000 hives, with an output of 45,000,000 pounds; Spain, 1,690,000 hives, with an output of 42,000,000 pounds; Austria, 1,550,000 hives, with an output of 40,000,000 pounds; France has 950,000 hives, producing 23,000,000 pounds; Holland, 240,000 hives, producing 6,000,000 pounds; Belgium with 200,000 hives produces 5,000,000 pounds, and Russia with 110,000 hives produces 2,000,000 pounds.

Europe is estimated to yield from its beehives 40,000 tons of honey, valued close on to \$11,000,000, and its wax, 15,000 tons, valued at \$7,500,000.

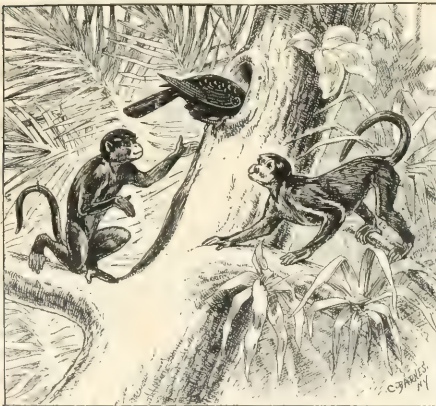
This is a large and rich amount of sweets for the little busy bee to bring to mankind yearly for nothing.

MOTHER. "Didn't I tell you to put the mince pie away this morning?"

JACK. "Yes, mamma, you did; but you didn't say where to put it, so I stored it away in my stomach."

MOTHER. "Jack, what have you done with the money you saved up last week?"

JOHNNY. "Papa told me to save for a rainy day; yesterday was the first one we had, so I spent it."



A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

"CAN WE CATCH THAT OLD CROW?"
"WELL, IF ONE OF US CAN'T DO IT, WE'LL SEE WHAT TWO CAN DO."
"HA, HA! WE'LL SHOW YOU WHAT TOUGH DO!"



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER X.

TONY BRONSON was the son of a man who had made a great deal of money in a doubtful line of business by rather shady proceedings. In other words, he was not strictly honest, and had amassed a large fortune in a manner that would not bear investigation.

Of this Tony, of course, was ignorant; but he inherited from his father a mean spirit and a determination to turn every circumstance to his own account. He had been sent early to St. Asaph's School that he might associate with the sons of gentlemen and become a gentleman himself, but he had acquired only the outward veneering. His manners were most courteous, his language carefully chosen, and he had sufficient wit to enable him to readily

adapt himself to his companions, but he had not the instincts of a true gentleman. He was mean, he was something of a coward, and he was very much of a bully.

Years ago, soon after the two boys first met at St. Asaph's, Neal detected Tony in a cowardly, dishonorable action, and had openly accused him of it. Tony never forgave him, but he bided his time. With an unlimited amount of pocket-money of his own, he soon discovered that Neal was running short. When a convenient opportunity came he offered to lend him a small sum. Neal, after a moment's hesitation, weakly accepted the money, assuring himself that it was only for a short time, and that he could easily repay it, and then have no more to do with Bronson. It saved him trouble.

Thus it had gone on. The time never came when Neal felt able to pay the debt; on the other hand, he borrowed more, and now it had reached alarming proportions. His monthly allowance, when it arrived, was gone in a flash, for Neal had never been in the habit of denying himself. It would have been hard for him to explain why he did not go frankly to his sister, tell her the whole story, and ask for her help, except that he was thoroughly ashamed of having placed himself in such straits and did not want to acknowledge it.

Tony Bronson had become intimate with Tom Morgan at St. Asaph's, Tom not being particular in his choice of friends. In that way he had come to visit the Morgans in Brenton. His handsome face and apparently perfect manner attracted many to him who could not see beneath the surface, and his languid man-of-the-world air made an impression.

He cultivated this to the last degree. He was not naturally so lazy, but he thought it effective.

When he said to Edith that he wished to tell her something about Neal Gordon, she looked at him in still greater surprise.

"I want to ask your help, Miss Franklin. A girl can manage these things so much better than a fellow. I like Gordon immensely, and I want to do all I can to help him out of a scrape."

"Does he know that you are speaking to me about him?"

"No, of course not. The fact is—"

"Then I think, Mr. Bronson," interrupted Edith, gently, but with decision, "that perhaps it would be better for us not to discuss him."

"But you quite misunderstand me, Miss Franklin. I am speaking only for his own good. I can't bear to see a fellow going straight to the bad, as I really am very much afraid he is, and not lift a finger to help him. I thought if I told you that perhaps you might speak to his sister."

Edith interrupted him again, with heightened color. "I can do nothing of the sort. Nothing would induce me to speak to Mrs. Franklin on the subject. I—I couldn't possibly."

Bronson looked at her compassionately.

"Ah, it is as I thought! You and Mrs. Franklin are not congenial. I am so sorry."

Edith said nothing. She knew that he should not make such a remark to her, a perfect stranger. She felt that he did not ring true. And yet she could not bring herself to administer the reproof that Cynthia would have given under like circumstances.

"I am afraid I have offended you," said Bronson, presently; "do forgive me! And if you like I will say no more about the bad scrape Gordon is in. I thought perhaps I could prevent a letter coming from the faculty, but I see it's of no use. I'm awfully sorry for the fellow. You don't really think you could do anything to influence his sister?"

At last Edith found her voice.

"I don't think I can. And if you don't mind I would rather not discuss the Gordons—I mean, Mrs. Franklin and her brother."

"Certainly not, if you don't wish, and you won't repeat what I said, of course. If we can't help him, of course we had better not let it get out about Gordon any sooner than necessary. But hullo! What's this? The carpet seems to be getting damp."

It undoubtedly was, and gave forth a most unpleasantly moist sound when pressed. Upon investigation they found that the bottom of the canoe was filled with water. They had sprung a leak.

"We had better get back as quickly as possible," said Edith, rather relieved to have the conversation come to an end. "Is there a sponge there? I can bail if it gets any worse."

But no sponge was to be found, and it rapidly grew worse; Edith's skirts were damp and dragged. Presently there was an inch of water above the carpet.

"We shall sink if this goes on," she said.

"Oh, I fancy not," returned Bronson, easily; "we haven't very far to go."

But their progress was not rapid, and the pool in the canoe grew deeper.

"Perhaps you will lend me your cap," said Edith; "I can use it as a dipper." He did so, and she bailed vigorously. "It must be a very large leak. I suppose we got it on that rock in the rapids, and we scraped again just before we tied up, which made it worse. If it were our boat I would not care, but I think it is Neal's."

She was so occupied that she did not see Bronson smile. His smile was not attractive, though his teeth were perfect.

Matters would have gone badly with them if they had not at this moment met Jack and Kitty Morgan in the Franklins' canoe.

"What's the row?" called Jack.

"Nothing much," said Bronson. "We've sprung a little leak, that's all."

"A little leak! I should think so. My eye! Why, man, you must have a regular hole for the water to come in like that. Where have you been, anyhow? You had better put in here at this little beach and step over into my boat."

"What's the matter with stepping over right where we are? No need of going to shore."

Jack eyed him with curiosity and contempt. He looked so much like Cynthia that Bronson felt withered. He did not care for Cynthia, for he knew that she did not like him.

Jack did not speak at once, but paddled towards the bank. Then he said:

"You won't try stepping from one canoe to another in mid-stream if I have anything to say about it."

The change was safely accomplished, and they proceeded down the river towing the injured boat, the carpet and cushions having been transferred with the passengers. Relieved of the weight it did not fill as rapidly, and they at last reached the picnic-ground.

Bronson was mortified at coming back in such ignominious plight, but he made the best of it.

"I am awfully sorry, Gordon, if it is your canoe. It must have been pretty frail, though, to go to pieces at a mere scratch."

"She's the finest cedar canoe to be found in the city of Boston, and it would take more than a mere scratch to do her up this way. From appearances I should say you had pounded round on the rocks pretty freely," growled Neal, who had turned the boat upside down, and was examining it carefully.

Bronson stooped over him. For the moment they were alone.

"Of course I would feel worse about it if it were any one's but yours. As it is, we'll just call ten off that fifty still owing. That will go towards repairs. More than cover them, I should say."

Then he sauntered off, his hands in his pockets.

"What a cad the fellow is!" muttered Neal. "It would give me real pleasure to knock him down."

"I heard him," said Cynthia. Her cheeks were red and her blue eyes had grown very dark. "He is an odious, hateful creature, and I *de-spise* him!"

Having delivered herself of this, Cynthia felt better.

They all went home soon afterwards, Edith leaving earlier in the carriage with Mrs. Franklin, for her shoes and skirts were too wet for her to wait for the slower movements of the canoes. It was an unfortunate ending to the day, and Edith was uncomfortable also about her conversation with Bronson. She knew that she ought not to have listened to a word of it.

She wondered if it were really true that Neal was in difficulty. She thought she must talk it over with Cynthia that night. Of course Cynthia would stand up for Neal, that went without saying, but it was always a relief to Edith to talk things over with her.

It was a rather silent drive home, and Mrs. Franklin sighed to herself when Edith barely replied to her remarks. It seemed perfectly hopeless; she and Edith would never

grow any nearer to each other; but there was nothing to be done.

That night, when the girls went to their room, Edith was spared the necessity of opening the subject, for Cynthia began at once.

"What a perfectly hateful creature that Bronson is! I don't see how you could go on the river with him, Edith. I think you got well paid for it."

"I don't see why you dislike him so, Cynthia. You take such tremendous prejudices. He is awfully handsome."

"Handsome! I don't admire that style. That la-da-da-it-is-I-just-please-look-at-me kind doesn't go down with me."

Cynthia thrust her hands into imaginary pockets, leaned languidly against the bedpost, and rolled her eyes.

"Er—Miss Franklin—can't I persuade you to go out on the rival?" she said, with an exaggerated manner and accent, and a throaty voice.

Edith laughed. Cynthia was a capital mimic.

"I like a broad A, and, of course, I never would use anything else myself, but his is broader than the Mississippi. It just shows it isn't natural to him. To hear him talk about 'darnp grass,' and he'd just come from 'Southampton.' He is a regular *sharm* himself. I dare say he was brought up to say 'ca'm' and 'pa'm' and 'hain't' and 'ain't.'"

"Cynthia, what a goose you are!"

"Well, I can't hear him, and neither can Neal. Jack doesn't like him either."

"There, that is just it. You are so influenced by Neal and Jack. Tony Bronson spoke very nicely of Neal, as if he were a true friend of his."

"Pooh! Much friend he!"

"Well, he did, Cynthia, and that is just what I want to talk over with you. Neal must be in some terrible scrape."

"Has that Bronson been telling you about that?" cried Cynthia, indignantly.

"Oh, then it is really true! I thought it must be."

"No, it isn't—at least, not what Bronson told you. I am just certain that whatever he told you wasn't true," said Cynthia, who felt that she had said more than she should. "I shouldn't think you would have discussed Neal with him. Neal is one of our family."

"I didn't," said Edith, somewhat curtly, "though I don't exactly see why you should speak of Neal Gordon as one of our family. I told Mr. Bronson I preferred not to talk about him. But he spoke so nicely of Neal, and said he wanted to help him, and he was afraid the faculty would write about him, and he wanted to get him out of the scrape if he could."

"Oh, the hypocrite! But what is the scrape? Did he say?"

"No, I wouldn't let him. But it is absurd to call him a hypocrite, Cynthia. I shall never believe it unless you tell me why you think so."

"I can't do that, but I *know* he is," said Cynthia, stoutly. "You have just got to take my word for it, for I can't explain."

The girls talked far into the night, but Edith was not convinced. She felt that there was something at the bottom of it all, for Cynthia could not deny it. After all, she was sorry. Edith liked Neal, a Gordon though he was. But she did not doubt that he was in a difficulty of some kind.

The summer was over and the glorious autumn leaves dropped from the trees, leaving the branches bare and ready for the coming of snow. One could see the course of the river plainly now from Oakleigh windows. Beautiful October was swallowed up by chill November, and the wind grew biting. One was glad of the long evenings, when the curtains could be drawn and the lamps lighted early to shut out the gray skies and dreary landscape.

Neal was back at St. Asaph's, and the winter work had begun. Cynthia and Jack went every day to Boston, and Edith also went in three times a week for lessons. She objected to this on the plea of expense, much as she desired

a thorough education. She greatly feared her step-mother had brought it about. But her father reprimanded her sharply when she said something of this, and insisted that she should do as he desired.

The poultry had already begun to bring in a little money, for Jack sold a few "broilers" to his mother at market prices, though she usually added a few cents more a pound.

"They are so delicious, Jack," said she; "better than I could get anywhere else, and worth the money."

He kept his accounts most carefully, and it was pleasant to write down a few figures on the page for receipts, which thus far had presented an appalling blank.

In due time came a present to Edith from Aunt Betsey: a package containing an old-fashioned camel's-hair scarf that had belonged to "Grandmother Trinkett," and, scattered among its folds, five ten-dollar gold pieces.

Government had proved worthy of the old lady's trust, for the money had come safely; but then she had actually addressed the package clearly and correctly.

Edith, of course, was much pleased, and notwithstanding her aunt's suggestion that she should place it in the savings-bank, she determined to expend the money in a handsome winter suit and hat. She dearly loved nice clothes.

Cynthia looked somewhat scornfully at the new garments.

"If Aunt Betsey sends me fifty dollars, you won't catch me spending it on finery," she informed her family. "I have other things to do with *my* money."

She did not know how truly she spoke, nor what would be the result of her manner of spending Aunt Betsey's present.

The fall slipped quickly by, and the Christmas holidays drew near. Neal was coming to Oakleigh, and many things were planned for the entertainment of the young people.

Cynthia went about fairly bursting with excitement and secrets. This was her best-loved time of the whole year, and she was making the most of it.

The 25th of December fell on a Wednesday this year, and Neal came down from St. Asaph's on Monday, to be in good season for the festivities of Christmas Eve. Plenty of snow had fallen, and all kinds of jolly times were looked for.

Outside the scene was wintry indeed, and the white walls of Oakleigh looked cold and dreary in the setting of snow which lay so thickly over river, meadow, and hill, but in the house there was plenty of life and cheery warmth. Great fires burned briskly in all the chimneys, and the rooms were bright and cozy with warm-looking carpets and curtains and comfortable furniture. There had been a good deal done to the house, both outside and in, since the coming of Mrs. Franklin. Edith still maintained to herself that she did not like it, but every one else thought matters vastly improved.

"Hurra! hurra!" cried Jack, rushing into the house on Tuesday and slamming down his books; "good-by to school for ten days! It was a mean shame that we had to have school at all this week. Neal, you were in luck. St. Asaph's must be mighty good fun, anyhow. By-the-way," continued he, holding his chilled hands to the fire, "I saw that Bronson fellow in town to-day—the one that smashed your canoe."

"You did?" said Neal, glancing up from his book, while Cynthia gave an exclamation of disgust.

"Yes," said Jack, "and he said the Morgans had asked him out here for the holidays, so I guess we are in for another dose. It strikes me they must be pretty hard up for company to want him."

Neal said nothing. Edith looked up from her work and watched him sharply, but his face told little.

"Hateful thing!" exclaimed Cynthia. "I would like to pack my trunk and take a train out of Bretton as he comes in on another."

"I can't see why you all dislike him so," observed Edith. "You detest him, don't you, Neal?"

"Oh, Edith, do *hush!*" cried Cynthia. "Yes, of course he does; he's hateful." But Neal still said nothing, and I got no satisfaction.

Christmas Eve closed in early. At about four o'clock it began to snow, and the wind blew great drifts against the side of the house. Every one said it was going to be an old-fashioned Christmas.

It was the custom in the Franklin household to look at the presents that night. As Cynthia said, when arguing the point with some one who thought it a shocking idea to see one's gifts before Christmas morning, it made it so much more exciting to open their own packages, and to look at their treasures by lamplight. Then in the morning they had the pleasure of seeing them a second time, and of investigating their stockings, which, of course, were hung ready for the coming of Santa Claus.

After supper Jack and Neal carried in the great clothes-basket which for days had been the receptacle for packages of all sizes and kinds, those that had come by post and those which the family themselves had carefully tied up, until now it looked like Santa Claus's own pack.

Mrs. Franklin presided at the basket and read the names, and when the colored ribbons were untied and the tempting-looking white parcels were opened, there were shrieks and exclamations of delight, for every one declared that this particular gift was just what he or she most desired.

Each one had a table covered with a white cloth, upon which to place his treasures, and when all was done the "long parlor" at Oakleigh looked like a fancy bazar, so many and varied were the articles displayed.

There was an odd-looking package addressed to Jack and Cynthia. It was heavy and covered with postage-stamps in consequence, and proved to be a large box stuffed with straw.

"What under the sun is it? Of course it's from Aunt Betsey," said Jack, as he rooted down into the hay, scattering it in all directions. One came what appeared to be an egg tied up with old-fashioned plaid ribbon, and an ancient-looking beaded purse. The purse was marked "Cynthia," so Jack appropriated the egg, but with an exclamation of chagrin.

"She is sending coals to Newcastle," said he. "Aunt Betsey must have thought it was Easter. But it is the queerest-feeling egg I ever came across. It's as heavy as lead."

He shook it and held it up to the light.

"Ha, ha!" said he; "a good egg! I'd like to have the machine packed with just such eggs."

Inside were ten five-dollar gold pieces, and Cynthia found the same in her purse.

"I will put mine away for a 'safety' in the spring," said Jack, clinking his gold with the air of a miser, and examining the empty egg-shells. "Isn't Aunt Betsey a daisy and no mistake? Just see the way she's fixed up this egg-shell; she cut it in half as neat as a pin. I don't see how she ever did it."

"I wish I had an Aunt Betsey," remarked Neal; "those gold pieces would come in pretty handy just now."

"Aunt Betsey is so fond of giving gold," said Cynthia. "She always says it is real money, and bills are nothing but paper. I shall put mine away for the present, until I think of something I want terribly much, and then I will go grandly to Boston and buy it like a duchess. Goody Two-shoes, but I feel rich!"

And she danced gayly up and down the room, waving her purse in the air.

Neal had very nice presents, but he was disappointed to find that there was no money among them. He suspected, and correctly, that his sister and her husband had thought it wiser not to give him any more at present.

"Then I'm in for it," thought he. "I'll have to ask Hessie, and there'll be no end of a row. Of course she will give it to me in the end, but it would have been nicer all round if she had come out handsomely with a Christmas check. Of course these skates are dandy, and so is the dress-suit case and the nobby umbrella and the sleeve-buttons; but just at present I would rather have the cash they all cost."

He said something of this afterwards to Cynthia.

"Brounson is screwing me for all he's worth," said he. "I'll have to get the money somehow, and fifty dollars is

no joke. Of course, I'm not going to take off the ten he so kindly offered for the canoe; I'd like to see myself! If Hessie doesn't see matters in the same light I'll have to do something desperate. But, of course, she will give it to me."

"Neal," said Cynthia, impulsively, "if mamma doesn't give you the money you must borrow it of me. There is that fifty dollars Aunt Betsey has given me. You can have it just as well as not."

"Cynthia, you're a brick, and no mistake," said Neal, looking at her affectionately, "but you know I wouldn't take your money for the world. You must think me a low-down sort of fellow if you think I would."

"How absurd! It is a great deal better to owe it to me instead of to a stranger like Brounson, or any one else. I'm sure I think of you just as if you were my brother, and Jack wouldn't mind taking it. You can pay it back when you get your own money."

"Yes, nine years from now," said Neal. "No, indeed, Cynthia, I'll have to be pretty hard up before I borrow of a girl."

"I think you are too bad," said Cynthia, almost crying. "I don't see the difference between a girl and anybody else. I don't need the money; I don't know what to buy with it. I would just love to have you take it. It would be lovely to think my money had paid your debts, and then you could start all fresh. Please, Neal, say you will if mamma does not give it to you."

But Neal would not promise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MILITARY BICYCLE CORPS' OUTING.

THE bicycle corps of a military academy near Chicago recently made a journey on wheels from that city to Springfield and back again, camping at night wherever darkness overtook them, foraging among the neighboring farm-houses for their subsistence, and conducting themselves on the whole as if they were actually in the field on active service. A guard was posted as soon as camp was pitched in the evening, and sentries kept watch through-



WATCHING THE EVENING POT BOIL.



THE BICYCLE CORPS AT DRESS PARADE.

out the night, keeping away all intruders, and seeing to it that none of the cadets ran the lines to visit a near-by village, or to milk some unprotected cow in a neighboring farm-yard. The boys did their own cooking, which at times was marvellous to look upon, and fearful to digest; but they all lived through the experience, and got back to the school in the best of health and condition. A week was occupied in making the trip, and the experience and general knowledge of bicycling which the cadets acquired in that time was such as they doubtless could never have obtained in any other way. There were seventeen in the party, including the Major commanding, who was one of the instructors at the academy, and each wheelman carried about thirty pounds of baggage, consisting of a change of under-clothing, a blanket, a shelter tent, arms, and cooking utensils. The incidents of the journey were many, and the element of adventure was not lacking.

Of course there were a number of accidents to the machines, one of the most serious occurring about the fourth or fifth day out when about eighty miles from Springfield. It was a creeping tire, and no amount of cement or tire-tape could be made to stop it. A total of eight valves was torn off in that one day, which, with the delay caused by punctures from thorn-hedges, cost a great loss of time. When within ten miles of Springfield, with a heavy thunder-storm coming up behind them, the tires of two wheels got badly punctured, and a halt had to be called. It was thought that repairs could be quickly effected, but this proved not to be the case, and the main body was thereupon ordered to push on, while the disabled riders were left to complete their patching, with orders to catch up as soon as possible. But night and the storm came on rapidly, and under these unfavorable circumstances the cadets were unable to locate the punctures. They therefore determined to camp for the night, and having found shelter behind a hay-stack, they put up their shelter tents over their wheels and slept comfortably in the storm all night. The next morning repairs were effected, and by fast riding the stragglers overtook their companions.

The foraging was a source of about as much fun to the boys as the cooking. The first evening of the trip the foragers brought back to camp among other things a bag of oatmeal. A special order was given to the guard that night to notify the three-o'clock detail to put the oatmeal on the fire to cook slowly at 3.30 A.M. The guard obeyed his instructions as far as they went, but not being a cook, and having received no further orders, he did not look at the oatmeal again, with the result that this particular breakfast dish was not much of a success. But sleeping in

the open air sharpens the appetite, and burnt as it was, the oatmeal was entirely consumed. On another occasion—this time it was for luncheon—foragers were, as usual, detailed to supply the commissariat. All who had been sent out returned to camp within a reasonable time, except two, and it was soon deemed expedient by the Major to send a corporal's guard in search of these. The guard remaining absent very much longer than seemed necessary, the Major himself mounted his wheel and started to gather in the delinquents. He found them, corporal's guard and all, comfortably seated behind a hay-stack eating pork and beans and cold chicken, and drinking fragrant hot coffee from a generous earthen pot. The farmers all along the route were most generous to the bicyclists. In a number of cases they absolutely refused to accept any pay for provisions furnished. At a place near Bloomington the country people were notably hospitable. One man brought to the camp seven dozen eggs, another six spring chickens, and another a pail of milk, while one thoughtful mother sent all the pies she had in the house. Then the good natives sat around on the grass and watched the boys cook and eat.

Wherever it was possible to do so, camp was pitched near water. One of the prettiest spots found was on the shore of the Kaukakee River, near Wilmington, where the corps brought up late one afternoon after a hot and dusty ride. Tents were never before so quickly raised, and a minute later the quiet stream was being churned into foam by the swimmers. At Lincoln the camp was on State property, and the boys had the use of the National Guard's swimming pool. But this was not the only courtesy they received at the hands of the militia. At this same Camp Lincoln the Adjutant-General's department had provided good-sized tents for the bicyclists, with extra blankets, and a cooking-stove, on which hot coffee was steaming when the corps arrived. Further on in the run the same hospitality was



A QUIET CAMP BY THE WAY.

shown. At Streator a good-natured merchant distributed free soda-water checks to all, and as many as each wanted. One lady invited the cadets into her house and gave them cake and lemonade, and had all the girls of the neighborhood in to serve it. The notes of the "Assembly Call" were mighty unwelcome sounds that afternoon.

But besides the fun and the exercise and healthfulness of the journey, a good deal of useful information was absorbed. On the run out from Chicago the road followed the line of the new drainage canal, giving all a good opportunity to witness the blasting and the working of the giant machine shovels. At Springfield the corps visited the Legislature, then in session, and the home of President Lincoln. They were also received by the Governor. At Joliet they were taken through the penitentiary, and, among other souvenirs of the place, each one carried away a piece of striped cloth from the tailor shops. These pieces did important duty later in the journey, most of them returning to Chicago in the form of patches to the well-worn uniforms.

On the whole the trip proved most successful, and there is not much those boys don't know to-day about the handling of bicycles.

A PILOT'S STORY.

FOR a number of years I have been a traveller on the North River ferry-boats running between New York and Jersey City. One of the pleasures of these short trips has been in my interest and admiration for the skilful way in which such large, unwieldy boats are handled by their pilots. The tides in the river are at times very strong, and especially so near the ferry slips. To prevent mishaps it requires the most careful manœuvring, as a small error of judgment might send the heavily laden boat crashing into the bulkheads. Such an accident would endanger the lives of the people on board.

When the heavy gong sounds, and the rumble of the paddle-wheels stops, and the boat glides silently over the water, it is then that the pilot and his engineer are on the alert—one with his hand on the wheel, moving it this way and that, and the other with his hand on the lever bar, ready to back water or go ahead, according to his signals.

I remember a story that a pilot told me, of which he was the hero. He did not tell it boastfully, but in a simple, quiet way, and not before a great deal of persuasion was brought to bear upon him. We were standing at the time on the lower deck of a ferry-boat belonging to the line upon which he was then employed. Pointing to a grimy young bootblack who was industriously polishing away, he said: "At one time I polished boots the same as that youngster is doing there. I loved the boats and the crowds, but more especially I loved to watch the pilot and the engineer at work. To see the latter polishing and oiling his machinery as carefully as a mother would dress a baby was my chief enjoyment. I dare say I knew every part of the engine as well as he did, or at least I thought so, and many a shine I let pass simply to see him work the boat in and out of the slip. This curiosity, or rather interest, on my part stood me in good stead at one time, as you will see. We were unusually crowded on the trip when my stroke of good luck took place, both gangways running past the engine-room being choked up with horses and wagons.

"Most of the drivers had gone forward, and I sat in my usual place on the ledge at the engine-room door alone. Bang! the first bell sounded to reduce her to half speed, and I glanced around to watch the engineer shut off steam. He was sitting facing the engine in his arm-chair, his chin in his hand, and his arm resting on the side of the chair. I was surprised to see that he made no move, and, thinking he was asleep, I ran in to shake him. By this time the pilot evidently thought something was wrong, and the big bell sounded twice, meaning, as you probably know, to stop the engine. I could not make the engineer move, and, without hesitating, I stepped across to the engine,

and grasping the wheel, I shut off the steam and disconnected the eccentrics.

"Of course the engine stopped, and the pilot, thinking everything was all right, commenced to send down his signals. I was a little frightened—more at the idea of my working the big engine than at making any mistakes, for I knew exactly what to do. Well, we had some trouble making the slip, and I had to back her out. I can tell you, working that lever bar was no easy job. Then came the sharp tinkle for full speed, and shortly I had her well out into the river. Then came the bells to stop her, and again to reverse and go ahead under half speed.

"By that time I was very tired, but no longer nervous, and when we again neared the slip and the welcome bell to stop the engine sounded, I was very glad. The double signal to back water came, and I pushed the lever bar up and down twice before I got my last signal to stop. When I heard the rattle of the chains as they tied her in the slip I was worn out, and it seems to me I must have fainted, for when I came to it was in the presence of the pilot and some of the officers of the line. They told me the engineer had died of heart-disease; and in recognition of my services they placed me at school and gratified my ambition to become a pilot, as you see."

HUBERT EARL.

CORPORAL FRED.*

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER VI.

TEN minutes later, while police and firemen, both protected by the First Battalion, were devoting their energies to checking the flames that were rapidly sweeping through the great repair shops, and the other two battalions of the regiment were clearing the blazing freight-yards of the last skulkers of the mob, the surgeon had established a temporary field-hospital in the open enclosure between the main entrance and the yards. Thither had been driven the two ambulances, conspicuous by the red cross of Geneva. Here, feebly moaning, lay poor Jim, kicked and clubbed into most unrecognizable pulp. Here beside him knelt Fred, still praying for tidings of his father. Slinking away from the scene of their recent triumph the rioters fled before the solid ranks of the troops, only to regather, though in smaller force, and resume the work of pillage and destruction farther along the line. And now the Colonel began to appreciate the full effect of orders to serve under police instruction. First he had to send Major Flint with his battalion to report to Police Captain Murray a mile away in one direction. Then Major Allen with the second was despatched far out to Prairie Grove. Ten minutes more and a third detachment was demanded to assist Police Sergeant Jaeger, now struggling with the strikers at the elevators along the canal, and when ten o'clock came the Colonel with his staff, his hospital, and something like a dozen officers and men, whose heads were cut by stones and coupling-pins, had just one company left in his immediate command. "B" had gone to the Prairie Avenue crossing, where a mail-train was stalled, and "L," Fred's own, was posted at the storage warehouse, half a mile northward. Fred himself still remained by his brother's side, while police and firemen, lantern-bearing, were searching through what was left of the long line of repair shops in vain quest of the old foreman. With Fred, too, by this time were his mother and sister Jessie. Poor little Billy, led home by sympathizing women, had told his story, and the brave wife and mother, leaving to the elder daughter the duty of caring for the house, had taken Jess and made her way through the now scattering crowd, through the still blazing yards, through the friendly lines of National Guardsmen, over the well-known pathway to the shops, there to take her place by her stricken first-born's side, tear-

* Begun in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE No. 821.

fully, prayerfully waiting for tidings of the husband and father, even while devotedly tending the son. By 10.15 the flames about the buildings were extinguished, and the firemen turned their attention to the blazing ruins in the yards. And now the searching parties were raking through the burned-out sections of the shops in the belief that there, and only there, could old Wallace be found. Time and again, as some one came out from the grimy gateway, the sorrowing woman lifted her white, piteous face in mute appeal. Jessie, weeping sorely, was clasping Jim's blood-stained, nerveless hand. Fred had gone to join the searchers. Far down the tracks toward Prairie Grove the glare of new conflagrations reddened the skies. From up the yards near the warehouses came stories of fresh gatherings of the mobs. The police thought more soldiers should be sent there, and the Colonel said he had but one company left. Out in front of the shops an elevated iron foot-bridge crossed the freight-yards. It had been red hot in places until the firemen turned their streams and cooled it off. Then Fred's friend, the signal sergeant, with a couple of men, had mounted it, and sent their night torches swinging. "Hurrah for Colton," said the Colonel. "That boy's worth his weight in gold," for presently a bunger came running up to report the sergeant had established communication with Prairie Grove, and soon after with Captain Wagner's post far up the tracks. The first message from below told of fresh fires and outbreaks, as was to be expected. The first from above set the Colonel's eyes adancing.

"Police report rioters gathering in force about the Amity Wagon-Works. Twelve loaded cars on their tracks there. Think they mean mischief?"

"Hullo!" cried the Colonel. "Where's Corporal Wallace?"

And poor, sad-faced Fred, just back from unsuccessful searching, and now kneeling by his mother's side, promptly sprang to his feet and approached his commander.

"What's in those cars at the Amity Works, corporal?"

"New wagons, sir. Loaded yesterday and ought to have started last night, but they couldn't get anything out."

"I can't bear to take you away from your mother, my lad, until we hear of your father; but I feel sure, somehow, that he is safe, and the doctors tell me your brother will recover, though he may be laid up some time. It is more than likely we'll be called on for more duty presently, and if we are"—and here he glanced keenly at the young fellow from under the brim of his scouting hat.

"I'm ready, sir," said our corporal, grimly. "I'd welcome a chance," he added, as he glanced back at the group about his brother's battered form, at his mother's white face, and Jessie's weeping eyes; and just then Jim feebly rolled his bandaged head from side to side, and his swollen lips were seen to be striving to form some words. Eagerly the mother bent her ear to catch them. All others ceased their low-toned chat; all eyes seemed fastened on them—anxious mother and stricken son. Only she to whom his earliest baby lispsings were intelligible, inexpressible music could understand his meaning now.

"Did father—get home safe?"

Then Jessie's sobs broke forth afresh, and a young railwayman, whose bruises the surgeon had been dressing, could stand it no longer. He was one of the striking trainmen, and knew Jim well.

"Mrs. Wallace," he cried, struggling to his feet and coming towards her, "I'm a Brotherhood man and bound to them in every way, but I can't stand this. I know what's happened, though I had no hand in it, as God's my judge! The old man's safe, ma'am—safe and out of harm's way, though I don't know where. Jim wrapped him in his own coat with our badge on it, and run him out through the south gate when they burst in here. I saw him. There were only a few fellows down there, and he got him out all right, and made him promise to keep away. I saw the old man cross the street into the lumber-yards, and gave Jim my word I wouldn't peach. I'm no traitor to our fellows, but I couldn't see the old man hurt." (And here his eyes wandered to where Jessie crowded beside her brother. "I tried to keep 'em off from Jim, but he would go back

and brave them, and there were men among them no one could influence after once Stoltz said his say. I got these," he added, half in shame, "batting against our own people, trying to save him, but they were far too many for both of us. They were madlike, and most of them were blackguards we'd not be seen with any other time. They downed him, and nearly kicked the life out of him, because he wouldn't say which way the old man went or where he'd hid him."

Then, at least, the old foreman was not in the ruins—might, indeed, have escaped from the rioters. Yet Mrs. Wallace was not much comforted. Again and again she implored Jim to say whether he had designated any particular place as his father's refuge; but Jim had drifted off again into the borderland between the other world and this. His ears were deaf to her appeal. If father had been spared, she said, surely he would have made his way home to reassure them. In vain Fred pointed out that to do so he must again venture through the mile-long yard of rioters, firing cars, and mad with glut and triumph. He would surely have been recognized, and by that time every striking switchman and trainman knew it was he who held the throttle of the first engine to essay to break the morning's blockade—more than enough to ruin him. They might not themselves use violence, but they or their women would point him out to the bloodhounds in the mob—men who were ready for any deed of violence, no matter how brutal or cowardly, and the brave old fellow would have met the martyr's fate at their hands.

"He never would have gone and left poor Jim to go back and face them all alone," cried Mrs. Wallace, breaking down at last; and then Fred had to tell her that Jim was himself a leader in the strike, a personal friend of Steinman, and completely influenced by him. Neither father nor Jim believed that they would assault one of their own Brotherhood, the man whose contributions had exceeded those of any other, and whose heart had been hot for action days before. They did not realize that men are turned to tigers at the touch of blood or riot, and that for lack of other material—just as the mob of Paris guillotined their own leaders when gentler blood was all expended—so would these mad dogs turn for victims upon their kind.

"Go you and search," said Inspector Morrissey to two of his bluecoats. "You know every hiding-place about here. Find him, or trace of him quick as you can."

And the wearied officers turned away. They had had a wretched time of it for over thirty hours, and not a wink of sleep. Scattered by twos and threes they had been expected to preserve the peace even though repeatedly cautioned not to use force. An important election was close at hand. The city officials, now seeking re-election, had forfeited long since the respect of the educated classes of the community, and their only hopes lay now with the great mass of the populace in which the strikers were largely represented, and from which their supporters and sympathizers were without exception drawn. It would not do to club or intimidate, and thereby offend these thousands of voters, and the police, brave and determined individually, and long schooled in handling the "tough" element, now found themselves absolutely crippled and hampered, first by a feeling of personal friendship for many of the railway men themselves, second by absence of either support or approval when it came to handling the rioters. Not until the mob had burst all bounds, and the safety of the great city was at stake did the officials realize the force of the torrent they had turned loose, and then gave reluctant, half-hearted orders to suppress the riot—even though somebody had to be hurt. When at last the city troops were marched to the several scenes, the wearied police took heart again, and many of them went to work with their old-time vim.

Just before eleven o'clock Jim was tenderly lifted into one of the regimental ambulances, and with his mother and Jess carefully driven over home, where sympathetic neighbors gathered and ministered to one and all. Half a dozen of Jim's associates, strikers themselves, but appalled and disgusted now at the contemplation of the result of their folly, established themselves as attendants on the ambulance



"DID FATHER—GET HOME SAFE?"

while others eagerly, fearfully joined in the search for the honored old Scotchman who, with too good reason, many feared, had fallen a victim to the fury of the rioters. Farley, Jim's brakeman, had not been seen for hours, and this was significant. Fred, leaving his brother safely stowed away in bed, with all possible comfort secured for the night, kissed his mother's tear-stained face and told her he must go. She clung to him shuddering a moment, yet could not say no. He was a man now, just twenty-one, and knew his duty. Had not the Colonel said there was further work ahead?

It came, quickly enough. A man in a buggy with a prancing, frightened horse, was eagerly importuning the imperturbable gray-mustached Colonel, as Corporal Fred returned to his post, and the conversation was more than interesting.

"I have appealed to the police. They say they're powerless. They've got all they can do now. There's two companies of your regiment right there near them within four squares. Colonel, if you will only order them to go with me we can disperse that mob, and save the plant, ears, and all."

"How many rioters are there, Mr.—Mr. Manners?"

"There must be five hundred; five hundred at least, and they've set fire to the cars twice, and driven off the firemen and police."

"But, Mr. Manners, two companies of *tin* soldiers can't drive away five hundred strong men; and I understand you spoke of my men to-day as such."

"Don't kick a man when he's down, Colonel. I may have said something foolish—any man's liable to make mistakes; but four hundred thousand dollars' worth of property is burning up there, and my watchmen are being stoned and

killed. We discharged some bad characters last week, and they're heading the mob now."

"Yes, this does seem to give your discharged men a chance. Now there were two or three given their walking papers to-day," continued the Colonel, with provoking coolness, his lips twitching under his handsome gray mustache.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Colonel, don't rub it in! I'll make it all right with those men. Just think what's happened to the Amity Works all the time you've been keeping me waiting and begging."

"I know what's been happening, Mr. Manners," said the veteran officer, calmly, "and you don't know what wouldn't have happened but for the prompt action of the very regiment you saw fit to ridicule, and the very men you kicked out of their clerkships because they obeyed the order to turn out, as it turned out, to save you and your works. I ordered two companies there twenty minutes ago. The mob scattered at their coming, and not a dollar's worth have you lost. I only kept you here out of danger for a while, and now, if you please, Corporal Wallace of my headquarters party—with whom possibly you're acquainted—will conduct you safely back. Jump into the gentleman's buggy, corporal. Your uniform will pass him through our lines without detention. Good-night, Mr. Manners. Next time we send a summons to the works, it'll probably be for Sergeant Wallace, and I hope to hear of no further objection on your part."

And despite sorrow for Jim and anxiety about his father, Corporal Fred couldn't help feeling, as he drove with his abashed employer swiftly through the dim yet familiar streets, that life had some compensation after all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIGHTING THE ELEMENTS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"I TELL you the steamship is a wonderful machine."

That was the exclamation of Mr. Powers as he sat on the deck of the *St. Petersburg*. Away above him towered the three funnels from which the brown smoke went swirling away to leeward. Away below him throbbed the giant quadruple-expansion engines, turning the twin screws over nearly ninety times a minute, and hurling the massive fabric forward through the sea of sapphire and silver twenty-one knots an hour. Little Harry Powers, who sat beside his grandfather, thought the steamer a fine thing too, but he was not quite so much impressed with it as was the old man, because he had not lived in the days when there were no steamers.

"No buffeting head winds and head seas for months at a time now," exclaimed Mr. Powers. "Steam is invincible."

"Um—yes, generally," said Captain Ferris, who was going over as a passenger to bring out from Gonrock a new yacht.

"Why not always?" asked Mr. Powers.

"Well, in order to answer that question," replied the Captain, thoughtfully, "I must tell you that some steamers are not as large and powerful as others."

"Of course I know that," said Mr. Powers, rather impatiently, "but they all manage to get across in defiance of the winds."

"Perhaps I'd better tell you of an instance I have in mind," said the Captain.

"Do so by all means," answered Mr. Powers; and Harry leaned forward attentively, because he perceived that a yarn of the sea was forth-coming. Captain Ferris settled himself comfortably in his chair, cast a look around the horizon, and then launched into his story.

"Three years ago," he said, "I was in Hamburg in command of the steamship *Bristow*. She is a vessel of about 1200 tons, and is in the carrying trade, though she occasionally takes half a dozen passengers at low rates. I was ready to get under way for New York when a man, accompanied by a boy about the age of your grandson there, came aboard and applied for passage. He said that he had come to Europe on business, and had received word that his wife was very sick in New York. He was anxious to get home, and my ship was the first that was going. I advised him to wait three days and take the Hamburg-American liner, which would arrive fully five days before us; but he said he had not money enough to go that way except in the steerage, and he could not think of doing that because his boy's health was none too good. So, of course, I agreed to take the two. The boy looked up at me and said,

"Thank you, sir; and please make the ship hurry, because mamma is waiting for us."

"I promised him I'd do my best, and, indeed, I did make up my mind to push the ship as she'd never been pushed before. We sailed at three o'clock on June 28th—I remember that date well enough. It was a lowering damp afternoon, with a brisk southwesterly wind, and as soon as we got fairly out into the North Sea the ship began to butt into a nasty chop that sent the spray flying over her bows. But I was able to escape the worst of it by hugging the Holland coast, and so got down into the English Channel in some comfort. But now it was no longer possible to hug the coast, for that would have carried me too far out of my course. However, the *Bristow* made good progress till we passed Fastnet Rock and got well out into the Atlantic. And there our troubles began. The morning of our third day out dawned with a hard low sky, a dead



FOR TWO WEEKS, INCH BY INCH, THE "BRISTOW" FOUGHT AGAINST A SERIES OF WESTERLY GALES.

calm, and a deep, long, oily swell underunning the ship. She rolled pitifully indeed. The barometer began to fall, and the wind rose and became very unsettled. I think that before noon it blew from every point of the compass, and some of the gusts were regular white squalls. The swell was running from the south, but the wind was chiefly from the west, southwest, and northwest. Toward evening the wind settled down, and by dark it was dead calm. But the terrific swells that swept up from the south, the gradual fall of the barometer, and the lurid state of the sky told me that there was a lot of trouble ahead of us yet. We were about 400 miles west of Fastnet at ten o'clock, and I lay down, giving my first officer instructions to call me in case the wind rose. Just before midnight I was aroused, and went on deck to find the wind coming in short angry blasts from the nor'west. At midnight it came out with the full force of a hurricane right in our teeth. In a short time a terrible confused sea was running. It was a frightful night. At three o'clock in the morning a thunder-storm swept over with the gale. Fierce lightning and a deluge of rain combined to make an appalling scene. Daylight found the ship reeling and staggering over huge jagged walls of water that loomed up ahead of her as if they would swallow her. Just after four o'clock a fearful sea fell bodily over the starboard quarter and stove in one side of the cabin, filling it with water. I saw that it was madness to try to drive the ship against such weather, and I over her to. When I went to my breakfast, Mr. Howard, my passenger, and his son were there, very quiet and with white faces.

"Will the ship sink, Captain?" asked the boy.

"Oh no," I answered; "she's all right."

"But we shan't get home to mamma so soon," murmured the boy, mournfully.

"I had hove the ship to so as to bring the damaged side of the deck-house to leeward, and I set the carpenter at work repairing it. We were hove to for twenty-eight hours, and then, the weather moderating somewhat, I started the *Bristow* ahead at half speed. We had drifted back fully seventy-five miles, and as we did not make more than three knots an hour ahead, it took us fully a day to recover the lost ground. Although the force of the wind had abated, it was still blowing a gale, and the sea was sufficiently heavy to impede our progress very much. In all my experience at sea I have never met with such heart-breaking weather. If the wind had only shifted to our beam I would have been profoundly grateful, while a hurricane on our quarter, disturbing at any other time, would have filled me with joy. That boy's pale anxious face and the thought of the sick mother at home haunted me as I walked the reeling bridge or clung to its rail, and held my breath when some green wall crashed down upon our fore-castle deck. But the westward sky seemed to be made of chilled steel, and out of its pitiless lips blew one gale after another, and all full of a biting cold that made the name of summer a foolish jest. For two weeks, inch by inch, the *Bristow*, running her engine at its full power, fought her way against a series of westerly gales. The decks were white with crusted salt, and the iron-work became browned with rust, until the ship began to look old and haggard from her struggle with the elements. But the worst had not come yet. On the seventeenth day out, while I was at my dinner, the pale-faced boy and his father sitting opposite to me and gazing at me in mournful silence, the chief engineer came to me with a grave countenance, and asked me to step aside that he might speak with me.

"Captain," said he, "I am sorry to tell you that the coal in our bunkers is getting very low, and that unless we make better headway it will run out before we make port."

"Cut up all the spare wood in the hold," I said, "and feed that to the furnaces."

"The engineer went away shaking his head, and then the boy came up to me and said,

"Captain, are we ever going to get home?"

"Oh yes," I said, with an effort to appear cheerful; "of course we are. We're doing very well now."

"The boy looked at me reproachfully and walked away.

His father hadn't said a word to me for two days. But I declare it wasn't my fault. Well, you may think we had had our share of trouble, but we were not through yet. On the afternoon of July 20th several large ice-floes were sighted, and that night the ship ran into a dense field of ice. By this time most of our spare wood had been burned, and we were depending largely on our sails to carry us along, while the wind, which was still blowing half a gale, was almost dead ahead. And here we were in an ice-field that hemmed us in as far as the eye could see. The temperature of the air was bitterly cold, and it seemed as if we had been plunged into the midst of arctic regions. The ice-floes crashed and groaned, gulls whirled phantomlike and screaming above our stained spars, and all the time the wind blew against us as if some supernatural force were bent on driving us back. On the evening of the 21st the ship's carpenter came to me and said,

"Captain, there are six inches of water in the hold."

"For a minute, I think, I could not speak, for this new misfortune quite stunned me.

"Have you found the leak?" I asked at length.

"Not yet, sir," he answered. "It is somewhere forward, though."

"Make a close search for it, and let me know at once," I said.

"He went below, and in about half an hour reported that one of the plates in our starboard bow had been cracked by the ice. The break was below the water-line, but I succeeded in stopping it up by melting some tar, which I fortunately had aboard, and pouring it into the crack. Our engine was stopped altogether now, because the ice was so thick that it was dangerous to push the vessel ahead. There was a good deal of sea underunning the ice, and it required the greatest skill and watchfulness to prevent disaster. To avoid injury altogether was quite impossible. At four bells in the morning watch on July 23d, while we were still in the ice-field, there was a jar and a crash. I sprang from my bunk, in which I had been lying dressed, and jumped on deck.

"What in the world has happened now?" I cried.

"Carried away our rudder, sir," called the second mate, who was leaning over the taffrail.

"The pale-faced boy came up to me, and looking into my face with his great solemn eyes, said,

"What shall we do now?"

"Rig another," I answered as bravely as I could.

"I'm not going to describe to you the rigging of a jury-rudder, because it's one of the commonest feats of sea-engineering; but I will tell you that it cost us a day's hard work, and required the use of some spare stuff which I would have been very glad to put into the furnaces, for the coal supply was becoming smaller and smaller, and we were seven hundred miles from the nearest port. Well, we were twelve long, heart-breaking days in the ice. Fortunately it rained heavily during two of those days, and by using everything we had on board, including the boats, to catch the rain, I succeeded in fairly replenishing the supply of water in our tanks. We were fortunate in having an unusually large supply of food, and this alone saved us from falling into the straits of hunger. We had plenty of everything except beef and pork. These articles were exhausted, and we had to depend upon canned food, bread, crackers, tea, and coffee. But we had enough of those to last us three months, so that I did not deem it necessary to shorten the allowances. On August 2d we got clear of the ice, and began to make progress at the rate of four knots an hour under sail and a little steam, but three points off our course. In all this time we had sighted nothing save one distant sail; but on August 3d, to our intense joy, a steamer rose over the horizon ahead of us. I set signals of distress, and they were seen. The steamer proved to be the *Argonaut*, from Halifax for Liverpool, and her Captain agreed to tow us into Halifax. It was a long, long way, and we knew it would be a slow task, but the thought of it lightened every heart. My men jumped eagerly to the task of passing the great hawser, and at four o'clock in the afternoon it was stretched, and the *Argonaut* began to drag us westward at six knots an hour.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Our ship's company gathered in the bow and gave a cheer, and the boy smiled and said,

"At last we shall get home to mamma."

"I turned in after that and slept the sleep of exhaustion. The *Argonaut* towed us gallantly for 250 miles; and then, on the night of August 5th, we ran into another gale from the northwest. It was not as bad as those we had previously encountered, but it checked our advance, and before morning had raised a heavy sea. At eight o'clock the tow-line parted with a report like that of a gun. To think of stretching it again in such a sea was hopeless, but the *Argonaut* lay by us all day. Several times in the course of the following night we saw her lights, but before morning the wind shifted to the southeast, a fog came up, and we never saw the *Argonaut* again. Sadly we set sail on the *Bristol*, and began to move slowly through the still troubled waters. But at nine o'clock the fog cleared off, the wind hauled to the eastward, and the sea became moderate. I was now able to set every stitch of canvas on the vessel with a fair wind, and I laid my course for St. John's, Newfoundland. We forged ahead at four knots an hour, and hope revived in every breast. But before night the wind fell light, and our progress became nothing better than a drift of two knots hourly. Still we were going ahead, and we did not despair. Calm weather and light winds continued till August 10th, and then the wind came in ahead. We were now about two hundred miles from Cape Race. Two schooners passed us in the course of the day, and I signalled to them our condition, asking them to report us, and they promised to do so. I now determined to use the last fuel I could find aboard the ship. Our coal had been exhausted, and I did not dare to strip the spars from the masts lest I should still need them to make sail. All the bulkheads in the ship were iron, but I had every available bit of wood-work cut away, including the doors, and so made enough steam to start the engine again. We went ahead very slowly all that day, but the following morning, when 38 miles southeast of Cape Race, we came to a standstill. Our fuel was all gone, and the boilers were cold.

"What shall we do now?" asked the pale-faced boy.

"Send a boat to Cape Race for help," said I.

"My first officer, Hiram Baker, and four seamen volunteered to make the voyage, and at nine o'clock, with a well-provisioned and unsinkable life-boat, they pushed off from the ship. We watched them out of sight with aching hearts and throbbing eyes. There was a light breeze from the westward, and the life-boat was able to work to windward, so she could come pretty near laying her course. The weather seemed settled, and I felt that unless some unforeseen accident occurred she would reach her destination before the next day. And so, indeed, she did. Two powerful sea-going tugs were despatched from St. John's, and on the afternoon of August 12th they have in sight. Two hours later they had us in tow, and that night we arrived in St. John's, six weeks and three days out. The boy and his father hurried off to the telegraph office and sent a message to New York. In the morning a messenger came aboard with an answer. I can never forget with what eager hands Mr. Howard tore open the envelope. Then he threw his arms around his boy and said,

"She is much better!"

"Then we shall be at home in time, after all."

"And he came up to me and gave me a kiss, which rewarded me for all my struggles."

In the thirteenth century the Chinese government issued some paper currency. To-day there are probably but two notes of that issue extant. One is in the British Museum, and the other in the possession of the Oriental Society of St. Petersburg. These notes were issued in the reign of Hung Woo, the founder of the Ning Dynasty, who died in 1395. The face value of the notes is about a dollar, and that issue of paper currency was the only one ever guaranteed by the Chinese government. To-day these notes are probably the rarest and most valuable of currency issues. Nearly all note collectors and Chinese bankers are fully aware of their existence and their value.

STEWED QUAKER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

[DON'T like to be very ill—just ill enough to make her,
(My grandmamma) say softly, "Child, I'll fix you some stewed Quaker."

It's sweet and thick and very nice, and has molasses in it.

And lots of vinegar and spice; you want it every minute.

And being medicine, of course you sip and say it's dandy. Just only think! it's medicine, and tastes like taffy candy!

Now castor-oil and squills, and stuff that wrinkles up your forehead,

And puckers up your mouth, and gags and burns, are simply horrid.

I don't mind being ill at all, if darling grandma'll make her

Nice dose she used to make for pa when he was young—stewed Quaker.

HIS WHEEL SAVED HIS LIFE.

THE bicycle has proved useful as a life-saving machine in many instances, but it remained for John O'Hara, of Broome Street, in New York, to discover how good a bicycle is as a means of escape from a mad dog. John is a well-grown lad, and is so fond of bicycle-riding that he goes on wheeling trips through the streets of the East Side. All of these streets are crowded, but probably no one of them is so jammed full of pedestrians and push-carts and peddlers' wagons as Forsyth Street. Experts say that no other part of the world is so thickly populated as this neighborhood, so you can easily imagine how difficult it must be to go wheeling a bicycle through it.

John O'Hara was enjoying a pleasant spin on the smooth asphalt pavement of Forsyth Street, near Broome, at noon the other day, when he noticed the crowd scattering right and left, and diving into open hallways and down cellar stairs. Presently he heard a cry of "Mad dog!" He wheeled around and turned to flee to the southward. As he hurried away he looked back over his shoulder, and saw a big white dog galloping after him, its red tongue lolling out, and yellow foam dripping from its open jaws. As the dog ran it turned and snapped viciously right and left. The cries of the crowds on the sidewalk warned everybody on the pavement, so that there was a clear field ahead of O'Hara for several blocks. He pushed hard on the pedals, and sprinted away as hard as he could. If he could only be sure of plenty of headway he knew he would be safe. The dog was not running very fast, for his gait was uncertain, and he wavered from side to side.

If O'Hara had turned out into any of the side streets he would have been safe, but in the excitement of the moment he did not think of this. His one idea was to run ahead as fast as possible. Now and then the carts and wagons in the street were slow in turning out, and O'Hara had to slow up. In this way he ran five blocks, now gaining on the dog, and now almost overtaken. At Canal Street there was such a jam of vehicles that the bicycle rider almost had to stop. The dog galloped ahead of him, snapping at the wheel as it went past. O'Hara might have been then turned northward for safety, but he was too excited, as probably most of us would have been in his place. He kept straight ahead, and as the dog fell in front of him, the wheels of the bicycle passed over its neck and stunned it. Away went O'Hara at full speed, and a policeman fortunately near at hand, shot and killed the dog before it could recover. Probably this is the first time that a bicycle was ever used as a weapon as well as a means of flight from danger.

TWO BRAVE MEN.

IT has frequently been asserted that no fortifications of masonry could resist modern ordnance, and this is doubtless true so far as heavy siege guns are concerned. But in the recent war against China the Japanese troops found on several occasions that with their light batteries of field and mountain artillery they were unable to make any impression upon the heavy stone defences of some of the walled Chinese towns. The gates, especially, seemed able to resist any amount of bombardment, for the masonry was much thicker and higher at these points, and frequently there were three and four heavy iron-bound oaken doors to be broken open before an entrance could be effected. The attacks on these walled towns furnished occasions for a number of brave deeds on the part of the Japanese soldiers, who proved themselves to be reckless in the display of courage, and absolutely fearless in the face of the greatest dangers. One of the first occasions of the kind was at Kin-chow, a good-sized town surrounded by a very high stone wall with only a few gates. The Japanese artillery had been firing at the principal gate for an hour or so without effect, and the infantry had made assault after assault against the perpendicular walls without being able to dislodge the enemy, who were well screened behind battlements and embrasures. At last the commander of the attacking force decided that the only way to get into the town would be to blow open the gate with dynamite or nitro-glycerine. It was all very well to decide upon this, after looking at the heavy doors from a distance through field-glasses, but it was an entirely different matter to put the explosive in place and set it off.

Nevertheless, as soon as it was announced that it had been determined by the commander to blow open the gates, Onoguchi Tokuyi, a private soldier of the corps of engineers, volunteered to take the cartridge and place it under the doors. He rushed from among his companions and ran straight for the wall, from the top of which the Chinese poured a perfect hail of bullets at him. But the Chinese soldiery never aim, and usually fire with their eyes closed, so that Tokuyi reached the gate unharmed. He placed the bomb under one of the hinges, lit the fuse, and only had time to retreat a few steps when with a roar and a crash the great oaken doors were torn to pieces and fell inward. The soldier was knocked down by the force of the explo-



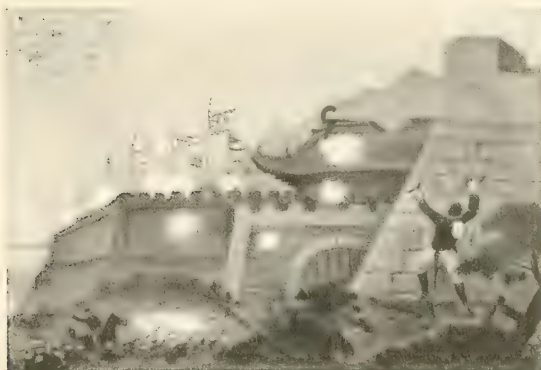
TOKUYI BLOWING UP THE GATES OF KIN-CHOW.

sion, but he quickly picked himself up, and, leaping through the dust and smoke, placed a second cartridge under the inner gate and blew that open in the same way. By this time a perfect avalanche of Japanese infantry was pouring through the opened doorway, and in a very few minutes the Chinese were in full rout. Tokuyi was found unconscious after the fight, lying near the second door. He had been hit in the shoulder by a bullet as he entered the outer gate. He was treated by the army surgeons, and sent home to Japan to get well, and then he was decorated for his bravery by the Mikado.

A similar exhibition of courage was given by an infantryman at the storming of the Gennun Gate at Ping-Yang. There, too, the thick stone walls proved impervious to Japanese shot and shell, and after two fruitless assaults it was decided to try some other method. Lieutenant Mimura volunteered to open the gate single-handed, but Private Harada stepped out and said he would follow along and help. Both men then ran for a corner of the gateway, while their comrades diverted the attention of the Chinese defenders by keeping up a hot fusillade. Mimura and Harada clambered quickly up the face of the wall by placing their hands and feet in the chinks between the stones. They succeeded in reaching the top without being seen by

the Chinese, who were busy blazing away at the main body of the enemy, and then jumped down and rushed for the inside of the gate. They had to cut their way through a horde of Chinamen as soon as they had gotten inside the town; but they finally beat them off, and threw the bolts of the heavy gates, that were at once shoved in by the attacking force outside. Both Lieutenant Mimura and Private Harada were promoted the next day.

Two gentlemen had a rather lively dispute, which finally wound up in an agreement to fight it out in a duel. One of the gentlemen was extremely thin and the other stout. The stout gentleman complained that it would be useless for him to fire at such a shadow, for one might as well expect to hit the edge of a razor as to hit the man. Whereupon the lean man made the proposal to chalk a line down the fat man, and if his shot failed to take effect within the narrow side of the line it wouldn't count.



MIMURA CLIMBING THE WALLS OF PING-YANG.

GREAT MEN'S SONS.

THE SON OF LUTHER.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.



HIGH on a Saxon hill-side overlooking the pleasant valley of the Itz, and in the shadow of the loftier Frankenwalds, stands an old castle now gray with age and rich in memories. In one of its many guest rooms, near an open window, about which crows and jackdaws hung with swirl and clamor, there sat, many years ago, a stockily-built, firm-featured,

fearless-eyed man writing a letter.

Armed men fill the castle; upon its walls and on its highest turrets watchmen stand on guard; above it floats the standard of the Elector of Saxony; and the great gate opens only to the summons of those who come with credentials or password.

The time is one of anxiety and excitement, for the Protestant Princes of northern Germany have taken a bold stand against their lord the Emperor. Messengers ride daily to and from the castle, and letters are sent now this way and now that, freighted with important measures or hot with words of protest, counsel, and appeal, strengthening those who waver, restraining those who are overbold.

As by his open window in the ancient castle of Coburg, where his presence is honored and his word is law, the strong man sits at work. What is the letter that he writes? Who is the Prince or preacher for whom his words of wisdom are penned? Is he a soldier issuing commands, or a councillor sending advice to Elector, Duke, or King?

We draw near the writer, and as we look over his shoulder, following the queer old German script his quick quill traces on the paper, this is what we read:

"Grace and peace in Christ. My dear little son, I am glad to hear that thou learnest well and prayest diligently. Do this, my son, and continue it; when I return home I will bring thee a fine faring.

"I know a beautiful cheerful garden, in which many children walk about. They have golden coats on, and gather beautiful apples under the trees, and pears and cherries and plums; they sing, and jump about, and are merry; they have also fine little horses with golden bridles and silver saddles. And I asked the man, 'Whose children are they?' He replied, 'These are the children who like to pray and learn and are pious.' Then I said, 'My good man, I have a son; his name is John Luther; may he not also come to this garden to eat such nice apples and pears, and ride such fine little horses and play with these children?' And the man said, 'If he likes to pray and learn and is pious, he shall come to this garden with Philip and James; and when they all come together they shall have pipes and cymbals, lutes and other musical instruments, and dance, and shoot with little cross-bows.'

"And he showed me a fine meadow in the garden prepared for dancing, there being nothing but golden pipes, cymbals, and beautiful silver cross-bows. But it was yet early and the children had not dined. Therefore I could not wait for the dancing, and said to the man, 'My good master, I will go quickly and write all this to my dear little son John, that he may pray diligently, learn well, and be pious, that he also may be admitted into this garden; but he hath an Aunt Lena whom he must bring with him.' The man answered, 'So be it; go and write this to him.'

"Therefore, my dear little son John, learn and pray with all confidence; and tell this to Philip and James, that they also may learn and pray; and ye will all meet in this beautiful garden. Herewith I commend thee to Almighty God. Give greetings to Aunt Lena, and also a kiss from me. Thy father who loves thee.

"19th June, 1530.

MARTIN LUTHER.



JOHN WAS THE COMPANION OF HIS FATHER IN MANY EXPEDITIONS.

A cheery, bright, helpful, storylike letter to a boy, is it not? And written from that old German castle in a time of danger and of controversy. And the writer is neither soldier, prince, nor priest, but greater than soldier, prince, or priest, the one man who gave the death-blow to the ignorance of the Dark Ages, and changed the history of the world. For the writer was Martin Luther, the apostle of the Reformation, the "renegade monk" who dared, in spite of Pope and Orders, to tell the world that alike the Word of God and the conscience of man were free, and who, in the year 1521, commanded by Pope and Emperor to take back his bold words, heroically said, in the midst of enemies, and in the face of almost certain death: "I may not, I cannot retract; for it is neither safe nor right to act against conscience. Here stand I. I cannot do otherwise. God help me."

And the little four-year-old boy to whom this storylike letter was written was Luther's first-born, the dearly loved "son John." He was named for his grandfather Hans (or John) Luther, the Saxon miner, and he was born in June, 1526, in the cloister-home in Wittenberg, where his father, Martin Luther, had first lived as monk, and afterwards as master. For when that monk made his heroic stand, and the men of North Germany followed him as a leader, the Prince of his homeland, the Elector of Saxony, gave him as his home the Augustinian convent at Wittenberg, deserted by the monks, who would not follow him whom they called "the renegade."

Here in the cloisters of the old convent, close to the city wall, and almost overhanging the river Elbe, Martin Luther and his wife Catherine made their home; here they received into their household students, professors, travelers, and guests—men anxious to hear the glad tidings of religious freedom that this great leader proclaimed to Germany and the world, and here, as I have told you, in June, 1526, little "Hanschen," or "Johnny" Luther was born.

Luther was a man who loved home and family ties, and from babyhood little John was most dear to him. The Reformer's letters to his friends are full of references to the small stranger who had come into the Wittenberg home; and neither hot religious disputes, knotty theological problems, nor grave political happenings could crowd Johnny out of the father's heart.

We get these glimpses of "our John" frequently. "Through the grace of God there has come to us," he writes to one of his friends, "a little Hans [John] Luther, a hale and hearty first-born"; and a few days later he says that, with wife and son, he envies neither Pope nor Emperor. Of the year-old boy he writes, in May, 1527, "My little Johnny is lively and robust, and eats and drinks like a hero."

That year of 1527 some terribly contagious disease, called, as all such "catching" illnesses then were, "the plague," visited Wittenberg and converted the Luther household "into a hospital." "Thy little favorite, John"—thus he closes a letter to a friend—"does not salute thee, for he is too ill to speak, but through me he solicits your prayers. For the last twelve days he has not eaten a morsel. 'Tis wonderful to see how the poor child keeps up his spirits; he would manifestly be as gay and joyous as ever, were it not for the excess of his physical weakness." It was in the midst of the poverty and worry that the plague and the other crosses he endured brought about that Luther wrote his great hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," one of the grand and triumphant "Hymns of the Ages," and we can imagine that, with his powerful voice, he rang the hymn out gladly when, in December, 1527, he could write thankfully, "Our John is well and strong again."

Luther was a great letter-writer, and in the midst of pressing duties and important deeds, away from his loved ones, he could always find time to write home. Many of these "letters home" remain on record, beginning "To the gracious dame Catherine Luther, my dear spouse, who is tormenting herself quite unnecessarily"; or, "To my sweet wife Catherine Luther von Bora. Grace and peace in the Lord. Dear Catherine, we hope to be with you again this week, if it please God." But one of the most famous of the Luther letters is that one which, when "our John" was

just four years old, his father wrote from the old castle of Coburg, in the shadow of the Saxon mountains, and in the midst of stirring times, sitting at the window, as we have seen, while outside the crows were cawing and the jackdaws were chattering, and armed men guarded the great letter-writer as the most precious of Germany's possessions.

Five boys and girls blessed that cloister-home at Wittenberg. The Luthers were never "well-to-do"; sometimes they were so short of money—for Luther was evergenerous in his charities—as to feel the pinch of poverty. But Luther had friends in high places who would not let him want, and he was therefore able to give his boys tutors at home and good instruction later on in life.

"Son John" could scarcely be called a brilliant scholar. Indeed, he was a bit dull, and inclined to take things easy. In this his mother seems to have been just a trifle partial to her first-born, and inclined to help him thus take things easy. So, when he was sixteen, "son John" was sent away to school.

From the letter which he bore from his father to Mark Crodell, the teacher of the Latin school in the Saxon town of Torgau, young John seems to have entered the school as a sort of "pupil-teacher," for thus the letter runs:

"According to our arrangement, my dear Mark, I send thee my son John, that thou mayst employ him in teaching the children grammar and music, and at the same time superintend and improve his moral conduct. If thou succeedest in improving him, I will send thee two other sons of mine. For, though I desire my children to be good divines, yet I would have them sound grammarians and accomplished musicians."

Young John would seem to have been sent to Torgau as one needing correction; and, indeed, I am afraid he was not always a good or a dutiful son; otherwise it is hard to explain the words of Luther when one of his friends spoke of the boy's frequent attacks of illness. "Ay," said Dr. Luther, "'tis the punishment due to his disobedience. He almost killed me once, and ever since I have but little strength of body. Thanks to him I now thoroughly understand that passage where St. Paul speaks of children who kill their parents not by the sword, but by disobedience."

Just how the son "nearly killed" his father we cannot say. It may have been the great man's strong way of putting things, but evidently "son John" also needed reformation.

However that may be, we catch more glimpses of John's good side than of his bad. He was the companion of his father in many of his expeditions about Germany, and he was with him on that fatal trip to Eisleben in January, 1546, to reconcile the quarrelsome Counts of Mansfeld.

With his boy he forded the icy rivers Mulde and Saale, where they nearly lost their lives, and where the Reformer doubtless "caught his death." Escorted by horsemen and spearmen, Luther and his son entered Eisleben; the Counts of Mansfeld were reconciled, but Luther fell sick, and that very night, the 18th of February, he died.

All Germany mourned the great man's death; all Germany hoped that his sons might follow in the father's steps. But the three boys seem only to have turned out respectable men, without any of the elements of greatness or leadership.

John Luther made a fairly good lawyer. He married the daughter of one of his professors at Königsberg University; served as a soldier in the German army; settled down, and died at Königsberg, in the year 1576, at the age of fifty. His name is chiefly remembered as the "dear Johnny" and "son John" of his great father's letters, and of the happy home circle in the cloister-house at Wittenberg. He left neither name nor deed to make his memory a word in the mouths of men; yet we cannot but feel that, as the son of Luther, he must have been proud of the great father whom he remembered only with love and reverence, and let us hope, rejoiced to see the regard the world paid to the masterful ways of the great Reformer and leader, whose gifts the son did not inherit, and whose name he but feebly upheld.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

THE last Pudding Stick was especially designed for young people who wish to write for the papers. This one is also to be about writing, but in rather a different line. I hope none of you will be offended if I urge upon you the importance of learning to spell. It always gives me a little quiver of pain—something like the sudden start of a nerve in a tooth which is sensitive—when I read a letter from one of my girls, and find that she uses two “I’s” where she should use one, or one “t” where two are required. I think it is easier for some than for others to spell correctly. Spelling is largely a matter dependent on attention. You may not know it, but your eyes are always teaching you how to spell, and, unconsciously, as you read interesting books or the daily paper, you see how words are spelled, and learn to spell correctly yourself. There is no excuse for any girl who has both sight and hearing to blunder in her spelling, when Helen Keller, who can neither see nor hear, spells without ever making a mistake. Helen writes a beautiful legible hand, and uses a type-writer to perfection, and yet she has never had the advantages which most of us possess, having been blind and deaf ever since her babyhood. The thing is to pay close attention if you desire to be a good speller.

VERY much more than we fancy we are dependent for our style of speech in writing and conversation on the authors we read. Here, too, we need to be attentive. No bright American girl can afford not to read a few pages of some good author every day of her life. Mere story-books are not sufficient. Keep on hand a book which is a serious undertaking, and plod straight through it. I have made this a rule all my life, and I advise you to do the same.

THOSE who have had the good fortune to be early taught another language besides your own, and who understand French or German, should keep on hand a book in one of those languages, and read a chapter or two every day. If I could I would like to persuade you of the importance of doing something along the line of a study or an accomplishment every single day. Even a few minutes regularly devoted will tell in time to advantage. The president of one of our great New England colleges used to say to the students, “Nothing can stand before the day’s works.” People who set apart a little while every morning or every afternoon for a definite purpose, and then never allow themselves to lose that time, making it up if they are interrupted by extra effort on the next day, soon surpass the brilliant people who are capable of great exertions now and then, but never do anything patiently day by day. I wish, too, that I could say to you as strongly as I feel, “love your work.” “The labor ye delight in physics pain.” It seems to me a dreadful thing to go to one’s work with the spirit of a slave. We should always put into our work our best thoughts, our best hope, and the motive of true love. No matter what the work, the way we go about it gives it worth and dignity, or makes it petty and mean.

ANOTHER CAUTION is, do not talk very much about what you are doing. Nothing is so weak as vanity. Somewhere in the world there is always somebody doing such work as ours quite as well as we can do it, and we have no right to inflict upon our friends the story of our personal endeavors or failures. It is well to omit from our daily conversation as much as possible references to ourselves and to what we are engaged upon. I want my girls to become interesting women, and the woman who is really interesting thinks and talks of others more than of herself.

IT IS A GOOD PLAN, in order to fix on your mind what you read and wish to remember, to keep a commonplace book. Here you may copy poems which please you, dates of striking events, bits of description, and entertaining anecdotes. One girl friend of mine succeeded thus in making a very beautiful compilation, which was afterwards published, and which gave great pleasure to her friends.

Margaret E. Langster.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE animals poured into the Ark like the tide through a sluice. They pushed and shoved and crowded, and many tried to get to the Purser’s window ahead of their turns. The big ones brushed the little ones aside with a total disregard of gentleness or consideration. But the Bull soon put a stop to this sort of thing. He stuck his head out of the window and said all sorts of horrible things, and vowed he would have the doors closed if the beasts did not preserve better order. Things went along better after that.

The larger animals came in first: Lions, Tigers, Elephants, Hippopotami, Rhinoceroses, Camels, Giraffes, Dromedaries, Buffaloes, Polar Bears, Grizzly Bears, and every other kind of Bear. Tommy thought he had never seen so many different animals in all his life. It beat a circus all hollow, and it reminded him of the college song his Uncle Dick used to sing about:

“The animals came in two by two,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The animals came in two by two,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The animals came in two by two,

The Elephant and the Kangaroo,

And they all got into the Ark before it began to rain!”

After the large animals followed a long procession of deer—Elk, Antelopes, Gazelles, Chamois, Moose, and Caribou. Behind these came dogs of every kind—big dogs, little dogs, thin dogs, fat dogs, gay dogs, sad dogs, shaggy dogs, sleek dogs, and all colored dogs; Greyhounds, Mastiffs, Pugs, St. Bernards, Fox Terriers, Setters, Pointers, Poodles, Great Danes, Skyes, Black-and-Tans, and Collies. Toward the end of the procession came a long-bodied brown dog with big ears and long straight legs. Tommy had never seen that kind before.

“What is he?” he said, pointing downward.

The ex-Pirate shook his head, but the Gopher answered, “That’s a Dachshund.”

“A Dachshund?” repeated Tommy. “I guess not. Dachshunds are not built like that. Look at his long legs.”

“Well, that *is* a Dachshund,” insisted the Gopher; and then he pulled his sunbommel over his head and closed his eyes for a nap.

The French Poodle was the only one that had any trouble with the Bull, because the Bull could not speak French and refused to understand what the Poodle said. Tommy plainly heard the dog muttering to himself as he left the window:

“Espèce de Jean Bull! Il est toujours comme ça!”

But the little boy could not understand what the Poodle meant any more than the Bull could, because he had not gotten along any further in his French exercise-book than

“Have you seen the good General’s red slippers under the green table of the wine-merchant’s beautiful mother-in-



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SENDING ME A MINIATURE TICKET LIKE THIS?"

law?" And he did not recognize any of the words in the Poodle's plaint.

The Bull had been losing his temper pretty rapidly ever since the doors opened, and he seemed to be waiting for a chance to do or say something ugly. Pretty soon a couple of harmless and sleepy-looking Oxen came plodding up the gang-plank and strolled through the doorway.

"Look here!" the Bull shouted at them, "you've got to leave your chewing-gum outside! No gum-chewing allowed on the Ark!"

One of the Oxen protested, but the Bull asserted that if the Ox made any trouble he would come outside and settle the matter himself; and so both Oxen regretfully stuck their chewing-gum under the gang-plank and passed in. A little while later a Lizard came along and handed in his ticket through the small window near the floor. The Bull looked at it and frowned, and then stuck his head out over the counter and glared at the little Lizard, who positively turned green with fright.

"What do you mean by presenting this ticket?" asked the Bull, savagely.

"Please, sir, I want to come into the Ark," replied the Lizard, meekly.

"Well, you can't get in on this ticket—see?"

"Please, sir, it's the only one I have," continued the Lizard, trembling.

"Well, look here, young fellow," snorted the Bull, getting angrier as he spoke; "this ticket is your shape, but it is not your size. You bought it from a speculator outside!"

"Oh no, sir!" exclaimed the Lizard.

"I don't care what you say. This is the Crocodile's ticket, and it ain't your size, and you can't get in on it!"

"Please, sir, I did not know," mildly protested the Lizard. "I can't read, sir."

"Well, don't you know that the pauper, the insane, and the illiterate are not allowed on this Ark?" roared the Bull, apparently deriving much pleasure out of the fact that he was scaring the Lizard half to death. The little fellow did not in the least understand the meaning of these big words, but he was so frightened by the Bull's ferocious manner that he turned away and scurried frantically down the gang-plank, and hid under a big stone in the sand.

"How awfully mean for the Bull to talk like that to such

a little animal!" whispered Tommy to the ex-Pirate.

"That's what he always does. Never takes a fellow his size," answered the ex-Pirate. "He bullies the little ones; that's why he's called a Bull."

Presently a Crocodile came stamping up the gang-plank. He had a business-like expression in his eye, and a cold sarcastic smile displayed his glistening rows of sharp teeth. He stepped right up to the ticket-window, and thrust his long snout in so suddenly that he almost knocked the Bull off his stool.

"What do you mean by sending me a miniature ticket like this?" he shouted, fiercely.

The Bull stuttered, "I beg your pardon, sir; but won't you allow me to look at the ticket?"

The Crocodile passed the paper in.

"Oh, it's all a mistake," began the Bull, apologetically. "I assure you it is all a mistake—"

"I should say it was," interrupted the Crocodile, who appeared to be in an exceedingly unpleasant frame of mind. "Do you think for a moment that I am going to take any such accommodations as that? Do you think I can sleep in any berth that was built for a Lizard?"

"It's a mistake," repeated the Bull, affably. "Your quarters are on the main-deck, starboard side, No. 417," and he passed out the ticket he had taken away from the Lizard.

The Crocodile did not appear satisfied. He stuck his nose through the window again and shouted:

"Well, I want satisfaction! I want satisfaction, and I'm going to have it!"

But the crowd of animals in line behind the Crocodile, tired of waiting, gave a push that sent the latter past the window and out into the main hall, still mumbling something about "satisfaction." The Bull looked out of his office, much relieved, and shouted down the line,

"Somebody tell that Lizard he can come in."

It did not take so long as Tommy thought it would for all the animals to get on board. When the last one had passed in, preparations were made to haul up the gang-plank, for the wind had freshened, the skies had darkened, and the general appearance of the heavens betokened the approaching storm. Just as the big plank was about to be taken aboard, faint voices were heard from the ground outside:

"Wait a moment! wait a moment!" they cried. "Wait for us; we're almost there!"

It was the Turtles. By so close a margin did they get into the Ark. The Bull scolded them as they passed, and then slammed down the window, and the Gopher, on the rafters next to Tommy, heaved a sigh of relief.

Soon afterwards it began to rain. The big drops fell noisily upon the shingled roof of the Ark, and pattered on the window-panes.

"What is that noise?" asked a little Armadillo.

"That's the rain, dear," replied its parent.

"Oh no," said the little one; "the reindeer are sleeping down-stairs."

And then there was a great jolt, and the Ark floated off on the flood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC MATCHES AT NEWPORT promise to be more interesting this year than ever before. The game put up by the various players who are to represent the schools in the national tournament has been of so much higher an order than that of any previous season, that it has attracted more than the usual amount of attention from sportsmen not directly interested in the schools. There is better material blossoming this August than has come forward for many years, and most of it is coming out of the schools. The new players who are making themselves prominent are all young men—not men who have been playing many years and have finally developed skill. Thus it is very evident that the formation of the Interscholastic Tennis Association has been a good thing, and if properly supported—as I have no doubt it will be—it is bound to aid materially the progress and refinement of the game. It means the early development of good players and a higher standard in inter-collegiate tennis. Already interscholastic tennis, in its first champion, has given us a national representative who last year saved our trophy from foreign hands.

THE HISTORY OF THE MOVEMENT may be summed up in few words. It was initiated by the Harvard University Lawn-Tennis Club at the suggestion of its secretary, William D. Orcutt, in 1891, when the first tournament was held upon the college grounds, Saturday, May 2d, ten schools having replied to the circulars and letters by sending representatives—twenty-five in all. The tournament, played off in two days without a default, was won by R. D. Wrenn, of the Cambridge Latin School, and created no small amount of interest both in college and schools as the large audience at the courts testified. From this beginning grew the idea of an Interscholastic Association, with an annual tournament as a national fixture. In 1892, therefore, Harvard sent out further circulars inviting preparatory schools to send representatives to a second tournament, to be held under the auspices of the United States National Lawn-Tennis Association, by the Harvard Club, with the intention of forming a permanent association of the schools at a meeting to be called on the day of the tournament. In response sixty-six entries were received, representing at least twenty-four schools. The tournament, held May 7th, was won by M. G. Chace, another who has since distinguished himself among our ranked players, and afterwards, as had been proposed, the association was formed.

THE FORMATION OF THE HARVARD Interscholastic Association was an incentive to other colleges to attempt similar organizations, and in 1893, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia started such associations, and held tournaments. The four winners of these events met that year in Newport, at the time of the national tournament, to determine the Interscholastic champion, and again in 1894, after similar preparatory tournaments.

The following table shows the Interscholastic champions up to date:

Year	Player	Singles	School
1891	Cambridge	R. D. Wrenn	Cambridge Latin
1892	Cambridge	M. G. Chace	Elvir Grammar, Prov.
1893	Newport	C. R. Budlong	High, Providence.
1894	Newport	W. G. Parker	Tutor, New York.

THESE INTERSCHOLASTIC LISTS have already introduced several fine tennis players. R. D. Wrenn is the present national champion. M. G. Chace ranked fourth in the ten of 1893, and by the new method is '94 ranked in Class 2. C. R. Budlong entered the first ten the year of his inter-

scholastic championship, and now, with W. G. Parker, is placed in Class 4, († 15). It is natural that the older players should watch the ranks of the interscholastics with some interest, for it is here that the coming players are most apt to show themselves first.

THIS YEAR THE CONTESTANTS at Newport will be L. E. Ware, Roxbury Latin School, of the Harvard I.S.L.-T.A.; M. W. Beaman, Lawrenceville, of the Princeton I.S.L.-T.A.; and Waltz, Leal's School, of the Columbia I.S.L.-T.A. J. P. Sheldon, Jun., of Hotchkiss Academy, Lakeville, won the Yale Interscholastic tournament, but may not be able to be present at Newport this week. Of these four players the chances seem in favor of Ware, who has already some practical tournament experience to back his good play. Last year he won the Harvard Interscholastic, but was defeated at Newport by W. G. Parker, winner of the championship. At Longwood, last year, he showed excellent form in his match against Larned, from whom he won the first two sets, and at Saratoga he was "runner-up" in the tournament for the New York State Championship. This season he has also appeared in several tournaments. At Longwood, having reached the semi-final round, he lost to M. D. Whitman, whom he had before defeated in the Harvard Interscholastic. In the double contests at Elmira, Ware and W. M. Scudder played a close match in the finals against Fisher and Paré. In his game, Ware's strong ground stroke, quick judgment, and self-possession give good promise of a future player.

THE NAMES OF THE OTHER THREE contestants do not figure so conspicuously in large tournaments. Sheldon has played in Western State championships, winning in Ohio, but he has not had the experience of Ware against our best Eastern players. He easily won the Yale Interscholastic, not losing a set even to the winner of that event last year. He is good both back and at the net, placing with some accuracy, and certainly in these preliminary contests he showed a very good understanding of the game. If he keeps his steadiness and coolness under the excitement of closely contested matches he should prove a formidable adversary for Ware. Concerning Beaman and Waltz it is more difficult to pass judgment, these, as yet, having given little public exhibition of their games. Waltz ranks as a third-rate local player, having been easily beaten in local matches by the Miles and by Holcombe Ward at Orange.

IT IS TO BE REGRETTED that Whitman is ineligible for the Newport event, for he is a strong man, and has shown wonderful improvement since Ware defeated him on Holmes Field in May. He is sure to become a prominent player in the early future. Some of the other good men that the schools have produced, and who will doubtless be at Newport, are Beals, Wright, Henderson, and Moeran of Southampton, and Palmer of Hobokos.

IT CANNOT BE DOUBTED that larger co-operation by the different colleges in this field of interscholastic tennis would be of the greatest benefit to the game in this country. It would offer early incentive to young players throughout the land, and carry a step further the general system of sectional tournaments already instituted by the central association to spur our players to greater and more scientific effort. The contests last year at Newport, and again this spring at the Neighborhood Club, West Newton, Massachusetts, where our men came in contact with foreigners, brought out both our weakness and our strength. It showed clearly that our worst fault is the unsteadiness

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

of American players. That this early tournament playing, accustoming young men to watch their strokes and play carefully, must aid in remedying this evil among the rising players hardly needs to be pointed out, while the new opportunity of meeting equal or better players must also promote skill and brilliancy in play. Add to this the closer contact of school and college, and there seems strong argument for the more vigorous support of such a cause.

IN LESS THAN A MONTH football will be taking up most of the time and attention that school athletes can devote to sport. The coming season should be a notable one in the history of the game too, for it will show whether or not the schools are going to allow themselves to be influenced by the better or the worse element that is identified with the game. The better element is the one which has been trying for years to arrange a code of rules that would purge the sport as much as possible of opportunities for the practice of rough and unsportsmanlike methods. The other element is the one which has been trying for just as many years to evade the rules laid down. If the school players will frown upon all unfair methods, and refuse to countenance sharp practice in the game, if they will insist upon adhering to the spirit as well as to the letter of the law, they will soon swell the ranks of the better element of football men to such proportions that the other class will find itself entirely overruled.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that we should be forced to admit that sharp practice occurs in football to a greater extent, probably, than in any other sport. But, nevertheless, I think this is true. More acts of meanness are performed in the course of one football game almost than in a whole season of baseball or tennis or track athletics. Men will punch and kick one another when the referee is not looking, and they will resort to all sorts of small tricks that they would blush to acknowledge afterwards. But, remember, this is not the fault of the game, it is the fault of the man. And the endeavor of every true sportsman should be to get this sort of man out of the way. We don't want him. He does more harm than good, even if he is the best player on the eleven.

IT IS CONSIDERED CLEVER by many to do as many small and mean acts as possible in a match game of football. To resort to petty practices is looked upon by them as good playing. But there is no good playing, except fair and honest playing. These same men who will kick their opponents in the shins when the umpire is not looking are those who encourage players to attend school during the football season, not caring whether they remain afterwards or not. It is surprising how much of this is done, and I have actually heard men say (instead of refusing to play with a team composed of such men) that they, too, have hired or obtained players to meet their rivals' crooked tactics. What an argument! Where would the ethics of sport end up if such logic were to be accepted? Why cannot we all become thoroughly imbued with the idea of sport for sport's sake only? We do not play to win. We play for the sake of playing—for the sake of the sport, the exercise, the fellowship, and good blood that is result.

LAST YEAR AND THE YEAR BEFORE there was more than one school in the Connecticut High-School League that resorted to practices not entirely consistent with true sportsmanship. I speak of these now because my attention has been directly called to them, and because I believe from personal investigation that they were guilty certainly of a portion of the misdeeds that rumor credited them with. In the other scholastic football associations I have known of irregularities, but of none quite so flagrant as those of Connecticut. There several football players have suddenly been seized with a desire to attend school just as the season opened, and have lost all inclination to study immediately after Thanksgiving.

IT IS, OF COURSE, IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY outright that these

men are improperly induced to enter school, for such a thing is very hard to prove. But it is perfectly just to say that no Captain of an amateur eleven or of a school eleven should allow any man to play on his team whom he does not believe to be a *bona fide* scholar who means to remain in school until the end of the year—a scholar who has come to learn what is taught in the class-room, not what is practised on the football field.

IT IS RIDICULOUS for any Captain to assert that he does not know what the men on his team intend doing a month hence. It is his business as Captain to know this. He should know where his players come from, how long they are to be in school, and all about their football experience. If he does not know all this he is a mighty poor Captain, and ought to be replaced. And the Captain who allows a man to play on his eleven whom he suspects of having intentions of leaving school before the year closes is not a fit leader for an honest school's football team, and should likewise be replaced. The best Captain in the end is the most honest Captain, and the most honest Captain is the best sportsman.

WHILE SPEAKING OF SPORTSMEN and sportsmanship I should like to call the attention of all the readers of this Department to a definition of "sportsman," published in the "Amateur Sport" columns of *Harper's Weekly* of August 17th: "A sportsman engages in sport for sport's sake only, and does by others as he would be done by. A 'sporting man' or 'sport' enters sport for mercenary motives, and prefers to 'do' others." This is only one sentence from a very good sermon. I recommend the entire article to every one interested in the welfare of sport.

THE ACADEMIC ATHLETIC LEAGUE of California has track-athletic sports as well as football in the autumn term. Their next semi-annual field-day is to be held September 25th, and from present reports the new material in the schools is going to make a showing. As the meet is to be held on the University of California track, which has the fastest 100-yard course on the Coast, the A.A.L. sprinting records, which are at present $10\frac{1}{2}$ and $25\frac{1}{2}$ secs., ought to be reduced. Parker, Hamlin, and Chick are the most promising men to do the work, Chick being a new man and a brother of the University of California sprinter. Lynch of the B.H.-S. has gone to Oakland to live, and will wear the O.H.-S. colors at the next field-day. He has improved greatly in his hammer throwing. The O.H.-S. team, by-the-way, stands a good chance of retaining the interscholastic championship of the Coast, and if the teams are increased from seven to ten men, as is now proposed, the other schools will have to work hard to defeat them.

THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL ATHLETES certainly go ahead of their Eastern brethren in enthusiasm and true love of sport. This Department has for some time been urging the formation of a general Interscholastic Association; but as yet nothing has been done toward any such organization, although I understand that active steps in this direction are to be taken here as soon as the schools open next month. It may be due to the long summer vacation that nothing has been done yet. But in California interest in sport seems to be so lively that there is no vacation interference. In a recent letter from Oakland, one of the prominent men of the A.A.L. says: "In regard to your proposition for a general American Interscholastic League, I can say that it meets with the approval of the boys here, and we would be glad to join it if it is formed. The only difficulty to our participating in such a field-day would be the expense for travelling to and fro. If we joined such a league we would try to raise the necessary sixteen hundred dollars. For it would take that much, at least, which is quite a good deal for High-School boys to raise. Will you kindly let me know of any advances in this direction, and also give me an outline of what is intended?"

WITH SUCH A SPIRIT as is displayed in this letter the sportsmanship of the Pacific coast is bound to thrive.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

These lads are not only willing to join the Interscholastic Association at once, but they believe they can collect enough money to pay expenses to come East and be present at the first meet. I hope they will have the chance, and from the letters I have received from sportsmen along the Atlantic seaboard, I believe that in a very few months the much-needed association of the schools of the country will be in running order. Perhaps one reason why the Californians are so anxious to come here and try their skill is that they believe they can win. Their records are not up to those of the Eastern leagues, but another writer from the A.A.L. says: "One of the University of California team told me the Eastern schoolboys are clever, but that an Oakland High-School team could pull a field-day away from the best school of 'em. That makes me wish we had a 220 straight-away here to see how Dawson and Woolsey would appear alongside of Syme." Dawson holds the local high-hurdles record at 191 sec., and Woolsey holds the low-hurdles record at 31 sec. The sticks are 3 ft. 6 in. and 2 ft. 6 in. high, respectively.

IN OTHER MATTERS OF SPORT the Californians are just as progressive as they are in their desire to come East. They have recognized the justness of the ROUND TABLE's advocacy of uniformity in field and track programmes, and are trying to adjust the A.A.L. list to the university schedule. They have already adopted a 440-yard run, which they did not have before, and at an early meeting of the executive committee on athletics a motion will be made to use a 16-lb. hammer instead of a 12-lb. weight at the coming games. The shot is already a sixteen-pounder.

THE GRADUATE.

The immediate result will probably be lower prices on all three St. Louis stamps, but the demand will probably fully equal the supply.

FACTS.—No premium on the English shilling, 1847.

J. HALL.—Very few gold dollars were ever coined, and many have found their way to the melting pot, or have been practically destroyed by conversion into lances. Hence the dealers ask from \$1.50 upward for all U.S. dollars in gold.

H. SPENCE.—It is impossible to give anything more than a rough estimate as to the number of stamp-collectors and dealers, or the value of the stamps now in existence in albums, or the amount of annual business done in stamps. I hope to give some statistics on all these points in a future issue.

M. C. W.—It would be very difficult to explain the differences in the Brazils and Guatemalas without illustrations, or within the narrow limits of this column. I congratulate you on your "find" of Wurtembergs.

R. B. HADDOCK.—The 1864 and 1866 2c. coppers are quoted by dealers at 10c. each for "good," and 80c. each for "fine."

PHILATUS.

AN ASTUTE SEALION.

IT has always been a question in the minds of naturalists whether or not animals have any means of conversing or of communicating to one another more than the most elementary ideas of danger, hunger, and affection. It would seem from what lately happened at Lake Merced that seals, at least, must certainly have the powers of description and persuasion well developed. Lake Merced was at one time a favorite resort of fishermen from San Francisco. The trout that were pulled out of its quiet waters were

said to be the best, but so much angling was done that the trout finally disappeared, and only carp were to be caught. Then the fish commissioners decided to stock the lake with muskallonge, in the hope that the latter would destroy the voracious carp, and eventually afford good catches themselves.

Lake Merced is not very far inland from Seal Rock, and in some manner an old sealion found his way from the ocean to the quieter waters beyond. He tasted of the carp and enjoyed his meal, and being a genial sort of a sealion, he returned to the rock, where he must have told his friends of his adventure. He must have told them, and he must have organized a picnic party, because the next night a number of seals flopped their way into Merced. Everything was just as the old lion had represented, and the band decided to remain.

Soon afterwards some employees of the commissioners drew a net across the lake to see how the muskallonge were getting on. The seals, now permanent residents of the lake, laughed loudly, after the fashion of their race, and waved their flippers at the net-men as if to encourage them to keep on and find out how many muskallonge were left. For the muskallonge had got to the last dozen or so of carp, and the sealions had gobbled the muskallonge, and only a few cat-fish were found in the lake.

The seals are still in Merced, but there is a firm conviction in the minds of those who live near by that unless the lake is stocked again the greedy fellows will return to the rock in the sea.

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This Department contains full and complete information for stamp-collectors, and the Editor receives and answers questions of those desiring more in this position. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

ONE of the greatest "finds" in the history of stamp collecting has just been made in Kansas City. The letters of an old



firm were about to be destroyed when the attention of a stamp-collector was called to them. He immediately bought the entire lot of letters for a small sum. Among the lot were about one hundred letters each bearing

one or more of the rare St. Louis stamps issued in 1843, and remaining in use until 1847. The 5c. stamp has hitherto brought from \$150 to \$200 at auction; the 10c. about \$75, and the only copy of the 20c. in the market was sold in 1894 by the veteran dealer J. W. Scott, usually called "the father of philately," to a collector in Bangor, Maine, for \$1500. This gentleman, it is said, refused an offer of \$2000 for the stamp.

In this new lot are a number of pairs of all three varieties and several strips of three.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

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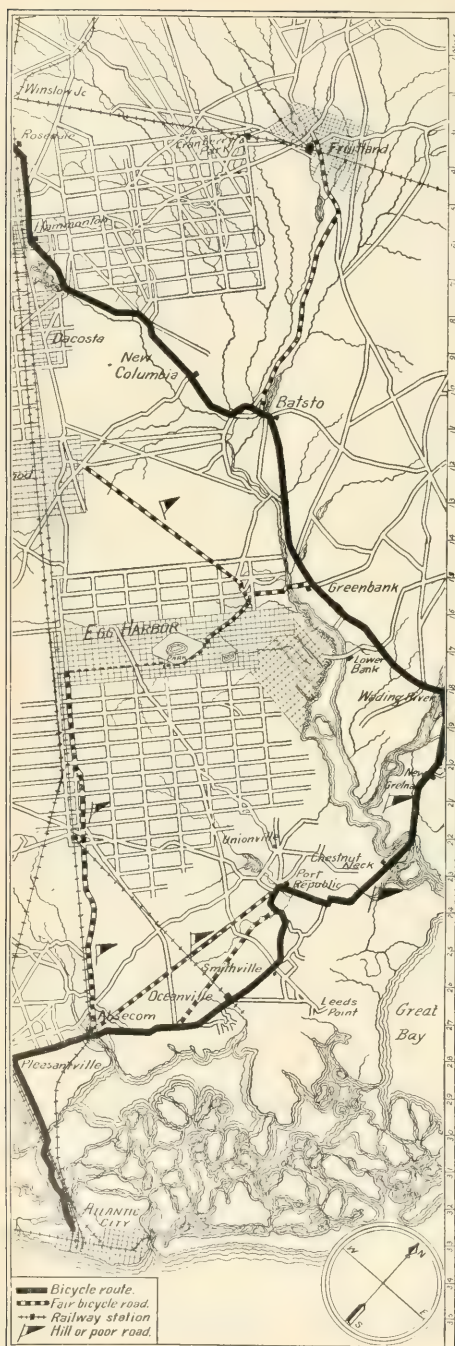
This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to turn his subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

CONTINUING the trip from Philadelphia to Atlantic City, the first stage of which was given in the **ROUND TABLE** for last week, we start from Hammonton. The run from here to Atlantic City is somewhat roundabout, owing to the nature of the country through which you must pass, and the run is about forty miles in all. Leaving Hammonton proceed through New Columbia, five miles away, to Batsto. The condition of the road is not of the best; but there are almost no hills, and the side path will, in many places, save you a good deal of hard riding. There is no difficulty in finding the road, except about three miles and a half out of New Columbia you should keep to the left at a fork in the roads. From Batsto to Greenbank is five miles over a gravel road in capital condition, and from this point on to Wading River and New Gretna there will be little or no difficulty in finding the way. The road becomes poorer as you approach Wading River, and the side paths should be resorted to wherever possible.

THERE ARE SEVERAL bridges to be crossed during this part of the ride, from Greenbank to Chestnut Neck, and indeed there are a number of bridges over the entire route. It may not be out of place to say a word, therefore, about bicycle-riding over bridges. Most bridges in the country are composed of horizontal supports, running lengthwise with the bridge, along the tops of wooden posts. Across these at right angles to the direction of the bridge are laid logs, sometimes nailed down to the supports underneath, sometimes not fastened at all. If they are nailed the wood wears away quickly, and the heads of the nails stick up perhaps half an inch, and offer one of the most admirable opportunities for puncture that could be found. Never ride over a bridge of this sort at speed, therefore, and always keep a line between the rows of nails, so that you may not run the chance of thrusting one of the nail-heads through your pneumatic tube. If you are riding at night, and want to be on the safe side, it is wise to dismount, and either carry or push the bicycle across the bridge.

FROM GREENBANK TO CHESTNUT NECK, through New Gretna, is twelve miles. From Chestnut Neck you should then proceed, following the main road, to Port Republic, Smithville, Oceanville, Absecon, a distance altogether of ten miles. Shortly after passing out of Chestnut Neck the rider must keep to the right at the fork, and run into Port Republic. On running out of Port Republic he should bear always to the left, going down through Smithville as described. There is a road direct to Absecon, as the map will show, but it is by no means as good a road, and passes over several hills, that can be avoided by following the main road, which runs along the valley. From Absecon to Pleasantville, a distance of three miles, the road is clear enough. At Pleasantville a sharp turn to the left should be made, and the road thence to Atlantic City is very easily followed. It follows the track until after crossing the bridge, then crosses the track and follows it to Atlantic City on the other side. This part of the road is in moderately good condition, considering that it is so near the water, and that the sand and gravel do not readily admit of good hard road bed.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn to No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tottenville to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia to No. 822. Philadelphia to Willsimington Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825.



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PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, NO. 13.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, NO. 13.

DARK-ROOM HINTS.

Never place a negative in sunshine or near a stove to dry. The heat causes the gelatine to melt and run off the plate. If for any reason one wishes to dry a negative quickly, wash it, after removing it from the hypo, for about half an hour, wipe off the water with a piece of damp surgeon's cotton, lay the negative in the tray, and cover it with alcohol. Let it remain in the alcohol for a minute or two, then take it out

SUN KENYON, SMITH, Trenton, New Jersey, asks for a good developing solution, how to polish ferrotype plates, and how to keep films from curling when drying. Makers of dry plates always put in each box of dry plates formulas for developing, with full directions for preparation and use. These will always be found reliable. In No. 756 will be found a simple developer for instantaneous pictures, and we shall shortly publish a similar one with full directions for use. In No. 797 and 800 will be found directions for preparing a ferrotype plate so that prints will not stick. If the prints are trimmed before toning, they can be pasted before removing from the ferrotype, and thus most of the gloss made by the plate will be retained. Films may be kept from curling by soaking the film, after fixing and washing, in a solution of one-quarter ounce of glycerine and 16 ounces of water. Pin them at the corners to a flat board, removing all drops of water with a brush, and leave them until the films are dry. Do not use any more glycerine than the proportions given, as it will make the negatives sticky.

"WELL, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast-table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."—(Adv.)

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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Notice to all Members.

It is desired to correct the Order's records, especially all changes in addresses. The new Patent is now ready, and all will want it. It is far handsomer than the old certificate. We make a special request, therefore, to all Founders and members to send us at once their names and permanent addresses. Use English capital letters, which you can easily make with your pen, and spell out in full at least one Christian or given name.

A "given" name is the name given you by your parents, as distinguished from your last name, which you have from your father. Use a postal card, not a letter, and put no other matter upon it. Address the card Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York, and put in the lower left-hand corner the words "Round Table." On the back of the card write the letter "A," and follow it with name, as directed, and address in full—street and number if any, town or city, and State. If you are a Founder, write that word in full anywhere on the card. Your new Patent will then bear that word. If you were not a Founder, do not use the word.

Remember that if a certificate was ever issued to you, you are still a member, no matter if you have now passed your eighteenth birthday. Chapter officers are asked to send, on postal cards, names and addresses of their Chapter members. They are also asked to send names of any grown-up friends of the Chapter whom they may wish to honor by making them Patrons of the Round Table Order.

All who have not passed their eighteenth birthday, even if not formerly members, are urged to send postal cards as directed. So, too, are grown folks interested in the Order. If you have passed your eighteenth birthday, and have not previously held a certificate of membership, send your name and address and use the letter "D." Members are urged to send names and addresses of their friends, that we may give Patents to them. Your teacher may be made a Patron.

To all who comply with these suggestions we will send Patents in the Order, bearing their names, creating them Founders, Knights, Ladies, or Patrons. The advantages of belonging to the Order will be attached—and there are many. We will also send our prize offers for 1895-6 in which money incentives are to be offered for pen-drawing, story-writing, poems, nonsense verses, entertainment programmes, photography, and music settings, and for distributing some advertising matter about Harper's Round Table.

This matter consists of announcements and a Handy Book. The latter is a neat memorandum-book, which, besides blank pages, contains lists of words often misspelled, interscholastic sport records, a calendar, list of books to read, hints about amateur newspapers, how to get into West Point, values of rare stamps and coins, and a great number of other useful facts.

Of course no member or Patron is required or even asked to undertake this work any more than they are asked to compete for prizes. Many members wish to earn the rewards offered by the Table, and to all such we desire to offer the first chance. These rewards consist of Order badges in silver and gold, rubber stamps bearing your name and address, fifty visiting cards with the copper plate, and a very limited number, because we have only a few copies, of bound volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1893 or 1894. These rewards are offered, not for subscriptions, but for giving printed matter to your friends. The offer is limited, since we can allow only one member or Patron to accept it in each town or neighborhood.

We repeat that the Order has no "have to's." But it has many literary and prize advantages. We want the names and permanent addresses again in order to correct our records. To all who send us such we forward the Order's new Patent and our prize offers. Use a postal card—and write as soon as convenient.

Who can give Us a Morsel on This?

An experience I once had with a garter-snake lends me to believe that the family to which it belongs consists of more than one variety. One warm day in May, while scouring the woods in search of

something of interest, I came upon a small pool at the edge of the woods, seemingly a drinking-place for cattle. Yet the water was black with a myriad of tadpoles, presided over by a monster frog—the largest I have ever seen. I was interested in the queer little wigglers, and did not notice the approach of a large snake, making its way to the pool, till it had taken its fill of water, as I then supposed. I quickly picked up a stone and killed the snake, at first thinking it to be a water-adder. A second glance showed it to be an unusually large garter-snake, less brilliantly striped than any I had before seen.

I was about to leave the pool when I saw that the reptile's paunch was considerably swollen, and that in it some live creature was imprisoned. This aroused my curiosity, and in another moment I had opened the paunch. To my astonishment seven squirming tadpoles wriggled out upon the ground. I placed them in the pool, and all swam off as briskly as before they had, Jonah-like, been swallowed by a hungry monster.

Since this experience I have questioned in vain whether or not there is a separate variety of the garter-snake which lives in or near the water; or whether the snake was of the common variety, and simply forced by hunger to make a meal of tadpoles. Can some one enlighten me?

VINCENT V. M. BREDE, R.T.F.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

One Way to Learn.

One of the best ways to broaden one's mental horizon, to make one think of more than the familiar things about him, is to enter into correspondence with persons who live in distant States and countries. You can find such correspondents in a variety of ways. Look in your geography and see the name of a town in a far distant part of the country. Perhaps it is a small village. It has a principal of a public school. Write him a letter, briefly stating your purpose, and ask him for the name of a pupil who wishes to correspond with you.

If you are interested in stamps, bugs, butterflies, minerals, rocks, plants, autographs, cameras, amateur papers—anything? Enclose in your letter a good specimen. It will interest somebody and hardly fail to bring you a response. You can also find addresses through Sunday-school teachers, Round Table Chapters, etc. Or you can, upon meeting a friend, ask him or her for names of relatives who might like to correspond, trade specimens, etc.

Use your ingenuity to find persons with the same hobby as your own. When you find them, write them a really good letter; that is, treat them well, not ill. Do not ask any one to excuse blots in letters. Busy business men even do not do that. They write the letter over again, and their time is more valuable than yours. Never say, "That isn't the best I could do, but it is good enough." Only the best is good enough. Treat your correspondents well, and you will derive much of both knowledge and pleasure from them.

* * *

A Fire by the Esquimaux Method.

I read about the Esquimaux method of lighting fires in *Snow-shoes and Sledges*. I had read about the method before, but had always been somewhat sceptical on the subject. But as the directions were plainer than any I had previously seen, I thought I would try it myself. I procured a piece of soft pine and worked a hole in it with my knife. The pencil I made of oak, and the piece that went on top of the pencil I made of whitewood.

I then took an old bow, and taking the string off, put on a larger one about an eighth of an inch in diameter. I took a turn of this around the oak pencil, and drew the bow back and forth. At first I could perceive no fire, but before long, to my surprise, the wood began to smoke, and when I took the pencil out I found it was somewhat charred. I have tried it several times since with more or less success. I would like to know whether any one else has tried this experiment, and how they have succeeded.

I would like some correspondents.

BAYVIEW, MICH.

CARSTEN MORFORD.

Questions and Answers.

AVIS K. Smith, Box 84, San Luis Obispo, Cal., wants to hear from a Chapter that admits corresponding members. GÉRASIME DUBOIS, 21 Chaussée du Vouldy, Troyes, Champagne, France, is a French Knight of the Order, and wants to correspond in French, German, or English, to improve his own and his correspondents' language construction. He will write in any or all of the languages. O. FRUSACK, R. T. K., 84 Norfolk Street, New York, wants to join a literary Chapter.

ELIZABETH A. HYDE, 1458 Euclid Place, N. W., Washington, D. C., wants to hear from other Washington members willing to help her get up an entertainment in that city in aid of the School Fund. S. L. BARKSDALE, a Mississippi Knight, says he has a good many correspondents. It is their custom, besides describing places each may have visited, to propound questions. They differ about answers sometimes, and so they send us five questions, agreeing to abide by our decisions. What is the Flower City and what the Flour City? Springfield, Ill. and Rochester, N. Y. respectively. How does a spider get his web from one tree to another? How does he spin a round web? How does he keep lines the same distance apart? And what keeps him from falling?

The spider possesses no special ability to get from one tree to another. He depends upon the wind generally. He spins a single thread long enough to reach across and then trusts to the wind. If the end attaches itself at what he deems the wrong place, he goes over it where it is, or around by way of the ground and adjusts it. He makes the web regular, both in size and distances apart, because he possesses mathematical and mechanical instinct, just as does the bee, only in less degree. He keeps from falling by clinging to his web. He possesses no peculiar power in this respect over other insects. We cannot express an opinion whether a certain firm is reliable or not. The price of Abbott's *Life of Napoleon* is \$5 in cloth.

The rules of knucks up, with marbles, vary greatly. Here is one way to play it: Dig three holes in the ground three inches in diameter and four feet or more apart. The first player starting at the first hole tries to get his marble into the second hole. If he succeeds he takes a span with his hand and proceeds to the third; if he fails, the next player follows. Should he manage to get into the hole, he plays again, and can either try for the third hole or try to knock his opponent further away from the hole. He also has the privilege of a span. If he should hit his opponent's marble, the hit counts another hole for him, but he must put his marble into the hole he was playing for before he can shoot at his opponent's marble. There is a point to be gained in carrying your opponent's marble from hole to hole. You can finish the game in this way.

The players continue in this way until one or the other has gone up and down three times. The player who has lost the game places his clinched fist on one side of any of the holes, with his marble in front of his fist. The winner gets on the opposite side. He then takes aim, closes his eyes, and shoots. He does this three times, his eyes closed, and every time he misses, or hits his opponent's marble, he has to put his knuckles up on his side of the hole while the loser shoots at them. These are called the "blind" shots. Then he shoots three times at the loser's knuckles with his eyes open. These shots he very seldom misses. It is best not to have too many players, because there is likely to be confusion in the marbles and the holes. You can also play partners in the same way.

The largest city in the United States is New York, and its population, recently enumerated, is only a little below 2,000,000. The following States fought for the Southern cause of 1861, passing secession ordinances on dates in the order named: South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, Arkansas, North Carolina, and Tennessee. The States of Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware refused to secede, but passed ordinances declaring themselves to be neutral.

A VILLAGE OF CHESS-PLAYERS.

WE learn from a foreign journal that the village of Stroebeck is known throughout the whole of Germany as the "chess-playing village." For centuries every native of that village, from the prosperous freeholder down to the poor shepherd, has been an enthusiastic and a more or less efficient chess-player.

From time immemorial the knowledge and love of the game have been handed down from one generation to another, and parents are still in the habit of teaching it to their children as soon almost as they are able to walk. It is one of the regular subjects taught at the village school.

Once a year, at Easter, the children's knowledge of the game is tested by a series of examination conducted by an examining committee of peasants, of which the clergyman is the president and the school-master the vice-president. Forty-eight of the scholars are selected by lot, and matched against each other by a similar method. The twenty-four winners in the series of single combats then enter upon a second struggle among themselves, and the remaining twelve on the third. The six winners in the threefold contest are declared the champion players of the school. They each receive a prize, consisting of a chess-board and chessmen, and are escorted home by their parents and friends after the manner of the Olympian victors among the ancient Greeks. Afterwards a feast is given in their honor to which all the friends and relations are invited.

MARSHMALLOW PASTE AND CANDIES.

DISSOLVE five ounces of best white gum-arabic in twenty table-spoonfuls of water, and strain it. Put it with a pound of powdered sugar into a basin, and place this basin in another containing water. A farina or double boiler is especially good to use for this cooking. Stir constantly till the mass is very stiff and very white. Divide the paste while still hot into parts, flavoring one with vanilla, another with rose and a few drops of pink coloring matter, and another with orange-flower water, if strong and fresh. Then pour the paste into tin dishes dusted with corn-starch. When cool divide into squares with a sharp knife, using it with a quick stroke. A variety of candy can be made with this paste by dipping the squares when perfectly cold in fondant. The fondant should be melted in small quantities, and each portion differently colored and flavored. From marshmallow paste is made another attractive candy, called Neapolitan nougat. Make the marshmallow paste as before, but when thick and white add the well-beaten white of an egg. When well blended remove the mass from the fire, flavor with vanilla, and add a pound of blanched, chopped almonds, and an ounce of pistache nuts, also blanched and chopped. When well mixed press into a box, and when cold cut into bars and wrap each bar in double-waxed paper. As this candy will not keep long put it into an airtight box.

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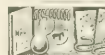
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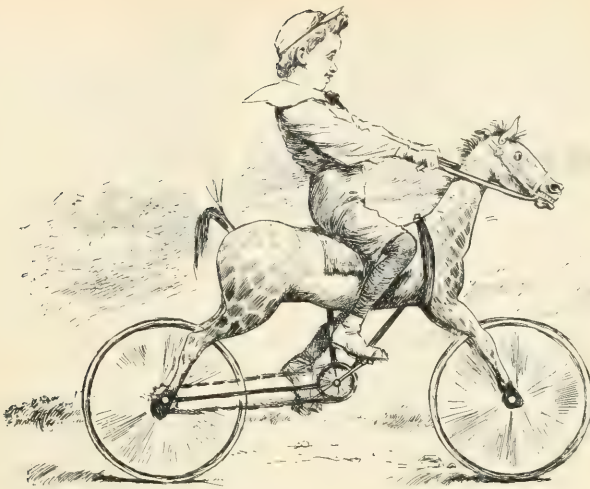
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"GRANDMA," said Ralph, "what did Uncle James go to Borneo for?"

"Well, I declare," answered Grandma; "who ever said that anybody ever went anywhere?"

"You did, Grandma, you know you did; you're trying now to get out of telling me a story."

"But telling you what he went to Borneo for isn't a story."

"No; but it's a good start for one," insisted Ralph.

"Well, then, he went there for his health, I believe," answered Grandma.

"What was the trouble with his health?"

"The doctor said he had indigestion."

"So he went to Borneo, did he?"

"Yes."

"But you are so tantalizing, Grandma. Why is Borneo good for indigestion?"

"Well, the doctor advised him to exercise by riding horseback. He told your uncle that the shaking up which it would give him would be good for him. But he didn't like to ride, so he went to Borneo instead."

"Well, I don't understand it at all," and Ralph drew a long breath and looked deeply perplexed.

"Why, you see the earthquakes there come so often that they keep a person bouncing up and down just as if he were riding horseback all the time—so your uncle said. He would often tell, too, of what a good place it was to sleep, because there are three or four earthquakes every night which toss you up and turn you over and save you the trouble."

"I don't hardly think I'd like it," said Ralph.

"Perhaps not," returned Grandma. "It makes some people nervous. He said himself that it was the most fidgety and excitable island that he was ever on. It would be a good place to play jackstones—don't you think so?—the earthquake would toss 'em for you, and all you'd have to do would be to hold out your hand and look on."

Ralph smiled a little, then he said, "Now tell me the story about Uncle James and Borneo."

"Oh, dear; I thought perhaps you'd forgotten that. Well, you know Borneo is full of wild animals—lions and tigers and leopards and hyenas and jackals and ant-eaters and chimpanzees and—"

"What are chimpanzees?" asked Ralph.

"Chimpanzees are a big kind of monkey—you've seen pictures of them. Your uncle James noticed that during every earthquake the animals were shaken all over the country. They would go rattling and rolling around on the ground everywhere, like pop-corn in a popper. He looked at the wild-animal-market reports in the newspapers and saw that they brought good prices to sell to circuses and park museums, so he made up his mind to catch a few ship-loads and send them back to this country."

"The first thing he did was to hire a hundred Chinamen. He set them at work digging a big hole in the ground. He made it two hundred feet long, a hundred feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep; and when it was all done he went home to his bamboo house and waited for a big earthquake. In a day or two one came. It shook the animals out of the woods till the ground was all covered with them, rolling about everywhere. There was every kind of animal, from wild dogs and porcupines to elephants and hippopotami. They soon began to roll into the hole, and as the earthquake kept on it gradually filled up. Pretty soon it was full, and ferocious and bloodthirsty beasts were boiling up out of it just like foam out of a glass of soda-water—so I remember your uncle said. Then just as the earthquake stopped he went out with the Chinamen and put a big net over the hole, and staked it down all around; and there he had a hundred thousand bushels of fresh wild animals."

"As soon as he could, your uncle began to take out the animals and load them into freight cars to ship to the coast. He didn't get them out any too soon, either, because the earthquake had rattled all of the little ones to the bottom and the big ones to the top, and the little fellows were pretty nearly smothered. One chimpanzee was so cross over being squeezed that he hit an orang-outang on the nose, and if the men hadn't separated them there would have been a serious fight. There were a few natives mixed with the animals, so your uncle said; but he sorted them out very carefully, because he didn't want the folks he sold them to say that he was trying to adulterate his animals with natives."

"That's a very interesting story," said Ralph, "but it seems to me that it is a pretty hard story to believe."

"It seems that way to me, too," replied Grandma. "But I suppose that is because we never travelled in distant lands. Perhaps when you grow up you can go to Borneo and see if you can find the hole in which your uncle caught the animals."

H. C.

At a recent School Board examination in India, where the task was an essay to be written on boys, the following was handed in by a girl of twelve years:

"The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs; but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke too, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep; but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading, but the grown-up girl is a widow and keeps house."



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A FIGHT IN THE FOG.

BY YATES STIRLING, JUN., ENSIGN U.S.N.

"ALL hands to muster!" rang out from the harsh throats of the boatswain's mates of the U.S.S. *Kearsarge*, and the crew came tumbling aft to the quarter-deck. They were as fine-looking a set of bluejackets as one would care to see, the cream of the navy and the naval reserve.

The new *Kearsarge* was cruising off the coast of Great Britain for the purpose of intercepting one of the enemy's finest cruisers, which was known to have recently left England, and was on the way to join her sister ships in her own country.

Every one aboard the American ship was wild to meet the enemy, and the *Kearsarge's* crew had not a fear that the fight would result differently from the one fought by her namesake forty-five years before.

The lookout had just reported smoke to the eastward, from which direction the enemy was expected. When all hands were "up and aft," the Captain addressed his men upon the impending conflict.

"Men," he said, "we are here to fight the most formida-

ble of our enemy's cruisers. She is equal in every respect to the mighty ship upon which we stand. There are no chances in our favor. The battle will depend upon your coolness and courage.

"Men of the main battery, upon you depends the result of the action. Your target is the armored sides and turrets.

"Men of the secondary battery, your nerve and endurance are to be put to the crucial test. Your guns must be directed at the unarmored gun parts and torpedo tubes.

"Remember, all of you, a lucky shot may turn the tide of battle.

"Officers and men, upon you depends whether the new *Kearsarge* shall win a name as lasting and illustrious as did the noble ship from which that name was inherited.

"The eyes of the world are upon you."

A few minutes later the Captain and the executive officers were upon the forward bridge, discussing the details of the plan of action, and casting apprehensive glances at the low line of black smoke on the eastern horizon.

The former is a fine-looking young officer, who has

rapidly advanced to commanding rank through his zeal and untiring labors to perfect the navy of his country.

Many an article from his pen on how a ship should be fought has been published in the scientific papers of America; but now he must put his theories to the test—to learn by experience, bitter or sweet, whether he merited the commendation which his numerous articles on naval science have won for him.

The *Kearsarge*, which was launched in 1900, is an armored cruiser of 9000 tons displacement, 420 feet in length, and 64 feet in breadth. The main battery consists of four 10-inch breech-loading rifles, firing projectiles weighing 500 pounds; two mounted in a 10-inch armored turret forward on midship line, and two in a similarly placed turret aft, and four 8-inch breech-loading rifles, firing projectiles weighing 250 pounds, mounted two each in a 6-inch armored turret on either beam.

The secondary battery consists of twelve 5-inch rapid-fire guns and eight 6-pounders mounted in armored sponsons on a covered gun-deck. On her superstructure rail, about 15 feet above the spar-deck, she carries twelve 37-millimeter revolver cannon and four long 1-pounders. With this tremendous battery she can hurl two tons of steel from one broadside of her main battery every minute, and 362 pounds of steel from her secondary broadside every five seconds. The velocity of this metal on striking within battle-range would be about twenty-five miles a minute. The heavy shells, if striking within the biting angle, can penetrate the armor of any war-vessel afloat.

On her berth-deck she carries five torpedo-tubes with two automobile Whitehead torpedoes for each tube. The charge used is sufficient to sink any cruiser afloat if exploded within ten yards of her bottom plating. The armor on her sides is 5 inches of steel, and her protective-deck is 3 inches in thickness.

Among the inventions which her Captain has given to his navy is a sound-detector, by means of which a sound can be magnified to a very great degree, and its direction accurately ascertained.

The *Kearsarge* had been fitted with one of these detectors before leaving the United States, for the Captain knew that many dense fogs would be met with off the English coast.

She has been cruising about in wait for her prey for over a week. The crew have been given incessant drill and sub-calibre target practice. The plan of attack has been discussed so often that it is known by all the officers.

The ship is "cleared for action." Every station and boat-davit has been lashed to the deck. Every movable object on the deck below has been sent to the protective-deck to avoid, as far as possible, the danger from flying splinters.

The smoke on the horizon has approached, until now it is seen from the top to come from two smoke-pipes framed by something that looks suspiciously like two military fighting-masts.

The crew are gathered on the fore-castle. The enemy is now in sight, and the Captain's glass is upon her. A careful scrutiny shows her to be a war-vessel similar in appearance to his own. At a sign from him the drummer beats to "quarters." This sound calls every man to some station. The Captain goes to the coming-tower, a small heavily armored turret beneath the bridge. An aid enters with him to steer the ship by his direction from the wheel within. A small opening near the top gives the occupants a view around the horizon, and numerous speaking-tubes and telephones put them in communication with all the vital parts of the ship. Crews of twelve men each enter the turrets in charge of an officer. Steam is turned on the turret-engines. The guns on the deck below are divided between two divisions of men, each division in charge of a lieutenant, who has an ensign and midshipman as assistants.

The men are stripped to the waist, and their guns are ready for battle; division tubs are filled with water, and the decks are covered with sand. On the berth-deck hatches and scuttles are opened, tackles are hooked, and the cooks are hoisting powder and shell for the battery.

The torpedo crews are charging their deadly weapons

with compressed air. Below the protective-deck are half-naked men in the magazines and shell rooms, handling the missiles that are soon to speed towards the approaching enemy.

Down in the depths of the steel hull the firemen feed the mighty furnaces to a white heat. It is all the same to them now as when the monsters are engaged in a death-struggle. The sounds of the discharges, of the explosion of shells, and the cries of the wounded will be too distant and muffled to give them an idea of what is going on in the world above them. The first news will come when the terrible torpedo explodes against their ship's side, dooming them to a watery grave, or the merciless ram sinks into its very bowels, or when a heavy shell penetrates one of the huge boilers, dooming all hands in the terrific explosion that will follow.

The stranger has altered her course and is steaming in the direction of the *Kearsarge*. There are her two military masts, but no flag as yet to show her nationality. Suddenly something flutters from her mast-head. It is the flag of England! There is no time now to consider what must be done. The ships are but five miles apart, steaming for each other at twenty-knots speed. One minute more and the cruisers will be within battle-range.

The Captain is a man of quick judgment, and his mind is made up in an instant.

From his point of vantage on the bridge he takes a careful look at the stranger and then at the drawing he has of her, furnished by the Navy Department. It is the same vessel; yet why should she be cleared for action if a British cruiser?

Starboard!

The mighty ship swings around in answer to her helm, and is heading perpendicularly to the course of the stranger.

Two midshipmen stationed at the range-finders in the tops are pointing the delicate instruments towards the approaching ship. Dials at each gun automatically show that the distance is rapidly diminishing. The marines have taken their rifles to the superstructure-deck, and are crouching behind a breastwork constructed of closely lashed hammocks. The doctors have removed their medicines and instruments to the ward-room, and the long mess-tables are in readiness to receive the dead and wounded. The chief quartermaster stands ready aft with a spare ensign to hoist over the ship should his country's flag be shot away.

When the range-finder registers three and a half miles the Captain orders the forward turret to fire at the stranger. The air is rent immediately by the blast of the discharge.

The crew wait breathlessly while the shells reach the height of their trajectories. One strikes the sea short, while the other strikes the stranger and explodes.

The irrevocable step is taken. England's flag has been fired upon.

All hands wait to see what the stranger will do. Three miles told the range-finder.

A brown mist shoots from the stranger's forward turret; at the same time the British flag is hauled down, and the flag of the enemy floats defiance in its stead. Two 10-inch shells fall but a few yards short of the *Kearsarge*, and a moment later the sound of the discharge reaches the ears of her crew.

Two miles and a half registers the range-finder, and all the officers are directed to open fire. Shot after shot belches forth from the *Kearsarge's* broadside and speeds towards the enemy, exploding against her armor and topsides.

As yet the *Kearsarge* has not been hit, but now the vapor from the enemy's smokeless powder shoots from the muzzles of a score of guns not two thousand yards away, and two tons of steel are launched on their deadly flight.

The havoc aboard the *Kearsarge* will never be forgotten. The armor is pierced, the topsides are riddled. The carnage among the unprotected men on the gun-deck and superstructure is awful. But worst of all, many men not wounded by shot and shell are laid insensible by some unseen power.

Skulouite is the word that passes from lip to lip. The

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

poisonous gas is the aftermath of the explosion of shells loaded with this deadly compound.

The men are carried from the compartments filled with the vapor, and the air-tight doors are closed to prevent the spreading of the noxious fumes to the magazines and engine-rooms.

The cruisers are now but fifteen hundred yards apart, steaming in opposite directions. As they circle about one another like mighty birds of prey they are fast approaching within range at which a new weapon will be launched against the other's steel hull, the silent but relentless torpedo. Then the ram will soon crash through one of the cruisers. Which will it be?

The *Kearsarge's* fire is becoming more desultory as the crew of one gun after another succumbs to the terrible influence of the skulonite.

Suddenly a steel fishlike weapon is seen shooting from the enemy's side. The Captain of the *Kearsarge* watches with breathless anxiety the line of bubbles on the water's surface, as the torpedo approaches his ship at a terrific speed. It suddenly swerves, and goes but a few yards clear of her stern.

The *Kearsarge's* breast torpedo is launched at the enemy. With a splash it leaps from her side and speeds on its errand of destruction. The bubbles in its wake show the aim is good. It must strike. But no, it has gone under the enemy's ram.

What is that hazy line to windward, but half a mile distant? It is a most welcome sight to the brave man in the conning-tower, and he heads his crippled ship for the oncoming mist. Soon she is swallowed up in the dense fog-bank, and shut out from her enemy's view.

The enemy gives chase, as the American commander had expected. He turns the trumpet of his sound-detector in the direction of the pursuing vessel, and from its dial ascertains her course.

The enemy is still firing, but the guns of the *Kearsarge* have ceased to roar, and "silence fore and aft" is commanded of the crew. The fleeing ship goes on until her Captain is sure that his foe has entered the fog, then the helm is put hard over, and the ship swings around until the instrument indicates that the other is dead ahead.

Again the Captain is hopeful of success, as he realizes that the enshrouding mist and the instrument before him place the advantage in his favor. His eye is fixed on the pointer of the dial, ever responsive to the electric current set up by the sound waves beating upon the sensitive diaphragm in the trumpet. The ship leaps forward until he hears through the ear-piece the throb of the enemy's engines. His heart beats fast, but he knows that he must be self-controlled.

The ships are coming together bows on. The American commander causes his ship to swing to starboard a little so as to point her bow away from the approaching enemy.

The instant for action has come. He starboards his helm in order to lay his ship across the course of the enemy. "Prepare to ram" is telephoned by the aid at his side. The ship swings around. The pointer swerves from the direction of her starboard bow to dead ahead. Has he been too late? Will he pass across her wake, or will he cross her path in time to receive her ram prow in his own broadside? The needle points ahead when the huge side of the enemy looms up through the fog.

In a moment, with a terrific shock, the ram bow of the victorious *Kearsarge* enters the side of the enemy, cleaving armor and deck-plating as though it were wood.

Slowly the victor backs off from her sinking enemy. The rammed ship commences to deliver death-dealing shots; but she is fast sinking.

She can no longer elevate her guns enough to strike the *Kearsarge*. She has heeled too far. The firing ceases.

All the *Kearsarge's* boats that are not disabled are manned and ready to render assistance to the vanquished.

Not a moment too soon. The ill-fated ship heels to starboard, her stern rising high in the air, her screws thrashing the fog in their upward flight, the flag under which her brave defenders had so well fought still waving at her trucks, and slowly sinks beneath the waves, sending up

columns of water from her hatchways, and engulfing her crew in the mighty suction.

But few survivors were saved of the few hundred that had had victory so nearly in their grasp.

THE SAD STORY OF THE MOUSE.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

ONE winter, when mamma was ill,
And scarce could move at all,
There used to come a little mouse
From out the bedroom wall.

Mamma would scatter crumbs for it;
'Twas company, she said;
She liked to see it run about
While she was there in bed.

And when mamma was well again,
The mouse would still come out,
And nose around in search of food,
And scamper all about.

At last one day—oh dear! oh dear!—
A naughty boy was I;
I set a trap to catch that mouse;
I'm sure I don't know why.

I'd hardly closed the cupboard door
Before the thing went, Snap!
I was afraid to go and look
At what was in the trap.

At last I looked; the mouse was there!
I carried it away;
I never told a soul of it;
I could not play all day.

And after that mamma would say,
"Why, where's our little mouse?
It must have found some other place
I think, about the house."

But, oh, I'd give my bat and ball,
My kite and jackknife too,
To see that mouse run round again
The way it used to do.

SHOOTING THE CHUTE.

BY WALTER CLARK NICHOLS.

MORE swiftly than the lightest-feathered swallow wings her flight southward in the fall, more rapidly than any railroad train in the world sweeps along its iron road, you speed down a long slide at an angle of about thirty-seven degrees. Your heart leaps into your throat as the boat you are in strikes the water and skims unevenly over the surface of a small pond, and then your heart comes back to its right place as you find you are unhurt. Then you give a gasp of pleasure, and are ready to try it all over again. For you have "shot the chute."

"Shooting the chute" is the invention of that intrepid swimmer and boat paddler Captain Paul Boyton. Captain Boyton, who is as brave as he is modest, is the man who has paddled over twenty-five thousand miles on the principal rivers of the world in a peculiarly constructed rubber suit, over great falls, and through dark cañons, in Europe, Africa, and America; who has fought sharks and seals, and has had all sorts of strange adventures. The idea of the "chute" first came to him, he says, while shooting down the raging Tagus in Spain. In his book he says:

"The thought struck me as I was going into some subterranean passage, the perpendicular walls seeming to close in and swallow up the entire river. I was swept down by the mighty current, and was beginning to feel sure that I



YOU SEE THE BOAT LEAP FORTY FEET AT A JUMP.

was being carried into some underground rapids, when I was suddenly dumped into a deep pool, where the course of the river was running smooth and placidly along."

The first chute in America was built in Chicago, and opened for business on July 4, 1894. It is nothing more nor less than an inclined roadway of wood or iron, starting at a height of from 60 to 75 feet, which, with a run of about 250 feet, descends to the surface of the water. On this roadway there are tracks upon which boats, each holding eight passengers, glide rapidly down. When the boat strikes the water, the impetus acquired in the descent causes it to "skim" over the water in a series of bounds, like a stone thrown by a boy in "ducks and drakes," some 300 feet to a landing-stage, where the passengers are disembarked.

But such a brief description doesn't even suggest the fun and the excitement of "shooting the chute." It is a sport where old and young can meet on common ground. In fact one poet has recently told how

"Little Jimmy was a scholar,
And his aptitude was such
That his parents and his teacher
Were afraid he'd know too much.
So his grandamma said, 'Bless him,
I will take him into town,
And we'll go to Captain Borton's,
Where they'll water-shoot us down.'"

Suppose you were to go down to the chute—for there are four chutes in different parts of the country now, in Chicago, Atlanta, Baltimore, and at Coney Island—you would see something like this: There is a big enclosure, with a high board fence around it, from which a huge incline stretches up. It looks like a toboggan slide, only far bigger than most. The man at the stile-gate says, "Tickets, please." So you pay twenty cents for each ticket,

admitting you to the grounds and one ride each on the chute. Just as you go in you hear a roaring, rattling sound, and a boat comes rushing down the slide into the lake in front of you. You see the boat leap forty feet at a jump over the surface of the water, like some ocean demon, until it finally quiets down and allows itself to be paddled easily up to the bank. As the people in the boat are helped out by several of the fifty attendants dressed in sailor suits, you expect them to cry out some expression of disapproval, for you certainly heard them shouting out in a frightened manner as they rode down the chute. But no.

"Wasn't it perfectly splendid?" says one woman.

"It beats tobogganing!" exclaims another.

"Let's do it again!" says a small boy.

A little reassured, you move around with the crowd towards the entrance to the slide, and, after giving your tickets to the gateman, you all get into little cars—similar to those in use at Niagara Falls running down to the whirlpool rapids—attached to endless chains, which drag you up to the top of the chute as slowly as the boats in the other part go rapidly. As you get a little more than halfway up, a boatload of people rattles by within ten feet of you, and you wonder again whether you will have the courage to make the first trial.

Once up, you follow the others around to the other side of the chute, where boats are sent down every fifteen seconds. You glance down the slide. It looks very long, and the water, which the steersman says is only three feet deep, seems very far away and very deep. At last, with a sudden gulp of courage, you jump in, holding tight to the railings as the guard bids you. You see little streams of water bubbling up and trickling down every few inches or so along the slide, and 'way below the big pool of water looks yawningly upward. The boat-despatcher has his hand on the lever which holds the boat back. And now that is turned.

"Hold fast, ladies and gentlemen. Hats under the seat! Now, then, you're off!"

Quickly the boat rattles into the incline. A fraction of a second, and you are rushing along so fast that you almost scream. A second or two more, and you are going at the rate of seventy-four miles an hour. You have lost your breath, but the fresh air that rushes into your lungs gives you a delicious sensation. You feel as if you were flying through the air.

Boom! Splash! The boat strikes the water, almost jolting you off your seat, and whirling the spray high into the air. The people on the banks of the little pond whiz by, for the speed is still terrific, and the boat jumps forward in crazy leaps. After two or three of these spasmodic efforts the boat glides to the landing, thanks to the assistance of the man in the stern. Your breath comes back. You find you weren't hurt a bit, or even wet. You feel as if you jumped from the top of the barn into the lowest but softest hay-mow. You give an ecstatic gasp, this time of extreme delight, and plead with papa or Uncle Tom to "try it again."

You "try it again," and this time you are not scared a bit, just simply delighted. As you are being paddled over to the shore after the last violent plunge of the ride, you take a look at the boat, and notice that it is very strongly built—of hickory and oak, the boatman says, and costing over a hundred dollars. It has a long slope upward in the prow, less sharp than a yacht's bow, and thus the danger of getting wet is almost entirely done away with. Each boat has four seats, seating eight people altogether, besides the man who steers.

Perhaps you go down the chute a few times more. If you do, you will have acquired the "chute craze," and then it is only a question of how much money you can have spent for you. Abroad, several of the royal families ac-

quired the "chute craze," and some of them have had amusing times on it. When the present Emperor of Russia, then the Czarovitch, was visiting England in July, 1893, he, the Prince of Wales, and the King of Denmark, went to Captain Boyton's water-show to "shoot the chute." An eye-witness, who wrote about it to a Chicago paper, said:

"They climbed to the top of the high incline, and the Czarovitch, with a twinkle in his eye, invited the King of Denmark to take the front seat in the boat in which they were to make the swift descent. His Majesty took the place, and his nephew quietly stepped in behind and put his silk hat under the seat. The Indian guide pushed off, and in a moment the boat was flying like mad down the steep incline. The King, who thought the boat would certainly plunge under the waters of the lake when it struck, crouched down and held on like grim death. The Czarovitch stood up and yelled with excited glee. The flat-bottomed boat dashed into the water with a tremendous splash, leaped four or five feet into the air, and a drenching shower of spray covered his Majesty on the front seat. As the boat approached the opposite shore the Czarovitch turned to the Indian who was steering, grinned, and put out his hand; the Indian grinned wickedly, and something slipped into his fingers. There had been a similar bit of pantomime before the boat started, and as skilful guides can take their boats through the exciting trips without wetting their passengers, it is supposed that the young Czarovitch played a little joke on his royal uncle. The Prince of Wales came down in another boat, and they all liked it so much that they all went back and tried it again."

So popular has the pastime been at the chute near New York that over 30,000 persons have frequently "shot the chute" in a day.



THE "CHUTE."



THE FIRST JUMP.



THE SECOND JUMP.



"TRYING IT AGAIN."

OAKLEIGH.*

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XL

CHRISTMAS morning dawned cloudy and very cold, but it had stopped snowing, and after a while the sun came out and turned the country into a radiant, dazzling spectacle.

The Franklins were to have a party during the holidays, and it had been planned for the following Tuesday—New-Year's eve.

"If we had only arranged to have it earlier we might have escaped that horrid Bronson," said Cynthia, regretfully, the day after Christmas. "Now, of course, he will come with the Morgans, and, worse still, we shall have to be polite to him in our own house."

"I should hope so," said Edith. "You were rude enough to him at the picnic, and I do think good manners are so attractive. I am going to cultivate them as much as possible. No one will ever like you unless you are polite, Cynthia."

"I seem to have plenty of friends," returned her sister, composedly, "and I don't really care to have Bronson like me. In fact, I would rather prefer that he shouldn't. I wouldn't consider it much of a compliment to be liked by a—*creature* like that!"

It would be impossible to convey an idea of the contempt in Cynthia's voice as she said this.

"And if you are going to have such lovely manners, I should think it would be just as well to begin at home," she added.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't suppose you will like it, but really, Edith, sometimes it does seem as if you just tried to hurt mamma's feelings. I know I ought not to say this, perhaps, for you think I am only a younger sister, I suppose, and haven't any right to lecture you; but when I remember how nice you really are, I can't bear to have you act so. If you only would try to like her, instead of trying not to like her! There, don't cry, dear; I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

And Cynthia threw her arms around her sister and kissed her.

"You have hurt them," said Edith, with a sob, "but I deserve it. I don't know what has gotten into me since the Gordons came. I can't like her being here. Oh, Cynthia, you don't know how I feel sometimes! I wish I didn't have such bad, wicked thoughts."

"Do you really try to get over it, Edith?"

"No-o, not very hard," she faltered. "I can't forgive her for coming and taking my place, and—and—I don't want to forgive her. There, I know you will think I am bad and horrible and everything else, but I can't help it."

And, rising abruptly, she left the room.

"Poor old Edith!" sighed Cynthia, compassionately. "She will come round some time; she can't help it."

On New-Year's eve was to be the Franklins' party.

"Edith, we must have it very original and unique, something quite different from anything we have ever had in our lives," said Cynthia, a few days before.

"How can we? There's nothing new."

"Yes, there is, right in my head. I have an idea."

"What in the world is it?"

"Well, I'll tell you," and she proceeded to unfold it.

It proved to be a good one, and with Mrs. Franklin's help it was carried into effect. The suggestion was to have a "character" party, but to enact the parts without dressing especially for them. A list was made of persons well known in history or fiction, and from this list Mrs. Franklin chose those she considered the best, and wrote against each name that of some girl or boy in Brenton. This she did without telling her daughters how she had apportioned the parts, that they might be as ignorant as their guests about one another's characters.

* Begun in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE No. 817.

"It is a truly Bostonese party," said Mrs. Franklin, laughing, when they talked it over. "There is an intellectual flavor to it that you wouldn't find far away from 'the Hub,' but it is a capital idea, nevertheless, Cynthia."

When the list was duly made Mrs. Franklin drove about Brenton to the various girls and boys who were expected, and invited them for Tuesday evening, explaining to them at the same time what they were to do.

It was an old-fashioned tea-party, and the guests began to arrive at six o'clock. There were twenty in all, and they came hurrying in out of the cold, and up-stairs to remove their heavy wraps, the girls tripping down again in their dainty evening dresses, while the boys stood about the doorways in rather an aimless fashion, wondering what they were expected to do at such a very peculiar tea-party as this seemed to be.

It added to the mystery that each was given a card with his or her name prettily printed upon it, and a little pencil attached.

"I never heard of anything like it, don't you know," drawled Bronson. "I'll be hanged if I know what to talk about."

After supper, which was very jolly and effectually broke the ice, Mr. Franklin made a little speech.

"You are all supposed to be somebody, and no one but my wife knows which is which," he said. "The object is for each one to guess as many characters as possible from their conversation, and when you have made up your mind who some one is, you will write the name on your card, with the name of the person you are guessing about. When your card is filled with twenty-four names, which means that you have given a guess about every one here, you will hand it in. Then the prizes will be bestowed."

"Prizes!" was murmured by the girls; "how lovely!" while the boys looked relieved as the matter became clearer.

Cynthia turned to her neighbor and began to talk.

"Good-evening!" she said; "did you see anything of my broom? I forgot to bring it along. Dear me, there's a lot to be done up there," gazing towards the ceiling; "why didn't I bring it along?"

The neighbor chanced to be Dennis Morgan.

"I haven't seen your broom," he replied, "but I'm going to find out why you want it. The trouble is, I've come too soon, I think, and I can't find my way; but I can't tell you where I want to go, or you would guess me on the spot."

"Ho!" laughed Cynthia; "I know where you want to go. I think you would like a glass of water, wouldn't you? For I am sure you have burned your mouth," she added.

Then she wrote on her card: "Dennis Morgan—Man in the Moon."

"Pshaw! How did you guess me so soon? And I haven't the ghost of an idea who you are. Let me see, you want your broom. I can't imagine why you need a broom."

"Cobwebs, cobwebs everywhere," murmured Cynthia, as she turned away and listened to the conversation that was being carried on between Neal and Gertrude Morgan.

"I'm a wonderful man," said Neal. "In fact I don't know but what I'm about as great a person as you ever heard of. You can't mention my name without alluding to it."

"I don't believe you are half as great as I am," retorted Gertrude, "only I don't talk as much about it. Why, I am a queen."

"And I am a king. What kind of a queen are you?"

"I rule over a very important kingdom, and not only do I reign but I can cook, too. I am one of those very convenient people to have about that can turn their hand to almost anything, but I am chiefly celebrated for my cookery. I made something nice one hot summer day—"

"Take care, Gertrude!" cried Cynthia: "I know you." And she wrote on her card: "Gertrude Morgan—Queen of Hearts."

"Oh, come, Cynthia, that's too bad!" exclaimed Neal. "I can't guess her at all, but it's because I am so taken up reading a wonderful book when I am very young, and making colored candles, and all that sort of thing."

"I thought you said you were a king?" said Gertrude. "So I am; a terribly good sort, too."

At last Gertrude guessed him, and wrote "Alfred the Great" with his name on her card.

Neal, however, could not discover who she was, not being as well posted in "Mother Goose" as was Cynthia.

The one who was most mysterious was Edith. For a long time no one could imagine who she was.

"I have had a great many adventures," she said, as they gathered about her. "I have travelled to places that the rest of you have never been to. I have played games with a duchess, and I have taken care of a duchess's baby. A great many of my friends talk poetry. I have long light hair, and sometimes I'm tall and sometimes I'm short."

"Never short, Edith, I'm sure," said Neal. Every one laughed, for they teased Edith about her stately height.

"I know you! I know you!" cried Cynthia, dancing with glee. "You told too much that time," and she hastily scribbled "Alice in Wonderland" on her card.

She herself, as the "Old Woman who swept the cobwebs from the sky," was easily guessed, much to her own chagrin.

At last each one had written twenty-four names on his or her card, and they were given to Mrs. Franklin for inspection. Some funny mistakes were made, and as they were read out they created much merriment.

Somebody thought Yankee Doodle must be Paul Revere, because he had been spoken of as a rider; Julius Caesar and Columbus were hopelessly mixed, both having mentioned themselves as crossing the water, and it being impossible, from the description given, to distinguish between the Rubicon and the Atlantic Ocean; the Lady of the Lake and Pocahontas were confused, as they each saved a life; and every one mistook the Old Woman that lived in a Shoe for Puss in Boots, because of her persistent talk about foot-wear.

Cynthia had made a greater number of correct guesses than any one, but as she was one of the hostesses she could not, of course, claim a prize, so it fell to Tony Bronson, who was next on the list. Cynthia turned away to hide the grudge which she could not repress when the dear little clock in a red-leather case was given to him as first prize.

Kitty Morgan, Gertrude's cousin, was awarded the "booby" prize, for having made the poorest guesses—a dainty little pin, which, she said, quite repaid her for her stupidity; while one of the Brenton girls, whose list was next best to Bronson's, received a pretty silver-framed calendar as "Consolation."

It made a merry evening, and after the game was over they danced and played other games until it was time to go home. It was eleven o'clock when the last sleigh drove away.

"Only an hour to midnight," said Cynthia; "can't we sit up and see the old year out? Do, papa, let us! We never have, and it must be such fun. We couldn't go to sleep, anyhow, after such an exciting evening."

Mr. Franklin consented, and they sat about the fire discussing the success of the game and the girls and boys who had been there, one or two of whom remained for the night at Oakleigh.

Neal and Cynthia were alone for a few moments. They had gone out into the hall to see the hour by the tall clock, and they found the hands pointing to ten minutes of twelve.

"Let us wait here for it to strike," said Cynthia, going to the window.

The lamp had gone out in the hall, and it was but dimly lighted from the room where the family were sitting. Outside, the moon was shining on the white fields and frozen river. The old year was dying in a flood of glory.

"I always feel so full of good resolutions on New-Year's Eve," said Cynthia, in a low voice; "I wish I could keep them all."

"So do I," returned Neal. "I am always turning over a new leaf. I must have turned over three volumes of new leaves by this time. But they don't amount to much."

"It is discouraging, isn't it? I have never said any-

thing about it to any one before. It seems to me I am always breaking my good resolutions."

"I don't see how. First of all, it doesn't seem as if you did anything that is wrong—a girl doesn't have much chance to."

"Oh yes, she does. You don't know. And I have so many faults. There are my bureau drawers—I can't keep them neat, and my clothes would be all in tatters if it were not for Edith and mamma. And, worst of all, there is my tongue."

"Your tongue?"

"Yes. It is such fun to make fun of people and say sharp things when I don't like them—the kind of thing I am always saying to that Bronson."

Neal laughed, and then he sighed.

"You are putting me into a bad corner. If you think your faults are so tremendous, what must you think of mine? I'm a thief and a coward."

"Neal!"

"Yes, I am. I am a thief because I don't pay that money. I had no business to borrow it in the first place, and I could save it out of my allowance if I would take the trouble, but I am too lazy; and I am such a coward I won't ask Hessie for it, because I am ashamed to have your father know it. It's all a nasty business, anyway."

He looked moodily out on the snow, drumming his fingers on the window-pane.

"Neal," said Cynthia, softly touching his arm with her hand as she spoke, "let's turn over one more new leaf. I will look out for my tongue and my bureau drawers, and you will tell mamma everything and start fresh. Will you, Neal? Promise?"

Before he answered the clock began to strike.

"Happy New-Year! Happy New-Year!" was heard from the parlor. "Neal and Cynthia, where are you? Come in here, that we may all be together when the clock stops striking."

So the old year died, and Neal had not given the required promise."

One day, shortly before he returned to St. Asaph's, he said to his sister,

"Hessie, if I had been of age I think I would have tried to break the will of grandmother's."

"Oh, Neal dear, don't say that! What do you mean?"

"Well, it isn't that I mind your having the money; you have always been a brick about keeping me supplied; but the trouble is, I need more than you give me."

"Neal, I am afraid you are spending too much," said Mrs. Franklin, looking at him anxiously. "Are you in debt again? You know I would love to give you all I have, but your guardians and the trustees of the estate and John all think that you have a very large allowance for a school-boy, and it would not be a good plan to let you have any more."

"Bother them all!" exclaimed Neal, seizing the poker and giving the fire an angry thrust. A shower of sparks flew out, but he let one burn a hole in the rug without noticing. "I'm tired of being tied to your apron-strings. I've a good mind to cut loose altogether."

"Don't say that!" cried Mrs. Franklin, in distress, going to him and putting her arm through his. He was taller than she, and she had to look up at him.

"If it were only you, it would be different," continued her brother; "but you see you're married now, and everything is changed."

"But John is fond of you, Neal; I know he is. But he knows all about boys, and his advice is good. Would—would five dollars help you?"

"You're a good little soul, Hessie," said Neal, looking down at her affectionately. His momentary ill-humor passing, "and I suppose it is not your fault if you can't give me any more. No, thank you; I won't take the five. Don't worry about me. Here comes Jack in the outfit; we're going to the village." And in a moment he was off.

The next day he went back to St. Asaph's.

The winter passed quickly after Christmas had come and gone, and all had settled down again to the routine of work. Mrs. Franklin could not help feeling



THE GIRLS CAME TRIPPING DOWN IN THEIR DAINTY EVENING DRESSES.

anxious about Neal. She confided her fears to her husband, but he made light of them.

"The boy only wanted more spending-money, Hester. He is very extravagant, and you will be doing very wrongly if you supply him with more money. His allowance is too large, at any rate, for a boy of his age. Jack gets along perfectly well with just one-fifth the amount."

"But Jack is different."

"Very different, and Neal ought to be different, too. You paid his debts in the fall, which were enormous for a school-boy, and then he was free to start afresh. You will never cure him of extravagance if you keep him supplied with all the money he wants."

Mrs. Franklin was forced to acknowledge the truth of her husband's remarks. She said no more, though she was none the less worried.

Cynthia noticed that her step-mother was not as light-hearted as formerly. They were going in to Boston one Saturday morning to do some shopping together. Cynthia had decided to buy a watch with Aunt Betsey's money, and she had brought the gold pieces with her.

"I am so afraid of losing them I don't know what to do," she said. "Fifty dollars is so enormous, isn't it? Please take it in your bag, mamma; I know I shall lose it."

Mrs. Franklin smiled absently, and when she had put away the money she looked out of the window again.

"Mamma," said Cynthia, leaning towards her, "you are worried about something, aren't you? Tell me, is it Neal?"

Mrs. Franklin looked startled.

"I did not know I had such a tell-tale face," she said. "Yes, you have guessed it, Cynthia. I cannot help feeling worried about him. I have not heard from him for some time, and that makes me uneasy. But it is just fancy, and will pass off. Probably there will be a letter from him to-night."

Cynthia also had remarked on Neal's silence, and this confirmed her fears. She did not say anything more to Mrs. Franklin, however, for Neal had again made her promise to repeat nothing he had told her.

"I'll never confide in you again if you tell," he had said; so, of course, Cynthia had promised.

Her mind was busy during the remainder of the trip to Boston, and when the train glided into the station she had determined to put her thoughts into action.

"We will go to Shreve's and then to Bigelow's to look at watches," said Mrs. Franklin, as they walked across the Common. "We had better look at both places before you decide."

"I have changed my mind, mamma. I don't think I will buy a watch."

"Why, Cynthia!" exclaimed Mrs. Franklin, almost stopping short in her surprise; "you want one so much!"

"No, I don't think I do—at least not just now. Let us

just go buy the clothes, and I'll keep Aunt Betsey's money a little longer."

She would give no further explanation, and her mother could not induce her even to glance at the watches in Shreve's window. No; she had decided that she did not need one.

When they reached home she took the money and went to her own room. She was standing by the window, carefully packing the coins in a little box with cotton, and about to do it up for the mail—for she knew no better way of sending the money—when she heard the sound of wheels on the drive.

Looking out, she saw one of the depot carriages approaching, and in the vehicle was Neal himself.

Full of apprehension, dreading she knew not what, Cynthia dropped the box of money and flew down stairs.

It was not vacation, it was the middle of the school-term.

Why had Neal come home?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CORPORAL FRED.

A Story of the Riots.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER VII.

EVEN that drive of a dozen blocks was full of excitement. As the buggy whirled away from the post of the outermost sentry, after a brief impatient interview, the sergeant of the guard sang out to the only occupant whom he knew or in whom he felt personal interest, "Look out for 'toughs' down the street, Fred. A gang of 'em's just been scattered over at the Amity Works."

"That's where we're bound," was the answer shouted back over the lowered buggy top, and then our corporal turned to his whilom "boss," but now silent and embarrassed convoy. "Now, Mr. Manners, whether they recognize you or not they'll see my uniform, and while they're meek enough in front of a company, they're bold as a lion against a single militiaman. Hoist the buggy top. That'll fend off rocks from the back and sides, anyhow, and if anybody tries to stop us before we get to the works, whip up and drive for all you're worth."

It was good counsel. Turning out of the avenue with its electric lamps, the buggy was spinning through a dimly lighted, unpared cross street. Knots of people were still hovering about the corners—even women and children. Loud, harsh voices were wrangling in a saloon, but for three or four blocks northward the buggy whirled unmolested, then ahead could be seen groups of uncouth-looking

men arguing under the lamp-posts or skulking about the street corners, and presently, as Manners's swift roadster came springing up the street, the gas-light fell one instant on the buttons and white chevrons of the corporal's blouse. A burst of yells and taunts was the result as they drove by the first group. This drew the attention of the others, and redoubled yells and a crash of stones followed from the next, and presently the street ahead was alive with straggling rioters running out to head off this lone vehicle, freighted with they knew not what, but quickly divined to be of the hated "capitalistic class." Manners reached for his whip and lashed his spirited mare over the haunches. She seemed to leap into air, amazed and indignant, and two rough fellows who sprang at her head were banged aside as easily as an ironclad would burst through a shad net. But up the street the crowd was thicker. Only five blocks away now, around the second turn to the right, were the Amity Works and Fred's comrades of Company L, but between them lurked some hundreds of the foiled and furious mob, balked in their scheme of wrecking and burning the laden cars and the magnificently inflammable plant of the wealthy corporation, and eager to revenge themselves either on the owners or on those who had become its guardians and protectors. Some one recognized the buggy and Manners as they flashed by a lamp-post,



"STAND BACK!" HE SHOUTED, "OR I'LL FIRE!"

and shouted his name. "Head 'em off!" "Stop 'em!" "Shoot 'em!" "Kill the bloody hounds!" were the only intelligible yells, and the gangs of "toughs" and tramps along the street and among the lumber piles yelled mad echo to the cry. Stones and other missiles came whirling through the night, some striking the mare and redoubling her wild speed, some clattering upon the buggy top, some few, better aimed, and from the front, whizzing into the buggy itself. One of these stung Manners on the cheek, just as Fred, bending low to dodge another, shouted to his companion, "Turn her to the right—next street—it's our only chance."

Not a second too soon. Galloping now, the game little mare was hard to guide, but Manners stood up and fairly dragged her around the corner, the dust whirling in clouds from the flashing wheels, the buggy nearly capsizing by the sudden turn. Here they came face to face and easily burst through a little knot of rioters running to join the crowd on the street they had just left, a yell of baffled rage following them as they went dashing away up the dim, dusty lane. "Courage! Only three blocks more and we're safe," said Fred, as the manager, his grim mouth set, gripped hard at the reins and strove to regain control. But the mare was mad with fear and excitement now, and at the very next cross street swerved to the left, the shortest line to her stable. The buggy careened, whirled against the wooden curb, and in another instant, shooting its occupants across the sidewalk, went bounding and dashing up the street, shedding spokes, tires, cushions, and springs with every jump, and landing, a moment later, only a dangling wreck at the heels of the reeking mare in the hands of Company L, still ranked in front of the shops.

"It's Manners's buggy," cried Sercombe, "and he's spilled out somewhere up the street. The mob have got him. Save him if it's a possible thing."

So, too, said the Captain, and forty men of the "Backwoods Boys," as L was facetiously termed by the city companies, went doubling down the dusty street, peering eagerly ahead through the darkness.

Not a moment too soon, either. Stunned, bruised, and blinded, Mr. Manners lay like a log upon the wooden walk; but Fred, light and athletic, had bounded to his feet, despite the shock, and in an instant had picked up his rifle and run to the succor of his companion. With a yell of triumph the nearest rioters came rushing down upon them around the corner. Two blocks further away the gas-light showed other parties of excited, wildlike men hastening in pursuit. The nearest were some sixty yards away, but at least a dozen of them, with exultant howls and renewed cries of "Kill 'em!" "Slash 'em!" "Lynch 'em!" bore down on the luckless manager and his sole defender. Instantly Fred slipped one of the long copper cartridges in the breech and slammed the block. "Stand back!" he shouted, "or I'll fire!" Then as they still rushed on he quickly raised the long brown Springfield to his shoulder and sighted square at the foremost man. "Halt, or I'll drop you in your tracks!" and the coward knew he meant it, and crouched and dodged, waiting for others to reach him. Then again, encouraged by the yells of those behind, on they came, but slower, skulking close to the fence, bending low, ducking and dancing to disconcert his aim. And then the words of his Colonel at the armory came ringing in his ears, "Not a shot, men—not a finger on the trigger except at the order fire!"—and there was none to order here. Yet dauntless and determined there he stood, and that one gallant Yankee boy, in whose veins the fighting blood of the Highland clans was boiling, in the simple service dress of the National Guard, was just enough to hold ten city "toughs" at bay one vital and all-important moment, for when, re-enforced by the coming of their fellows from the rear, they finally rushed on to work their cowardly hate on the one prostrate man with his sole defender, they were met face to face by the charge of Company L, and got the hammering they so richly deserved.

And so morning dawned at last on smoking yards, on half-burned shops, on slowly but surely moving mail and passenger trains, on the glistening walls and windows of the unharmed Amity Works, all stoutly guarded by busi-

nesslike detachments of the city's crack regiment, and the great mobs of the previous day and night were scattered far and wide. All night police and patrol wagons had been busily at work, and drunken or still riotous characters were being gathered in and trundled to the station-houses, or pitched neck and crop into some freight-car temporarily turned guard-house. The Steinmans, Frenzels, and other instigators had disappeared. Just as they had kept well behind the fighting line when the struggle was hottest, so now were they nowhere to be found when by their deluded followers as well as by the police they most were wanted. Stoltz, too, had been spirited away, and was in hiding somewhere among the outlying wards, but with a crack in his skull, said the doctor who gave first aid to the wounded, that would neutralize "the wheels in his head" for months to come. This at least was comfort to many, and the Wallaces were in sore need of comfort, for up to eight o'clock on this second morning of the strike not one word had been heard of the loved husband and father. At six the Colonel himself had ridden over to the Amity Works with a little escort, finding the neighborhood deserted, and only a few scowling, skulking rioters left. Taking Fred with him, he had patrolled the streets, and then given his anxious guide a chance to visit his home. "Stay as long as necessary, corporal; but—I've heard about last night, and shall wait you later to-day after you've found your father."

But when and how were they to find father was the question. Jim, under the influence of opiates, still slept heavily. The policemen told off to search came back crestfallen to say they could hear nothing of the old man. No one had seen him since he left the shops the previous day. Anxiety deepened with every minute, and at nine o'clock poor Mrs. Wallace had practically abandoned hope. "They've murdered him," she sobbed; "I know they have. They hated him for standing by his duty."

And even as she spoke there was a stir and excitement on the street without. "Police patrol coming!" said some one, and come it did at rapid trot, but without clang of bell or warning cry. It reined up abruptly in front of the little cottage, and then there went up a shout of delight, and Mrs. Wallace, rushing from the house, sobbing anew in relief from dread and sorrow, seized and clasped her husband in her arms as with calm dignity he stepped from the wagon. The police seemed desirous of creating a pleasant impression. They were assiduous in their care of Mr. Wallace. They begged Mrs. Wallace to understand that he had had the best breakfast money could buy. There was evident cause of embarrassment and something to be explained and extenuated, yet everybody crowded around Wallace, and nobody seemed to care to listen to them. They hung about as though they wanted to shake hands with him, but the old foreman only very formally touched his hat as he said good-by.

"Where have I been? How did I escape?" he finally said in answer to appeals of friends and neighbors. "I've been spending the night in jail—with other desperate characters. I escaped by being arrested—in Jim's coat—as a leader of the riot. Where's Jim?"

This was actually the case. Too few in number to effect anything in face of such a mob, some police officers, scouting about their heels, had caught sudden sight of old Wallace issuing with defiant air from the side door of the threatened shops. These officers were new to that section and had never seen him before, as his demeanor, his dress, his badge all stamped him as a man prominent in the outbreak, and despite his protestations they bundled him with a load of other prisoners into a patrol wagon, and sent him to the main station two miles away. Not until this morning could he secure recognition and a hearing. The old man was exceeding wrath, but his wife was thankful. "He'd have been killed," said she, "if he hadn't been jailed."

But despite his indignation, old Wallace was on hand a few hours later when a pleasing little ceremony was enacted at the Amity Works. There the "backwoods boys" were drawn up in line to listen to some remarks of their Colonel. A man of few words was that veteran when on duty, but everybody seemed to know what was coming as he halted

in front of them, and Corporal Fred brought his rifle to the carry, stepped a few paces forward, and stood there a little while, a little tremendous with emotion.

"Men of Company L," the Colonel said, "you've done soldierly service—valuable service, one and all, and some day I hope you'll get the recognition you deserve; but there's one of your number who even more than the rest deserves a word. Within twelve hours of the call for duty Corporal Fred Wallace has had the conspicuous honors of being discharged from his clerkship for obeying the summons, being knocked senseless while doing it, being the guide of his regiment into the thick of the riot, and finally of saving the life, at the risk of his own, of the very man who discharged him.

"It has been your province during the night to convert some few rioters, but it has been his to convert what is termed 'a soulless corporation,' and I know you'll all be glad to hear him promoted sergeant on the spot. So much for our side. Now we'll hear Mr. Manager Manners."

And amidst shouts of laughter and applause Mr. Manners limped forward from a group of stockholders, while the Colonel heartily shook his young guide by the hand. And behind Manners there loomed up in the doorway of the shops a goodly stack of luscious fruit and boxes of cigars, and it was evident the company meant to royally entertain its defenders.

And Mr. Manners was understood to express himself substantially as follows:

"Gentlemen of Company L. If these works had been destroyed last night half a million dollars would have gone up in smoke. We couldn't get insurance for more than quarter of its value. You saved it. Never until last night did I know, or my associates, these gentlemen, what it meant to have a National Guard. We thought it was the same thing as the militia we used to join and have fun with forty years ago when we were young, and so had determined to have no more of it in our business. We've learned we didn't know the first thing about it. We're clean converted. We find that young men nowadays are doing better by themselves, their State, and their country than we did. Now I've got a boy at home—a good boy, if I do say it—who wanted to join you three months ago, and I wouldn't let him, and I'm going home this day to beg his pardon, as I beg yours, and tell him I'll be a proud father if he can wear the uniform in the same company with you and Wallace and Sercombe. You've made Wallace a sergeant. Well, the Amity Works will stand by what they've done, too. They discharged Mr. Wallace from what we'll call a second-class clerkship yesterday afternoon, and they now fill the vacancy by the promotion thereto of his friend Sercombe from the shops. They have established another first-class clerkship, and to fill that original vacancy they name Sergeant Fred Wallace, of Company L, and we'll drink his health in the best and coolest lemonade to be had in the whole State."

"Well," said old Wallace, as he sat later in the day with the mother's hand in his, "I didn't take much stock in that soldier business either. But where would we all have been this day but for Fred—Fred and his regiment?"

THE END.

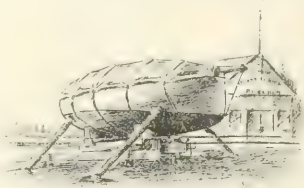
HINTS ON A RACING CAT-BOAT AND ITS CARE.

THE popular idea that a racing cat-boat is an expensive luxury has doubtless arisen from the cost entailed upon those who keep a racing boat, and either cannot or will not themselves attend to the labor connected with keeping such a craft in the best of condition. Many boat-owners after entering for a race put their boats in the hands of boat-builders to be gotten into condition so abundant around rivers and bays where boat-racing is popular. To these men are usually intrusted, besides getting the boat into condition, the procuring and training of the crew, and if the race is important, the command of that too. Most likely the crew will be composed of rivermen, amply compensated for their services, and an amateur or two, one of which perhaps

is the owner. Of course all this costs, the builder having to be paid for his labor of getting the boat ready, and it also wins the race he naturally expects something extra.

There are some owners, however, who attend to all these matters personally, and then expenses are reduced to a very low figure.

If a boy has become the happy possessor of a boat, and is desirous of becoming a good sailor, there is no reason why he shouldn't have the pleasure of racing his boat, even

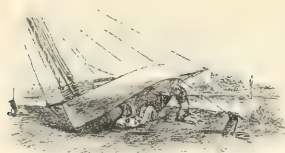


IN WINTER QUARTERS

if his supply of pocket money is limited, provided he personally attends to all the work connected with his boat. Besides saving much expense, it will serve to thoroughly acquaint him with every part of his craft, a perfect idea of her construction and rigging. If he makes a point of rigging her in the spring and dismantling her in the fall, he will know what to do if some part of his rigging gives way when he is sailing; and not be obliged to do as the owner of a fine boat on the Shrewsbury River did last year when the lashings of a throat-halyard block gave way, lower sail and wait for a friend to tow him in.

We will suppose it to be spring and the boat to be in winter quarters on shore. Naturally it is to be supposed that after being out of water for some months her seams will have opened considerably. Do not attempt to calk her in this condition, for if you should, you would run a good risk upon the boards swelling of badly warping the planking. First of all, put the boat in the water and allow her to fill, letting her remain in this condition until the planking has swollen to the utmost; then pull the boat up on land and let her dry for a day or so, so that the paint will take. If the bottom is dirty, take a scrubbing-brush and water and thoroughly clean it. After the boat is dry, examine all the seams carefully, and where the openings appear too large to be stopped with paint fill them with calking cotton soaked in white lead. Go over all the other seams with white lead, and allow the whole to dry. Give the bottom a good coat of either copper or arsenic paint, and paint the above water body. After these coats have dried, go over the hull carefully with sandpaper, and remove all inequalities. Give the bottom and upper body another coat, laying it smoothly so as to give that fine gloss so pleasing to the eye and so essential to the racing boat. Take up the flooring and give the inside of your boat a couple of good coats of paint, devoting particular attention to the centreboard trunk where it joins the keelson. Examine the deck, particularly at the joint with the coaming. Where there are any large openings, if the deck is painted, calk them with cotton, if varnished, fill them with putty.

If the deck is a varnished one, remove all the remains of last year's varnish with sandpaper, and give the deck several coats of marine varnish. The deck should be varnished at least once a month during the season to keep it in good condition. At this time it would be well to bring your sail out and lay it on the ground in the sun, so as to allow it to bleach, and give the centreboard a good scraping and varnishing or painting, as the case may be. The boat is now ready to be put in the water. Bring out the mast and spars, scrape with glass and sandpaper, and varnish them. Now step the mast. If the boat is a small one it may be lifted in by hand, but if it is a larger one a pair of shears must be rigged. (See sketch.) The shears consist of two poles, about half the length of the mast, with the ends of the poles fastened to the ground together, and the others planted firmly in the ground.



METHOD OF SCRAPING BOTTOM.

block it may be lifted in with ease. Put the gaff and boom in place, and lace the sail on. It will be quite a time before the sail will stretch to its fullest extent, and it will be necessary to stretch it along the gaff and boom after every outing for some time to come or it will not set properly.

A few words here about the care of the sail may not be out of place. Never roll a sail up when wet. Nothing will rot and mildew it more quickly. If you are compelled to put the boat up for the night when the sail is damp, tie a few stops around it at intervals, and allow it to hang loosely between them, just using a sufficient number to prevent the sail from thrashing about in case of a strong wind during the night. As soon as possible after a rain hoist the sail and let it dry. The quickest way to dry a sail is to hoist it to the full extent along the mast and drop the peak, and raise the boom quite high with the toppeu lift. This will cause the sail to bag greatly, and the wind shaking it will soon dry the moisture out.

Your boat has been in the water for some time, and you have entered it for a race. The first thing to do in this case is to examine its bottom. This may be effected by selecting a shelving beach, and running your boat as far up as possible at high water, having previously removed all extra weights. Secure two guy-ropes to the mast-head, and drive stakes on each side of the boat about twenty feet off. Fasten the ropes to these stakes, so when the tide goes out they will hold the boat on an even keel, and on the receding of the tide it will be an easy matter to examine the under body of the boat.

If the bottom is so foul as to require repainting, construct ways and haul out, scraping and painting as in the begin-

ning of the season. If the bottom should need only a slight cleaning and polishing slacken one of the guy-ropes so that the boat will rest on its side, and scrub clean with water and a stiff brush, polishing with cloths. After this side is finished pull the boat up to an even keel and slack away the other rope so it will rest on the other side, thus permitting you to get at the rest of the under-water body. If you are so fortunate as to possess a racing-sail and spars, unship the old ones and ship the racing-spars and sail.

If you have not, your boat is about ready. Remove all extra weights (excepting ballast), and if movable ballast is permitted take it aboard. Examine all your rigging carefully, and do not omit to go over it again just before starting in the race. All this should be finished the day before the race.



STEPPING MAST WITH SHEARS.

Ranking almost equal in importance to the condition of the boat is the training of the crew. The length of time required before the race to get the crew in condition will, of course, depend upon the knowledge of the individuals. If the members have a fair idea of their business a few hours before the race will be sufficient, but if they do not, the sooner the training commences the better. For a racing crew to be handy, every man in it must know his especial part in all the manoeuvres, and when a manoeuvre is ordered must do it quickly and with the least confusion possible, and not try in an excess of zeal to attempt to do more than his part, unless so ordered. Above all, every man must obey implicitly and without question any order of the Captain, for no boat can be handled properly by its crew when anybody but the Captain is permitted to give orders. As to the number of the crew, the average cat-boat of, let us say, eighteen or twenty feet will require a helmsman, usually Captain, sheet-tender, centreboard-tender, and

a man to look after the hal-yards. If your boat is so small as not to have so many men allotted to it, the centreboard and hal-yards may be tended by one man. If, on the contrary, more men than the requisite number are allowed, take the extra men, if the day is windy, as ballast only, or if movable ballast is permitted, as shift-ers.

Do not divide the work up into small parcels and give each one a little to do, it creates too much moving about when under way, a thing not in the least desirable. You might, however, have an understanding with them as to what they are to do in an emergency, such as taking in or shaking out a reef. Here a slight digression on taking in a reef when under way may be pardoned. When under way drop the sail so that the desired reef-points are about in a line with the boom, and when they are in the right position let the boat



A FLYING START.

come up into the wind so that the boom will be inboard. Then order the crew to spread along the boom, and when the bowman has fastened the desired cringle at the jaws of the boom, have them catch hold of the sail, stretch it along the boom, the sheet-tender making fast the cringle on the leach (outer edge) to the boom. As soon as this is accomplished tie the reef in. When all the reef-points are tied, let the boat's head fall off and continue on course, as the peak and throat may be properly hoisted, especially when you are strongly manned, nearly as well under way as when in the wind. This operation, so long on paper, may, with a well-trained crew, be accomplished almost in the time it takes to read this. Shaking out a reef is a very easy matter, and will need no mention. The whole aim in the training of a racing crew may be summed up as follows: Every man to know his part and do it when required. The first thing after explaining clearly to each man his particular station is to get the crew accustomed to the boat. A good way to do this is to take a spin at every opportunity with them over the course, making a careful note yourself of the bearings of the different marks by objects on shore, so that you will not lose valuable time in the race in finding them. Do not allow any lagging in these spins, for it is liable to lead to a blunder in the race, but maintain the same discipline as you would at that time.

The hour of the race is at hand. Your crew is aboard, and after a careful examination of the running rigging, blocks, mast-hoops, sail and its lacing, you set out for the starting-point. Arriving there, procure your racing number, and after fastening it upon the sail, take your boat out and cruise around in the vicinity of the starting-line, using this opportunity to practise your crew in tacking, gybing, and other evolutions likely to be encountered during a race. Upon hearing the preparatory gun, it is best to get near the line. If you feel confident that you have your boat well in hand, you might manoeuvre for a flying start, but if you are a little uncertain, it is best to secure a good position, and let your sail flap in the wind close as the boat lies stationary close to the line.

If the first leg is close hauled or a thrash to windward, it is advantageous to get away as near the front as possible, as the boats slower in starting usually get off in a bunch and cut up each other's wind. If the start is off the wind this is not so important. A flying start is very desirable, but it requires careful calculation and handling to bring your boat to the line at the right moment; and if by some mistake you should cross a few seconds before



FINISHING BEFORE THE WIND.

the gun, you would lose lots of valuable time in recrossing again. In a one-gun start the importance of getting off quickly is greater than in a two-gun. Bang! goes the starting gun. You are over the line, close-hauled most likely, on the starboard tack (on account of having right of way). Do not make the common mistake of hauling your boom in nearly amidships and jamming your boat up into the wind; it will not pay. It increases the drift, and your boat will not "foot" it as fast as one that is allowed a little more leeway. Again, do not let your boat sag off too far or a heavy gust may cause a "knockdown," with the consequent loss of much ground. Always be ready to luff and take advantage of any little gust of wind, and it is astonishing the amount of windward gain a clever sailor makes in this way. This does not mean to luff so much at every puff as to dump the wind out of your sail, or attempt to sail so close to the wind as not to get its full power.

The amount of sail carried should be proportionate to the wind; it is a great mistake to oversail a boat so that it wallows through the seas, necessitating luffing or dumping out the wind in the squalls and lowering of the peak when running before the wind. The angle of heel at which your boat sails best can only be determined by experiment, and it is a great blunder to carry sail so as to heel her to a greater one. When sailing close hauled or to windward, all obstructions that may catch the wind should be placed below deck if possible, or if it should be necessary to have the crew up to windward, let them lay close to the deck. (See sketch of start.)

As to the distribution of weight, aim to have your boat sail on the proper water-line at all times; do not allow your crew, when beating to windward, to pile aft, so as to escape spray, and so hit the bow out at the same time do not get your bow too deeply in. When ready to go about (go on other tack), give the order "hard a lee," and let go the tiller, the unbalanced action of the wind on the sail will bring the boat up into the wind with a sweeping curve, and then use the rudder to put her on the other tack.

In this way you will go about easily, and will not lose headway, as is the case when the tiller is jammed over at the beginning. Immediately on hearing the order "hard a lee," the crew should stand ready to shift the ballast, and as the boat rounds up should change it rapidly.



RIGHTING A CAPSIZED BOAT.

to have it to windward when the sail fills on the other tack. A manoeuvre of the same character should be executed when luffing around a mark.

Always be sure before going about that you have plenty of board down. We will suppose that you have luffed around the first mark, and the next leg is a run with the wind aft of abeam. This will not be particularly exacting, the only points to keep in mind being to have your water-line on proper trim, a full sail, and a straight course.

The second mark will have to be gybed around. This is a manoeuvre your crew cannot be too well drilled in. Give yourself plenty of room, and do not attempt to shave too closely. I witnessed last summer the capsizing of a boat resulting from this desire.

The mark was a buoy placed near a heavy stake, and the helmsman of the boat wishing to make a close shave steered too near it, and in passing loaded his sheet-rope on the stake before gybing, the result was the boat became unmanageable, and its momentum carrying it around gybed the sail over, causing an upset. As you near the mark have the man forward stand by the peak-balyard, ready to let go if anything happens wrong. As you are about to turn, have the board raised and come around with an easy sweep; but not so rapidly that the sheet-tender cannot haul all the sheet-rope in. The sheet should be brought in with a steady pull, and allowed to run out evenly. If any amount of slack is given as the sail goes over, the wind on catching on the other side, if it does not capsize the boat or carry away something, will bring her head up into the wind with such force that it will be some seconds before you can overcome it with the rudder.

The remaining leg of our course we will suppose to be nearly free. When running this way the board should be kept up, and all the weight in the boat aft, as a boat under the great pressure exerted by the wind when running this way has a tendency to dig its nose under. It is not necessary for your crew to lay down now, and you may allow them to stand and stretch themselves, as whatever wind they will catch will help the boat instead of retarding, as in the other cases. (See sketch of finish.) The only thing to be looked out for when running free, or nearly so, is a "goose-wing." This happens when the wind is so strong as to cause the boom to jump up parallel to the mast, and the sail wrap around it. If when running before the wind you find your boom is jumping too much, lowering the peak a little will lessen the pressure on the sail, and stop it.

It is impossible to prophesy the result of the race, but I can say that it depends equally on your boat and your management, with the training of the crew a close second.

A few hints on how to right a capsized boat may not be out of place here. If you should happen to be near some boat that has capsized you will, doubtless, feel it your duty to assist the unfortunate. It is not a difficult matter to right a boat when you go about it in the proper way. Run your boat alongside of the capsized one's mast and strip its sail off, unfastening the throat and peak blocks, unreeving the sheet-rope, and cutting the lashings of the sail to the mast-hoops. (Be careful that the sail

does not sink.) Put your boat in a position alongside the bottom of the upturned boat, and unfasten your throat-balyard block from the gaff. Fasten this to the mast of the capsized boat, as shown in sketch. It will then be an easy matter to pull the boat up to an even keel, when she may be pumped out.

We will suppose the autumn to have arrived, and you

are ready to put your boat in winter quarters. After removing ballast, mast, sail, spars, etc., construct ways as shown in the sketch of winter quarters. They consist principally of two skids, on which the boat is run and hauled out, but if you care for the condition of the boat's bottom, a cradle had better be made following the idea shown in sketch. Pull the boat out to the end of the skids, and if it is desirable to get it farther away from the water, lay beams in front of the skids and pull the boat on them. When free of the skids take them up and lay them in front of the beams, repeating this operation until the boat is at the distance desired. After removing everything, cover the deck and cockpit with canvas. The sail should be sprinkled with salt and a little lime, not too much or it will cause rotting, the lime being used to bleach the sail only. This should be rolled up and packed away in a dry place, and the mast and spars should also be under shelter, but not where there is too great heat.

We have followed the fortunes of our boat from the beginning of the season until the end. Unfortunately the limited space of this article compels the mere mention of some points on which whole volumes could be written. It is only the purpose of this paper to treat this subject in the broadest fashion, and to give only general hints for the use of the beginner in one of the most manly of sports.

DUDLEY D. F. PARKER.



This Department is included with a list of books and Young Women, at 14 cents a copy, is printed to show a suggestion of the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address it to:

I HEARD a girl spoken of the other day by one of her friends as a perfect candy fiend. It made me laugh, because I knew the girl in question, and I had never observed anything fiendish or malevolent about her. However, it is so much the fashion for girls to use sweeping expressions, that I am never a bit surprised when I hear "awful," "dreadful," "horrible," "terrible," and other strong words of that kind used without much reference to their exact meaning. I suppose the young girl described so alarmingly is very fond of candy, for which nobody can blame her; not I, certainly, especially if it be home-made. But I will imagine that each of my girls has an allowance, so much given her a week to spend as she pleases. What proportion of this should she devote merely to gratifying her taste for sweet things? Do you not think it rather foolish to spend so much on bonbons, caramels, and creams, that a girl has nothing left when she wishes to help clothe a poor family whose house has been burned over their heads, to buy a pretty framed photograph for her room, or to make a Christmas present for her mother or dear friend?

It is quite time, by-the-way, for us to begin the consideration of our Christmas presents in these bright days of late summer. By giving a little thought and time to the matter, paying attention to small wishes and wants which are spoken of in the family, we can often give our friends and ourselves much more pleasure than can be done when everything is left to the hurry of the last few weeks of the year. I heard a lady say the other evening, "I have at least six girl friends who knit beautifully, and I do wish one of them would make me a fascinator." "And pray what may a fascinator be?" said I. And I learned that it was simply a beautiful fleecy thing to wear upon the head in the evening. It used to be called a "cloud" when I was a girl; and in my girlish days I always kept one on hand to use up odd moments. It is pretty, dainty work. Bedroom slippers, crocheted and made up over hand's wool soles, are welcome gifts to receive, and not hard to make. May I add that a present is much more likely to give satisfaction to the re-

PEAK LOWERED TO AVOID
GOOSE-WING.

cient if it is beautifully wrapped up in tissue-paper and tied with dainty ribbon? I never derived more pleasure in my life than from a book which came to me one white-cold Christmas eve. The book was daintily wrapped in white tissue-paper and tied with a white ribbon, which fastened on the cover of it one dewy, long-stemmed rose. A candle and candle-stick is a graceful and useful present. You know that one should always have a bedroom candle at night. It is a comfort to have it standing on a little table near the bed with a supply of matches. One never need then be in the dark a moment if a light happen to be necessary. I saw a very quaint and charming candle-stick the other day. It was in the shape of a monk with a cowl and robe, and he was patiently holding up a long crimson candle. Candles may be had in many colors, some of them very ornamental, and candle-sticks come in china, silver, and bronze, and sometimes very pretty ones in tin, though I do not recommend you to give a tin candle-stick as a present if you can afford one in another material.

PRESENTS of one's own work are always very much appreciated, and there are many beautiful things in linen, such as doilies, centre-pieces, and the like, which are welcome additions to your mother's table, so that you cannot go wrong in choosing something in linen to embroider for her. A set of towels with a monogram in the corner makes a very tasteful gift, and I can imagine nothing lovelier than for a family of girls, or a class, to embroider a bed-spread for a mother or teacher. This, of course, would be a large undertaking, and should be begun many months before the time it is wanted, and you would have great fun in keeping the affair a secret. I saw a very beautiful bed-spread some weeks ago at a house where I was a guest. The lady who is making it has been engaged on it for years, and it is very elaborate—cream-colored linen of the finest texture, covered all over with beautiful vines and flowers. She has worked always from the flowers themselves, copying them faithfully in shape and tint.

WHEN you are writing to me it would be very pleasant to have you tell me of beautiful Christmas gifts you intend to make. A girl in Maine might have a suggestion which would be acted upon by a girl in Nebraska. I will be extremely pleased to be the medium through which girls both North and South may give each other happy thoughts and charming suggestions about presents which are to be made for the next Christmas holidays. May I quote a bit from your letter, dear Tillie T.? It may give some of the girls an idea on which they may like to act. Tillie says: "With the help of two of my friends I am making a hospital box. Can you tell me some children's hospital to send it to? And is it a very childish thing to do? For we really enjoy making the things, as well as thinking of the pleasure they will give the children later. We have made cambric scrap-leaves, paper dolls with dresses of tissue-paper, a menagerie and circus of paper animals, and over sixty colored paper dolls—the sort which have dresses to come off."

PERHAPS somebody can suggest an addition to Tillie's already generous list. St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, West Thirty-fourth Street, New York city, will be very glad to receive any gifts which our readers would like to send to it.

Margaret E. Langston

THE poor patient mules that drag the tram-cars far down in the mines rarely enjoy the light of day. Sometimes intervals of years pass before they are brought to the surface, and far below in the dense darkness of the mines they toil from month to month, seeing no light other than that of the miners' flickering lamps.

Recently some mules that had for a number of years hauled the trams in the lower tunnel of a coal-mine were brought to the surface. The strong light of the sun dazzled

them, and every one kept his eyes closed tightly, and when they were released into a pasture a little distance away they halted trembling and astonished, even fearing some harm. For a long time they remained so, occasionally opening their eyes half-way, and finally, towards sundown, they broke into joyous brays. Afterward they ran around, jumped, kicked, and rolled on the grass as if mad. The delight of freedom, the sun, and the pure air were more to them than the food they refused to eat when it was put before them.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE

CHAPTER V.

TOMMY and the ex-Pirate and the Gopher remained quietly perched on the rafter for some minutes after the big Ark had begun to move; but when they found that none of the animals noticed them, since all seemed so busy attending to their own affairs, they slid along the beam until they could look out into the main room and see what was going on. That is, Tommy and the ex-Pirate slid along, but the Gopher remained where he was, apparently sound asleep.

"What do you suppose they will do next?" asked the little boy.

"Fight or eat, I guess," answered the ex-Pirate. "All animals fight or eat."

"I don't think I should like to see them fight," continued Tommy. And then he added, "Don't you think it is getting dark in here?"

"Very much so," said the ex-Pirate, looking about. "I suppose they will light up pretty soon. It's always dark on a rainy day, you know."

"What kind of lights do you suppose they will have?"

"Ark-lights, of course," said the ex-Pirate. "What other kind would you expect on a boat of this kind? Did you suppose the two Tapirs would be bright enough? If you had ever had any dealings with a Tapir you would know what a stupid beast he is. Don't you remember my classic about him:

"Said the Monkey to the Tapir,

"One Sunday afternoon,

"Won't you let me have some paper, etc. etc."

The Tapir sold writing-paper, you see. But he was too stupid to get along in the business. That's why it is called a stationary business."

Tommy was about to answer—he hardly knew what—when a bump and a squeal interrupted the conversation. The sleeping Gopher had fallen off the rafter. This accident might have caused a good deal of trouble if a great hubbub had not started at the other end of the room at the same moment. There were squeals and howls and yelps, as if one was being killed. In the rush and confusion the Gopher mixed with the crowd, and Tommy could only occasionally catch a glimpse of his pink sun-bonnet bobbing up now and then in the swarm that was struggling in the distance.

"I wonder what has happened?" said the little boy, leaning as far forward as he dared.

"First fight, I guess," muttered the ex-Pirate. "But I think we had better stay up here and wait till it's all over."

"I guess we had," assented Tommy. But they did not have to wait very long, for the Gopher soon came scurrying back and climbed quickly up beside them.

"Goodness! Goodness me!" he cried.

"What's the matter?" asked the ex-Pirate, eagerly.

"The Dachshund was playing tag with a Chinese Pug, and he fell through the trap-door."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Tommy.

"You ought to see him," pursued the Gopher. "He fell all the way down to the hold, and his legs are jammed away up into his body and twisted about of shape. They're only about three inches long now, and even the Elephant could not pull them out straight. He is disfigured for all time."



"LET'S ORGANIZE!.... WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT ORGANIZATION?"

"Can't any one help him?" asked the ex-Pirate.

"He won't let any one. The Duck, who was educated in divers practices, offered his services as doctor, but the Dachshund would not have him. Said he was a quack." There was a brief silence; then the Gopher added: "They are trying to find out who opened the trap-door, and so I ran away. I came in that way; but I'm sure I shut the trap after me."

"We came in that way too," said the ex-Pirate.

"Yes, and I came up first," put in Tommy. "You were last up. Did you shut the door?"

"I guess I did not," admitted the ex-Pirate. "But it was the Sheep's fault; he put it out of my mind."

By this time the excitement had abated, and the animals were scattered in groups again. The Dachshund went waddling about the floor on his short crooked legs, to the great amusement of the Storks and Cranes, who still had long straight legs, and Tommy said,

"Well, I never knew before how it happened that those dogs had such funny legs." But the Gopher said nothing, and still trembled for fear some one would find out he had come in through the trap.

The wind was blowing fiercely outside, and as it howled around the corners and under the eaves of the Ark it sounded notes like those of an Æolian harp.

"Music, isn't it?" remarked Tommy. "It sounds like a fiddle."

The ex-Pirate almost jumped off the rafter.

"Fiddle!" he exclaimed. "Who said fiddle? Is there a fiddle on board? If there is, I'm going to jump!"

"I did not say there was a fiddle on board," remonstrated Tommy. "I said it sounded like a fiddle."

"Oh!"

"What are you so afraid of a fiddler for?"

"If I tell you you will easily understand," answered the ex-Pirate, with a deep sigh.

"Well, tell us. Is it interesting?"

"Yes, and I can give it to you in rhyme. Will you have it in four verses or in six?"

"I guess four will do," answered the little boy, and he leaned over and pulled the Gopher up closer. "Come and hear the poetry," he said.

The ex-Pirate turned toward his audience on the rafter, and recited:

"There once was a fiddler
whose name was
McPhee,
And he fiddled, he fiddled,
did he.
He fiddled so loud and he
fiddled so long
That the neighbors all
thought there must be
something wrong
With this fearful old fel-
low, this fiddler Mc-
Phee,
For he fiddled, he fiddled,
did he.

"So one day the neighbors
all went up to see
What the cause of this un-
ceasing fiddling could
be.
They appointed committees
to go in and speak
In behalf of them all to
this fiddling freak,
Who had fiddled all day and
all night for a week;
But their efforts all failed
with this frightful
McPhee,
Who fiddled for fun, he
fiddled, did he.

"The first man to face the
fiddler McPhee
Was a fat little fellow, who
said, 'Sir,' said he,

'You fiddle all night and you fiddle all day,
You fiddle and fiddle your whole time away;
Won't you tell us the reason why all this should be?'
But the fiddler still fiddled, he fiddled, did he.

"But finally, while fiddling, he said, 'Sir,' said he,
'You will greatly oblige me by letting me be;
All your fussing and fretting and fuming,' said he,
'Is nothing at all—it's fiddle-ineer.'
So he kept on a fiddling, this fellow McPhee,
And he fiddled, and fiddled, and fiddled, did he.

"And I was one of the neighbors," added the ex-Pirate.

"And did not Mr. McPhee stop?" asked Tommy.

"No. We all had to move. He had a ninety-nine years' lease."

"I don't blame you," said the Gopher.

The ex-Pirate was about to propose reciting four more verses when there occurred another commotion, and the Hippopotamus stood up on his awkward hind legs and shouted:

"Let's organize! We ought to organize! What is life without organization? I move we elect a president—"

But before he could express his views any further the Lion walked up to him and buffeted him with his paw, and growled:

"Sit down! If there is any organizing to be done, I will do it. I want you to understand that I am the King of Beasts, and we won't have any presidents this trip."

Whereupon the poor old Hippopotamus rubbed his sore jaws, and waddled slowly off to another part of the room. Then the Lion got up on a big chair, with the Lioness at his side, and made a speech. Tommy and the ex-Pirate could not hear what he said, because they were so far away; but the animals all seemed very attentive and much pleased, for they continually nodded their heads, and at the close of the oration the Gopher, who in some manner had managed to catch every word, waved his sun-bonnet in the air and cried:

"Hooray! We're going to eat!"

"I told you so," whispered the ex-Pirate; and then he suggested to Tommy that they go down to the floor and mingle with the animals, and try to find the Sheep, so as to have a chance at the meal, if that were possible.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

one boat must allow the other in a contest of speed. This length is obtained by adding the square root of the sail area to the length of the load water-line, and dividing the result by two. The quotient is the racing length.

THE LOAD WATER-LINE, which is the distance between the points of the bow and stern, exclusive of the rudder-post, is ascertained as follows: Strip the yacht of everything except what she will carry in the race, and assemble amidships the crew which is to man her. Then drop a plumb-line from her bow to the water, and measure accurately the distance between the point where the line strikes the water and the intersection of the forefoot with the water. Repeat the same operation at the stern. Then mark off these distances on the deck, the first being measured back from the bow, and the second forward from the stern. The distance between these two points is the length of the load water-line of the yacht. It is measured on the deck, because the rounding of the hull, of course, makes it impossible to get a straight line from bow to stern on the water.

TO GET THE CORRECT SAIL AREA requires more labor. It is determined by the dimensions of the spars and those of the jib-topsail stay. If it were not for the length of the gaff a triangle would be formed by the base-line, the stay and the leach of the topsail and mainsail. Then the area could be easily calculated. But the projection of the gaff spoils the triangle, and so the first thing to do is to measure the distance from the end of the boom to the forward side of the mast. From that point measure to a point on the bowsprit half-way between the jib-stay and the jib-topsail stay. These, added together, give the actual base-line. Then take the height of the mast and the height of the topmast. The length of the gaff is next ascertained, and from this is subtracted eight-tenths of the height of the topmast. The difference between these is added to the actual base-line, the result giving the corrected base-line.

EXPERIENCE SHOWS that this addition offsets very accurately the number of square feet of sail lying between a straight line drawn from the end of the boom to the sheave of the topsail halyards, and—considering that line as a base—the two legs of the triangle extending from the end of the boom to the peak of the gaff, and from the peak of the gaff to the topmast. Then the length of the corrected base-line is multiplied by the height of the mast, taken from the deck to the sheave on the topmast, and the result is divided by two. After obtaining these measurements, proceed as stated above—that is, add the square root of the sail area to the length of the load water-line, and divide by two. Then you have the yacht's racing length. There is no doubt that it is a complicated problem.

BUT THIS METHOD is for sloop measurement. To get the area of a cat-boat sail there is a simpler way, although it is not so absolutely exact. Draw a line from the throat to the leach parallel to the foot of the sail, and let fall from the point of intersection of this line with the leach another line parallel to the luff. The sail is then divided into a rectangle formed by these two lines, the luff, and part of the foot, and two triangles, one of which is bounded by the head of the sail, a part of the leach, and your first line; the second, by a part of the leach, a part of the foot, and your second line. To compute the areas of these two triangles and the rectangle, and to add them, is a matter of simple mathematics. And then you have the area of your sail.

BETWEEN NOW AND THE TIME of the opening of the football season I want to say something each week about the game, more especially about the early training for it, and the elementary principles of play which so many enthusiasts overlook at first, and consequently go in and fail. Nobody was ever born a football player. To become proficient in the game you must devote many months to practice, and several years to actual study of the game. Football is a science, just as chess is a science—and there are very few great chess-players. There are very few great football

players. My advice to the young man who wants to excel on the gridiron is first to find out, if he can, what position he is best suited for (not what position he likes best), and then to study and play that position steadily and for all he is worth. Go to as many big games as possible, and watch the men who play your chosen position. See wherein they excel, and note your own shortcomings. In addition, read everything you can get hold of about the science and strategy of the game. There are a number of books on the subject. And after you have read pretty thoroughly, think. No man can be a good football player unless he can think out football problems for himself.

BUT MORE OF THAT LATER. The important question now is that of preliminary training, and by far the most important thing about preliminary training is to do not too much at first. It is not only unwise to work hard at first, but it is dangerous. Most of the men have been away on long vacations, and very few, if any, of them have been taking any regular or systematic exercise. Consequently their muscles are not prepared to endure the sudden strains and wrenches to which they are being subjected. It is a matter of record that more sprains and bruises occur during the first few weeks of practice than at any other time of the season.

FOR THE FIRST WEEK OR SO the careful Captain will see that his men perform only very light work. He will put them through easy exercises, he will have them pass and kick the ball and practise falling on it. Then he will have his men take short runs across country, and do such general light work for wind and muscle as will enable them to take up hard practice without danger. Every man should have a heavy sweater or an overcoat at hand to put on as soon as play is stopped, for every precaution should be taken to avoid catching cold. Every football team should, if possible, have hot and cold water shower-baths convenient to their dressing-rooms—for cleanliness is as important a matter to the welfare of the players as fresh air. Long hot baths are weakening and should be avoided, except when a cold has settled in the muscles, and then hot water is of value.

FOOTBALL PLAYERS should be regular in their daily habits. They should rise, take their meals, and retire to bed at the same hours every day; and it is likewise a good thing to have the practice at the same hour each afternoon, and, if possible, at that hour of the day when matches will most probably be played later in the season. The men should have plenty of sleep, say from ten at night until seven in the morning, and on rising they should, if possible, take a short walk before breakfast. And now that the word breakfast has fallen into the discussion let us look at the commissariat side of the football question.

THERE WAS A TIME when a football player was supposed to make a martyr of himself, as far as the good things of the kitchen were concerned. His bill of fare was made up chiefly of raw beef, and he was permitted to drink only so many glasses of water a day. This barbarous custom, however, has now been done away with, and from personal experience I can vouch for the delicious fare of the training-table of the present day. A football player's diet must be restricted, of course, but there is an ample list left that he may choose from. Roast beef, beefsteak, lamb chops, roast lamb, broiled chicken, oatmeal, rice, mush, and all kinds of cereal food, potatoes cooked in any style except fried, vegetables, eggs, apple sauce, baked apples (never any raw apples), prunes, oranges, grapes, figs, dates, and all fruit in season; rice and bread pudding, stale bread, and dry toast—all these can go on the bill of fare. The forbidden dishes are pie, cake, salad, pork, veal, rich dressings, anything fried, ice-cream, candy, soda-water, and any kinds of drinks, alcoholic, malt, or soft. No tea, no coffee, no chocolate, and—but this should go without saying—no tobacco.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT THING for the Captain of a football team to give his closest attention to is the condition of his

men. He should watch them continually, and note the slightest tendency toward overtraining, for overtraining is much easier to prevent than to remedy. As soon as a player gets into this condition he should take absolute rest for several days, and thereafter he should only play for a short time each day. A change of diet is a good thing, too. Remove all restrictions from the diet of the overtrained man, and let him eat what he chooses for a few days. Overtraining shows itself in various ways, but the most common is for a player to feel worn and tired and disinclined to work hard on the field. This is simply an evidence that his muscles have been worked too hard, and have become so fatigued that they cannot recuperate their full vitality between one day's practice and the next.

WHILE SPEAKING OF DIET I omitted saying that ice-water should be shunned almost as if it were an alcoholic beverage. Never have ice water on the training-table. Drink cold water, but do not have it iced. It is a bad thing, too, to allow players to drink anything during practice or until an hour after practice has been stopped. This will prove a hardship at first, as the mouth gets dry and parched. Have a pail of water near the field and a tin cup, and let the men rinse their mouths, but do not permit them to drink. After a week or so they will become accustomed to the abstinence, and their saliva glands will act more freely. Gum-chewing is a bad practice, too. Constant mastication stimulates the glands; but it is injurious in the end, just as all artificial methods are in whatever sphere they may be practised.

THE FOOTBALL TEAM should work on the field every day, rain or shine. Practice on a wet and muddy ground is necessary, because it frequently happens that the most important game of the year (usually played at the end of the season) has to be contested on a rainy day. Thus practising in the rain will accustom the players to running and dodging in the mud, and to holding a wet and slippery ball. If the storm is such, however, that work in the open air is out of the question, the team should practise in-doors. Rehearsing signals is good occupation for such occasions, and practice in passing the ball and in tackling can also be had. But unless in-door work is unavoidable it should never be indulged in during the active season. The work on the field demands all the energy of the players.

THE GRADUATE.

ciety, but is not on account of poor management. For 1895-96 the following officers were elected: J. K. Tiffany, president; Alvah Davison, vice-president; S. W. Chandler, treasurer; C. W. Kissinger, secretary. The next annual meeting will probably be held in Wisconsin or Minnesota.

THE YEAR 1888 the Belgium government withdrew the 5-franc stamp from use. During its life about 45,000 were used, most of which were probably saved by collectors. A short time ago 2400 of these stamps, unused, were found in the Brussels post-office, and these have just been sold by auction to one man, who paid 36,000 francs for the lot, more than three times their face value.

THE MAKING OF NEW ISSUES of postage-stamps primarily to sell to collectors has not been stopped. Peru intends to issue one commemorative stamp on September 10, 1895. Uruguay will issue three stamps in commemoration of Joaquin Suarez on October 8, 1895. The pious Belgium postmaster proposes to make two series of local stamps for use in Liege and Brussels in commemoration of St. Lambert, the first bishop of Belgium. France has surcharged her own 15, 25, 30, 50 centimes, and 1 franc stamps D. S. for use in the colony of Diego Suarez. I advise collectors to leave all the above out of their collections. Any money spent for them is simply thrown away.

THE NEW 3, 5, 30, and 50 cent postage-due stamps have been reported as issued; but no copies have yet reached the New York post-office.

IT IS RUMORED in stamp circles that the U. S. government is going to use paper water-marked with an eagle for use in printing stamps. I hope the postal authorities will see that the water-mark will be made sufficiently clear to be seen distinctly on every stamp. The present system is simply laughable. In 99 instances out of every 100 the present water-mark can be seen only on the margins of the sheets, and one stamp may contain the water-mark of a portion of one letter only, while others have parts of two letters. Other governments seem to have no difficulty in making clear and artistic designs for use as water-marks. See, for instance, the numerous Great Britain water-marks illustrated in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE No. 621.

STILL THERE'S MORE to follow. Another batch of the St. Louis stamps has turned up, and philatelists are wondering how many there were in that Louisville find (not Kansas City as stated in last week's issue). Perhaps some one has the plate. About a year ago a New York dealer was approached by a man who claimed to have the plate in his possession and offered to print a lot, but the dealer was shy, and declined to make any bargain until after a sample sheet had been shown to him for examination. As this was not done, negotiations ceased.

R. T. K.—The token inscribed on the reverse, "Not one cent for tribute, millions for defence," issued 1841, is very interesting. It is one of the "hard-money tokens" issued between 1837 and 1842, and are very common. They have no money value. The 1871 U. S. dollar is worth half only.

E. PATTERSON.—The coins mentioned are quite common, and are worth face only.

W. GORE.—There is no way of cleaning cancelled postage-stamps, hence the high value of most unused compared with used specimens. For instance, the U. S. 5c-1857, with outer line, used sells for 25c, but unused commands \$15.

R. F. KURTZ.—The K die U. S. envelope 1893 issue on buff can be bought for 33 and less, whether the stamp shows cancellation mark or not. If the entire envelope is unused and clean it is worth \$10 and upward. On white paper the prices are much higher.

C. C. B.—The dealers pay \$1.15 each for the U. S. gold dollars dated 1850 to 1855, and sell them for about \$1.50. These are the common dates. The valuable gold dollars are those of which a few copies only were coined within the past twenty years.

B. MACIELSEN.—There are not two varieties of any Columbian stamp, but almost every denomination can be found in two or more distinct shades. Purple is a very difficult ink to compound, so are certain reds. For instance, there are over 100 different shades of the current 2c-stamp, all printed within the past year, and all nominally the same color.

J. SMYTHE.—There are not many collectors of U. S. envelopes bearing express names, such as Wells, Fargo, & Co., etc. Hence the envelopes are rarely worth more than the regular issues.

SAN ANTONIO.—The San Antonio of Padua jubilee issue now current in Portugal and the Azores, although good for postage in those countries, is frowned upon by collectors, as their postal use is a mere side issue, the chief reason why they were made being for sale to collectors. There are fifteen varieties, viz., 2½, 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 50, 75, 100, 150, 200, 300, 500, and 1000 reis, also one 10-reis postal-card. The same stamps are surcharged Açores for use in that colony.

A. LEWKANSKY.—There are no reprints of U. S. stamps issued after 1870. If you can buy the \$1 and \$2 Columbian issue do so by all means. They are going up in value rapidly. The present \$1 stamp it is said will be printed in some other color. If so, the chances are that the black ones will advance in price materially.

PHILATUS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to place at their disposal those matters so far as possible. Correspondence should be addressed to the Stamp Department.

THE American Philatelic Association has just been holding its annual convention at Clayton, New York. Two sessions were held each day August 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th. This should be a very powerful so-



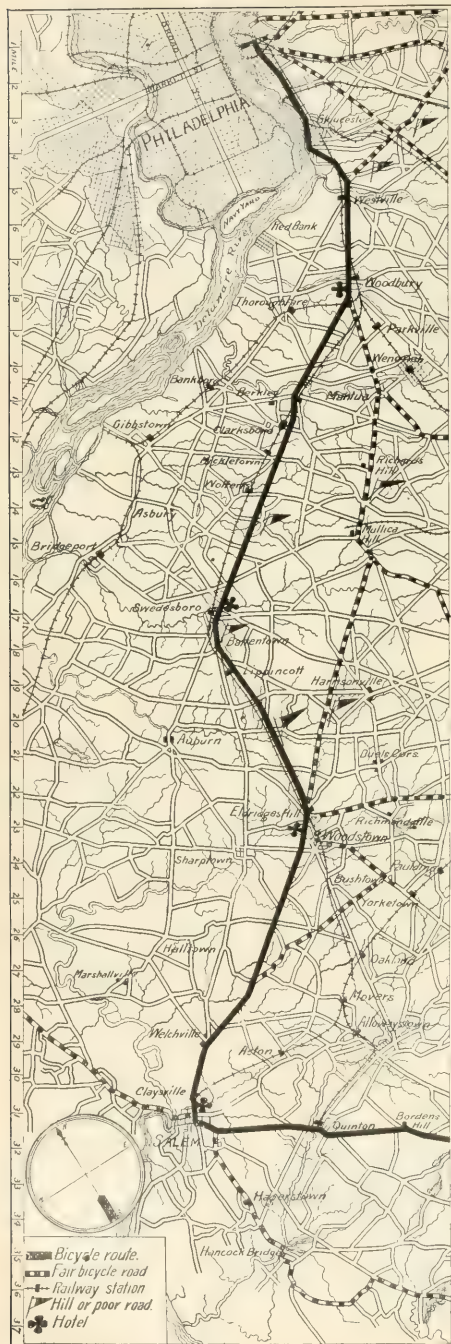
This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

A NOTHER pleasant ride out of Philadelphia into New Jersey is to the town of Vineland by way of Salem. The entire distance is sixty-two miles, and the run can, of course, be made in one day, with a stop at Salem for dinner. It is pleasanter, however, to make a two-days' trip out of it. If the weather is good and you still want to ride, a run can be made from Vineland to Philadelphia direct on the third day, though the roads are not in either good condition or well made originally over the direct route. The first stage will carry us to Salem, thirty-two miles from Philadelphia. Leaving the city at Market Street, cross to Camden and run down to Gloucester, or cross at the South Street Ferry, if you choose, direct to Gloucester. Thence turning to the right at the end of the Ferry Street, follow a direct road to Westville, which you enter just after crossing the track. The road is macadamized, is very level, and in pretty fair condition. From this point to Woodbury is direct by the same macadamized road, the track being again crossed a little over half-way to the latter place. The distance from Gloucester to Woodbury is about four miles.

ON LEAVING WOODBURY, take the right fork at the break in the roads just outside of the village and run direct to Berkley, which is to the westward of you, passing through Clarksboro, where the end of the macadam is reached and a gravel road begins. The road is not uncertain anywhere along the route, but from Clarksboro to Swedesboro it is as nearly straight as a road could well be. The railroad runs along on the western side half a mile or more away, passing through Mickletown and Wolferts. Just after crossing the road which runs into Wolferts station you will come to a hill which is somewhat difficult, owing partly to the condition of the roadbed and partly to the steepness of the hill itself. It is best to keep on the main road, even if you dismount and walk over the hill itself.

AT SWEDESBORO a stop can be made for dinner or lunch at Ford's Hotel. You have now ridden fifteen miles and covered about half the distance. Leaving Ford's after a rest keep to the left instead of crossing the track, and run along close by the rails seven miles to Woodstown. A number of roads come together as you enter, and to reach the centre of the village itself you should keep to the left fork and run along into the central square. If you do not mean to stop, keep to the right fork after crossing the railroad, and run direct to Salem, ten miles away. A rider can keep always to the left forks if he chooses on leaving Woodstown until he has gone about two miles out, when he should turn to the right at a fork and meet the main bicycle road five or six miles from Woodstown. On the whole, it is better to keep to the straight turnpike. The whole route to Salem is remarkably level as country roads go, and while the bed is gravel beyond Clarksboro, it is nevertheless in reasonably good condition all the way. At Salem the Nelson House is a good place to stop for the night.

NOTE—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tottenville to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia—Wissahickon Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825; Second Stage in No. 826.



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Any questions in regard to photograph matters will be willingly answered by the Editor of this column, and we should be glad to hear from any of our club who can make helpful suggestions.

WATERSCAPES.

THE amateur who lives inland, and has made a success of landscapes, is usually quite disappointed with his pictures of waterscapes when he takes his summer outing at the sea or lake shore. The photographs are for the most part thin and flat, and, while detail is not lacking, there is no contrast between light and shadow.

The reason is that one is not prepared for the intense light with which the whole scene is flooded, and consequently the plate is exposed too long. The reflection from the water almost doubles the intensity of the light. This may be noticed when focussing the image. Every part of the scene reflected on the ground-glass is so well illuminated that there are none of those dark masses of shadows which appear on inland pictures. This the amateur at first thinks is an advantage. In one respect it is, for it enables one to get a sharp focus much more easily. This seeming advantage is really a great disadvantage. The strong light on every object renders the developed negative flat and without contrast.

One way to bring out the contrast is to use a small diaphragm. Focus with a larger diaphragm and then put in a small one. The change in the image on the ground-glass will be at once noticed. Instead of being evenly lighted, the shadows are softened, and if a quick exposure is made, and the negative carefully developed, a picture will be obtained with as artistic gradations between the lights and shadows as in those of a landscape.

In developing instantaneous pictures taken at the sea-shore a great deal of judgment must be exercised. In the first place, as the light to which the plate has been exposed is very strong, the picture must be put in the developer in a very dim light, not allowing any of the direct rays from the red light to strike the plate. As soon as the plate is covered with the developer put a cover over the tray, and do not expose to the light till time for the picture to begin to appear. If it comes up too quickly, take it at once from the tray and put it in a dish of clear water. Mix a fresh weak developer, or dilute the same developer and add a few drops of bromide of potassium.

A weak solution of developer should be used to start the development. Let the picture come up rather slowly, and after detail is well out take the plate from the developer, rinse in clear water, and put it in a stronger solution of developer till it has attained the right density. Examine by holding to the light, and do not depend on the image on the back of the plate as a guide to density. If the picture lacks in detail, add a few drops of bicarbonate of soda to the developer; if lacking in density, a few drops of solution of bromide of potassium should be used.

Fog, which one would naturally suppose would obscure or deaden the light, has in-

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

stead great illuminating power. Instantaneous pictures taken on a foggy day are often the most beautiful of waterscapes.

A good rule when taking pictures at the sea-shore is to use a small stop, and the quickest exposure of the shutter provided with the hand camera.

Remember that the light is more than double the strength on the sea than on the land, and that the water reflects the light instead of absorbing it.

SIR KNIGHT RAYMOND J. SPOONER would like to know how to mount prints on paper so that they will lie smooth. He intends to use drawing-paper 8x10 for 4x5 prints and then have them bound. Make a rather thin paste of laundry starch. Soak the prints in water for a few minutes, and then lay them one by one face down on some hard smooth surface, like a pane of glass or the bottom of a porcelain toiling-tray. Blot each one as it is taken out of the water, removing all the superfluous moisture. Have the sheet of drawing-paper ready, and moisten the place where the print is to be placed very slightly with a damp sponge. Paste the back of the print, using only enough paste to cover it, lift the corner with the point of a knife, and lay it pasted side down on the mount. Lay a piece of tissue-paper over the face of the mount and roll the print smooth with a squeegee. A smooth glass bottle can be used if one has no squeegee, or a new wooden rolling-pin answers every purpose. Lay the print when mounted between two pieces of clean blotting-paper and put a weight on it; as the prints are mounted they can be laid one on top of the other with blotting-paper between. Be very careful that no paste is on the face of the print. The object in moistening the mount is that the print may not make it shrink; drawing-paper, being lighter weight than a card-mount, is apt to do this unless it is first moistened as directed.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.—SIR KNIGHT A. SMITH wishes to know what will keep films from curling when in the developer. The films should be soaked in water till they become limp before they are placed in the developer. To keep them from curling after development they should be placed before drying in a solution of glycerine and water, composed of glycerine $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., water 5 oz.

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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Mangoes and Bilberries in Jamaica.

All the mangoes are ripe now, and we get plenty of them. There are about six kinds: the Number Eleven, the Black, the Yam, the Kidney, and the East Indian. I like the Black best, though the Number Eleven is considered the choicest. The Black mangoes are gray with black spots on them; the Number Eleven is a bright orange color; and the Yam mangoes are yellow and red, and might be taken for strangers for huge peaches as they lie on the ground. The East Indian variety is big and green, with black spots.

We also have bilberries. They are about the color, shape, and size of our huckleberries, and they taste about the same. We have them in the morning for breakfast. We also have coconuts on our place. When they are young the milk is good to drink, and is very refreshing. Our cook often makes soup of them, which is very rich in flavor. At one time I saw our cook with her dinner on her head. It consisted of baked plantain and yam, and was smoking hot. She was walking around the yard, taking off a bit of her dinner now and then to eat it.

Coffee does not seem to grow well in this place, judging from that which is here. It grows better in higher regions. There is to be a "sky Meeting" at Up-Park-Camp on the 30th of July, given by the English officers. It includes horse-racing, etc. This place in which we are now living is called "Garden House." The first mangoes in the island were planted here, and all the others came from them. There are sixteen acres of coffee. The people prune their coffee after it has begun bearing. I would like a few correspondents

FRED HAWTHORNE.

GARDEN HOUSE, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

* * *

Gold and Silver from Ores.

I visited a huge smelter not long ago, and saw how gold and silver were separated from their ores. The lead ore, or galena, which contains also gold, silver, and copper, is brought from Utah. The average yield of silver of the ore used here is about one hundred ounces to the ton. The amount of gold and silver in the ore is determined in the assaying room in this manner:

A piece of the silver-bearing lead is carefully weighed in a very delicate balance, and is then placed in a little cup of bone ash, called a cupel. Then the cupel is put into a very hot furnace so arranged that a current of air passes over it. The air oxidizes the melted base metals, but the gold and silver are not affected. The cupel has the remarkable power of absorbing the oxides of metal, and so in an hour or so there is nothing left in it save a little bead of silver and gold. This bead is then weighed, and in this way it is known what proportion of gold and silver there is in the ore.

To extract the metals, the ore is mixed with limestone and coal, and is thrown into a blast-furnace, which resembles an inverted cone. A fire is started in the bottom and a blast of air is forced through the pipes into the furnace. When the metal has been melted from the ore the furnace is tapped at the bottom, and the metal, consisting of gold, silver, copper, and lead, runs out into large pots. It is then run into moulds. This metal is called "bullion."

The next process is to separate the lead from the other metals. The bullion is melted in a large deep basin and molten zinc is added. The zinc forms an alloy with the gold, silver, and copper, which is lighter than the lead, and therefore floats on the surface. Then this alloy is skimmed off and taken to another part of the works, where it is placed in furnaces and the zinc burned out. After all the zinc has been gotten rid of the metal is taken to a large room which contains a row of small furnaces. Inside of these furnaces are shallow cupels over which a current of air passes. After the metal has been melted in these cupels it is run out into moulds, which shape the metal into plates about twenty inches long and ten in width.

The metal of these plates consists of gold and silver, which still have to be separated. The plates are hung in gauze bags and put in strong nitric acid. This acid dissolves the silver, but does not affect the gold, which drops down into the bags and is caught there. About three inches distant

from the sack containing the gold and silver plate is a very thin plate of silver. This plate and the one in the sack are connected to a dynamo. The current of electricity causes the dissolved silver to deposit itself on the plate. After all the silver has been collected it is cast into blocks weighing one thousand ounces each. The gold is likewise cast into blocks.

I saw about \$100,000 worth of silver in the vaults and in the works. There are other methods of separating these metals, but I think this is the most common way. Some ores are more easily worked than others.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

HOMER L. STEWART, R.T.F.

* * *

The Lyre-Bird.

The lyre-bird is a very beautiful bird, and is to be found in the eastern part of Australia. The form and structure of the tail resemble an ancient Grecian lyre, hence its name. The size of this bird is about that of the common hen, the eyes are dark hazel, large, mild in expression, and very beautiful. The wings are short and hollow, rendering great assistance when running, but of little use in flying.

The bird's running powers are extraordinary, and it is not easily overtaken. The legs are rather long, the color of the body is reddish-brown, and its general appearance is very graceful. It is of a gentle disposition and altogether harmless. The lyre-bird will soon be lost to us forever. The tail feathers were formerly sold in Sydney at a low price, but now that the beautiful creatures are nearly exterminated the price has risen exceedingly.

CARRIE WELLENBROCK, R.T.L.

* * *

Prizes for Poems.

Three prizes of \$5, \$4, \$3 each are offered by HARPER'S ROUND TABLE for the best short poems. Any subject allowed. Limited to five stanzas; the best to be printed in the ROUND TABLE. Competition open to all members of the Order. Forward not later than December 1, 1895.

* * *

A Special Offer.

Teachers, students, superintendents of Sunday-schools, ladies, members of the Round Table, and others willing to distribute ten to seventy-five Prospectuses and personally commend HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, will receive, according to number of Prospectuses distributed, bound volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1893, gold badges of the Round Table Order, packet of fifty engraved visiting-cards, bearing their name, with copper plate for future use, rubber stamp bearing their name and address, nickel pencil resembling a common nail, or silver badge of the Round Table Order. This offer is restricted to one person in a town or neighborhood. In applying, state how many circulars you can place in the hands of those sure to be interested in them, what are your facilities for distributing them, and what prize you seek.

* * *

In Aid of the Fund.

At "Pine Top," on the afternoon and evening of September 21st, there is to be a lawn festival and sale in aid of the Good Will School Fund. Pine Top is at 1623 Street and Edgecombe Road, in the upper part of New York city, and the festival is under the auspices of the Misses Schrenkeisen, Dey, and Hubert. The admission is ten and five cents, and all are invited.

* * *

Saving on Age.

Thrift is an admirable trait. The way to acquire it is to cultivate it. The way to cultivate it is to deny yourself and faithfully lay by the money you were tempted to spend. Of course you do not lay the money by for the sake of having it to spend later on. People save money for the money, it is true. This is right because it is provident. One might fall ill, and if he had no money saved up he might become a burden upon those ill by to support him.

But the best thing about the habit of saving is the habit itself. Having the habit well fixed in

one's character renders one self-controllable—in other words, thrifty. Thrift applies to more things than money-saving, for the man who saves money begins to save other things. Waste is wrong—a sin.

Did you ever know one to save on his age—that is, to lay by as many dimes or dollars each year as he is years old? Suppose you are fourteen. During that year you may save \$14, and with it buy a certificate of deposit, a share of stock, or something that is complete in itself—a bond that represents your age that year. Next year you are fifteen, and you buy a \$15 bond. Or, if you cannot save as many dollars as you are years old, try saving as many half-dollars or dimes. Keep your money in your own name, not in the name of somebody else who happens to have a book-keeping when you do not, and draw it out only when you are very sure you need it. Get your age bond first, and your luxury afterward.

If you begin at fourteen, a dollar for each year, you will have at twenty-one seven bonds, representing \$119. You will also have some interest money. But you will have much more, namely, the habit of saving—systematic economy, which an education of itself, and one which, if necessary to earn, you could well afford to throw away the \$119 that you saved.

* * *

The Helping Hand.

Some kind friends in St. Louis put a lemonade stand on Delaware Boulevard the other day, and as a result sent \$150 to us for the School Fund. Two readers living in West Groton, Mass., took up a ten-cent collection among their acquaintances, and remitted \$1. The William D. Moffat Chapter, of Oakland, Md., exhibited some rare manuscripts which a friend loaned them, and sent us \$10.

The letter of Mr. Munroe was cordially received by the Order, and everybody praised the idea that each member be represented, so that the building would stand as a monument to the chivalry of the *Whole Order*. Since the last report the following sums have reached us: Roderick and William J. Beebe, \$2. William D. Moffat Chapter, Oakland, Md., \$10. Lucy L. Verrill, \$1. H. E. Banning, 40 cents. Rosaline and Edith Cline, 20 cents. E. J. and F. G., 20 cents. Carrie Wellenbrock, \$1. Otto Prussack, 5 cents. Dorothy and Pineo, 5 cents. M. C. Haldeman, 25 cents. Myra F. Chapin, 10 cents. Carroll D. Murphy, 10 cents. Harold W. Byrner, 10 cents. Gerard Stafford King, 10 cents. Two devoted readers, \$1. Anna E. Sibley, 35 cents. Carolyn G. Thorne, 50 cents. Ernestine Pattison, \$3.50. Amy, D. A., and W. H. Bowman, Maud Ringen, Marie and Morris Sadler, Jun., \$1.50. Katherine A. Waller, 25 cents.

These sums come from every part of the country, showing a wide interest. The Little Women Chapter, of Upper Nyack, N. Y., Sophie Moeller, president, is to hold a fair, and wants contributions; the members of the Order residing in Washington, D. C., and in Cincinnati, O., respectively are to have entertainments; and Mr. Kirk Munroe is to give in New York city, in November, a reading from his own books. Washington members may send word to Elizabeth W. Hyde, 1418 Euclid Place, N. W., and Cincinnati members to the Robert Louis Stevenson Chapter, J. H. Bates, Jun., 502 East Third Street.

GOOD WILL MITE

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE
INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FUND

Amount, \$

.....

.....

If you use this Good Will Mite, simply pin it to your letter, in order that it may be detached for filing. If the amount is given by more than one contributor, and blanks for their names, each contributor will be obliged to write the name of the mite, that it may become detached and lost. Include a given name in each case, and write plainly, to avoid errors on the Honor Roll.

38, 21, 44, 50, 7, 25, 12.—To justify.
 29, 41, 5, 14, 33.—To err.
 27, 31, 43, 15, 36.—A judgment.
 43, 19, 47, 26, 24, 40, 11, 30.—A mechanical hold.
 32, 6, 46, 26, 34.—A kind of flax
 36, 18, 28, 45, 23.—Suspense.
 17, 1, 22, 24, 10, 8.—A near relative.
 9, 39, 35, 2, 25, 36.—Accustomed.
 3, 46, 37, 24, 13, 4, 33.—Course of life.
 The whole a verse of Scripture in the Old Testa-
 ment.

Animal, nor vegetable,
Nor mineral am I;
A natural product, I exist
From two to six feet high.
I am not she, I am not he,
But just between the two;
You'll often see me take my place,
And sometimes hear me too.
I have no breadth, I have no length,
I'm neither thin nor thick,
I'm used to show a faithful love,
And mark a traitor's trick.
I'm mentioned oft in Holy Writ,
Both in the Old and New.
And strongly recommended there
By holy men and true.

Born in the fields as free as air,
Then early torn from home,
And in the mansions of the great,
A slave I'm forced to roam.
From room to room I wander there,
But never go alone,
I'm always taken by the hand,
Until my task is done.
Although the badge of royal race,
I'm found with mean and poor,
And oft, with them, I hide my face
Behind the kitchen door.

I'm insignificant and small,
But still my power is great;
Before a barrier stout and strong
Both force and strength may tarry long,
Until I come at call.
When with a gentle touch I do
What all their might could not get through.

1. Mourning-bride. 2. Weeds. 3. Bleeding-heart.
4. Sweet-William. 5. Rose. 6. Four-o'clock. 7.
Phlox. 8. Stock. 9. Corn. 10. Box. 11. Lady's-
slippers. 12. Hop. 13. Fox-gloves. 14. Monks-
hoods. 15. Balm. 16. Hearts-ease. 17. Thyme.
18. Old-man. 19. Sage. 20. Sweet-pease. 21. Eye-
bright. 22. Pink. 23. Tulips. 24. None-so-pretty.
25. Matrimony.

1.—1. L. 2. Dab. 3. Dared. 4. Lannier. 5. Be-
ing. 6. Deg. 7. R.
2.—1. T. 2. Tub. 3. Tames. 4. Rumbles. 5.
Below. 6. Sew. 7. S.
3.—1. R 2. Tab. 3. Toned. 4. Ranters. 5. Beery.
6. Dry. 7. S.
4.—1. S. 2. Raw. 3. Roted. 4. Satanic. 5. Wends
6. Dis. 7. C.

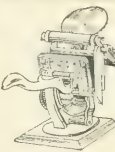
Longfellow 1 Melba 2 Hanover 3 Trenton
4. Niagara. 5 Buffalo. 6. Cleveland. 7. Holland.
8. Willard. 9. Scott. 10. Lewis.



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IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SCHEME, BUT THE OLD LADY WAS ONTO THEIR GAME.

POOR JIMMIE LISPED, and his teacher entirely misunderstood his meaning when he said, in answer to her command to conjugate the verb sink, "think, thank, thinking, think."

BOBBY. "I don't like a bicycle built for two."

JACK. "You don't! why?"

BOBBY. "Because it encourages back talk."

HE WANTS TO KNOW.

TOMMY TRADDLES. "Papa, you call that little bit of a tiny wee engine a donkey-engine, don't you?"

MR. TRADDLES. "Yes, my boy."

TOMMY. "Well, papa, won't that donkey-engine have to grow a great deal bigger before it can have any horse-power?"

"PAPA, I've got some mending for you to do. My roller-skates are broken."

"Well, put them away till morning. It's too late to mend anything now."

"Why! you said this morning that it was never too late to mend."

BECKY WOOD.

BAREFOOT, pit-a-pat, pious, poor, and good, Walking to the Meeting-House was little Becky Wood. Up rode great William Penn: "Little girl," quoth he, "Jump upon my palfrey here and ride along with me." Trot, trot, canter, canter, all along the street, William Penn took Becky Wood with her bare brown feet, Trot, trot, canter, canter, to the very door. Never was a barefoot girl quite so proud before.

A BLUNDER AND NO MISTAKE.

JABEZ (*slapping Ichabod on the back*). "Hello Tony!"

ICHABOD (*wincing*). "But I'm not Tony."

JABEZ (*discovering his error*). "Oh, I beg pardon. I thought you were another fellow."

ICHABOD. "And so I am."

IT SEEMS SO.

"PAPA," said Harry, "when a boy keeps on doing something wrong of his own accord he's wilful, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Mr. Rigid.

"Then if he doesn't do nothing of nobody else's accord, he's wonful, isn't he?"



THE OBLIGING BEAR.

A HONEY-LOVING grizzly-bear, In a great bee-tree made his lair:

"There is a law," he told the bees,

"That honey shan't be kept in trees.

"I'll take it out for you," said he.

"Nay, nay, sir," cries the old queen bee,

"Take yourself off!" and then and there The stinging bees fell on the bear.

THE following extracts are from examination papers recently handed in at a public school in Connecticut:

1. From what animals do we get milk? From the camel and the milkman.

2. The hen is covered with feathers. With what is the cat covered? The cat is covered with fleas.

3. Name an animal that has four legs and a long tail. A mosquito.

4. Name two kinds of nuts. Peanuts and for-get-me-nuts.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



HOW REDDY GAINED HIS COMMISSION.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES A. CURTIS, U.S.A.

Part I.

GUARD-MOUNTING was over. The commanding officer in the Adjutant's office was occupied with the daily routine business of a frontier post. At tables near him sat the Post-Adjutant, the acting Sergeant-Major, and a soldier clerk, writing and making up the semi-weekly mail for the post-office beyond the neighboring river.

Upon a bench outside the door, serving his tour as office orderly, lounged a boy musician. He leaned listlessly against the wall of the building, apparently oblivious to the grandeur of the views around him. To the south, across an undulating plain, seventy miles away, were the twin Spanish Peaks. To the west, the Cuerno Verde range let itself down to the plain by a succession of lesser elevations, terminating in rounded foot-hills, forty miles distant. Eighty miles to the northwest the forest and granite clad form of Pikes Peak towered in majesty.

The fort was occupied by a troop of cavalry and a company of infantry, the Captain of the infantry being in command. This officer was now attaching his signature to various military documents. When the last paper was signed the young orderly entered, and, standing at "attention" before the Captain, said,

"Sir, my mother would like to speak to the commander—"

"Very well, Maloney; take these papers to the quartermaster and the surgeon, and tell your mother to come in."

The orderly departed, and soon after a ruddy-faced and substantial-featured daughter of Erin entered, her sleeves rolled above her elbows, and her vigorous hands showing the soft, moist, and wrinkled appearance that indicates recent and long-continued contact with the contents of the wash-tub. Dropping a courtesy, she said,

"Can the commanding officer spare me a few minutes of his time?"

"With pleasure. Sergeant-Major, place a chair for Mrs. Maloney," said Captain Bartlett.

"Oh, want to spake a word about me b'y Teddy, sor?"

"What is it about your son? Does he need disciplin—ing?"

Seating herself upon the edge of the proffered chair, the Irish woman clasped her moist hands in her lap, and said, "Small doubt but he nades disciplin—ing, Captain; but it is of the great danger to his loife in carryin' th' mail o' want t' spake."

"A mother's nervous fear, perhaps. He's an excellent horseman. You are not afraid he will be thrown?"

"Oh, not at ahl, at ahl, sor. He sticks to the mud! looks a but t' I believe no broken, baser, or th' like."

It's that roarin' river o'm afear'd of. The min at the bay-camp, whose business it is to row the mail across the strame, let Teddy and Reddy do it, do ye know, sor, and oi fear in the prisint stage of the wather, and the dispisition of the b'ys to be larkin' in the boat, they'll overset it, and be dthrowed."

"Are you quite sure the boys use the boat?" asked the Captain.

"Iv'ry mail-day for the last two wakes, sor."

"And you really think them in danger, Mrs. Maloney? I am sure they both swim."

"That's jist it, sor! They're not contint to row quiately over loike min, but they must thry all sorts of antics with th' boat. 'Rowin' aich other round' is one of 'em. Whin oi spake about it they says they can swim. Small chance aven a good swimmer would have in that roarin' river, with its quicksands, its snags, and its bars."

"Well, I will order the bay-camp detail to do the boating hereafter, Mrs. Maloney; so you need have no further anxiety."

"Thank you, sor. It's no liss than oi expiected from a koinly and considerate gentileman loike th' Captain. Oi hope you'll overlook a mother's anxiety and worriment over her only b'y. It's not mesilf would be interfarin' with the commanding officer's duties, but oi knowed that you niver mint for Reddy and Teddy to be rowin' that bit of a skiff, whin it belonged to the min at the bay-camp to do the same. Good-day, sor, and many thanks for your kindness, Captain." And with much ceremonious leave-taking the laundress backed out of the office and hurried back to her tubs.

"Mr. Dayton," said the commanding officer, "write Corporal Duffey to hereafter allow no person not a member of his party to row the mail-boat across the river, unless he brings authority from this office."

"Yes, sir."

The letter had been written and sealed when Teddy returned, having changed the full-dress coat and helmet of guard-mounting for a blouse, forage-cap, and leather leggings. Nearly an hour before his drum had rattled an exhilarating accompaniment to the file, as the guard of twelve privates and three non-commissioned officers marched in review and turned off to the guard-house. Now he stood at the door with spurred heels and gauntleted hands, ready to receive the mail-pouch and ride his little zebra-marked mule to the crossing, two miles from the fort.

The Sergeant-Major handed him the pouch and the letter addressed to the corporal, with this injunction:

"You are to deliver this letter to Corporal Duffey at the bay-camp, and he will give you some instructions which you are to carefully obey."

Slinging the pouch over his shoulder, and tucking the letter under his waist-belt, the boy went to his mule behind the office, mounted, and rode away. Passing the quartermaster's corral, another boy, similarly attired, and mounted on a piebald mustang, dashed out with a whoop, and the two went cantering down the slope to the meadow below.

Arriving side by side at a soapweed which marked the southern limit of the river-bottom, the boys put their beasts to the height of their speed, and rode for a dead cottonwood which raised its bleached and barkless branches beside the road three hundred yards beyond.

This stretch was raced over every mail-day, with varying victory for horse and mule. To-day the mule reached the tree half a length ahead, and Teddy was consequently in high glee.

"Ah, Reddy, my boy!" he shouted. "Eight times to your six! Better swap that pony for a mule, if you want to stand any chance with Puss!"

"Pshaw! You were nearly a length ahead when we beat the soapweed, and I almost made it up. Bronc can beat Puss any time when they start even."

"I should say so!" with great disdain. "How about that day when you got off a length and a half ahead, and I led you half a neck at the cottonwood?"

"You mean the day Bronc got a stone in his shoe? Of course he couldn't run then."

The two young soldiers rode on at an easy canter, warmly disputing for the hundredth time, over the merits of their well-matched animals.

Redmond Carter was the fifer, as Edward Maloney was the drummer, of the infantry company. The latter, the son of a laundress, was a graceful and soldierly boy, dark-complexioned, with black eyes and hair, who bestrode his mule with easy confidence, riding like a Cossack. The other boy, a blond-haired, blue-eyed lad of the same age, quite as tall, but more delicately built, showed less reckless activity in the saddle, but he was a fine and graceful equestrian nevertheless. He had enlisted a year before, in Philadelphia, naming that city as his residence; but certain peculiarities of speech led Captain Bartlett to believe him a New-Englander. He used better language than his fellows, and it seemed he had received good school advantages before entering the army.

For instance, one day when it was Carter's turn to be office orderly, while sitting at the door he overheard Captain Bartlett, who was writing a private letter, ask the Adjutant, "How does that Latin quotation run, Dayton—'*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,' or '*Danaos timeo et dona ferentes*?'"

"Blest if I know. We don't waste time on dead languages at the Point, as you college men do. I can give you the equation of a parabola if you want it."

Captain Bartlett did not ask for the equation, or explain his reason for wanting the proper order of the Latin sentence, but the morning's office work concluded, and the orderly having departed, as he and the Adjutant were passing out of the doorway the latter noticed a leaf of a memorandum-pad lodged against the leg of the bench just vacated. A drawing on its surface attracting his attention, he picked it up. It was a very creditable sketch of a huge wooden horse standing within the wall of an ancient city, and a party of Grecian soldiers in the act of descending by a ladder from an opening in its side. Beneath the drawing was written "*Quicquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*."—Æneid, II., 49."

"Here, Captain," said Mr. Dayton, handing the paper to the post commander; "here's the answer to your question."

"What—that boy Carter? How does a boy like that come to be a musician in the army?"

"Can't tell. Probably for the same reason that an occasional graduate of a foreign university turns up in the ranks—hard times and want in civil life, and plenty of clothing and food in military life."

"He is indeed a bright boy, and I have noticed a certain refinement of manner and precision of speech not common to men in the ranks. I must inquire about him."

The two "music boys," Teddy and Reddy, were fast friends and constant companions. They made common cause in all quarrels and disputes, and to ill-treat one was to ill-treat both. Teddy was frequently in trouble, and his friend often pleaded for him at headquarters. Indeed, the Adjutant frequently declared that "but for that rampaging young Celt, Carter would never be in trouble." He was quiet by nature, and punctilious in the observance of the most exacting requirements of discipline; while Teddy, through carelessness, was now and then subjected to punishment. Mrs. Maloney, while bestowing a tender mother's love upon her darling son, entertained a kindly regard mingled with great respect for his friend, and looked after Reddy's clothing and belongings quite as carefully as after Teddy's.

Reddy divided the duty of mail-carrier and office orderly with his fellow-musician, yet it rarely happened that one rode without the other's company. An indulgent quartermaster had obtained the consent of the quartermaster to allow two "surplus animals" to be used exclusively by the boys, provided they would take care of them.

On reaching the river the boys drew up before two tents pitched in a small grove of cottonwoods upon the grassy bank, and occupied by a corporal and three privates, whose duty it was to keep the cattle of the neighboring ranchmen from trespassing upon the meadows of the military reservation.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

A Suggestion for a Summer Entertainment.

BY CAROLINE A. CREEVEY AND MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

CHARACTERS.

CHARLOTTE HOWARD,
VICTORIA MASON,
TED MOORE,
OLIVE LECHESTER,
MAYNIE FULLER.GEORGE EVERTON,
DORIS SAYLES,
MISS SOMMERFIELD,
MISS DAISY JAMES,
CAPTAIN JAY.

SCENE. A summer-house on the beach, in front of the Muller-van Hotel.

OCCASION. A rehearsal for an entertainment to be given in the hotel parlors for the benefit of the Seaside Home.

PRESENT. Charlotte, Victoria, Ida, Olive, Grace.

Victoria. What a perfectly glorious afternoon, girls! The sunshine is dazzling. The surf is music itself; the sails out yonder are so white; and the air! I cannot breathe it into my lungs deep enough. There's no place like the sea-side after all.

Charlotte. Mamma is begging papa to take her to the mountains.

Ida. Oh, what a shame! Just as we are getting so well acquainted, and can plan so many nice things to do. It would be wicked for you to leave us.

Victoria. Have you met that new arrival, Miss Daisy James? She's English, you know. She talks about her boxes, not trunks.

Olive. She has luggage, not baggage.

Ida. Yes, I was talking to her. She's funny. She says there isn't any Gulf Stream. Says the Captain of her steamer has sailed for thirty years, and has never seen it. So, if you please, the Gulf Stream "is a myth."

Grace. She's the most disdainful thing, and uses such queer words! She says raw claims are "nasty," and she called bananas "those beans."

Olive. Perhaps she will improve on acquaintance. We mustn't be too hard on her.

Charlotte. Where are all the girls? We ought to begin our rehearsal.

Victoria. There's Madge Fuller now. She has that sweet-looking young lady who played so beautifully with her.

Enter Madge Fuller and Miss Sommerfield.

Madge. Hulloa, girls! Am I late? I was reading, and I almost forgot our rehearsal. But I have brought a new recruit. Miss Sommerfield, girls. Miss Howard, Miss Mason, Miss Moore, Miss Brandon, and Miss Everton.

Grace. Otherwise Charlotte, Victoria or Vic, Ida, Olive, and myself, Grace. No airs, Madge.

Olive. We are so glad you asked Miss Sommerfield to help us, Madge dear.

Miss Sommerfield. I will help, but don't let me intrude. What are your ideas of an entertainment?

Grace. Ideas are just what we are after. The only settled thing is that the tickets are to be fifty cents.

Charlotte. We thought we would each recite or read something. Original preferred. The object is the Sea-side Home.

Miss Sommerfield. It is a lovely object. I went all over the one on Sney Island.

Victoria. Oh, then you can tell us about it.

Miss Sommerfield. They take sick children and babies for two weeks. The house is large and clean, and quite near the water. Verandas go around three sides on every story. All the bedrooms open on to these verandas, and there, in the open air, the babies are wheeled, or rocked, or swung in hammocks. So they breathe that invigorating air day and night. The older children, as soon as they are able, dig in the sand, sheltered by tents. They have plenty of good milk to drink, bread and biscuit, oatmeal and nutmeg broths. The mothers have, in addition, meat, potatoes, tea, and coffee. The babies pick up surprisingly. They go away rosy and hearty. Many a life is saved.

Olive. What a pity they must go away.

Charlotte. Well, a fortnight is better than nothing. Isn't it the sweetest of charities? I am sure everybody in the hotel will come to our entertainment.

Miss Sommerfield. I heard one of the nurses sing, a lullaby while rocking some darling twin babies to sleep.

The lads dismounted, Teddy going to the corporal's tent to deliver the Adjutant's letter. But the corporal was not in, having gone with two of his men to drive some cattle out of the bottom.

"I will take the letter to Corporal Duffey, Ted," said Redmond, "while you row over with the mail-bag. Row well up stream before you attempt to cross, so as not to get sucked into the rapids."

"All right," replied the orderly; "and when I come back we'll see which can row the other round."

"That's already settled. I rowed you round the last two times," said Reddy.

"Yes; one day when my wrist was lame, and the other when I had cut my thumb."

"Anything ail you to-day?"

"I believe not."

"Then we will try it again; and be sure if I row you round, you are not to lay your defeat to sprains, cuts, or rheumatism."

Redmond remounted his pony and started into the meadow, while Teddy, having picketed his mule, stepped into a neat wherry tied to the bank. He was not unconscious that he was disobeying orders, for his mother had told him the result of her interview with the commanding officer; but the order was not officially published, and he wanted to have one last pull on the river.

It was in July, the season of freshets in streams having their sources in the Rocky Mountains, when the warmer the weather the faster the snows melt and the deeper and more rapid the stream. The silt-laden current swept swiftly down the middle stream, swelling into rolling waves, which caught the soldier boy's oars as the boat rose on their crests and sank in their troughs.

Reaching the other side, he carried the mail-pouch to the overland stage station, and returned to the boat. Repeating the precaution of rowing up stream before venturing to cross, he arrived at the tents just as Reddy returned from an unsuccessful search for the corporal.

The Adjutant's letter was left in the tent, Bronc picketed, and the boys drew lots for the oars. Teddy won the choice, and selected the bow. The contest was to maintain an even-time stroke, and see which could turn the boat toward his opponent—"pull him round," as the phrase is.

Barefooted, barelegged, bareheaded, and coatless, the boys stepped into the boat. Confident in their united strength, they did not row up the eddy, but pulled directly from the shore, beginning the struggle from the start. The wherry leaped ahead, refusing to turn to the right or left. The boys were evidently as well matched as their mounts, Puss and Bronc.

The boat rose and fell in the current waves, and the oars tripped and splashed in the roily crests, until there suddenly came a sharp snap, and Teddy fell backward, holding aloft the bladeless half of an oar. Reddy ceased rowing; the skiff lost headway and floated down the river.

In the confusion of the accident neither boy saw a threatening danger. In the middle of the river was the trunk of a dead cottonwood, standing at an angle of forty-five degrees, its roots firmly anchored to the bottom. The boat floated against the snag, striking amidships. Its starboard side rose, its port side lowered, the water poured over the gunwale, and in an instant Teddy was clinging to the trunk, and Reddy swimming in the boiling current. The boat hung for a moment, as if undecided whether to drop to the right or left of the snag, twisting and struggling in the fierce tide, and at last slid off astern and floated away down-stream.

A foot above the water was a large knot and a swell in the trunk of the tree. Teddy climbed above this, and sat astride of it, clasping the trunk in his arms. He was at first inclined to treat the accident with bravado, and he waved a hand above his head and shouted; but the sight of Reddy floating towards the rapids froze his utterance and paralyzed his arm.

It was plainly impossible for his comrade to swim to the shore—he was too near the dangerous fall—but he hoped he might reach the jam in the middle of its crest

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

thought it so pretty I have remembered it. Would you like to hear it?

All. Please do. Yes, indeed.

[Miss Sommerfield repeats lullaby.

By-by, babies, hushaby,
Night and sleep are drawing nigh,
Little birdies seek the nest,
Tired lambskins drop to rest,
By-by, babies, hushaby,
Stars are lighting up the sky,
Angels come to watch your beds;
Slumber, little curly-heads.

Enter Helen Sayres and Daisy James.

Helen. Good-afternoon, girls. I am awfully late, but I met Miss James and got talking to her, and didn't realize how time was passing. Miss James, young ladies.

[All nod rather stiffly. Miss Sommerfield extends her hand, and Miss James touches it with the tips of her fingers.

Miss James. So happy, I am sure. I was quite by myself, do you know, and Miss Sayres kindly spoke to me. Do you not find it rather lonely here?

Olive. Oh, not at all.

Victoria. It's simply perfect. We all know each other, and how could we be lonely?

Miss James. You all know each other? Just fancy! A party of girls travelling together. How very odd!

Olive. No, Miss James, we have made each other's acquaintance since we came here. But American girls get acquainted easily.

Miss James. Only fancy that, now! It is truly a democratic country. In England, you know, at the watering-places, I stay with mamma a whole season, and we never speak to strangers. Mamma is very particular.

Madge. Well, Miss James, to make you feel easier about us, we will give you references.

Miss James. I dare say you are all right. But in England it is so different, so much more established, you know. This is the land of the people.

Grace. Have you been to Chicago?

Miss James. No; but we are going there, of course.

Grace. Chicago is fine, when you get there; but it's dangerous travelling. Great herds of buffalo wander on the plains, and bands of Indians lie in ambush for the trains.

Miss James. Only fancy! How do the trains ever pass?

Grace. It all depends on your engineer. If he understands his business, he shoots at lightning speed through Indians and buffaloes. But you can't feel quite safe till you get there.

Miss James. I must tell mamma of this. I am sure she will not go.

Miss Sommerfield. We should go on with our preparations, girls. Has anybody a suggestion to make?

Helen. I have an idea. We have among the hotel guests a fine pianist. Perhaps he would play for us.

Grace. You mean that gloomy-looking man with such a name?

Olive. With a long mustache, and eyes with white in them?

Helen. Speak of him respectfully. He plays like an angel.

Victoria. What's his name?

Helen. Stradlerewsky.

Charlotte. Oh, horrors! Say it again slowly.

Helen. Strad-e (think of the *Stradivarius fiddle*) le-rewsky (think of *Paderewsky*). Now, say it altogether.

All. Strad-e-le-rew-sky.

Charlotte. That name alone on the programme would be worth the price of admission.

Victoria. Well, who's going to bell the cat?

Miss James. Beg your pardon? What cat?

Grace. She means who is going to ask that scowling ever-with-a-cigar-in-his-mouth musician to play for us.

Miss James. I prefer not to. I have not been introduced, and mamma -

Grace. Will you, Miss Sommerfield?

Miss Sommerfield. Oh yes, I have been introduced.

Grace. Is he French?

Victoria. No; unmistakably Italian.

Helen. Or Polish, or Russian, or some sort of a Slav.

Miss Sommerfield. Russian, I think. He speaks English and French.

Ida. Did you talk French with him?

Miss Sommerfield. Yes.

Ida. I wish I could speak French. I can't even conjugate *avoir*.

Miss James. It is easy: *j'ai, tu es, il—*

Ida. Oh, please, Miss Sommerfield, go now, there's a dear, and speak English, so that you can report what he says.

Miss Sommerfield. All right. I go. There's no time like the present. [Exit.

Grace. Madge, she's a darling.

Madge. I knew you would like her.

Charlotte. Girls, let's go on with our rehearsal. Has any one found a poem, or written one, for this occasion?

Olive. I have found a dainty thing on sea-weeds. Will you hear it?

Madge. Please, dear.

Olive (reads):

The violet gems the forest,
The daisy stars the field,
And every wayside bank and brook
Their fragrant treasures yield.
Oh, sweet the air of summer,
With thoughts of God in flowers!
For bloom and beauty hand in hand
Walk down the passing hours.

But naught, dear child, is fairer,
Nor lovelier tinting shows,
Than those fair things which cradled are
Where oft the storm-wind blows.
The sea-weed's hues are rarer
Than painter's art can trace;
And only fairy looms can weave
The sea-weed's floating lace.

Helen. Why, Olive, that's just sweet. Where did you find it?

Olive. In my mother's day-book. Mother writes a poem now and then, and locks it up in her drawer. She says it isn't good enough to publish.

Victoria. It is good enough. The magazines print a lot of things not so good as that.

Olive. Thank you.

Victoria. Girls, do you want anything funny? My brother Charlie dashed off some rollicking lines for me last night.

Charlotte. Oh yes. Let's have something funny.

Victoria. It's arrant nonsense.

Madge:

"A little nonsense now and then,"
Said good old Dr. Lee,
"Is relished by the best of men."
That's just the case with me."

The doctor was jumping a rope when he said that.

Victoria (reads):

ODE TO A CLAM.

Oh! clam at high-water,
Here's somebody's daughter
A sighing and crying your measure to take;
She cares for you only,
Poor bivalve so lonely,
Because you are good in a Yankee clambake.
Perhaps she'll shout louder
To see you in chowder.
Poor clam, for your sake
I've a dreadful heart-ache.

Charlotte. Capital. We wouldn't miss that for anything. Who else is ready?

Ida. I have a little poem about a shell. [Reads.

What is the song you are singing forever,
Sad as the sound of a knell,
Deep as the tone of a bell,
Oh! sorrowful, murmuring shell,
Singing and singing forever?

Grace. Mine is about sweet charity. [Reads.



"WAAL ONE NIGHT I WAR ON DECK ALONE."

Of all things touched with heavenly clarity,
There's nothing can compare with sweet, sweet charity!

Charlotte. Girls, we ought to have some singing. Do you know that old tune, "Home Again"? Why not sing that? It will please the older ones, and seem a compliment to them. It might do for the last thing on the programme.

Ida. That's beautiful.

Madge. Sing the tune, Charlotte, and let me catch the rhythm. [*Charlotte and the others sing.*]

Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore;
And, oh! it fills my soul with joy
To see my friends once more.

Enter Miss Sommerfield.

All. Oh, Miss Sommerfield! Did you see him? Will he? What did he say? Did he hypnotize you?

Miss Sommerfield. One at a time, young ladies. Let me tell my story, please. I found this wonderful man just where I had left him. I said, "Professor." He started, kicked over a chair, threw away his cigarette, stared at me, and said, "Pardon, mees, I was so rude." "Not at all, Professor," I said; "I am sorry to interrupt your reading." "I am most happy to be interrupted by a so charmant a young lady," he said, gallantly.

Grace. That was nice in him.

Miss Sommerfield. So then I told him about you and your request, and implored him to play for you. He listened, stroked his mustache, and toyed with his big diamond ring. "It is for the poor sick little children." "Ah!" he said, "America is von grand country for poor leetle children. They are efer doing something. Very well; why should I not play for these young ladies, and the poor sick little children?" "Then you will?" I said. "With pleasure," he said. "I do not play to eferbody. See? I do not become common. But this is different." "Oh, Professor," I said, "how can I thank you enough? Dare I ask what you will select?" And he said, "A thing from Chopin and one of my own compositions."

Miss Sommerfield. But hear the rest, and see, you naughty girls, what a position you have got me into. He said, "Do you not perform the piano, mademoiselle?" "A little, a very little," I said. "We shall then give a four-hand piece? Yes? Charmant! I have a nice thing, superb. We shall close the parlor doors, and practise together."

Madge (hugging her). The dear. See her blush. It will be simply an elegant affair.

Miss Sommerfield. But I am afraid to play with such a big musician. My heart will be in my mouth.

Charlotte. On no account, my dear. The practice will do you good. And the honor will be overwhelming.

Grace. Indeed, you are a beautiful player, and think how your name coupled with that of Skewsky will look. Everybody will turn green with envy.

Miss Sommerfield. If I don't spoil everything.

Ida. Girls, I see Uncle Jake. He's an old sailor who is hired to keep the grounds in order. He spins the most delicious yarns. I'm going after him, and let's see if we can set him a-going. [*Exit.*]

Victoria. What fun!

Charlotte. But we ought to let nothing interfere with our rehearsals.

Helen. Oh, bother the rehearsal! I have read those Old Sailor's yarns in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, haven't you? But I never heard a real sailor talk.

Miss James. I would better be going. If there's to be a man in the party, mamma might not like—

Miss Sommerfield. You will not offend your mamma, I am sure. This old sailor is a harmless, good-natured fellow.

Grace. How does Ida come to know Uncle Jake?

Victoria. Her brother follows the sea, and naturally she makes up to sailors.

Olire. Ida is a darling.

Enter Ida and Uncle Jake.

Ida. I have fetched him, girls; but he says he's in a hurry, and can only say how de [*aside to the girls.*] Please let him talking. His stories are genuine sailors' yarns.

Madge. Hows-de-do, Uncle Jake?

Charlotte. We are right glad to see you. Do sit and rest a while on this bench.

Miss Summerfield. We hope you are well, Uncle Jake?

Uncle Jake. Tofable, ma'am, tofable. My knees are stiff around the joints.

Ida. Uncle Jake, we are getting up an entertainment to be given in the hotel for the benefit of the Seaside Home.

Uncle Jake. Now that's a good thing. Calculate to fetch up there myself one of these days.

Victoria (laughing). But, Uncle Jake, this is not a home for old sailors. It's for sick and poor babies. You see, they would die in their overcrowded hot tenements; but they come to the home and get well.

Uncle Jake. Oh, land sakes! That must be what the old gentleman referred to. Sick babies. Yes, that's it.

Charlotte. What old gentleman?

Uncle Jake. The one I met in the Saragossa Sea.

Ida. Elegant. Girls, he's going to spin a yarn. Uncle Jake, do please tell us about that. Was it an adventure?

Uncle Jake. Quite so, miss. But I interrupt your proceedings.

Sereral at Once. Oh, go on. Do. Never mind the proceedings.

Uncle Jake. Well, that there was a tight scrape, and no mistake. I was second mate of the *Blue Turquoise*. It was a first-class voyage till we hove right inter the Saragossa Sea, and there we var becalmed and stuck as fast as a fly in macilage. That Saragossa Sea is a curus place. Sea-weeds grow a mile long, with blossoms big as sun-flowers. Monsters swim around, and squat on the branches and squint at the ships a-lyin' becalmed. It made me kinder shiver to see them ceturs' hungry looks. They knew a ship would rot to pieces, only give her time. Our Captin' war powerful mad when he see he'd got inter the Saragossa Sea. But gettin' mad arter a thing is done don't do no good. Waal, it war a red and fiery ball of a sun. How I wished I could a set oncet more under a tree. Truly I'd ha' given my bottom dollar to be a settin' under that old oak that we had to hum, an' a breeze a-stirrin' the branches. Somethin' to dry up the perspiration. Willie war cabin-boy, and homesick and down in the mouth, poor youngster. The Captin's face war'n't reassuring. He was plumb beat out.

Miss Summerfield. Girls, do you recall Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"?

Oliver. Yes.

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Go on, Uncle Jake.

Uncle Jake. Waal, one night I war on deck alone. Willie he was thar too. The Captin' he come up. "Ain't no change, mate?" says he. "No, sir," says I. "Bad business," says he. "Better soon, I hope," says I. "We're in the identical spot we was in two weeks ago," says he. "Mate, the perwisions is givin' out," says he, in a hoarse voice. "I know it, sir," says I. It was the worst feature of the case. Thar war Willie standin' by, mournful-like. I tried to hearten up the Captin' a bit, but 'twarn't no use. "I'd ruther be in a whirlpool," says he, "than here. I'm goin' below. If there's a change call me," says he. So he went below, and pretty soon I heard him and the rest of the crew snorin'. There war'n't a solitary blessed thing for the men to do, and they war all turned in. Willie and me we staid up and watched the heavens of brass. It might ha' been midnight when I sighted a speck a long ways off. There war'n't no wind, yet it came on wonderful fast. "D'ye see that, Willie, my boy?" says I. "It is a curus craft." But Willie war'n't asleep. He seen it too. Come near, there war a 'norious shell with a fine hearty old gentleman sittin' in it, and by his side the handsomest young lady (barrin' present company) that I ever seed. She war a beautiful cetur, with black eyes shinin' like stars, and long golden hair, which she war a-combin' out the snarls. The shell was drawn by two white sea-horses. Their backs was like great fishes, and their tails lay on top the water like fishes' tails. Their forrud part war like horses, and their manes was like tossin' waves. Bless my soul, but they made a putty pictur. When they was hove close to

us the old gentleman hauled up his horses, and "Helloh!" says he to me. "Helloh!" says I. "What's the name of this ere vessel?" says he. The "*Blue Turquoise*," says I. "Jes so," says he. "Becalmed, ain't ye?" "You're right there, sir," says I. "What may I call you, sir?" says I. "Oh, I'm Father Neptune," says he.

Miss James. Oh, now, Uncle Jake. That's impossible.

Ida. Nothing is impossible. Don't interrupt.

Uncle Jake. I'm only tellin' ye what he said. He had a pitchfork in his hand 'stead of a whip.

Miss James. That wasn't a pitchfork. It was a trident, which had three prongs, and was a symbol of Neptune.

Mamma.

Victoria. Miss James, you must be a realist. Now, please let the story go on. Pitchfork it is, Uncle Jake.

Uncle Jake. Yes, ma'am, it war. "Well," says I, "that handsome gal is Miss Neptune, I suppose." With that the young lady laughed fit to kill. "Not by a long shot," says she. "I am Miss Lorelei." Then she giv me one of them piercin' glances of hern, and I shivered. Willie he felt uneasy too. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," says I. "Be you the pusson what sits on a rock and draws sailors to their own destruction?" "The very same," says she, and she kep' on laughin' and laughin'. "If you please, ma'am," says I, "I'd ruther not be drawn. Though 'twould be a change on stayin' here." "You're safe," says she. "I ain't in the drawin' business now," says she. "Father Neptune and me's takin' a trip round the world." Father Neptune he spoke up, and says he, "Ever been to America? They say it's a fine country. We're goin' there. I want to see their big ships that cross the ocean in five days, seven hours, and fifty-nine minutes. That beats me. And then their life-savin' stations, and light-houses, and sea-side homes for poor sick babies. I want to see them all. Seair is good for babies, eh? Good enough for me. I've lived on it several hundred years. "You're lookin' hale and hearty, sir, I'm sure," says I.

"Well, good-by, and good luck to ye," says he, pullin' at the reins.

"Hold on, your Honor," says I, for an idee had taken possession of me. "Can't ye give us a pull out er this?" He talked low with Miss Lorelei, and she didn't seem to object. "All right, throw us your hawser," says he. I was all of atremble, but Willie and me got that there rope loose in a hurry, and threw one end to Father Neptune, and made fast the other. "Ain't you afraid?" says Willie. "No, my boy," says I. "The end justifies the means." Miss Lorelei took hold of the hawser, and Father Neptune give his horses a poke with his pitchfork, and my eyes! the old thing groaned and started. The *Blue Turquoise* was actually under way, and them horses foam'n' and prancin' for all they was wurth, 'twarn't long before we was flyin' and churnin' the waves behind. Miss Lorelei looked back with them wicked, beautiful eyes of hern, and tossed her golding hair, and, "You see I am back again in the drawin' business," says she, with a laugh like the rattle of silver.

Up come the Captin'. "Got a wind, eh?" says he. "Why, no, not a breath. What in thunder makes her go?" Then he spied the hawser drawn tight over the bow, and he turned pale, his knees knocked together, his teeth chattered. You might have pushed him down with a straw. It war, no mistake, a curus position, and I never blamed the Captin' for feelin' queer. "It's all right, sir," says I; "we're bein' tugged."

"Who's a-doin' the tuggin'?" says he. Father Neptune war nothin' more'n a speck on the water by this time, and Captin' couldn't make him out. I told the facts to the Captin', and Willie, he jined in, and said it war blessed Gospel truth. But the Captin's wind was clean out of his sails. I set him a steamer-chair, and Willie fanned him with a newspaper before he fairly come to. "Lord," says I, "Captin', what's the odds how you git out of this, s'long 's you only git out?" which I hold to be a pretty good p'int.

We were pulled clear out of the Saragossa Sea, and the wind sprang up, and we made port in a week arter.

Victoria. Did Father Neptune let go the hawser?

Uncle Jake. No, miss. Ye see, I had forgot to tell him

we was bound south, and mchelly he bein' headed for the Seaside Home, was a-goin' north. We cut the hawser. But I'll never forgit the good turn he did us.

Ida. My brother's name is Willie. He is a sailor.

Uncle Jake. What's his last name?

Ida. Willie Moore.

Uncle Jake. Bless my soul, if that warn't the identical chap.

Ida. But my brother's first voyage was on the *Porpoise*. She sailed to the West Indies.

Uncle Jake. It war the *Porpoise*. Beats all, how my memory fails. The *Blue Turquoise* war the next ship I sailed in.

Ida. Willie never spoke of that adventure at home, Captain Jake.

Captain Jake. Ask him, ask him. 'Mind him of the Sargossa Sea, and how the *Blue*—I mean the *Porpoise*—war tugged. He'll recollect. Mention Miss Lorelei with her gilding hair. But good-day, young ladies. Pleased to meet ye again.

All. Good-day, Captain Jake.

Miss Sommerfeld. And many thanks for your pretty tale. *[Exit Captain Jake.]*

Miss James. I fear that old man does not always speak the truth. Neptune is a pure myth.

Helen. Like the Gulf Stream.

Miss James. And I seriously doubt, Miss Moore, if that was your brother Willie.

Ida. Don't you worry.

Charlotte. I see Madge has found the old lyric mamma loves. Read it, Madge, two lines at a time, and we will sing it to the tune of "What fairylike music steals over the sea."*

"What fairylike music steals over the sea,

Entrancing the senses with charm'd melody?

'Tis the voice of the mermaid, that floats o'er the main,

As she mingles her song with the gondolier's strain.

'Tis the voice of the mermaid, that floats o'er the main,

As she mingles her song with the gondolier's strain."

[Madge reads, and the others sing.]

When we have the entertainment, we'll let this be the last thing on the programme.

GREAT MEN'S SONS.

BY ELDRIDGE S. BROOKS.

THE SON OF NAPOLEON.

"NINETEEN—twenty—twenty-one," the people in the Garden of the Tuileries counted. Then, with open ears, they listened breathlessly. "Twenty-two! Hurrah! hurrah!" they shouted. "A boy; it is a boy!" they cried. "Long live the Emperor! Long live the King of Rome!"

It was the 20th of March, 1811. A baby had been born in the palace of the Tuileries. The booming cannon announced the great event, and the people knew that for a girl twenty-one guns would be fired; for a boy, one hundred. So when the twenty-second gun boomed out there was no need for further counting. All the people knew that an heir to the throne of France had been born, and with loud acclamations they shouted "welcome" and "long life" to the son of Napoleon.

He was a bright, pretty little fellow, and his father loved him from the start. At his very first cry Napoleon caught him up, and hurrying to the great chamber in which the foremost men of the empire were waiting, presented to them "his Majesty the King of Rome!"

It was at the height of Napoleon's power. All Europe lay at his feet. Thrones and principalities were his to give away; but for his son he reserved the title that would revive the greatness and glory of the ancient days and recall the widespread sway of Charlemagne; the little Napoleon was to be King of Rome, and heir to the Empire of France.

But a King must have a royal guard. So one day in September, 1811, a brigade of boys, none of them over twelve years old, marched into the Cour du Carrousel, where the

Emperor was reviewing his army, and drew up in line of battle opposite the famous Old Guard of the Emperor. And Napoleon said: "Soldiers of my guard, there are your children. I confide to them the guard of my son, as I have confided myself to you." And to the boys he said: "My children, upon you I impose a difficult duty. But I rely upon you. You are pupils of the guard, and your service is the protection of the King of Rome."

There were days of splendor and ceremonial, of fête and display, in the early life of the little King of Rome. His father was, literally, Kings of Kings; he made and unmade sovereigns, he carved up nations, and cut out states.

Suddenly came the collapse. All Europe arrayed itself against this crowned adventurer—this man who, through a hundred years, has remained at once the marvel and the puzzle of history. There came days of preparation and leave-taking, of war and battle, of defeat and disgrace. When the days of war and struggle came, the old-time fire and dash and courage of the conqueror seemed to have left him; his hopes were with his boy and that boy's future rather than in the rush and grapple of armies.

So Napoleon's star set fast. With all Europe arrayed against him for his overthrow, the great Corsican suddenly became little, and everything went wrong.

On the 25th of January, 1814, the father saw his son for the last time. Holding by the hand the boy, then nearly three years old, the Emperor presented himself before the eight hundred officers of the National Guard of Paris, assembled in the gorgeous Hall of the Marshals. "Officers of the National Guard," he said, "I go to take my place at the head of the army. To your protection I confide my wife and my son, upon whom rest so many hopes. In your care I leave what is next to France—the dearest thing I have in the world."

But disaster overwhelmed both the Emperor and the nation. The guards were powerless to guard. The armies of Napoleon were defeated; he himself was banished to Elba; and the little Napoleon with his mother escaped to the court of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria.

With a final burst of courage Napoleon escaped from Elba and roused France once again to war. It was in vain. His power and his luck were gone. Waterloo gave him his death-blow, and the lonely island of St. Helena became his prison and his grave.

Four days after Waterloo, on the 22d of June, 1815, Napoleon issued his last proclamation. "I offer myself in sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France," he announced. "My political life is ended, and I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. Let all unite for the public safety, and in order to remain an independent nation. NAPOLEON."

But the nation was paralyzed by disaster. Union was impossible. The boy thus proclaimed Emperor was far from France, held by the enemy. He was never to see his native land again, never to see his father, never to reign Emperor of the French.

For seventeen years the boy lived at the Austrian court, practically a prisoner. His mother cared little for him, and for years did not see him; his name of Napoleon was denied him; his titles of Emperor and King were taken from him, and he was known simply as the Duke of Reichstadt.

His grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, was kind to him, and tried to make an Austrian of him, but he grew from a bright, handsome little fellow into a lonely, low-spirited, and brooding boy, who remembered his former grandeur and the high position to which he had been born, and fretted over the knowledge that he, the son of Napoleon, could inherit no portion of his father's glory, and was denied even the empty honor of his name.

At five he was a beautiful boy, who rebelled when his tutors tried to teach him German, and delighted to play jokes on his royal grandfather; it has even been solemnly asserted that he tied the imperial coat tails to a chair, and filled the imperial boots with gravel. At seven he put on the uniform of a private in the Austrian Royal Guard, and displayed a liking for military life. His gaiety began to change to reticence and a love for solitude as he grew old enough to appreciate his position. One of the Austrian

* Page 112, Vol. I, Franklin Square Library.



"HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF ROME."

Generals was discoursing to the boy one day on the three greatest warriors of the world.

"I know a fourth," said the young Napoleon.

"And who is that?" the commandant asked.

"My father," replied the boy, proudly, and walked away from the lecturer.

He was ten years old when his great father died in his exile at St. Helena (on the 5th of May, 1821). The boy wept bitterly when he was told the news, and shut himself up for several days. He put on mourning, but the Austrians compelled him to put it off, and permitted him to show no grief for his dead father.

After this he grew still more quiet and secretive; he took to his books, became quite a student, and wrote an able treatise upon *Cæsar's Commentaries*. When he was fifteen he was permitted to read books about his father and the history of France, and at sixteen he was instructed in the forms of Austrian government, and the false theory known as "the divine right of Kings."

When he was twenty he "came out" into society, and was made Lieutenant-Colonel of infantry in the Austrian army, but he never "smelled powder" nor saw war. Brooding and solitude weakened his constitution; ill health resulted; his lungs were touched with disease; and on the 22d of July, in the year 1832, having reached the age of twenty-one, the son of Napoleon died in the palace of Schönbrunn, of consumption.

It seems hard, but death was the only solution of what might have been a problem. Without the will, the energy, the genius, or the selfishness of his remarkable father, the son of Napoleon had yet ambition, persistence, and a reverence for his father's memory that amounted almost to a passion. Without any special love for France, he cherished that dream of empire that his father had made come true. Had he lived and joined ability to strength, his name might

have raised up armies, and again drenched Europe in blood—the tool of factions or the prey of his own ambitions. He died a lonely invalid, and Europe was spared the horror of a possible "might have been."

On the plain bronze tomb that marks this boy's place of burial in the Carthusian Monastery at Vienna—near to that of another unwise and unfortunate Prince, the Austrian usurper Maximilian of Mexico—the visitor may read this inscription, placed there by the Emperor, his grandfather: To the eternal memory of Joseph Charles Francis, Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French, and Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria. Born at Paris, March 20, 1811, when in his cradle he was hailed by the title of King of Rome; he was endowed with every faculty, both of body and mind; his stature was tall; his countenance adorned with the charms of youth, and his conversation full of affability; he displayed an astonishing capacity for study, and the exercise of the military art; attacked by a pulmonary disease, he died at Schönbrunn, near Vienna, July 22, 1832.

The epitaph tells but one side of this boy's story; the other side is sad enough. A young life begun in glory went out in gloom; the Prince of the Tuileries became the prisoner of Vienna; the dream of empire was speedily dispelled, and death itself mercifully removed one who might have been a menace and a curse to Europe.

What he might have been had his father remained conqueror and Emperor none may say. But the star of Napoleon, that had blazed like a meteor in Europe's startled sky, flickered, fell, and went out in disgrace. Thenceforward the shadow of the father's downfall clung to the boy, and the son of Napoleon had neither the opportunity, the energy, nor the will to display any trace of that genius for conquest that made the name of Napoleon great in his day, and greater since his downfall and his death.

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XII.

"**W**HY has he come home?"

This was the question on the lips of each one of the family when they heard of Neal's arrival.

It was soon answered. He had been suspended.

He would give little explanation; he merely asserted that he was innocent of that of which he was accused. Some of the boys, the most unmanageable at St. Asaph's, had plotted to do some mischief. Neal, being more or less intimate with the set, was asked to join in the plot, but refused. He was with the boys, however, up to the moment of their putting it into execution. Afterwards circumstances pointed to his having been concerned in it, and his known intimacy with these very boys condemned him.

There was but one person who could prove absolutely that he had not been with the culprits that night, and that person held his peace.

Of course Cynthia rightly suspected that it was Bronson.

A letter came from the head master of the school, stating the facts as they appeared to him, and announcing with regret that he had been obliged to suspend Neal Gordon for the remainder of the term.

It was an unfortunate affair altogether. Neal was moody and low-spirited, and he was deeply offended that his story was not generally believed, for the household was divided in regard to it.

Jack and Cynthia stoutly maintained his innocence, Mr. Franklin and Edith looked at the worst side of it, while Mrs. Franklin was undecided in her opinion.

She wanted to believe her brother's word, she did believe it, and yet all the proved facts were so hopelessly against him. The other boys that had been suspended were his friends. Neal had been reproved before for mischief that he had been in with them. It was one of those sad cases when a man's past record counts against him, no matter how innocent he may be of the present offence. But Hester could not believe that her brother would lie to her.

One morning Edith drove her father to the train. Not a vestige of snow was left near the road; only a patch or two on the hills, and even that was rapidly disappearing in the spring sunshine which every day grew warmer.

"Have you heard much about St. Asaph's from any one but Neal?" asked Mr. Franklin, quite abruptly. "Doesn't that cousin of the Morgaus go there?"

"Do you mean Tom, papa? Yes, he does, and Tony Bronson, too, who stays at the Morgaus' occasionally."

"I think I remember. Did you ever hear either of them speak of Neal, or discuss him in any way?" Edith hesitated.

"Tom Morgan never did," she said at last.

"And the other fellow?"

"Yes, he said something. Really, papa, I wish you wouldn't ask me."

"What nonsense! Of course it is your duty to tell me, Edith. It is right that I should know how Neal stands with his class. What did the boy say?"

"He spoke as if Neal were in some scrape, and he wished that he could help him out."

"He is a friend of Neal's, then?"

"I don't know. He spoke very nicely of him, and really seemed to want to help him; but Cynthia didn't believe that when I told her. She seemed to think he was an enemy of Neal's. But then Cynthia can't bear him, you know. She took one of her tremendous prejudices against Tony Bronson, the way she often does, and she wouldn't believe that there was a bit of good in him."

"But you liked him?"

"Yes, very much. I think he is conceited, but then so many boys are that. As far as I could see he is a very



POOR BOB! HIS JOY HAD BEEN QUICKLY TURNED TO MOURNING.

nice fellow, and the Morgans like him ever so much. The only people that I know of who don't like him are Jack and Cynthia and Neal."

"I don't believe there is much doubt that Neal has been very wild all the time he has been at St. Asaph's," observed Mr. Franklin. "This only goes to prove it. Bronson was not in that set, evidently, as he was not one of those who were suspended, and I have no doubt he is a very good sort of fellow. It is a pity Neal doesn't see more of him."

They drew up at the post-office, and Mr. Franklin went in to get the letters. He came out with quite a budget, and stood at the carriage looking hastily over them.

"All of these are to go home," he said, giving a number to Edith. "Here is one for me with the St. Asaph's post-mark. I will see what it is."

He tore it open, and glanced at the signature. Then he looked up quickly.

"What was that Bronson fellow's name, Edith?"

"Tony."

"Then this is from him. Odd we should just have been talking about him. Humph!"

Mr. Franklin's face grew grave, then angry, as he read the letter.

"That boy will come to no good end," he muttered. "I don't know what we are going to do with him."

Edith watched him curiously. She wished that her father would give her the letter to read, but he did not. People were hurrying by to the station, which was but a few steps from the post-office.

"You will miss your train, Franklin," said some one, tapping him on the shoulder.

Mr. Franklin glanced at the clock in the station tower, found that he had but half a minute, and with a hasty good-bye to Edith, and strict injunctions not to mention Bronson's letter at home, he ran for his train, thrusting the mysterious note into his pocket as he went.

Edith did the errands and drove home again, after a brief call upon Gertrude Morgan, who was full of curiosity about Neal's return.

"I always knew he was pretty gay," she said. "Of course Tom and Tony Bronson wouldn't say much—boys never do, you know; but I gathered from certain things that Neal was—well, rather sporty, to say the least."

Edith drove homeward rather slowly. She was very sorry about it all: sorry for Neal himself, whom she liked, despite the fact that he was a Gordon; sorry for her step-mother, whom she told herself she disliked; and yet Mrs. Franklin's unvarying kindness and sweet temper had not been without good results. Edith had softened greatly towards her, more than she herself was aware of. She still continued to assure herself that it was an unfortunate day for them when the Gordons came, and she worked herself into a temper when she thought of the added worry it gave her father to have Neal behave as he had done.

"Papa looked so anxious this morning when he read that letter," she said to herself. "It is too bad. I do wonder what was in it, and from Tony Bronson, too! What would Gertrude have said if I had told her?"

In the mean time Mr. Franklin was reading his letter again.

"MY DEAR MR. FRANKLIN [it ran].—It is with great regret that I am obliged to call a little matter to your attention. I had hoped that it would not be necessary. Your brother-in-law, Neal Gordon, owes me a small amount, fifty dollars, in fact, and I am at present really in need of the money. I have waited for it a good while, nearly a year, and there are one or two bills that I am expected to pay out of my allowance, which I am unable to do until Gordon pays me."

"Of course I dislike very much to dun him for it when he is in disgrace, but really I see no other way out of the difficulty than to ask you if you will kindly forward a check to my order. Very truly yours,

"ANTHONY BRONSON."

"St. Asaph's, April 2d."

This letter had cost the writer much thought. He had

written several copies before he was altogether satisfied, but at last the result pleased him.

"I call it rather neat," he said, as he folded it carefully and addressed the envelope with an extra flourish. "This will bring the roof down on our fine high-and-mighty Mr. Gordon, if nothing else does. I fancy that brother-in-law of his has a nice little temper of his own, and it will be so pleasant for Gordie to be nagged by a brother-in-law!"

When Edith got back to Oakleigh the morning that Bronson's note was received she found wild excitement raging, which, for a time, made her forget the letter.

Some of the Leghorn pullets, which, unfortunately, could fly high, had escaped from the yard, notwithstanding the wire netting which enclosed them, and had been having a fine time scratching and pecking in entirely new hunting-grounds, when Bob happened along.

Here was his chance. For many months he had been waiting for this very moment. What was the use of being a sporting dog, if he could not now and then indulge his hunting proclivities? His master had gone on the river and left him at home—his master did not treat him well, nowadays. Bob felt neglected. He would have one good time.

He waited his opportunity, and when it came he made the most of it. A fine fat hen, peacefully picking a worm, found the tables suddenly turned. Instead of the worm being in her mouth, she found herself in the mouth of the horrible black object which she had often seen peering greedily at her through the fence. Oh, that she had never flown over that fence! She gave one despairing "cluck" as she was borne madly through the air, and then was silent forever.

Janet and Willy, playing near, heard the noise and followed in pursuit, calling Cynthia as they did so, who, seeing what was the matter, flew from the house, dogwhip in hand. The boys were both on the river.

For a time the chase was hopeless. Bob had not waited all these months for nothing; he had no intention of dropping the prize at the first command. Round and round he tore, leading his pursuers a pretty dance through orchard and field, over the lawn, and through the currant-bushes. Cynthia fell at this particular point, with Janet and Willy on top of her, but they picked themselves up and started again.

At last Mrs. Franklin, coming out, headed Bob off, and Cynthia grasped his collar.

"Bad dog!" she cried. "Neal told me I was to punish you, and I mean to do it."

She cut him with the short whip, but it was of no avail. Bob had dropped the chicken, and, wild with excitement, sprang from her hand. She only succeeded in lashing herself with the whip.

"It's no use," she said at last. "I've got to punish him some other way. The boys won't be home for ever so long, and it won't do to wait."

"I have always heard the only way of curing a dog of killing hens was to tie one around his neck," said Mrs. Franklin, doubtfully. "Perhaps it had better be done. We will call one of the men."

"No, I will do it all," said Cynthia; "it's not a very nice piece of work, but I'll do it."

Cord was brought, and she finally succeeded in attaching the defunct hen to Bob's collar. Poor Bob! His joy had been quickly turned to mourning. And now this stern Cynthia—she who had hitherto been apparently so affably disposed towards him—fastened him to the hitching-post, and came with a horrid horsewhip to chastise him! Bob never forgot that morning. He always thought of Cynthia with more respect after that.

When Neal came home he highly approved of all the proceedings except the horsewhip.

"Couldn't you do it with his own whip?" he asked. "It places a dog at a mean disadvantage to tie him up and then whip him. It is so lowering to his dignity."

"One of us had to be at a disadvantage," said Cynthia, indignantly, "and I should think it was better for Bob to

be at it than for me. And as for his dignity, I think it ought to be lowered."

To which wise remark Neal was forced to agree.

Jack was much disgusted at losing one of his best hens. What with the fox last winter, and a neighbor's dog that had killed seven, and a peculiar disease which had taken off fifty, luck seemed to be against the poultry business. But, undiscouraged, Jack had refilled the machine and was awaiting results. Some of last year's hens had begun to lay, and he was sending eggs to the Boston markets. There were actually a few more figures on the page for receipts.

Bob's misdemeanor temporarily diverted the minds of the family from the trouble about Neal, but Mr. Franklin's return that night brought up the subject again to some of them.

He told his wife that he wished to speak with her, and together they went into the library and shut the door. He laid two letters before her on the table—the one he had received that morning from Bronson, and a second one from the same source, which had come by the evening mail. The latter was very brief:

"MY DEAR MR. FRANKLIN,—The very day that I sent my letter to you I received a money-order from Gordon for the amount he owed me.

"Regretting very much that I should have troubled you, I have the honor to be

"Very truly yours,

"ANTHONY BRONSON."

"What does it mean?" asked Mr. Franklin, when his wife had finished reading the letters.

"I cannot imagine," said she, looking up, completely mystified.

"Did you lend him the money?"

"No, certainly not. I should have told you, John, if I had," she added, reproachfully.

"I know," he said, as he walked up and down the room, "but I could not account for it in any other way. It is extraordinary."

"Suppose we send for Neal and ask him about it."

When Neal came he was given the two letters to read. He did so, and laid them down without a word.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" asked his brother-in-law, impatiently.

"Nothing."

"Neal dear, you must explain," said Hester.

"Why should I explain? I paid the debt. It doesn't make any difference to either of you how I did it."

"It makes a great deal of difference," exclaimed Mr. Franklin, who was rapidly growing angry. "In the first place, how did you come to be owing fifty dollars so soon after the other debt was paid? What did you do with the first fifty your sister gave you in the fall?"

"Spent it."

"Neal!" cried Hester. "Didn't you pay your debts then? Why didn't you?"

He said nothing.

"It is an abominable affair altogether," said Mr. Franklin. "You were in debt, which you had no business to be. You obtained money from Hester to pay the debt, and then, according to your own words, you spent it otherwise. You get into a bad scrape and are suspended. And now you obtain money in some peculiar way, and refuse to explain how."

"Hold on a minute, Mr. Franklin," said Neal, who was in a towering rage by this time. "You go a little too far. I don't consider that it is at all necessary for me to explain to you, but I am willing to do it on Hester's account. I did not say that I spent her money otherwise. I merely said that I spent it, which was perfectly true. I spent it paying half my debt. I owed a hundred dollars at that time, instead of fifty as I told you. I paid half then, and the rest I paid a few days ago, and it doesn't make any difference to you or any one else how I got the money. As for the scrape, I was not in it. You can believe my word or not, as you like. I've said all I am going to say.

and if you don't mind I'll leave you. I've had enough of this."

He stalked out of the library, and went up to his own room. No one saw him again that evening.

"You are too hard on him, John," said Mrs. Franklin.

"Hard on him! It would have been better for the boy if some one had begun earlier to be hard on him. It is the most extraordinary thing where he got that money."

Nothing was said to the others about it all. They knew that Neal was in fresh disgrace, but Mr. and Mrs. Franklin withheld the details at present. Neal himself was dumb. Not even to his only confidante, Cynthia, did he unburden himself. He was too angry with her father to trust himself to speak to her on the subject, and his silence made Cynthia miserable.

Neal did not acknowledge for a moment that the stand taken by Mr. Franklin was perfectly justifiable and natural, and he allowed his resentment to burn furiously, making no effort to overcome it.

His mistake from the beginning had been concealment, but this he had yet to realize. He fancied that it would be lowering to his pride to make any explanation whatever.

Let them think what they liked, he did not care, he said to himself again and again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG OF IT.

THERE is perhaps a question as to what is the proper position for the best and healthiest bicycle riding. Some good riders sit in one position, have one length of pedal stride, and use one kind of ankle motion, and others—just as good riders—believe in something entirely different, and prove it by riding long distances or at great speed without either injury or discomfort to themselves. The suggestions given below must stand, therefore, only as suggestions, which can only be proved by you yourself to be correct after you have followed them for some time, and found them of benefit to yourself. They are followed by many good road riders and racers, and that is some recommendation, and for the practical pleasure of wheelman they are probably the best that can be had.

In the first place, it is taken for granted that you are riding a bicycle for pleasure, not as a business; that you ride of an afternoon say thirty miles or so, not much more, that occasionally you make a day's trip to some place and do fifty miles, and that perhaps you take a fortnight's trip of five or six or seven hundred miles. In other words, the readers of the ROUND TABLE, both boys and girls, are the subject of this article. They do not ride five hundred miles in twenty-four hours on a track on thousand-dollar wagers, and they refrain from trying to do a mile in a minute and fifty seconds. They do not "train" for their trips, but they treat their wheels as they would cat-boats or horses or tennis, or any other healthy out-door sport.

For such people bicycle riding is not by any means the healthiest exercise that could be found. In the first place, it is an extraordinary stimulus to the heart. If you dismount after working up a bad hill you may very possibly find your pulse at 150—something unusual in almost any running game. Then again, while riding exercises certain muscles of the legs admirably, the shoulders and back muscles are not only not getting much training, but in certain too common positions they are actually being distorted. Still again there is a constant tendency to overdo the thing, to ride too much, and especially in the case of girls to tire yourself out, and bring a strain on the system that may result in something more or less permanent in the shape of injury.

All this is not set down at the beginning to scare any one away from bicycling. Imperfect exercise is better than none, and many people ride a wheel religiously who would not be persuaded to take any other regular exercise. The hours in the open air on a wheel are far better than nothing, therefore, and then, too, a good many other exercises



TOO LONG A REACH.

which are far more general, are for one reason or another beyond the reach of some of us. Horseback riding, for example, is a much more general and temperate exercise, but we cannot all support a stable. Walking is no doubt better than bicycling; but few of us will walk regularly day after day ten miles in the proper form and costume, while just now we are all willing to do twice that amount on a wheel and in correct costume. So that bicycling, in spite of its drawbacks, is distinctly to be encouraged. There is, however, a right way and many wrong ones, and though people may disagree on some of the details, they do not fail to agree on general principles.

Bicycling for boys is different in most details from bicycling for girls, and we must speak separately of these, as indeed the two should be enjoyed separately generally. A boy always has more endurance, and can tire out a girl in four miles. He should therefore either ride only in company of his own sex, or he should, when riding with a girl, keep to her standard rather than try to bring her up to his. This is hard work for the boy, and needs his constant attention during the ride, so much so, indeed, that he will do better not to ride with girls at all.

To begin with, then, let us take the ordinary upright position, such a position as will correspond to the upright position assumed by any one who is walking, by a good horseman in the saddle, by a cross-country runner in his run. There are rules for all these, and they are relatively the same. You want to give yourself plenty of room to breathe in. The chest ought to be well out, therefore, the shoulders thrown back, and the head up, so that you will not be crowding all the veins that send blood into your head by letting your neck sink into your shoulders. This is the same in horseback riding, running, walking, and

rowing. You can assume this position while sitting and reading this article by following this simple rule: Sit squarely on the chair. Then fix your mind on an imaginary spot in your chest bone or "sternum," just half-way between your pectorals and on a line with them. Then try to "lift" this point up as high as you can. Your abdomen will naturally be contracted, or will "go in," as you say. The small of your back will curve in, and the back of your neck at the base of the brain will press backwards, while your chin is brought in close to your neck in front, at the same time the shoulders are pressed back. When this position is exaggerated, it looks somewhat pompous and idiotic, but it is the correct position for the trunk of the body, and when it becomes natural it looks natural.

This is the position you should assume when you are in the saddle of a bicycle. Of course no one, man or boy, can keep up in this position all the time, but you should keep as near it as you comfortably can. Comfort is really the basis of all such positions, and while, to a certain extent, comfort is the result of habit, still a more upright position is more natural to one than to another rider.

This upright seat is dependent on itself. That is to say, you should get in the habit of taking it so easily that, supposing you could ride with handles, you would sit thus nevertheless. In other words, you should not depend on your hands and the grip they have on the handles for support at all. The hands and arms are not needed as you sit in a chair, nor as you walk, nor as you ride a horse, except as guides in one case to guide the horse, in the other to keep your balance while walking, and finally on the bicycle to guide the wheel and keep yourself balanced on it. If you will examine the two cuts accompanying this article, entitled, respectively, "correct road position" and "incorrect road position," you will at once see the difference. The incorrect position shows a rider "leaning" on his hands and arms. The seat is a very common one, unfortunately, and if you examine the next twenty riders you meet, especially those who have ridden fifteen or twenty miles, you are likely to find most of them in this condition. The arms are rigid, the body is leaning on them. This thrusts the shoulders back until the shoulder-blades touch each other behind the shoulders. The lungs and neck are pushed forward, and every single muscle and nerve in the upper part of the trunk and neck is out of place. The result is that neither heart nor lungs get good opportunity for action, and the shape of your upper body is slowly but surely being deformed. In the other position, the correct one, the rider could at any moment take his hands from the handle-bar and not alter his position in any way. The two contrasted speak for themselves.

It may, of course, be said that when a rider becomes tired



CORRECT ROAD POSITION.



INCORRECT ROAD POSITION.



CORRECT SCORCHING.



INCORRECT SCORCHING.

with riding, the incorrect position is a great rest. In the first place, this is not true if he has faithfully learned to ride in the upright seat. Then the other becomes uncomfortable. In the correct position the wheelman has his arms a trifle bent at the elbow, so that when he goes over any unevenness in the road his arms give, and he avoids the shaking of his whole body by the jounce, to say nothing of the certainty of giving his wheel an unpleasant shaking up.

In the most modern wheels the position of the rider is almost that of a pedestrian—that is, the pedals are almost under the saddle, so that he treads directly up and down. This helps him in keeping his seat without the aid of hands and arms, and it makes all the muscles of the legs and thighs work in their proper places, and the whole action of his body thus becomes natural. All this can be seen in the "correct position," and there can hardly be a question that this is the natural position for a man to take when he mounts his wheel for a run of a few miles. It naturally brings part of the weight of the body on the pedals, relieves the very uncomfortable weight on the saddle, and helps a rider to balance himself without the use of handle-bars, thus avoiding the "wriggling" of the wheel, which is so tiresome and so deadening to a steady road gait.

The position of a man who is racing is, of course, quite different, and it has a parallel in horse-racing. A jockey when he is riding a racing horse in a big race rises in his stirrups, leans far forward, and crouches on the horse's neck; but because a jockey does this in a race—and advisedly so—is no reason for a gentleman to do the same when he is out for a jaunt on his cob of an afternoon. The two seats are both correct, but each belongs to its sphere. So it is with the bicycle. The racing or "scorching" position is a difficult one to represent in a photographic reproduction, because each man has his own particular ideas, and as most men who race make a study of the subject, the result is that there are many different ideas. The general principle is, however, to get a strong purchase on the handles in order to give yourself greater power in thrusting down on the pedals, and at the same time to curl up the body in order to give as little resistance to the air as possible. Any one who has ridden against the wind will realize what an enormous difference the air makes on his speed, and this is, of course, multiplied when the rider is going at a record-breaking speed.

But there are correct and incorrect racing positions, and the two illustrations on the subject will give you a suggestion of these. A "scorching" position cannot be taken on a bicycle where the saddle and handle-bars have been arranged for the upright road position. This can be easily seen by referring to the illustrations again. In the correct scorching position the handles are very low down, and the

seat is raised and tipped forward, so that the rider, while pulling up strongly on the handles, is practically only leaning against the saddle, and putting all his weight on the pedals. The back is curved rather than straight, because a much greater purchase can be obtained in this way; and indeed the curved back makes a much more vigorous and symmetrical attitude.

The important point to remember is, however, that you cannot assume the scorching position and the upright road position on the same bicycle without putting on different handle-bars. Hence, when you see a man trying this position with high handles you know he is wrong. On the other hand, to start out for a pleasant afternoon run through the country for twenty-five miles in a scorching position is just as absurd as it would be if a man riding a horse in the Park for pleasure should assume the jockey seat. There is neither rhyme nor reason in it. Finally, a half-way position—one between the upright and the scorching positions—is worst of all.

Another important point in road-riding is the height of the saddle above the lowest point in the arc described by



CORRECT LENGTH OF REACH.

MAY BE SO.

BY RUTH MCENERY STUART.

the pedals. Experience has shown that when the pedal is at its lowest and you are sitting squarely on the saddle, your heel should be on a level with the toe of the boot and your knee a trifle bent. Or, to put it differently, it should be possible for you to place the ball of your foot on the pedal and follow it around in its circle without absolutely straightening your leg to its utmost. Or, still again, as other people describe it, you should be able to put the toe of your shoe *under* the pedal and keep it there all the way round, the leg being straightened at the longest stretch. The illustration representing this shows the correct length of stride, and by referring to another cut you will see what results when the rider has raised his seat so high that he is obliged to let his toes point down with a straight leg in order to follow the pedal around. This illustration, representing too long a stride, shows by the wrinkles in the rider's trousers and shirt that he is compelled to lower not only his hips but his whole side and shoulder, and, of course, the same is repeated alternately on the other side. As these photographs were taken by an instantaneous slide, and the riders were in motion, they are all actual positions during riding, and as such illustrate exactly what happens in each case.

In this case of too long a stride there is real danger to health in the long-run. The wheelman makes many thousand revolutions in a week, and rides throughout a good part of the year, and any one can see in a moment that this constant working of all the vital parts of the body must be anything but healthy. Furthermore, aside from the question of health altogether, a wheelman becomes quickly tired out with this continual shifting. He may not know what is the cause of his weariness, but it is sure to be partly due to it if he rides in that way. There is no reason why a rider should want to have a long stride. It does not make any greater speed, and it actually detracts from the power of his stroke.

Now a word as to the ankle movement. Of course the force applied through the foot to the pedal at the moment when the latter is one-quarter way round the circle from the top, or, in other words, half-way "down," is the most valuable and powerful. Just as in rowing, the strength put into the oar when it is exactly at right angles with the boat is the most valuable. And, furthermore, the earlier or later the strength is applied to the pedals the less and less powerful it becomes so far as sending the wheel ahead goes. If you press down hard when the pedal is nearly or fully down to its lowest point you are scarcely sending the wheel ahead at all, and all your exertion goes for nothing therefore. Practically speaking, in order to get the best of your strength in at the quarter-circle point you should begin to push, and push vigorously, the moment the pedal has passed by its highest point. The push should be quick and short, and should stop as soon as possible after the quarter-circle point has been passed. There is an instant of rest there, and then the heel should be raised a little and a sharp upward and backward pull made on this same pedal at the same instant that the downward push is being made on the other pedal with the other foot. As a result, the rider is pulling up with one foot while he is pushing down with the other, and there are therefore two distinct motions with each leg during a single revolution of the pedal. Many riders only push downward, and allow the pedals to rise of their own accord, so to speak, but they waste a part of the force of each revolution by this—not a half, but fully one-third of what they might easily put into it.

As a result of this the heel takes a different position relative to the toe at different parts of one revolution. At the top and bottom the two are on the same level, but the heel goes down quicker than the toe and comes up quicker. This is very tiresome for the beginner, and he soon finds the calves of his legs aching sharply, but in time he will become accustomed to it, and the added amount of speed which he gets out of his machine is surprising even to himself.

There is not space enough left to say anything of girls' riding, but some time in the future this should have a short article by itself.

SEPTEMBER butterflies flew thick
O'er flower-bed and clover-rick,
When little Miss Penelope,
Who watched them from grandfather's knee,

Said, "Grandpa, what's a butterfly?"
And, "Where do flowers go when they die?"
For questions hard as hard can be
I recommend Penelope.

But grandpa had a playful way
Of dodging things too hard to say,
By giving fantasies instead
Of serious answers, so he said,

"When'er a tired old flower must die,
Its soul mounts in a butterfly;
Just now a dozen snow-wings sped
From out that white petunia bed;

"And if you'll search, you'll find, I'm sure,
A dozen shrivelled cups or more;
Each pansy folds her purple cloth,
And soars aloft in velvet moth.

"So when tired sunflower doffs her cap
Of yellow frills to take a nap,
'Tis but that this surrender brings
Her soul's release on golden wings."

"But is this so? It ought to be,"
Said little Miss Penelope;
"Because I'm sure, dear grandpa, you
Would only tell the thing that's true.

"Are all the butterflies that fly
Real angels of the flowers that die?"
Grandfather's eyes looked far away
As if he scarce knew what to say.

"Dear little Blossom," stroking now
The golden hair upon her brow,
"I—can't exactly say I—know—it,
I only heard it from a poet.

"And poets' eyes see wondrous things,
Great mysteries of flowers and wings,
And marvels of the earth and sea
And sky, they tell us constantly.

"But we can never prove them right,
Because we lack their finer sight;
And they, lest we should think them wrong,
Weave their strange stories into song

"So beautiful, so seeming true,
So confidently stated too,
That we, not knowing yes or no,
Can only hope they may be so."

"But, grandpapa, no tale should close
With *ifs* or *but*s or *may-be*s,
So let us play we're poets, too,
And then we'll know that this is true."

NEW THINGS THAT ARE OLD.

IN spite of the protests of inventors, and of those who believe they have investigated everything since the deluge, that there is nothing new under the sun, the Psalmist was right when he put that thought into the colloquial language. On the Assyrian slabs, and on more than one old European fresco, is seen the paddle-wheel for boats, although the propeller is not in evidence. The bicycle seems to have been known in China more than two hundred years ago, and the velocipede was seen in Europe even before that. On a pane of the ancient painted glass in the old church at Stoke Pogis, England, may be seen the representation of a young fellow astride of one of these machines. He is working his way along with the air of a rider who has introduced a novelty, and is the object of the unbounded admiration of a multitude of witnesses.



The Department of the Pudding Stick is a new and original feature of the Round Table, and is intended to give the readers a chance to express their views on the most important subjects of the day.

VACATION is almost over. Indeed, for some of you school has already begun again, and I like to fancy you as taking up your studies with renewed zest and ardor.

"The rich air is sweet with the breath of September,
The sumach is staining the hedges with red;
Soft rests on the hill-slopes the light we remember,
The glory of days which so long ago fled,
When, brown-cheeked and ruddy,
Blithe-hearted and free,
The summons to study
We answered with glee.
Listen! oh, listen! once more to the swell
Of the masterful, merry Academy bell."

This stanza describes the feelings of grown people, mothers and aunts, and grandmothers, who used to go to school, and have now arrived at the stage on the road where the mile-stones are inscribed "Remember." You have not yet come in sight of these mile-stones. Yours are still marked with "Hope," "Onward," "Courage," and similar cheery words.

If I were a girl again, and could go to school, I would be careful, at least I think I would be careful, not to lose any time. Yours is foundation-work, and it is very important that this should be, because the habits of care and diligence you are forming in your class-rooms will help you through your whole lives. It is really less what you study than the way you study it which is the main thing to be considered now.

A GIRL at school cannot, of course, always be provided with every appliance for her work, but, as a rule, she ought to have her own books, her own pads, pencils, ink-eraser, crayons, drawing-paper, penknife, and whatever else she needs in order to do her work, so that she is under no necessity to borrow from her friends. What would you think of a carpenter who came to your house without tools, and had to ask the loan of some? or a doctor who forgot his prescription-book or his medicines, and had to lose time and pains until he could send around to an acquaintance and procure others, while his patient was waiting to be relieved? Have your tools, girls, and keep them in order, and, if you must sometimes lend, exact a speedy return, politely and gently, but firmly, for we must sometimes insist on our rights, and then just as firmly resolve not to borrow unless the circumstances are exceptional. Have your own tools.

SCHOOL-BOOKS should be laid aside as you leave them for other and more advanced books, neither given away nor parted with out of the family, though you may allow a younger sister or brother to use them, if you choose. By-and-by you may be glad to have your school-books to refer to, and you will find that they are as useful as much larger volumes, and easier to keep at hand; they have been prepared by learned and thoughtful experts, and have the advantage of being carefully condensed. After your school-life is over you will very much enjoy the possession of a shelf full of text-books, once your daily companions.

YOUR teachers will tell you of histories, books of travel, poems, and novels which they would like you to read outside of your regular work. Time spent in this way is very pleasant, so do not shirk your supplementary reading. Do not, in fact, shirk anything. School days are such happy days that they ought to be free from any omissions of which conscience will have a right to complain.

YOUR dearest friend, and the next and next dearest, are at school with you, and what pleasures you share, what ambitions, what confidences! Do not let any stupid person

laugh at you for being enthusiastic about your friend; you have a beautiful time with her, and she has with you, and if any one makes fun of it, she shows that she has forgotten how girls feel. Mothers never consider their daughter's friendships as matters of small importance, and usually they love Marcia's and Edith's friends almost as dearly as the girls themselves do. Be sure to have friends whom you are proud to introduce to the dear mother, who is a girl's very truest friend, when all is said.

MAY I SPEAK to you now about something else? All this summer I have been travelling twice a day on a suburban train. Early in the morning I have left the beautiful mountains, and, whirling through pleasant villages and thriving towns, finally skirting lovely meadows and broad marsh-lands, I have come to this busy, bustling city of New York. In the afternoon I have gone back over the same way, leaving the city behind me, and returning to the beautiful country in the hills in time to see the lingering sunset. From day to day, through the car windows, I have had glimpses of the most beautiful flowers. This morning the meadows and swamps were gorgeous with the bloom of the marshmallow—a vivid, blushing pink. I have never seen so many wild roses in my life as this summer, nor such acres of daisies in the day of them, and now the whole country is gay and glowing with our beautiful American flower, the golden-rod. My views through the car windows have been charming, but inside the car I have sometimes observed what was very much less pleasant to see. For example, on a warm afternoon a young girl will calmly take a whole seat, when she is entitled only to half of it, piling her bags and bundles on the other half, on the shady side of the car too; then, becoming absorbed in a book, she will pay no heed to the needs of other people, who have to seat themselves in the sun. The other day a girl persisted in keeping a window open, though this was evidently to the great discomfort of an elderly gentleman, unmistakably an invalid, who was sitting quite near. Do not let us fail in small courtesies on the road of life. We shall be much happier at the end of the day if we have always been polite and kind to every one whom we have met.

Margaret E. Langster

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER VI.

NONE of the animals paid the slightest attention to Tommy and the ex-Pirate when they came down from their uncomfortable perch on the rafter, and strolled about the big room. The Gopher, probably emboldened by his neighbors' action, descended too, and mingled with the other beasts. But, for some reason, he managed to remain within sight of Tommy and the ex-Pirate, so that if anything had happened to him he could have run to them for protection or assistance. Occasionally he joined them and conversed for a few moments, and then he would wander off again by himself.

"I guess they take us for a pair of animals," observed Tommy, as he glanced about at the peaceful beasts. "Some new kind," he added.

"That must be it," said the ex-Pirate, absent-mindedly: "but I wish we could find the Sheep."

"In this crowd?" exclaimed the Gopher, who came up at that moment. "Why, that's like looking for a beetle in a smoke-stack."

The three walked along for some time in silence, and they saw all sorts of queer things as they went. In a retired corner the Hippopotamus was shaving himself with a razor-backed Hog, much to the displeasure of the Hog, who kept up a perpetual snoring and grunting. Near by an old mother Pig was putting her little Pigs' tails up in curl-papers for the night. Further along the Armadill the Turtles, the Hedgehog, and the Porcupine squatted



"THEY WON'T LET HIM PLAY BECAUSE HE'S A CHEETAH."

the floor together, were playing dominoes. A Leopardlike creature sat near by watching the game, looking very much disappointed and mournful.

"They won't let him play," volunteered the Gopher, "because he's a Cheetah."

All this time there was much bustle and preparation going on in the middle of the hall. The Monkey tribe, of which there must have been a hundred, were bringing up tables and stools and benches from down below somewhere, and were stretching these out the entire length of the big room. They made a banquetting board much longer than Tommy had ever seen before, and then they laid plates and mugs along the edges, enough to accommodate all. The Monkeys made first-rate waiters, and the big Gorillas bossed them around, and kept them working "just like real waiters in a restaurant," thought Tommy.

"There's the Sheep!" shouted the ex-Pirate, suddenly, and he pointed out their old friend sitting on a bench about a third of the way down from the head of the long table. They hastened toward him, followed by the Gopher, who was doubtless afraid of being crowded out, for the animals were taking seats rapidly.

The Sheep was overjoyed when the ex-Pirate sat down beside him, and he moved up closer to his neighbor on the other side so as to make room for Tommy and the Gopher. The little boy sat on the bench with the ex-Pirate on his left, and the Gopher on a high stool at his right. The Lion and Lioness occupied the head of the table, some distance away, and the Bull sat at the foot.

"I have been looking all over for you," began the Sheep, "but you were so well concealed I could not find you. Where did you pick up that Gopher?"

"Oh, he's all right," answered the ex-Pirate. "He's got his ticket inside."

The Gopher almost fell off his stool. He whispered to Tommy, "Tell him not to talk about my ticket."

But before Tommy could deliver the message, the Monkeys began bringing the soup in on trays, and placed a plate full in front of each one at table. The Gopher seized his plate and lifted it greedily to his face and swallowed all at one gulp. Then he threw the plate under the table, and began snapping his fingers loudly, just as if he had not been served at all.

"You must not do that," remonstrated Tommy.

"Oh yes, I must," said the Gopher. And then he held

up both hands and snapped all fingers.

"What dreadful table manners the Gopher has," said the little boy to the ex-Pirate. "Did you see what he did?"

"Yes," answered the latter. "It was very reprehensible. Worse than anything I ever saw. Worse than the Bishop of Shinnikoree."

"The Arch-Bishop," put in the Sheep.

"Arch-Bishop nothing," retorted the ex-Pirate. "He was only a Bishop."

"But he is an Arch-Bishop now," persisted the Sheep.

"He's dead now," retorted the ex-Pirate.

"Yes; and they carved him in stone, and put him up over the entrance of the Cathedral, and so he is an Arch-Bishop, ain't he?"

"Well, I suppose so. Anyhow, he was mighty queer at table."

"You never told me about the Bishop before," said Tommy.

"I know it," answered the ex-Pirate. "But if I had the third volume of my collected poems here, I could read to you about him. He was dreadful. Worse than the Gopher."

"Can't you remember about him?" pleaded the little boy.

"Part, I guess. Let me see," and the ex-Pirate reflected in silence for a moment. Then he began:

"There once was a Bishop
Who tossed every dish up
The moment he sat down to table;
At juggling with plates
Full of apples and dates
He was really exceedingly able.

"He would stand on his head
When he buttered his bread,
And his neighbors he gaily would banter,
While he gave a wild whoop
At the sight of pea soup
Which was served in a cut-glass decanter.

"With fish-balls and prunes,
And fresh macaroons,
The Bishop was likewise clever;
To pile them up high,
And swallow them dry,
Was his constant consistent endeavor.

"He could drink salad oil
By the pint, and not spoil
The perfect success of digestion;
And having well dined,
And copiously wine,
He could turn a handspiral without question."

"Goodness," commented Tommy. "Where did you say he bishoped?"

"At Shinnikoree," answered the ex-Pirate.

"I did not hear that last verse," broke in the Gopher, swallowing his sixth plate of soup. "Can't you recite it again?"

"No, I cannot," replied the ex-Pirate, severely. "If you don't look out I'll write a piece about you."

This seemed to frighten the Gopher, for he snapped his fingers again and took another plate of soup.

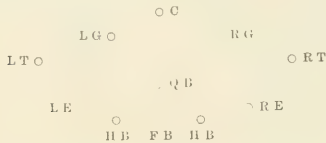
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in because the rushers cannot reach the dropping-point in time to down the man receiving the ball. Both methods found strong advocates, and were used in about equal proportions.

AND THEN AS TO THE RETURNING of the kick. Until the rules were changed "returning a kick" meant catching the punt of an opponent, and, without stopping for a down, punting it back again before the opponents could prevent. Naturally this was, among the big teams, much more talk than practice, for it was a rare exception when such an opportunity offered. With the new kick-off, however, there is certainly an excellent chance for a return kick. A man can make the most of his run in, and just before the opponents meet him he can get in his kick, if that is his play.

ANOTHER INTERESTING MATTER is the distribution of the men on the line-up for the kick-off, and it gives ample room for the ingenuity of coaches and captains. One effective placing of the men is this:



As the ball comes sailing over, the forwards swing into its direction, and become most effective running interference for whichever back catches and runs with the ball. This play, if frequently practised, can be made very effective.

IN DEFENSIVE TEAM-WORK one of the most important things—next to watching the ball, of course—is for every man to try to discover what play the opposing eleven is going to make next. Having found what it will probably be, their endeavor must be to throw their whole force against it. It is frequently possible to determine not only what the enemy's probable move will be, but exactly what it will be. This can most frequently be done by noting how the half-backs stand, or how the quarter-back is standing or looking. Men will unconsciously glance in the direction they are about to run. If a rusher is to take the ball, it is easier to note that fact than when the leather is going to a half-back, because the rusher is bound to assume a somewhat different position from that he would take if he were only going to block, or make a hole, or break through.

AS SOON AS THE CAPTAIN or any other player discovers, or feels reasonably confident that he has discovered, what the next play of the opposing team is going to be, he should impart the information to the rest of the team. He should try to do this as secretly as possible, however, or else the opponents will have time to change their signal and make an entirely different advance. It is in a case like this that quick work counts, for if you line up and give your signal quickly the opposing players can scarcely have time to notice the many little points that give away the next move, and so it is harder for them to meet it.

QUICK PLAY IS ESSENTIAL to successful and effective team-work. After a scrimmage and a down, play should begin at once, i.e., just as soon as the centre can secure the ball. Every man in the rush-line and all the backs should be in their positions without the slightest loss of time after they are sure the man who was running is down, and all should be alert for the signal for the next play, which is given during the line-up. Nothing should ever be allowed to interfere with this rapid resumption of positions except a serious injury, and then the injured player should call to his captain for time. Any delay, even by one man, might spoil the next play, and thus injure the chances of the whole team.

AND NOW FOR A FEW WORDS about aggressive play. In

this, team-work is fully as important as in the defense, and in some cases more so. With the majority of football elevens team-work in aggression is much better done and more fully developed than in defensive play, but it is the team that can offer the best organized defense—all other things being equal—that will stand the better chance of success. The chief aggressive move now in use, and the one that has been most widely adopted by football-players in the past five years, is the interference wedge. This play reached such a stage of development in Harvard's flying wedge, three years ago, that it was the main cause for the latest revision of the rules of the game. But the old interference wedge is a perfectly legitimate football formation, and can be made effective without being dangerous.

THE FORMATION OF THE MEN for this play, as every one knows, is that of a V, with the point directed toward the opposing line. The man who is to run with the ball stands inside the two walls of humanity formed by his mates, and it should be his endeavor to keep on running even after the original wedge formation has been destroyed by the resistance of the opponents. The latter, of course, never know what the runner's intention may be, whether to rush out at the apex, or through one of the sides, or to dodge out backwards and attempt a long run around the end. Consequently they cannot devote their entire force toward one point, and the possibilities of gaining ground are thus increased in the favor of the runner.

IT IS NOT WELL, HOWEVER, for the runner to use his own discretion as to the manner in which he shall escape from the wedge after it has come against the opposing line. Team-work is invariably injured and weakened when one player holds discretionary power in a mass play. It is best to decide beforehand where the runner will break through, and have it understood by two of the rushers that they are responsible for a hole. Of course, the runner should not always pass out between the same pair. There should be variations in the play, and the Captain should decide when the line-up is made just which hole to use, judging of this from the appearance of the opposite line-up, and selecting the point of egress where he thinks there will be the weakest resistance. As a rule, it is best to use the wedge only when the opponents are restrained from advancing, as in the kick-off, the kick-out, and after a fair catch, but some of the larger college teams have of late been adopting the trick after ordinary downs. In the Harvard-Yale game of 1891, Yale, with the score 12 to 0 against her, worked a wedge from the middle of the field to the goal-line and scored. Every play was a wedge that pounded the Harvard centre, and won a few feet each time, and at the ten-yard line the quarter-back, instead of pounding, as he had been for twenty minutes, ran back and went around the end for a touch-down. But such continual wedging as that should be adopted only in the most desperate case, and could never be successful except when played by a thoroughly disciplined team in the best of physical condition. Even so, it was a severe strain on the players' staying powers.

A WELL-FORMED WEDGE is bound to make some gain for the side using it, but there are many ways of meeting the play. The most simple, and the one which is probably used more than any other, is that of lying down before it. There is nothing very scientific about this kind of defense, but it has the compensating advantage of effectiveness in most cases. It prevents any further advance of the mass, for the men at the peak are forced to fall over their prostrate opponents. The danger of using too many men for this sort of blocking, however, is that should the runner escape through a hole in the side, or at the opening in the rear, there are few players left to tackle him.

THERE ARE THE BACKS, of course, upon whom this duty of tackling the runner should devolve, but rapid and judicious interference at the proper moment may overcome their efforts, and give to the enemy a clear field. Perhaps the safest way to meet an on-coming wedge is to try to force the peak—that is, to so concentrate your resistance as

to change the course of the aggressors and drive them across the field. They are thus exerting just as much of their strength as if they were advancing, and yet are gaining little or no ground. Some of the other methods I have seen used are breaking into the peak by main strength (and this is the method usually adopted against a weaker team); and sending a man over the heads of the leaders, a kind play of which Heflinger of Yale was the best exponent.

THE BEST TEAM-PLAY to defeat the object of a kick is still a matter of dispute. There are so many possibilities in the case and so many different directions for the ball to take that, after all, no method can be determined upon beforehand as the best defense. But every team should be provided with several moves for such occasions, and as usual it devolves upon the captain to decide which play to put in operation.

A **VERY GOOD WAY** is to send one or two extra men up into the forward line (the quarter-back and a half-back, preferably), and then to attack the kicking side at any point along which the ball travels in its course. In other words, put as many men forward as you can with the object of securing the ball as soon after it is put into play as possible—while it is being snapped back to the quarter, while it is on its way to the half, while the half is catching it, while he is preparing to kick, while he is kicking, and just as it leaves his foot.

IF THE KICK IS SAFELY MADE, every endeavor should go toward neutralizing its effect. This can be done by good and rapid team-play only, for, after all, the longest kick is of no great avail to your opponent unless he can keep the ball in the territory he has sent it into. The first thing to do, therefore, to neutralize his attack is to stop the opposing ends who are following the ball, and the next important thing is to give full and perfect protection to your own man, who is receiving the ball. It depends upon the style of the kick, however, as to which of these two moves is of the greatest importance, for if the kick is a high one little can be done against the on-coming ends, and every effort should be made to protect the catcher. On the other hand, if the kick is a long and low one, the catcher will need less protection, and more men can be spared to head off the advance of the opposing rush-line.

THE FINAL POINT of the play is the return of the ball, and on the quickness and coolness of the back depends its success. As a rule it is better for him to run with the ball, for the field is scattered with players, and comparatively clear, and by running the side retains possession of the ball and the chance to make one or more attacking moves that may end in a full recovery of the ground covered by the opponents' kick.

THE GRADUATE.

"You ought to be ashamed to ride that wheel."
"Why? That's what it's made for."
"Can't you see that it's tired?"



THE NATIONAL BANK-NOTE COMPANY PRINTED ALL THE U. S. STAMPS FROM 1870 TO 1872. IN 1873 THEY TURNED OVER ALL THE PLATES TO THE CONTINENTAL BANK-NOTE COMPANY WHICH PRINTED THE U. S. STAMPS UNTIL THE FORMATION OF THE AMERICAN BANK-NOTE COMPANY IN 1879. TO DISTINGUISH THE STAMPS PRINTED BY THEM, THE CONTINENTAL COMPANY PLACED SECRET MARKS ON PROBABLY EVERY PLATE, ALTHOUGH THERE IS STILL SOME DOUBT AS TO THE SECRET MARKS ON THE 15c. AND 30c. STAMPS. THE DISTINGUISHING MARKS ARE AS FOLLOWS:

THE NUMISMATIST states that only 738 U. S. silver dollars were coined in 1894, and that it bids fair to rival its hundred-year older brother (1794) in rarity and value.

The National Bank-Note Company printed all the U. S. stamps from 1870 to 1872. In 1873 they turned over all the plates to the Continental Bank-Note Company which printed the U. S. stamps until the formation of the American Bank-Note Company in 1879. To distinguish the stamps printed by them, the Continental Company placed secret marks on probably every plate, although there is still some doubt as to the secret marks on the 15c. and 30c. stamps. The distinguishing marks are as follows:

1 CENT.—A minute dash with ends upturned placed in the pearl at the left of the numeral of value. Proof specimens show a faint trace on the ball to the right of the numeral. The balls in the original are all white.

2 CENTS.—The white line which encloses the words "U. S. Postage" turns up in a ball on each side; the ball above the "U" interrupts four shading lines of the frame, the "mark" closes up the inner space and leaves it solid, while in the original it is open.

3 CENTS.—The ribbon inscribed with the value has the border where it is turned under at the left side made dark; in the original it has a white edge surrounding it.

6 CENTS.—The ribbon inscribed with the value has four dark lines of shading where it turns under at the left side; in the original these lines are much shorter and thinner.

7 CENTS.—The angles of the ball in the

right lower corner of frame are capped by a minute semicircle of color; in the original both lower corners are the same.

10 CENTS.—The label containing the inscription "U. S. Postage" is bordered with a white line which turns up in a ball at each end. That at the right encloses a minute semi-circular mark; on the original the ball is white on each side.

12 CENTS.—The figure 2 at the top encloses a colored dot above and below; the originals do not show color.

24 CENTS.—The last of the half-circle of the shading of the four lower points deepened; in the original the shading is equal throughout, and the same as on the other stars.

90 CENTS.—The shading of the four lower points of the right-hand star has been deepened; in the original both stars are shaded the same.

15 CENTS.—The secret mark on this value has not yet been satisfactorily identified. Some think that the mark lies in the outer lines of the triangle at the lower left corner, as some of the Continental printed stamps show a much heavier shading on the enclosing lines than is to be found in the National printed stamps.

30 CENTS.—Also doubtful. Some claim that there is a little dot to the left of the oval frame, but this is probably only a transfer guide.

One dealer in New York supplies four varieties of the 1c., two of the 2c., three of the 3c., three of the 6c., two of the 7c., three of the 10c., and two of the 12c., in seven varieties in all, including the re-engraved stamps, for \$3 25.

M. C. H.—The best way to detach stamps from envelopes is to wet them thoroughly, when they can readily be taken off.

J. T. DEAN, JR.—The colors are worth looking at only.

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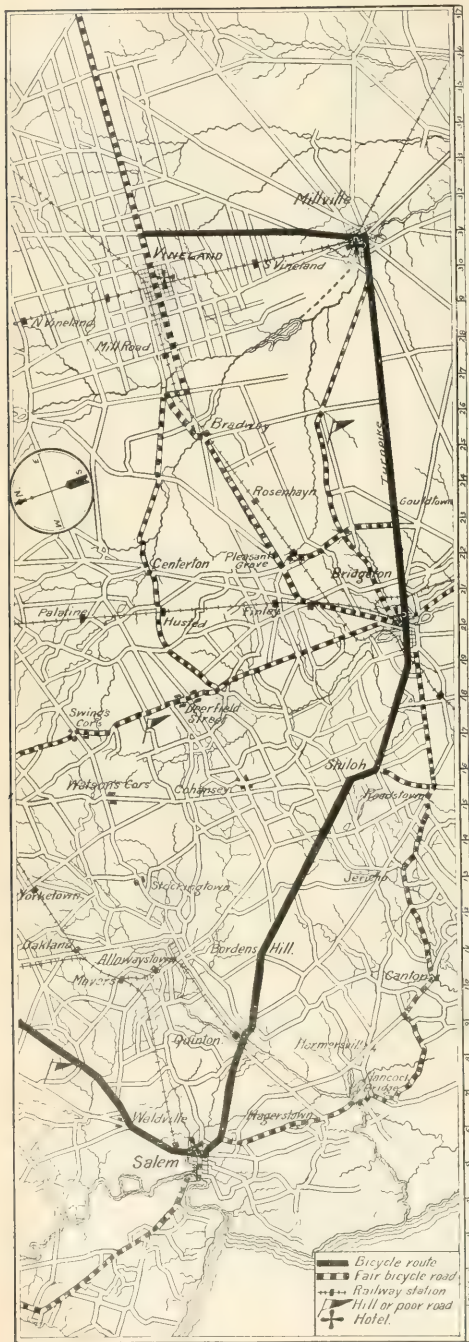
This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

CONTINUING the two-days trip out of Philadelphia into New Jersey to Vineland, we start from Salem, where we stopped last week, and where the bicyclist stops for the night. From Salem the best route is the shortest. Moving southward out of the village from the Nelson House, you keep generally to the left, and run out over a straight road, over a gravel road in very good condition, to Quinton. Thence crossing the track, keep always on the main road, turning neither to the left nor right, though the direction is generally to the right immediately after crossing the track. From Quinton it is smooth sailing along a straight road past Borden's Hill into Shiloh. As shown on the map, you come into a road running into Shiloh from the north just by the town, and should turn right into this, being careful to keep to the left again at the meeting of several roads in the village. From this point the road is again direct to Bridgeton. The distance from Salem to Bridgeton is seventeen miles, and the road is all the way as good as a gravel road can well be. It is kept in good condition also, and if you do not have a strong wind against you, you are pretty sure to have a capital run.

IF DESIRED, A STOP can be made at the Cumberland House in Bridgeton for lunch and a short rest, though the whole run to Vineland is not a long one to take at one stretch. On leaving Bridgeton, take the turnpike direct to Millville, a distance of eleven miles. It is a good road-bed, but not a particularly interesting road so far as scenery goes. Still, it is the shortest and best road to Millville, though hardly the shortest way to go to Vineland. The admirable condition of the road is enough to persuade many to go that way. From Millville to Vineland is a distance of six miles, also along a capital road, side paths being, of course, taken where possible.

THE SHORTER ROUTE runs out of Bridgeton on the road to Finley, but the rider should turn off to the right shortly after crossing the railway about three miles out from Bridgeton, and keeping on into Pleasant Grove. Thence he continues to Rosenhayn and Bradway. Keeping to the left of Bradway, the best road-bed is found by keeping on towards the northeast, as shown on the map, until a fork—a meeting of roads—is reached just out of Mill Road. Here a very sharp turn is made to the right, and in less than a mile you come to the main road into Mill Road, whence the direction is straight into Vineland. The Baker House is a good stopping-place at Vineland, and the second night can be comfortably spent there. On the following day a run can be made into Philadelphia direct, or the wheelman can take a train back if he does not want to risk the chance of poorer roads. This whole run, as has been said, can be made in one day, since it is only sixty-two miles by the shortest and sixty-six miles by the Millville routes from Philadelphia. It is a pretty run through picturesque country, and makes one of the best trips out of Philadelphia. There are many other attractive trips out of Philadelphia, but it will be necessary for us now to move on towards Boston, and give some runs in and around that city. We shall begin next week, therefore, by starting from Stamford, Connecticut, and moving on towards Boston in easy stages.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 816. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tottenville to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia—Wissahickon Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825; Second Stage in No. 826. Philadelphia to Salem in No. 827.





Any questions in regard to photograph matters will be willingly answered by the Editor of this column, and we should be glad to hear from any of our club who can make helpful suggestions.

SOME SUMMER USES FOR BLUE PAPER.

BBLUE paper is so easily made, and the materials are so cheap, that one can use a great deal of it and still not go to much expense.

Nothing is better for a photographic outfit than the blue paper. The materials can be carried dry and made up as needed, all that is necessary being to mix them with clear water. Any good unglazed paper can be used for the solution, though, of course, the photographic papers are the best.

Blue prints do not curl or exhibit any of the disagreeable traits of other sensitive papers, and therefore are specially fine to illustrate letters or journals, and being so cheap can be used profusely.

Letter-paper may be sensitized, and a picture printed at the top, making a very attractive and original letter-head. Use unglazed writing-paper, and sensitize a strip at the top a little larger than the picture to be printed on it. As all the sensitizing solution not exposed to the light washes off when placed in water, cover all parts of the paper to which it has been applied while printing. After printing put the whole sheet in the water and wash till clear. After it is washed, blot off the superfluous moisture, and place the prints between clean sheets of white paper, and put them under a press till dry. A letter-press is the best, though it must not be screwed down too tight. Several heavy books, a box half full of stones, or a smooth board with several stones laid on top make good presses.

Impressions of wood treasures may be taken on blue-print paper. The printing-frame must have a clear glass which just fits it. On this clear glass lay whatever flower, leaf, spray of which you desire to make the outline. Put a sheet of blue paper over it, and expose to the sun till the paper is slightly bronzed. Wash in several changes of water and dry.

When dry take a fine brush and a cake of French blue water-color and trace the veins of the leaf or flower in the outline. Moths and butterflies can be photographed in this way. Lace patterns can be printed on blue paper. Designs for fancy or needle work can be made with leaves and flowers on blue paper, and are much prettier than those bought in shops, besides being true to Nature. If one has not the gift or accomplishment of drawing, this is an excellent way to make patterns, and they are sure to be correct.

Two formulas have been given in these columns for blue prints. We add one more:

No. 1	
Citrate of iron and ammonia.....	1 78oz
Water.....	8 "
No. 2	
Red prussiate of potash.....	1 78oz
Water.....	8 "

The iron mixture may be made up, and will keep for a long time. The potash mixture will not keep over five or six days.

Place the paper on a flat board and dampen it with a sponge. Turn equal parts of each mixture into a saucer, mix thoroughly, and apply to the paper with a flat brush. A letter-copying brush is the best kind of brush, as it is broad and soft. Put on just enough to cover the paper evenly without streaking it. As soon as the solution has set, hang the paper up to dry. It should dry quickly, for if it is a long time in drying it will be streaked.

SIR KNIGHT MAOM. TOWNER writes that a short time ago he made some blue-print paper from directions given in the Camera Club, and when finished the paper was yellow, with blue spots in it, and asks what is the reason. The trouble is in preparing the solution. Mix the two solutions thoroughly before using, and apply lightly and evenly. Sir Kenneth says he prepared the paper by lamp-light, though the directions did not tell whether to do so or not. Referring to the copy—No. 791—which contains the directions for blue prints, we find it reads, "The paper must be sensitized by gas or lamp light, and dried in a dark room." "To sensitize," means to apply the solution to the paper. If Sir Kenneth has any more trouble in preparing his paper, he is requested to send a sample to the Camera Club. The plain salted paper which Sir Kenneth asks where to buy can be obtained at any dealer in photographic goods, or if he does not have it in stock, he will order it. It should be freshly salted.

Natural History Morsel.

Have you ever noticed the caterpillar as it spins its tiny web from the branches of trees, descending as the web is completed to the ground and returning by its newly made ladder? If you have never noticed it, you would be well paid to watch caterpillars in their work. I have spent a great deal of time watching them, and find them an interesting study. I would like to have a few foreign correspondents, and have stamps to trade.

CHESTER, N. J.

CHARLES E. ABBEY, R.T.K.

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Caring for Some of Our Pets.

"That question 'Do rabbits drink water?' has brought out much interesting discussion. It seems that the idea they never drink is one of those erroneous notions that get into the popular mind and never get out. We have to thank Agnes Pain for her letter on the subject, and a San Francisco member writes:

"Having been informed that rabbits required no water, I failed to supply it to some pets that were presented by a friend. They lived, but did not thrive, and when the young ones came the mother rabbit became frantic, and killed two of the baby rabbits, and acted like something insane with distress and longing. I recalled seeing the men run in great haste to give meat and drink to the mother of little pigs, saying she had gone insane, and was going to eat the little ones. Instead of beating her, they fed and comforted her until she became quiet and contented.

"I shall never forget with what great relief the rabbits drank the water and milk that I gave them. Thereafter I always kept them supplied with water, and the rabbits never again killed the baby rabbits. All animals require food, drink, and shelter, and almost every pet will appreciate a comfortable bed, and are not so different from ourselves in needs as we sometimes think. Even the widest or most stupid can appreciate love. Would you have your pets happy and contented? Love them, and you will put a humanizing element into your care that will react upon yourself. NELLIE ELLIS."

* * *

A Brand-New Game.

Here are the directions for playing balle-et-potau, a modification of croquet:

Drive a croquet stake into the ground in some level spot, and draw a circle around it having a radius of two mallet lengths. Arrange six balls around the stake, placing the remaining two, called "marteaux," five mallet lengths from the ring. Let the player who has first "heurt" drive his ball toward those in the ring and endeavor to displace them. If he touches one or more of the balls he is sent to another turn, and now tries to drive one of the balls outside the ring, naming his choice by color. If he succeeds in knocking out a ball, he gains tries, continuing to play until he fails to touch a ball. The second player then drives his ball toward the ring, having the further advantage of hitting his opponent's marteau. Doing this, he may, (1) if he outside's marteau is *within* the circle, knock the same outside, thereby gaining all his opponent's balls; (this play is called a "garment") or (2) he may make the usual croquet shots with the ball.

The game is played until all the balls have been knocked out, the player winning the game who has the greatest number of balls in his possession. The chief feature of the game is the garment play. To avoid being played upon in this manner, it is a wise plan to place the stake between the two marteaux. VINCENT V. M. BREDE.

* * *

A Visit to Baden-Baden.

The most beautiful summer resort I have seen while travelling in Europe is Baden-Badem, situated in the Black Forest. Many people go there, one-fourth of whom are Americans. The air of the pine forest is very healthy. It is said that the climate in winter is very cold, so there are not many foreigners; but in the summer it is lovely. When you go walking in the woods you do not notice you are climbing, as the roads are so well kept.

Most of the hotels are situated on the large "Lichtenthaler Allee," which goes from the railway station along the little river Oos to a village called Lichtenthal. Every hotel has a small garden in front, which is connected with the allee by a small bridge crossing the river, so that the whole place looks like one large garden. There are quite a good many pretty villas on the hills and in the town.

The forest deserves its name Black Forest, because the pine-trees stand so close together that from a distance it looks as black as coal. The prettiest walk near Baden is near a lake in the

woods. On the way there one passes the Russian church with its gilded domes. It is so pretty to see the gold against the dark forest. You can see the church from nearly all the surroundings of Baden, and it often serves as a guide.

About twenty minutes' walk from the church is the lake in the woods. When you reach it and are tired of walking, there are plenty of benches to sit down on and feed the swans. To go home you have your choice between half a dozen roads, no one prettier than the other. I found some little American friends in Baden to play with, but no members of the Round Table. I hope that some members will go there and enjoy themselves as much as I did. MAX LILIENTHAL, R.T.K.

WILDMORNS.

* * *

Prizes for Pen-drawings.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE wishes to have illustrated one of the stories to which it awards a prize in its Story Contest ending January 1, 1896. Do you want to try your hand? \$10 is offered for the best illustration, and we will print it with the story as soon as it can be suitably reproduced. What is wanted is a pen-drawing that will be, when printed, about 3½ by 5 inches in size. It should be drawn, therefore, 5 by 10 inches. Use Bristol-board and India-ink. If you wish to submit a drawing, send to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, New York, previous to January 1, 1896, a written request for the story in proof. When you receive the proof you select your own subject, make the drawing in your own way, and return it with the proof. If after you receive the proof you do not wish to submit a drawing in the competition, you simply tear up the proof. Competition is open to those only who have not passed their eighteenth birthday.

* * *

A Very Kind Offer.

Mr. Kirk Munroe, whose visit to Good Will Farm has much aroused his interest in the Round Table School, there offers to give a reading from his own works in New York city toward the end of November, the exact date to be fixed later, the proceeds to go toward the Fund.

Why can't we make this a memorable occasion? Let us hear from New York, Brooklyn, Newark, and all other near-by members. Where shall we have this reception and reading? Will you help to make it a success? We want the assistance of all who live near enough to attend. Tell us if you will help.

* * *

New Idea in Puzzles.

Are you familiar with the puzzles that have been published in HARPER'S ROUND TABLE? They have been exceptionally good, and of many styles. A new style of puzzle is wanted. That is, an idea in puzzles that has not hitherto been used. We do not mean new material in an old form, but a new catch or form. If you cannot make the entire puzzle, write out the suggestion. \$5 is offered for the idea—the best one we receive, provided that it is new. Competition open to anybody, any age. Send suggestions, either by description or in a puzzle, not later than December 1, 1895.

* * *

Special to all Readers.

It is desired to correct the records of the Order, especially the addresses. We ask, therefore,

1. That Founders will send us their names and addresses on a postal card, spelling out a first name, printer all in English capitals, and adding the word "Founder." Use simply the sign "A."
2. That all members will do the same, except that they will not use the word Founder. Remember that you remain a Knight or Lady of the Order even if, since becoming such, you have passed your eighteenth birthday.

3. That persons over eighteen, not now members, who wish our Order well, will send us names and addresses, and receive a Patron Patent. Use simply the letter "D."
4. That members send us names and addresses

of friends whom they wish Patents for; say whether such friends are over or under eighteen.

If you wish to distribute Round Table Prospectuses, make the request on a separate postal card from the one on which you ask for a new Patent. Only one person may accept this offer in one town or neighborhood. In applying say how many Prospectuses you can place, whom you intend to give them to, what are your facilities for giving them out, and what prize you seek. The prizes are: Round volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1893 or 1894; gold badges of the Order; packet of fifty visiting-cards bearing your name, with the plate for future use; rubber stamps bearing your name and address; pencils resembling a common nail; and silver badges of the Order.

These Prospectuses must not be thrown into front yards, nor given to three or four to a family. They must be given each to a different family, and those families known by you to be such as are likely to be interested in them. There may be delay at times. If you do not receive a prompt response to your request, do not write a second time. A response will reach you as soon as possible.

* * *

All About Naval Apprentices.

Please tell me all about naval apprentices and how to become one. GEORGE STOKES. PLUM VALLEY, N.Y.

Boys between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years may enlist to serve in the navy until they shall arrive at the age of twenty-one years. The consent of parents or guardians, however, must first be obtained. These boys, after being sworn in, are sent on board of naval vessels and are carefully trained for the service of the navy. Before a boy is accepted he is obliged to pass the examining board of officers, satisfying them that he is of robust frame, intelligent, of good moral character—for the navy is in no sense a reformatory—that he has a perfectly sound and healthy constitution, and that he is able to read and write. The elements of an ordinary English education are given the apprentices, and their professional studies embrace the knotting, splicing, hitching and bending of rope; fancy marlinespike seamanship; sewing canvas; bending, reefing, and furling sail; the names and use of the various gear in the way of standing and running rigging; and the manner in which it should be set up and rove; terms for the different parts of the ship; military tactics; broad-side exercise; rifle drill; the loading and firing of the great guns, as well as the handling of smaller pieces of ordnance, such as Hotchkiss and Gatling guns, etc. Auxiliary to these studies the boys are taught rowing and swimming.

Apprentices are enlisted as "third-class boys," and receive \$9.50 per month. Their food is also given to them; but their outfits of clothes, furnished to them by the paymaster of the vessel when they join, are charged against their accounts, and they receive no money until the indebtedness has been paid out. While serving on board of naval training vessels, apprentices may be promoted to "second-class boys," and have their pay increased to \$11.50 per month, and when doing duty on cruisers of the navy they are eligible to higher ratings and pay as a reward of proficiency and good conduct.

The highest rank that an apprentice may hope to gain is that of warrant-officer, so that he cannot look forward to a grade beyond that of gunner or boatswain—the pay of which, however, reaches \$1800 a year after a certain period of service. Warrant-officers are, like all other officers of the navy, retired after reaching the age of sixty-two years, and a generous percentage of their active-service salary is paid to them as long as they live.

Recruiting stations for apprentices are to be found in New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, where boys may apply at any time.

Address "Recruiting Station for Naval Apprentices, Navy Yard." The naval school, known as the Naval Academy, is situated at Annapolis, Md., and is entirely distinct from the apprentice branch of the service. At the latter institution young men are prepared to become officers in the line and in the engineer corps of the navy. During the war of the rebellion the Naval Academy was temporarily transferred to Newport in Rhode Island.

IN these days of bicycle mania all sorts of bicycle stories are told, but this anecdote is said to be a true one. A Chicago lawyer named Harris had a case in a police court situated in one of the outlying districts of the city. He rode to the court and left his wheel at the door, with a tag attached to the handle bar, on which he wrote: "This bicycle is the property of a legal gentleman who will be back in twenty minutes." After losing his case before the judge, Mr. Harris came out to find that his bicycle was missing. The tag hung from a nail on the wall near by, and beneath the lawyer's inscription was another: "To the legal gentleman: Your wheel was taken by another gentleman who's a 'scorcher.' He won't be back at all."

"My tooth aches awful," said Willie. "Don't you think I'd better not go to school to-day?"

"No, you needn't go to school. I'll take you to the dentist instead," said his mother.

"I think—I guess I—I'd better go to school after all," rejoined Willie. "The tooth aches, but—it don't hurt any."

DON'T:

"I'm tired of 'don'ts'," said Margaret B.
 "Just as tired of 'don'ts' as I can be,
 For it's 'don't' do this, and 'don't' do that,
 'Don't' worry the dog, 'don't' scare the cat,
 'Don't' be untidy, and 'don't' be vain,
 'Don't' interrupt, 'don't' do it again,
 'Don't' bite your nails, 'don't' gobble your food,
 'Don't' speak so loud, it's dreadfully rude,
 'Don't' mumble your words, 'don't' say 'I won't,'
 Oh! all day long it's nothing but 'don't'!
 Some time or other I hope—'don't' you?—
 Some one or other will say, 'Please do!'"



A NATURAL INQUIRY.

BOBBIE. "WHAT DOES IT COST TO MAKE A LITTLE GO?"

POSTMAN. "TWO CENTS."

BOBBIE. "DON'T YOU TAKE 'EM FOR CHILDREN AT HALF PRICE?"



HIS FIRST VIEW OF AN ELEPHANT.

ELDER BROTHER. "LOOK AT HIS TAIL, JIMMY, LOOK AT HIS TAIL!"
 JIMMY. "WHICH ONE, BOB; DE ONE BEFORE OR DE ONE BEHIND?"

CHANGING THE SUBJECT.

"FRANCES," said a mamma, severely, to her seven-year-old daughter.

"Yes'm."

"Who made all these colored crayon marks on the parlor wall paper?"

"Mamma," replied Frances, "did you know that Mrs. Dicer called to see you while you were out?"

"Frances, I want to know who put all those marks on the parlor wall."

"Mamma, I think some of the little girls on this street are very bad. Lucy Bunting ran off with my doll."

"Frances, I don't want to discuss Lucy Bunting. I want to know who made all those dreadful marks, and spoiled the wall paper."

"Mamma, you ought to have seen my little kitty run up the tree just before you came home. She went almost to the top."

"I don't care anything about the kitty, Frances. What I want to know is about this paper in the parlor, which is covered with red and yellow marks."

"Mamma, what do you think would be a nice birthday present for papa?"

"Now, Frances, listen to me! Who made those marks on the parlor wall?"

"Oh, mamma," sobbed Frances, "why do you keep talking about the parlor wall paper when you see me trying so hard to change the subject?"

PAPA. "Who has put all these ink spots on my desk?"

BOBBY. "Why, papa, those are not ink spots; it's a letter which I wrote to you."

PAPA. "Jack, how did you get that lump on your forehead?"

BOBBY. "Jack hit me with a stick."

PAPA. "Did you strike him back?"

BOBBY. "No."

PAPA. "That was quite right."

BOBBY. "Because I hit him first."

"WHAT makes the baby cry so?" asked Willie.

"He's cutting his teeth," said the nurse.

"Why do you let him do it?" asked Willie. "You won't even let me cut my own nails."

WILLIE (who was travelling alone for the first time, as conductor). "What is the meaning of 'W' and 'R' on the sign-posts along the road?"

CONDUCTOR. "Ring and whistle."

WILLIE (after a pause). "I can see how 'W' stands for wring, but I'm blessed if I can see how 'R' can stand for whistle."



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



A CARGO OF BURNING COAL.

BY AN OLD SHIPMASTER.

THE reader may think that while coal must be a dirty cargo it is in other respects an innocent one; but there is no shipmaster who does not dread a long voyage with this kind of freight, for many a fine vessel has been lost owing to the coal taking fire through spontaneous combustion; therefore the greatest care is exercised in carrying it, and whenever the weather will permit, the hatches are opened in order to give the gases in the hold an opportunity to escape. The regular coal-carriers are fitted with ventilators set in different parts of the deck, and the holds of the vessels are kept pure and wholesome by turning the gaping mouths of a number of the huge funnels so that the wind will pour into and down them to the interior of the ship, and keep up a circulation by escaping through other ventilators that are turned in a contrary direction.

A good many years back, when I was an able young seaman on board the bark *Raleigh*, I had an experience that was both exciting and strange. Our vessel was loaded

with coal, and bound from Philadelphia to Australia. The run down to the equator had been a slow but pleasant one, owing not only to the mild, beautiful weather that we had held right along since sailing, but because the *Raleigh* had what was something of a novelty in those days, in the way of an excellent and kindly set of officers. We were what is called a "happy ship."

After reaching about the parallel of twenty degrees south we got a stress of weather for over a week, in which several of our sails were blown away and a number of our light spars were wrecked. All our live-stock of pigs and chickens were drowned, owing to the flooding of our decks, for we sat very low in the water.

On the day that we ran into pleasant weather again we started to take off the hatches, when a gassy, choking smell poured out of the opening. The cargo was on fire. There was only one thing to do—to replace the hatches, make holes through them, and pump streams of water into the

hold, endeavoring to drown the fire before it gained additional headway. All hands were called to the task, and for twenty-four hours we worked for our lives, the crew being divided into relief gangs so that the deck-pumps might be kept constantly going.

Before another morning came, however, we knew that the ship was doomed, for the decks grew hot under our feet, and through various crevices the weakening, nauseating fumes of coal-gas poured, overpowering us at times as we plied the pump-handles. The wind died away, leaving the ship becalmed, and over and around her hung a sickly blue pall of vapor. Then the order was given to provision the boats and desert the *Raleigh*. We pulled a little way from the vessel and rested on our oars, watching the noble ship. As long as she floated there we seemed to have something to cling to on the wide desolate reach of waters.

Shortly afterward the mainmast swayed like a drunken man, then with an awful crash it pitched over the side, dragging with it the foretop-gallant mast and the mizzen-topmast. Through the broken deck a column of winding sulphurous flame shot into the air. The pitch ran wriggling out of the seams of the *Raleigh's* planking, and fell hissing in little showers into the water alongside as the vessel rolled sluggishly on the swells. An hour later the bark was a mass of flames, and we pulled away to escape from the heat.

There were two boats, the Captain commanding one and the chief mate the other. Each had been provided with a chart and compass, and, in addition to these instruments, the two officers had carried away their sextants in order to navigate by the sun and stars. Into each boat had been stowed food and water, which it was calculated would last about ten days by putting all hands on short allowance; but it was hoped that before the provisions were consumed we would either be picked up by a passing vessel or successful in sailing to Rio Janeiro, distant from us something less than six hundred miles. The Captain's boat being the larger of the two carried the second mate, steward, cook, and eight seamen, while the mate's boat held the carpenter and four seamen—myself included among the latter.

The boats laid alongside of one another while the Captain and mate decided upon the course to be steered; then we separated, made sail to the southeast breeze that had set in, and stretched away into the northwest, the Captain's boat in the lead. The wind gathered strength from the southeast, giving us a following breeze for the port toward which we were steering, and both boats made good weather of the moderate sea then running, sweeping along at the rate of five knots to the hour.

All that afternoon the boats kept within sight of one another, and when night fell not over a quarter of a mile divided us. With the first flush of dawn we swept the expanse of waters, but nothing was to be seen. We were alone. Every little while during the day that followed we would scan the horizon, hoping to lift the long-boat's sail into view; but in vain. We never saw her again, or heard tidings of the twelve brave souls from whom we had parted only a few hours before. That she never reached port is certain; but what her ultimate fate proved, no one knows.

It blew up a gale of wind that afternoon, and I heard the mate say that the storm experienced during the week that was past had recurred, and that we would get it worse than ever on its back track. To prevent the boat from foundering, we unstepped the mast, made a span to it by securing a length of rope to each end, and to the middle of this bridle we bent the boat's painter. Then we dropped this sea-anchor over the bows, and rode to it, the strain upon the painter keeping the head of the boat to the seas that rolled down on us.

When night settled upon the deep it shnt out one of the wildest sights of ocean-lashed waters that I had ever seen; but the darkness only intensified the terror, for in the blackness we would feel the frail boat swing with dizzy velocity up and up and up on some mountainous sea, as though she was never going to stop; then, while the great seething crest was roaring in a thousand diabolical voices about us,

she would drop down, down, down with a motion that was like falling through space.

It might have been the middle of the night when, worn out from the labor of bailing without intermission for many hours, I threw myself down in the bows of the boat, and locking my arms around one of the thwarts to keep from being pitched about, I fell into an exhausted sleep. I don't know how long I slept, but I was brought to my senses by a sea bursting into the boat, and I found my legs wedged under the seat as I sat half suffocated on the flooring with the water up to my armpits. Looking aft, I could see by the phosphorescent glow of the breaking seas that no shapes of men were visible against the background of sky. My companions were gone.

The gunwale of the boat was within a few inches of the water, and it needed only the spume of another wave falling in the boat to sink her. There was no time for indulging in grief over the loss of my shipmates—there was time only for work, and very little for that, if I was to save my life. Tearing off my cap, I used it as a bailer and worked desperately.

At last another morning came, and with it the gale broke; but I allowed the boat to remain hove to during that day and following night, so as to give the seas a chance to go down.

The second morning dawned clear and beautiful, with the ocean subsided into long even swells, and the wind settled down again to the regular trades. Most of the provisions had been ruined by the sea that had filled the boat, but I found two water-tight tins filled with pilot-bread that promised to supply my needs for some time to come. The fresh water in the boat-breakers had kept sweet owing to the bungs being in place.

I had opened one of the tins, and was sitting on a thwart making a breakfast from its contents, when, happening to look astern, I made out, not more than a mile away, the wreck of a small vessel. Everything about the foremast was standing below the cross-trees, but only the splintered stumps of her main and mizzen masts were to be seen above the deck, while the spars themselves, together with their gear, were hanging in a wild confusion over the side. I got in my drag, resteped the mast, set the sail, and bore down upon the wreck. As I drew close to her I expected to see some signs of her crew, for the vessel sat fairly high in the water, and looked seaworthy enough to be navigated into port by making sail upon the fore, and rigging up jury-masts on the two stumps abaft—plenty of material for such to be found in the raffle alongside. No evidence, however, of life showed itself when I rounded under the stern, reading the name *Mercedes* in large white letters. Letting fly my sheet, I caught the leeward chain-plates, and jumping on board with the painter, I secured the same to a belaying-pin, and looked about me.

I was at once sensible that there was some water in the hold by the peculiar motion of the vessel as she rose and fell to the seas that underdrew her; but at the same time it was apparent that there could not be anything like a dangerous quantity, otherwise the plane of the deck would have floated much closer to the surface of the sea. Without regarding the nationality of the name, it was clear to me that the vessel was either a Portuguese or Italian trader by the rainbow character of her paint-work, the slovenliness of the rigging, that was yet almost intact upon the fore, and, in spite of the drenching that she had received, the unmistakable evidences of dirt everywhere. There were no boats left, but whether they had been crushed in the wreck of the masts or had received the crew of the barkentine—for such I saw had been her rig—I could not tell.

Entering the cabin, I overhauled the four state-rooms it contained, finding in three of them nothing but such odds and ends as are peculiar to sailors' chests, and in the fourth room, which had been used as a pantry, quite an assortment of boxes and barrels of provisions, although there was proof that some of them had been broken into and rummaged quite recently.

Then I went on deck again and lifted off one of the main hatch covers. No cargo of any nature was to be seen, no-

thing but a mass of black oily water washing from side to side. It was plain that the vessel was in ballast, that she had sprung a leak in the last gale of wind, that her crew had become frightened, had given her up for lost, and taken to the boats. It was also clear that the leak had stopped itself in some manner—possibly when the old tub had ceased straining after the sea went down—and that if I could pump out the hull I might be able to put her before the wind by making sail on the fore, and so, with the favoring trade winds, let the *Mercedes* drift along to the port dead away to leeward.

A sailor is never idle long after laying out his work. First I emptied my boat of its water-breakers and provisions, then let it tow astern. Next I got an axe out of the boatswain's locker and chopped away the rigging that held the broken spars to the bark, then when the vessel was clear I squared the topsail-yard by the braces, ran aloft, cast off the gaskets that held the sail, descended to the deck, where I sheeted home the topsail as well as possible, and carried the balyards through a leading block to the capstan, on which I hove away until I had lifted the yard as high as my strength allowed. Next I ran up the jib, sheeted it down, and raced aft to the wheel. I put the tiller up, and the old bucket at once answered her helm. When I got her fairly before the wind I lashed the wheel, and seeing that she would steer herself, with only a little watching, I got to work at the pumps.

By the time night arrived I had sunk the water in the hold to half its original depth. Then I settled away the topsail and let it hang. The jib I left standing, knowing that it would help to keep the vessel out of the trough, even if it did little or no good in the way of forcing the bark ahead. The weather promised to continue clear and moderate, so I built a fire in the galley range, brought a quantity of stores from the pantry, and made a hearty meal. I "turned in all standing," as seamen say when they go to bed without undressing, and slept long and heavily.

The next morning I again set my topsail, and scudded away to leeward while I finished clearing the bark of water.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. I had gone up on the little top-gallant-forecastle to have a look at the *Mercedes* ground-tackle, when I made out, about two points on the bow, and less than a mile away, a ship's boat filled with men. They had discovered the bark, for they were pulling to get in her path. As soon as I appeared to them there was a waving of hats and a confusion of cheers and calls. By the time that I had settled away the topsail-balyards and pulled the jib down the boat was alongside, and her late occupants were tumbling over the rail. The first one to touch the deck was a fat little man, almost as swarthy as a Malay, and twice as dirty, who wore enormous gold hoops in his ears, and a dilapidated red fez upon a mop of greasy black hair. He rushed up to me so wild with excitement that he kept hopping up and down like a jumping-jack, while he smote his breast and screamed something in Portuguese.

I shook my head and said, thumping my own breast, "No speakee Portuguese; me American!"

At this he yelled, accompanying his words with such a tremendous smiting of his poor ribs that I thought he would beat them in.

"Me speakee Americano! Me Capitano! Me Capitano this sheep! How you come? me say?"

I saw how it was. I had picked up the crew of the *Mercedes* three days after they had abandoned the vessel to which they had just returned.

I held up my hand as a sign to the frantic, jabbering monkeys to keep silence, then I explained partly by broken English and the rest by signs how I had found the bark deserted, had pumped her out, and was trying to reach the coast of South America in her. I ended by telling the Captain that I was glad to see him, and to give him back his vessel.

He was so overpowered with gratitude and joy at such an unexpected and happy ending to his troubles that he flung his dirty arms around my neck and kissed my cheeks effusively in the fulness of his heart. I was an honored guest on board the Captain's "sheep" from that time forth,

and several days later when, crippled and torn, the poor old *Mercedes* staggered into the beautiful harbor of Rio Janeiro, and I took leave of the uncount but kindly and grateful sailor, he repeated his kissing act, and forced into my hand a small bag of gold pieces, representing probably all his savings, while he said,

"You take dees. Me love brave Americano sailor who save me sheep."

CARRIER-PIGEONS.

BY ANNE HELME

IN the middle of the square around which the *Herald* building is built in New York city is a carrier-pigeon house on a level with the roof. It is a square house, large enough for a good-sized play-house, and has a piazza, a porch fenced in with wire, where the birds can exercise until they have learned enough to be allowed to fly around the city, for pigeons require a great deal of exercise not only in flying, but in walking. Just notice the next time you see a flock of pigeons when they light on the ground, or on the roofs of buildings, how they walk up and down for a long time.

Great care is taken with the pigeons. Their pedigree is kept and they are all named. Then, too, a mark is stamped on their under wings, so there shall be no mistake, and by this means they have often been recovered and sent home when they have lost their bearings or have been stolen. The man whose duty it is to attend to them takes a personal interest in each and every bird.

At night, when they come home, he looks to see that all are there, and to prevent any strangers from mixing with his own particular flock. Pigeons are very homelike in their tastes, and rarely does a day pass that several strange birds do not join them. They are fed chiefly on cracked corn, but they require more water than food—and water is absolutely necessary to their health and happiness. The amount they consume is almost incredible—more than double that of other birds.

Their home instinct, which is, of course, their distinguishing characteristic, is very marvellous. So strongly developed is it that it is impossible to keep the older birds away, and the gift of a pair of old birds is a very thankful one, as they will inevitably fly home the moment they are liberated, although they may be carried miles and miles away, and in a covered basket. The birds chosen to carry the messages from the yachts or steamers are sent down the Bay for several days, so that they may prove how swiftly they can fly back, and each day are liberated, and a record kept of the time they make in getting back to the office.

When a newspaper tug starts down the bay for the yacht-races which are taking place just now, one of the principal articles taken aboard is the big basket filled with carrier-pigeons, and each bird has a brass band on its foot. At different times during the race messages are written on the thinnest of paper and made into small parcels. These are attached to the band, and the birds thrown up into the air. A pair are usually sent off together, as they fly better, it is thought, in that way.

For a moment they wheel about apparently dazed, poise themselves for perhaps a second, and then fly straight for home.

On one of these races from half an hour to thirty-five minutes was the longest time taken from the moment they were thrown into the air until they arrived at their destination, and the messages were taken from their feet. It was a beautiful sight, and a wondrous one, to see these birds arrive. Curiously enough, in some instances they brought back with them strange pigeons who had joined them on the trip, evidently much interested to know the outcome of the yacht-race. The strange birds did not stay at the cote after nightfall, and apparently felt themselves quite out of place with pigeons of such intelligence.

It is now well proved that carrier-pigeons can be used to good purpose, for the news of the yachts was by their aid conveyed much sooner to headquarters than otherwise.



CARRIER-PIGEONS COMING TO THEIR COTE.

would have been possible, and the question is now being discussed as to whether it will not be advisable for all ocean steamships to carry them, so that if any vessel were disabled at sea, and, as has often happened, met with no other steamer, by their means word might be sent back to shore. An interesting article on this very subject was published recently in one of the daily papers, giving an account of an experiment that was tried and with great success. Five thousand pigeons were put on board the *Manoubia*, sailing from Saint Nazaire, and at distances varying from one hundred to five hundred miles were liberated.

The results were beyond the most sanguine hopes, for within a shorter time than had been deemed possible they had all, almost without exception, returned to their pigeon-houses.

It would not mean a great addition, either in money or care, to have these birds on every ship that left the port, and certainly great good might be done and endless anxiety saved in many instances, if intelligence as to a disabled ship's whereabouts could reach her owners.

In order to make carrier-pigeons at home in any place they must be taken there very young. Even birds six weeks old will make their way back to the nest, the instant they are liberated, as distance is as nothing to them. One pair sent out to Wilmington, Delaware, were kept shut up for six weeks, fed and watered with the utmost care and regularity. The seventh week they were set free, and at once disappeared. Their owner telegraphed to their old home, and received an answer that the birds had arrived there before his telegram was received.

One pair of the pigeons, which were named Annie Rooney and McGinty, were given to a boy of eleven who lives in New York city. They were very young when they were given to him, and he determined to train them so that they would always make their home at his house. For six weeks he kept them in his room in a mocking-bird cage, and was very careful about the food and water. In the day-time he put the cage outside the window, and when it rained covered it with a cloth, for pigeons, while they use a great deal of water both to bathe in and to drink, do not like to be out in the rain.

When six weeks were passed he opened the cage door and fastened it so that the birds could go out. At first they were contented to poke their heads out of the open door, but finally, after a great deal of conversation (pigeons are great conversationalists), out they flew. They seemed hardly to know the use of their wings at first, and circled around in a dazed way, alighting on the top of a neighboring roof, where they apparently had again a great deal to say to each other. For twenty minutes they talked, then seemed to have made up their minds to try a long flight, for with one graceful swoop into the air, off they flew. Hours went by, and they did not return, and when it was nearly dark all hope was abandoned; but suddenly there was a whirl of wings, and Annie Rooney came home. McGinty still was absent. Annie Rooney perched herself on her roost, every feather ruffled up most disconsolately, while the boy who owned them went to bed very low in his mind. At daylight next morning he was awakened by such a cooing as he had never heard

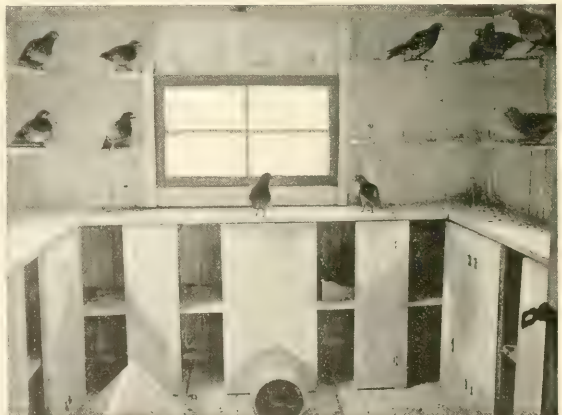
before. Rushing to the window, there he saw McGinty, in the wildest excitement, and with his head almost buried in the little dish which held the drinking water.

From that day the cage was left outside, and the door taken off, so that the birds might come and go as they chose.

Then, alas! began their troubles. So pleased were they with their little journey into the world that they at once set out to explore the houses near by, and every day a note was sent in from some neighbor to the effect: "Extremely sorry, but your pigeons fly into my bedroom and knock down all the ornaments." "Your birds insist upon walking up and down under my bed, making most unearthly sounds; I am afraid of birds and cannot stand having them in my house." "Again your birds have flown into my windows, and are in the children's doll-house. They refuse to come out, and make such a hideous noise as to alarm the children."

These three notes were only samples of others, and after a family conclave it was decided the pigeons must be sent away. Summer was coming on, and it was finally concluded the country was the best place for them.

Their owner took them in a covered basket to a farm on



THE INTERIOR OF THE PIGEONS' HOME.



MCGINTY, ANNIE ROONEY, AND A GUEST.

Long Island, where they were put into a pigeon-house, and provided with water and food. The next day they were apparently happy, so with many regrets they were told good-by, and the boy returned to town.

It was a long journey—some hours—and it was rather a sad-faced youth who mounted the steps and told his mother he had left his birds in the country. It was then six o'clock in the evening. At ten minutes past six there was a great fluttering of wings, and lo and behold, Annie Rooney and McGinty had returned, and prouder and happier pigeons never were seen.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.
CHAPTER VII.

IT seemed to Tommy as if the Gopher would never get enough. The little boy had never before witnessed such voracity. By actual count he had seen seventeen plates of soup vanish into his neighbor's system, and yet there was no apparent ill effect. The Gopher threw each empty dish under the table, so that the pile of crockery was now so high in front of his chair that he could rest his feet on it.

"Really," said Tommy at last, "I never saw such a greedy thing as you in all my life."

"I can't help it," answered the Gopher, complacently; "the eating question is a most important one, and I'm afraid they'll all get up and say dinner is over before I've had half enough."

"It seems to me that you have had more than enough. And, besides, I have an aunt who says one should always arise from the table hungry."

"Never you mind that Ant," said the Gopher. "Aunts don't count. They are so little they can't hold

anything, anyhow. As for getting up from the table hungry, that is something I cannot understand. I always sit down hungry; and it would never do to be hungry at both ends of the meal, now would it?"

On reflection Tommy did not think it would, and as he had been more than half inclined at the outset toward the Gopher's view of the case, they soon agreed on this point. Then the little animal said,

"Thisnawlytinyunsat?"

"I can't understand you when you talk with your mouth full," replied Tommy.

The Gopher made a great effort, and swallowed so hard that his eyes fairly bulged. Then he said,

"That's an awfully funny one, isn't it?"

"What one?"

"The one next to you."

"Him?" said Tommy, pointing at the ex-Pirate.

"Um," continued the Gopher, nodding his head, for his mouth was full again. "Ain't he?"

"He is a very nice gentleman," remarked Tommy, for lack of anything more definite to say.

"What kind is he?" asked the Gopher.

"He's an ex-Pirate."

"A Pie Rat? Goodness, how he has changed!"

"Oh yes, he has changed," continued Tommy. "He is very good now. He has entirely reformed."

"I should say he had. His form is entirely different. I knew a Pie Rat once, but he was not at all like this one. He does not look like a Pie Rat at all."

"Oh yes he does!" exclaimed Tommy, eagerly, although he realized as soon as he had spoken that he had never seen any real active pirate. But he added, "He is all fixed up just like a real pirate."

"Well, he isn't," said the Gopher, dictatorially. "The Pie Rat I knew looked like any other rat, but he only ate pie. Does this one eat pie?"

"Did you say rat?" asked Tommy.

"I said Pie Rat," answered the Gopher.



THE LION CALLED THE ASSEMBLED MULTITUDE TO ORDER.

"Well, you don't want to let him hear you say rat. You must say ex-Pirate; that means that he is not a pirate any more."

"That's just what I said," persisted the Gopher. "I said he did not look like a Pie Rat, and so he is not a Pie Rat, and that's all there is to it." Then he threw up his hands and shouted, "Oh my! look at that!"

Tommy glanced up toward the head of the table, and saw that the Lion was helping himself to fully half of what had been placed before him.

"What a lot he takes!" remarked the little boy, in surprise.

"Always," said the Gopher. "But it's the Lion's share, and I suppose he is entitled to it. I wish I was a Lion."

"I don't," said Tommy, hastily, for he felt that he much preferred a small animal like the Gopher for a neighbor to a possible Lion.

"Well, I don't really believe I would like to be a Lion, after all," the Gopher went on to say. "If I could make myself all over again, I should be part Elephant, part Camel, and part Giraffe."

"What a funny-looking creature you would be!"

"Oh, I would not mind that. I don't care much about appearances. Eating is what interests me."

"I should think so," commented Tommy.

"And then think of the advantages of such a combination," pursued the Gopher. "If I were part Elephant I should be as big as any animal; and if I were part Camel I should have four stomachs; and then I should want a Giraffe's neck. Just think of how long things taste good in a Giraffe's throat. Why, it's two yards long! And mine is only about half an inch. How many times better does a piece of pie taste to a Giraffe than it does to me?"

"I don't know," answered Tommy Toddles, very promptly.

"Well, I've figured it all out many a time," added the Gopher, "and I can tell you. A throat two yards long is twice thirty-six inches long, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"That's seventy-two inches. And if my throat is only half an inch long, the Giraffe's throat is one hundred and forty-four times as long as mine, and so the pie tastes one hundred and forty-four times as good."

Tommy marvelled at the Gopher's proficiency in arithmetic, but his mind soon reverted to the question at hand, and he began to wonder how much better pie would taste if his own neck was one hundred and forty-four inches long. He was going to ask his neighbor for further information on the subject, but when he turned around toward the Gopher he saw that the little animal had in some way gotten possession of the soup-tureen, and had thrust his head into it, and was almost drowning because he could not get it out. And then, just as the ex-Pirate and Tommy had rescued the Gopher from a soupy grave, the Lion arose at the head of the table, and pounded loudly on the board and called the assembled multitude to order.

When silence had spread over the room, the King of Beasts announced that the Goat had eaten the passenger list and other important notices off the bulletin board, and that it was thus impossible for him as toast-master to know who was present and who was not, and so he could not call on any one by name to make a speech. He added, however, that any one who desired to make a speech might do so, or, instead of a speech, any animal could sing a song or tell a story. Having made this announcement, the Lion sat down again; and all the animals glared frowningly upon the Goat, who stroked his whiskers nervously and looked embarrassed, either because of these rebuking glances or possibly because of the antediluvian ink on the passenger list.

"I feel awfully sorry for that Goat," whispered the Gopher to Tommy.

"Why don't you get up and make a speech then, and distract the general attention?"

"I don't know any speech," answered the Gopher; "but I know a joke."

"Tell the joke," urged Tommy; and so the Gopher stood up in his chair, and took off his pink sun-bonnet, and said he wanted to tell his joke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A STORY OF CORN-BREAD AND CROWS.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

TWO sportsmen one morning, right dashing to view
In velvet and buckskin from helmet to shoe,
Were passing the field where the river runs by,
When they chanced in the distance a figure to spy—
Such a figure as farmers, from time out of ken,
Convinced that in clothes is the measure of men,
Have fashioned in spring-time of brushwood and bay
For the cheating of Solous more crafty than they.

"Sir Scarecrow; behold him!" the first hunter cries—
"What a marvel of rags which a Jew would despise!
Here's a fig for the bird that so witless appears
When he's lived among Yankées a good fifty years—
If the fowl really flies that his corn-bread would miss
For a wooden-legged, broken-backed puppet like this!
Come, choose a few hobbins to roast on the spot,
While I pepper his crown with a capful of shot."

Now the farmer that morning was tilling his soil,
Flushed, ragged, and sunbrowned, and grimy with toil,
When pausing a moment, as all farmers will,
He spied our two friends coming over the hill.
"Good land!" quoth the rustic, "a nice thing it is
For two city fellers to ketch me like this!"
Then, dropping his hoe, he exclaims with a grin,
"Young chaps, I'll be blessed ef I don't take you in!"

So, urging his slow wits to cope with the case,
He jerks his old hat down to cover his face,
Stretches limb like a windmill that spreads to the breeze,
Draws his fists up like turtles and stiffens his knees;
Yet a tremor of fun through the homespun appears
As the sound of that parley floats back to his ears,
And the honest ears burn as it calls up the words
Which declare that in plumes is the making of birds!

One moment the huntsman his target surveys,
While his laughing companion is gleaming the maize,
When that fetch of bumpkins, that burlesque in bran,
Starts, twitches, grows limber, shouts, moves—is a man:
"Git enough fer a roast, while ye're gittin'," drawls he,
"Ef I ain't quite nater the blockhead you tak me to be.
W'y, it's nater sence Adam to run arter clo'es,
But I'd go sort o' slow as to corn-bread an' crows."

HOW REDDY GAINED HIS COMMISSION.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES A. CURTIS, U.S.A.

Part XX.

WHEN Reddy found himself in the water, he realized the impossibility of swimming to the shore, and began to struggle in an effort to reach the jam. This jam had its origin in a group of sandstone boulders in the centre of the river, on the edge of the rapids. The river debris had collected and compacted about them into several square yards of solid surface. To the corporal and his fellow soldiers, now gathered on the shore and watching the swimmer, it seemed that the boy must be carried past to certain death.

They were about giving him up for lost when they saw him snatch at a branch attached to the edge of the jam and swing himself about, then reach a protruding log and climb out. Instantly he ran to the outer end of the log and reached his floating oar. With the oar he caught the

prow of the boat, and swinging it within reach of his hands, drew it out of the water.

The soldiers gazed at the stranded boys in perplexity. There seemed no chance of rescuing them. They knew of no other boat nearer than the next government post, nor would a raft be of use at the head of the roaring fall. The stream was too deep for wading and too near the plunge for swimming. The corporal quickly mounted the mule and rode to the fort to report the lads' plight to the commanding officer.

As soon as possible an ambulance containing the officers and Mrs. Maloney started for the river. They brought some tools, a spare oar, and several coils of rope. A few moments later nearly all the men of the garrison not on duty lined the southern shore. Mrs. Maloney's worst fears seemed to be realized when she saw her son clinging helplessly to the snag in mid-stream. Her anguish was heart-rending.

"Ah, Teddy boy!" she screamed, oblivious to the fact that he could not hear her voice above the roar of the water, "don't ye let go the tray, darlint! Howld on till hilt gets t' yer!"

But how to get to them, or to get anything to them, was a serious question. The soldiers were brave and willing men, but they did not possess the skill of river-drivers nor the appliances and tools of the craft. If the boys were only a mile farther up stream, clear of the rapids, a score of swimmers could take lines out to them; or, for that matter, the boys could swim ashore without assistance. The close vicinity of the snag to the plunging and tumultuous descent in the river made all the difference.

Experiment after experiment was tried. Several brave fellows in turn tied the end of the rope to their waists and swam out; but the current pulling at the slack between them and the shore drew them back. Another went far up stream and swam out, while the shore end of the rope was carried down by comrades at the same rate as the flow of the current. He succeeded in grasping the snag; but the instant he paused the titanic force of the water tore him away, burying him beneath the surface. He was drawn ashore nearly drowned.

The commanding officer was about to send to the fort for material for a raft and an anchor, when his attention was called to the boy on the jam. After the failure of the last attempt to rescue his friend, Reddy was seen to approach the boat and launch it. He then drew it to the end of the log previously mentioned, held it by the stern, with the prow pointed downward, and appeared to be looking for a passage through the submerged bowlders. Presently he turned towards his friends on shore, swung the oar over his head, stepped on board, and was quickly out of sight.

A cry of alarm went up from the soldiers when Reddy disappeared, and they with one accord started on a run down the shore. At the foot of the steep descent they found the brave boy paddling his skiff into a quiet eddy.

He was greeted with vociferous enthusiasm, and a dozen men shouldered him and the boat, and carried them back to the landing. There a line was attached to the stern of the skiff, and a strong man rowed out toward the snag, but the current dragged it back precisely as it had the swimmers. Captain Bartlett next ordered the boat to be towed a quarter of a mile up stream, and as it floated down and was rowed outward he directed the shore end of the line to be carried along with it.

It became quickly evident to the spectators that the skiff would reach the snag, and an involuntary cheer went up, Mrs. Maloney waving her apron and screaming with tearful joy. But through some blunder, or lack of skill, the original accident was repeated. The wherry dropped sideways against the tree and was swamped. This time, however, a line being attached, the skiff was drawn free, and swung back to the shore by the pull of the current. The man clung to the boat and was landed at the crest of the rapid.

The anguish of the poor mother at the failure of what had promised to be a certain rescue of her son was pitiful. She fell upon her knees, wrung her hands, and sobbed in

subject despair. Reddy approached, stooped beside her, and placing an arm about her neck, said:

"Do not cry, Mrs. Maloney; I'm going to ask the Captain to let me go to Teddy, and I'll have him here with you in no time."

"No, no, child. Don't ye be thrownded, too. Nothing can save me by now all the men have failed."

"But I mean to try it, Mrs. Maloney. Dry your tears and watch me do it."

Teddy Maloney on the snag in midstream was now suffering intensely. Seated upon a tree trunk barely ten inches in diameter, and kept from slipping down its slope by a ragged knot, his position was almost unendurable. For five hours he had clung there hatless and coatless, with his back to a broiling sun. Dazed by suffering and dizzied by the leaping, gliding, and wrinking water that gurgled and pulled at his half-submerged legs, he was still conscious of the efforts being made for his rescue. He saw Reddy shoot the rapids, and with a growing conviction that he could not hold on much longer, he wondered why his boy friend did not come to his aid. "He is the only one in the whole crowd that knows anything about a boat. Why don't they let him do something?" thought poor Teddy.

As if in answer to this silent appeal, Redmond Carter at the same moment approached Captain Bartlett and begged permission to go for his comrade.

"But, Carter, how can you expect to accomplish what these older and stronger men have failed to do?" asked the Captain.

"They do not know what to do, sir. I was born on the Kennebec, sir. I have run barefooted on booms, rafts, and jams, and have boated in birch canoes, dugouts, punts, and yawls, and I can run a rapid, as you have just seen."

"A Kennebec boy, Reddy?" said the officer, for the first time using the boy's pet name. "I know what Kennebec boys could do when I was one of them. You may try it; but be careful."

Reddy sprang into the boat and began rowing up stream in the shore eddy. Reaching the desired distance he turned into the middle of the river, and changing his seat to the stern and using an oar for a paddle, he dropped down the current toward the snag. As he neared it, he saw Teddy's hands relax and his body sway slightly to the right.

"Hold on, Teddy!" he shouted. "Keep your grip! I'm right here!"

Gliding along the right side of the trunk he stayed the motion of the skiff by grasping it with his left hand.

"Tumble in, Teddy—quick!" he said.

Teddy obeyed, literally falling into the bottom of the boat, limp and sprawling between the thwart.

Reddy let go the trunk, went towards the rapids, taking the crest at the same place he had taken it before. Down, down the boiling, foaming, roaring descent he sped, plying his oar with all his might, lest in turning a frothing Scylla he might be hurled upon a threatening Charybdis. His former success attended him.

Again the soldiers ran to meet him at the foot of the watery slope, filling the air with shouts as they ran. But the sight of Teddy lying senseless in the bottom of the boat checked further joyous demonstration. He was tenderly lifted in stalwart arms and borne to a grassy knoll near by, where he was received by his anxious mother and the surgeon. Restorative treatment brought him back to consciousness, and he was taken at once to the fort. The wherry was again carried to the landing before the hay-camp, and the crowd of soldiers dispersed through the ravines and groves in the direction of their barracks.

Captain Bartlett accompanied Redmond Carter to the place where the mule and pony were picketed, and, saying that he would ride Pass to the post, ordered one of the men to saddle her, and entered into conversation with the boy.

"I think you are out of place in the army, Carter," said he.

"What, sir! Have I not always done my duty well?" asked Reddy, in distress.

"Much better than the average soldier. But that is what I mean. You seem qualified for something better."



DOWN, DOWN THE BOILING, FOAMING, ROARING DESCENT HE SPED.

than the position you occupy. You are not of the material from which the army is usually recruited. This slip of paper, found beside the orderly bench at the office," observed the officer, handing the boy his sketch of the Trojan horse with the accompanying Latin sentence, "shows that you have been a student. I do not know what accident brought you here, but I think school is the proper place for you."

"Nothing would please me better, sir, than to be able to return to school; but it is not possible at present."

"Are you willing to tell me how you come to be in the service?"

"Yes, sir; it is not a long story," replied the young soldier. "My father and mother died when I was too young to remember them, and I was left to the care of a guardian, who sent me to school, and afterwards to an academy, where I prepared for college. I passed my entrance examination to the Freshman class in June, and expected to go on in September; but the failure of companies in which my property had been invested left me destitute, and I gave it up."

"But you have relatives?"

"Lots of them; but they showed little inclination to help me. There had been some family differences that I never understood, and I was too proud to go begging for assistance. I shipped on a granite-schooner for Philadelphia. I was miserably seasick the whole trip, and was discharged by the master of the vessel without pay. Having no money I could not find food while looking for work. I obtained an odd job now and then, but soon wore my clothes to rags, so that no respectable establishment would think of hiring me. I slept on the streets, and frequently passed a day without proper food. One day I passed a recruiting-office, and it suggested a means of escape from destitution. I enlisted as a flier, and was assigned to your company."

"And you have been with me ten months," said the Captain. "I suppose your relatives cannot trace you?"

"They might trace me to Philadelphia," replied Reddy; "but the trail becomes dark there. Even if they suspected I had enlisted—which is not likely—they could not find me, for the recruiting sergeant blundered in registering my name. He put me down as Redmond A. Carter, when he should have written it Raymond J. Corser."

"Not a rare mistake of the recruiting officer. So you are of the General Corser family?"

"He was my grandfather."

"Then you have only to communicate with your relatives in order to get out of the army. Yours is an influential family."

"I shall serve out my enlistment, sir. The army has served me a good turn, and when I am discharged I shall be in better condition to find employment than in Philadelphia."

"But what has become of your college aspirations?"

"It will still be possible to accomplish that. Sergeant Von Wald and I are studying together, and I think I shall be able to enter Sophomore. Poor boys have worked their way before."

"I have noticed Von Wald. Is he a scholar?"

"Please not to mention it, sir; he is a German university man. When I am discharged I shall have most of my five years' pay, and considerable savings on clothing not drawn. I expect it will amount to nearly eight hundred dollars."

For a few moments the officer said nothing, but gazed reflectively across the rushing and roaring river. At last he turned again toward the boy and asked, "How would you like to be an officer in the army, Carter?"

"I should like it above all things, sir; but it is not possible. While I might make a struggle single-handed through college, I could scarcely hope to secure an appointment to West Point."

"Still there is a way. The late Congress passed a law allowing men who have served two years in the army, and been favorably recommended by their officers, to be examined for appointment to the grade of second lieutenant. You have a little more than four years to serve. In that time you will have reached the required age, and Lieutenant Dayton and I can give you the necessary instruction. What do you say?"

"I'll make a hard struggle for it, sir, if you will afford me the chance."

Five years later Sergeant Redmond A. Carter passed a successful examination for a second lieutenantcy in the army, and was commissioned in the artillery under his proper name, Raymond J. Corser.

Edward Maloney, who excelled in physical rather than intellectual attainments, continued in the service, becoming at the time of his second enlistment first sergeant of Captain Bartlett's company.

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

DURING these early months of the year a change had come over Miss Betsey Trinkett's life. Silas Green had died.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin went to Wayborough for the funeral, and found Miss Betsey quite broken.

"To think that the day was fixed at last," she said, "and he died only the week before. Well, well, it does seem passing queer, after all these years. It doesn't do to put a thing off too long. And yet, perhaps, it's all for the best, for if I'd given up and gone down there to live, I should have had nothing now to look at but the Soldiers' Monument, and I'd have felt real lonesome without the Merrimac."

And with this consolation the old lady took up her life again, and found it very much the same thing it had been before, with the exception of Sunday night. On that evening she would not have the lamps lighted, but would sit in her favorite window and look out across the valley at her beloved view, her eyes turned in that direction long after it became too dark to see.

Sometimes then she regretted that she had not yielded to Silas's arguments, and gone to live in the house in the village. It would have pleased him. And it seemed very lonely Sunday night without Silas.

After a while—it was a day or two after the communications came from Bronson Mr. Franklin received a letter from his aunt. She was pretty well, but felt as if she had not heard from them for a long time. She would send Willy's present soon. Had Janet's been placed in the savings-bank? She had not heard from Janet since she sent it. Why did not the child write?

As nothing had come to Janet from Miss Trinkett, this caused some surprise.

"I am afraid Aunt Betsey has trusted to government once too often," said Mr. Franklin, "for evidently the package has gone astray. I wonder what was there besides the gold dollars?"

"Something to make it an odd-looking package, you may be sure, papa," said Cynthia.

Mr. Franklin inquired of the postmaster. That personage was a nervous little man, much harassed with the responsibilities and duties of his position.

"Something lost, Mr. Franklin? Now that's very strange. I can't think it's lost. Yes, I remember a number of odd-looking packages that have come for your family from Wayborough. There may have been one lately, though I can't say for sure. Let me see. I remember young

Gordon coming for the mail one day, and getting—no, he didn't get one, he sent it a money order. Happen to remember it because he paid for it in gold. That's all I can safely say about anything, Mr. Franklin. There may have been a package—What did you say, miss? Stamps and postal-cards? Yes, yes." And the busy little man turned to the next comer.

Mr. Franklin left the office with a thoughtful face. He was a very impulsive man, too apt to say the first thing that occurred to him, without regard to consequences. Therefore when he got into the carriage and, taking the reins from Edith, drove hurriedly out High Street towards Oakleigh, he exclaimed:

"I am almost inclined to believe that Neal knows more about Aunt Betsey's present to Janet than any of us."

Janet, who was perched on the back seat, heard her own name mentioned, and proceeded to listen attentively. Both her father and sister forgot that she was there, and she took especial pains not to remind them of her presence.

"How do you mean, papa?" asked Edith.

"I think it is a remarkable coincidence, if nothing more. I had a letter the other day from young Bronson, stating that Neal owed him fifty dollars. The same night I had



"OH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE SAID, AND I'VE TOLD YOU TEN HUNDRED TIMES."

another letter from him, saying that he had received a money-order from Neal for the amount. We questioned Neal, and he would give no satisfactory answer as to where he got the money. The postmaster tells me that Neal paid for his money-order in gold. Aunt Betsey's present to Janet is missing; we all know that Aunt Betsey always sends gold. The postmaster seems to think that a package may have come through the office to us, though he is not absolutely certain of it. What more natural than to suppose that the gold Neal had was meant for Janet? He may have called for the mail that day, recognized the package from Aunt Betsey, and the temptation was too much for him."

"Oh, papa!" cried Edith, much shocked, "I can't believe that Neal would do a thing like that."

"I can't either," said her father, cutting the air with his whip in his impatience, and making his horse prance madly—"I can't either, and I am sure I don't want to! Let us forget that I said it, Edith. Don't think of it again, and on no account repeat what I said. The idea came into my head, and I spoke without thinking. I wouldn't have Hester know it for the world. But it is strange, isn't it, that Neal paid gold for his money-order. Where did he get it?"

"It is strange, papa, but indeed I think Neal is honest. I am sure—oh, I am very sure—that it couldn't have been Janet's."

"Then where did he get it?" repeated Mr. Franklin, with another cut of his whip.

"Perhaps Mrs. Franklin gave it to him."

"Of course she didn't," exclaimed her father, with irritation, "and I wish you would oblige me, Edith, by not calling my wife 'Mrs. Franklin.' If you do not choose to speak of her as the rest of my children do, you can at least call her 'Hester.' You annoy me beyond measure."

Edith turned very white as she said: "I am sorry, papa. Then I will call her nothing. I can't possibly say 'mamma' to her, and I don't feel like speaking to her by her first name."

"What nonsense is all this?" said Mr. Franklin. "I am thoroughly disappointed in you, Edith."

"I don't know why you should be, papa. I have nothing to do with it. If the Gordons had not come here this would never have happened. The money would not be missing, you wouldn't have had the letters from Tony Bronson, and I—oh, I would have been so much happier!"

"If you are not happy, it is entirely your own fault," said her father, sternly. "Now let me hear no more of these absurd notions of yours. I have too much to think of that is of more importance."

Edith wanted to cry, but she controlled herself. She was to drive with her father over to Upper Falls, where he had to attend to some business, and now she had made him seriously angry, she knew. She swallowed the lumps that rose in her throat, and presently she managed to speak on some indifferent subject; but her father made no reply, and they soon turned in at Oakleigh gates. Janet, the small, quiet person on the back seat, could scarcely wait to get home. She must find Neal at once.

But Neal was not easily to be found. She trotted up to his room, but he was not there. She went to the cellar stairs and called, but Neal had neglected his duties of late as partner in the poultry business; in fact, he had retired altogether, and the eggs reposed there alone. Janet was not allowed to descend the stairs because of her misdeeds last year.

She went to the workshop, but all was quiet. Looking out from the upper window, however, she spied Bob in the pasture; perhaps Neal was with him. She went down and unfastened the big gate that opened into the barn-yard.

Country child though she was, Janet was sorely afraid of venturing through the barn-yard alone. Were there any pigs there? Yes, there were a great many. Janet detested pigs, ugly-looking creatures! And there were some cows also, and she had on her red jacket. She promptly laid it aside and made a bold rush through the yard.

On the whole, she rather enjoyed the excitement. She was alone, for Willy had gone to Boston with her mother, and Cynthia and Jack were at school. Janet felt herself enjoying an unlooked-for holiday owing to the illness of her teacher, and she was about to fulfil the proverb which tells of the occupation that is found for idle hands to do, though in this case it was an idle tongue.

The dangers of the barn-yard overcome, Janet pursued her way along the cart-road that led to the far meadow, and there, sitting on a rock near the river, she found the object of her search. He was whittling a boat while he pondered moodily about his affairs.

"Neal, Neal!" she called, breathless from excitement and haste, "I want to speak to you. What have you done with my present?"

"Where did you come from, you small imp?" said Neal, with lazy good-nature. Preoccupied though he was, he was fond of children, and particularly of mischief-loving Janet, and he was not sorry to have his solitude relieved by her coming.

"Where's my present?" repeated Janet; "I want it dreadful bad."

"Your present! What do you mean, young one? You don't suppose for an instant that I'm making this boat for you, do you?"

"Boat!" cried Janet, disdainfully; "I don't want any old boat; I want Aunt Betsey's present."

"I suppose you do. I would myself if I were so lucky as to own an Aunt Betsey. But I'm afraid I can't help you in that line, my child."

"Yes, you can," said Janet, tugging at his elbow; "you can too. You've got it. Papa said so."

"Got what?"

"Aunt Betsey's present. He and the postmaster man said you took it."

"Said I took it?"

"Yes. Come, Neal, give it to me. I don't want the gold dollars—you can have those—but I'd like the funny thing she sent with them. Aunt Betsey allus sends funny things. Come along, Neal. Give it to me."

"Did your father say I took that money?"

"Yes, he did. Didn't I say so lots of times? Edith said you didn't, and papa said you did. What's the matter with your face? It looks awful funny."

"Never mind what it looks like. Tell me what your father said."

"Oh, I don't know what he said, and I've told you ten hundred times. Don't hold my arm so tight; it hurts. Let me go, Neal."

"I won't, till you tell me what he said."

"I'll never tell unless you let go. I'll scream, and people'll know you're killing me dead, and then you'll get punished."

She opened wide her mouth and gave a long, piercing shriek.

"Oh, hush up!" exclaimed Neal, roughly; "if I let go will you tell me?"

"Yes, if you'll give me that boat. I think I'd like it, after all."

Neal released her and thrust the boat into her hand.

"Now what?" he said.

"Oh, nothing much, except papa came out of the post-office and told Edith the postmaster man said maybe you'd taken Aunt Betsey's package, 'cause you gave him some gold dollars. And papa said it must have been my present, 'cause you couldn't get gold dollars any other way, no-how, and papa was mad, I guess, 'cause his face looked the way it does when some of us chilblens is naughty, with his mouth all shut up tight. There, that's all. Now, Neal, give me the thing Aunt Betsey sent."

"I haven't got it and I never had it. And now good-by to you, every one of you, forever! Do you hear? Forever! I'm not going to stay another minute in a place where I'm insulted."

He strode away, and Janet, frightened at she knew not what, sat down on a rock and began to cry. How very queer Neal was, and how queer his face looked! She wondered what he was going to do. Perhaps he was going

down to the cellar to smash all the eggs. He looked that way.

She sat there awhile, but it was cool without the red jacket, left on the other side of the barn-yard—for although it was spring according to the almanac, there was still a sharpness in the air, and very soon she too went towards home. She had not found Aunt Betsey's present, after all, and she had nothing to repay her for her search but a half-made wooden boat and an aching arm.

And there were those pigs, still at large. She got through safely, but left the gate open, thereby allowing the animals to escape, and incurring the wrath of the farmer.

When she reached the house Neal was not to be found. There was no one at home, for Edith and her father had driven over to Upper Falls on business, after leaving Janet at the door. There was nothing to do but to go out and tease the good-natured kitchen-maid into giving her a huge slice of bread and butter and sugar. Mary Ann and Martha, the old servants, would never do it, but the youthful Amanda was more lenient.

"Where's Neal, 'Manda?" asked Janet, as she munched the delicious portion which was placed before her. They were in the pantry, beyond the sight of the other maids.

"I don't know. He came a-stalkin' past the kitching windies a little while ago, an' I heard him run up stairs an' down like a house a-fire, an' out the front door with a bang."

"Guess he's excited," murmured Janet, with her mouth full; "guess that must be it. He's gone off mad. We had a fight out in the pasture."

"La, child! What do you mean?"

"Oh, I'm not going to say any more, 'cept me and Neal, we fit a fight in the pasture. I made him awful mad," with another huge bite.

"La, child, you do beat everything! But there's Mary Ann calling me. Don't you take a bit more sugar. Now mind!"

But Janet, left to herself in the pantry, made a fine repast.

The family came home to dinner, with the exception of Mr. Franklin and Edith, and although Neal's absence was commented upon, no one thought anything of it. He frequently went off for a long day alone on the river.

When the meal was nearly over and dessert had been placed upon the table, Janet thought that she would announce what had taken place. She felt quite important at being the cause of Neal's disappearance.

"Guess Neal's awful mad with me," she said, suddenly. No one paid much attention. She would try again.

"Guess Neal's awful mad with me 'bout what I said 'bout Aunt Betsey's present."

"What did you say about it?" asked Jack, who sat next to her. There was a lull in the conversation, and every one heard her reply.

"Oh, I told him to give it to me. I said papa said he took it, and he could have the gold dollars, but I wanted the funny thing. Why, maybe it was a doll or a purse or some other nice thing. Course I wanted it. My, though, Neal was mad!"

"What did you tell him, Janet?" asked Mrs. Franklin, in much astonishment; "that your father said Neal had taken your present? When did he say so, and what do you mean?"

"Goody, mamma, you're asking 'most as many questions as Neal did. Guess you're excited, like he was. I told him papa said he'd taken my present from Aunt Betsey. The postmaster man said so this morning. And Neal looked awful queer when I told him, and he hurted my arm awful bad. And then he went off and left me."

Mrs. Franklin became very white. "I think you will have to excuse me, children. I—I do not feel very well. I will go he down. Jack, your arm, please."

Jack sprang to help her, and led her from the room. Cynthia only waited to scold Janet for her idle chatter, and then followed.

"But it's true, Cynthia," her small sister called after her.

"It's true, and you're real mean to say it isn't. You just ask Edith."

When Mr. Franklin returned and learned that his hastily uttered words of the morning had been repeated to his wife and to Neal, he was distressed beyond measure. "My dear, I never meant it," he said. "Hester, you must know that I could not really believe that Neal would do such a thing. It was impossible to help remarking upon the singular coincidence. I never thought the child would hear me. What shall I do with her? She ought not to have repeated what I said."

"Do nothing, John. Janet is not to blame; naturally a child of her age would get it wrong. But oh, I am relieved to find you did not really think it! It gave me such a shock to hear that you thought him capable of such an action."

"Where is the boy? I want to tell him myself."

But Neal could not be found. Cynthia and Jack hunted over the place, looking for him in all his haunts. He was not on the river, for his canoe was in its place. He had not gone to the village, for no horse was out, and whether he had walked or driven, his sister would have met him when she returned from Boston. He could not have gone for a walk, for Bob had been left at home, and Neal never walked without Bob.

A horrible foreboding seized Cynthia. What if Neal had run away? But no; surely he would never do such a thing. The idea of her even thinking of it, when such a course would only make people believe that he had really taken the money. Cynthia scolded herself severely for having allowed the supposition to come into her mind. But where was he? As a last resource she called Janet to her and again questioned the child closely. They were standing on the drive in front of the house.

"What did Neal say to you, Janet, when he went off?"

"Oh, he was awful mad, I told you, Cynthia. He was just mad."

"But did he say anything?"

"Oh yes, lots. But I forget what."

"Can't you remember anything, Janet? Not one word? Did he say where he was going?"

"No-o-o," drawled Janet, "he just said— My, Cynthia, look at that bluebird! It's a real bluebird, sure's you're alive. Wish I could catch him."

"But, Janet, never mind the bird. What did Neal say?"

"Oh, he said good-by and he was going. Cynthia, I b'lieve if I had some salt to put on that bird's tail I could catch him. Mayn't I, Cynthia? Mayn't I get some salt and put it on his tail?"

"No, you can't!" cried Cynthia, stamping her foot. "I do wish you would tell me all Neal said."

"There, now, you're in an angry passion," observed her small sister, gazing at her calmly; "you've let your angry passions rise. You frightened that bird away, a-stampin' of your foot that way. Aren't you 'shamed!'"

"Oh, Janet, never mind. Please tell me. Did he really say good-by?"

"Will you give me your coral necklace if I tell you all he said?" said Janet, who was ever prompt to seize an opportunity.

"Yes, yes! Anything?"

"Well, he said, 'Are you sure you mean it, Cynthia? I want the coral necklace with the nice little gold clasp and—'"

"Yes, I know," groaned Cynthia. "I've only got one coral necklace, you dreadful child! Go on, do go on!"

"My, Cynthia! You're terrible impatient, and I guess your angry passions have riz again. Well, he said, 'Good-by forever; I'm going away; and off he went.'"

"Was that all? Truthfully, Janet?"

"Yes, truthfully all. He said he wouldn't stay any longer 'cause he was salted, or something."

"Salted?"

"Yes, or 'sulted, or some word like that."

"Insulted, do you mean?"

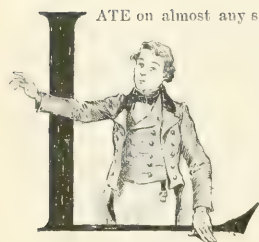
"Yes, I guess so. And now where's the necklace?"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

STORIES OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



LATE on almost any summer day early in this century a blue-eyed, brown-haired lad might have been seen lying under a great apple-tree in the garden of an old house in Portland, forgetful of everything else in the world save the book he was reading.

The boy was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and the book might have been *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, all of which were favorites; or possibly it was Irving's *Sketch Book*, of which he was so fond that even the covers delighted him, and whose charm remained unbroken throughout life. Years afterward, when, as a famous man of letters, he was called upon to pay his tribute to the memory of Irving, he could think of no more tender praise than to speak with grateful affection of the book which had so fascinated him as a boy, and whose pages still led him back into the "haunted chamber of youth."

It was during Longfellow's childhood that the British ship *Borer* was captured by the *Enterprise* in the famous sea-fight of the war of 1812; the two captains who had fallen in the battle were buried side by side in the cemetery at Portland, and the whole town came together to do honor to the dead commanders. Long years afterward Longfellow speaks of this incident in his poem entitled "My Lost Youth," and recalls the sounds of the cannon booming over the waters, and the solemn stillness that followed the news of the victory.

It is in this same poem that we have a picture of the Portland of his early life, and are given glimpses of the black wet wharves where were the ships moored, and the Spanish sailors, "with bearded lips," who seemed as much a mystery to the boy as the ships themselves. These came and went across the sea, always watched and waited for with greatest interest by the children who loved the excitement of the unloading and loading, the shouts of the surveyors who were measuring the contents of cask and hoghead, the songs of the negroes working the pulleys, the jolly good nature of the seamen strolling through the streets, and, above all, the sight of the strange treasures that came from time to time into one home or another—bits of coral, beautiful sea-shells, birds of resplendent plumage, foreign coins, which looked odd even in Portland, where all the money nearly was Spanish, and the hundred and one things dear to the hearts of sailors and children. It was during his school-boy days that Longfellow published his first bit of verse. It was inspired by hearing the story of a famous fight which took place on the shores of a small lake called Lovell's Pond, between the two Lovells and the Indians. Longfellow was

deeply impressed by this story, and threw his feeling of admiration into four stanzas, which he carried with a beating heart down to the letter-box of the *Portland Gazette*, taking an opportunity to slip the manuscript in when no one was looking.

The next morning Longfellow watched his father unfold the paper, read it slowly before the fire, and finally leave the room, when the sheet was grasped by the boy and his sister, who shared his confidence, and hastily scanned. The poem was there in the "poets' corner" of the *Gazette*, and Longfellow was so filled with exultant joy that he spent the greater part of the remainder of the day in reading and rereading the verses, becoming convinced toward evening that they promised remarkable merit. His happiness was dimmed, however, a few hours later, when the father of a boy friend, with whom he was passing the evening, pronounced the verses stiff and entirely lacking in originality. Longfellow slipped away as soon as possible to nurse his wounded feelings in his own room, and instead of letting the incident discourage him, began with renewed vigor to write verses, epigrams, essays, and tragedies, which he produced in a literary partnership with one of his boy friends. None of these effusions had any literary value, being no better than any boy of thirteen or fourteen would produce if he turned his attention to literature instead of to bat and ball.

Longfellow remained in Portland until his sixteenth year, when he went to Bowdoin College, entering the Sophomore Class. Here he remained for three years, gradually coining a name for scholarship and character that was second to none. However much he enjoyed college sports and fun, he never distinguished himself in any act that called for even the mildest censure from the college authorities. The love of order, the instinct of obedience to proper authority, and his naturally quiet tastes kept him from any transgression of the rules that seemed irksome to those of more excitable natures and less carefully trained. Through his entire college career Longfellow kept the respect and affection of many of the students whose natural tendencies led them often into mischief, but who none the less highly esteemed the graver qualities of their friend.

Immediately after his graduation he was offered the



THE SPANISH SAILORS WITH BEARDED LIPS.

chair of modern languages in Bowdoin, with permission from the college authorities to visit Europe for the purpose of fitting himself for his new duties. Accordingly at the age of nineteen Longfellow sailed for France, visiting also Spain, Italy, and Germany, meeting with adventure everywhere, and storing up memory after memory that came back in after-years to serve some purpose of his art. We have thus preserved in his works the impressions that Europe then made upon a young American who had come there to supplement his education by studying at the universities, and whose mind was alive to all the culture denied it in his own land. The grandeur of the world of antique art preserved in the museums, the works of living artists whose names were famous, the magnificence of the cathedrals and palaces, the thousand memories clustered around the old historic towns and cities, the picturesque details of peasant life, the gay student life which was so unlike that of the American youth that it seemed a different world, all struck Longfellow with a new and pleasant feeling of richness, as if the world had suddenly become wider, and full of stores of unsuspected wealth. One of Longfellow's great pleasures while on this trip was the meeting with Irving in Spain, where the latter was busy with his *Life of Columbus*.

The vividness of his impressions of European life was seen upon all his work, and was perhaps the first reflection of the old poetic European influence that began to be felt in much American poetry, where the charm of old peasant love songs and roundelays, heard for centuries among the lower classes of Spain, France, and Italy, was wrought into translation and transcription so perfect and spirited that they may almost rank with original work.

Longfellow returned to America after three years' absence, and at once began his duties at Bowdoin College, remaining three years, when he left to take a Professorship at Harvard, which he had accepted with



LONGFELLOW'S HOME AT CAMBRIDGE.

the understanding that he was to spend a year and a half abroad before commencing his work. Two years after his return he published his first volume of poems, and his romance *Hyperion*. In *Hyperion*, Longfellow relates some of the experiences of his own travels under the guise of the hero, who wanders through Europe, and the book is full of the same biographical charm that belongs to *Outre Mer*. Here the student life of the German youths, the songs they sang, the books they read, and even their favorite foods are noted, while the many translations of German poetry opened a new field of delight to American readers. It was well received by the public, who appreciated its fine poetic fancy and its wealth of serious thought. But it was not by his prose that Longfellow touched the deepest sympathies of his readers, and the publication of his first volume of poetry a few months later showed his real position in the world of American letters. This little book, which was issued under the title *Voices of the Night*, consisted of the poems that had so far appeared in the various magazines and papers, a few poems written in his college days, and some translations from the French, German, and Spanish poets. In this volume occurs some of Longfellow's choicest work, the gem of the book being the celebrated "Psalm of Life."

It is from this point that Longfellow goes onward, always as the favorite poet of the American people. The "Psalm of Life" had been published previously in a magazine without the author's name, and it had no sooner been read than it seemed to find its way into every heart. Ministers read it to their congregations all over the country, and it was sung as a hymn in many churches. It was copied in almost every newspaper in the United States, it was recited by every school-child, and years afterwards one of America's greatest men said that in one of the darkest hours of his life he had been cheered and uplifted by its noble spirit. To young and old alike it brought its message, and its voice was recognized as that of a true leader. The author of *Outre Mer* and *Hyperion* had well touched hands with millions of his brothers and sisters, and the clasp was never unloosed while he lived.

In the same collection occurs "The Footsteps of Angels," another well-beloved poem, and one in which the spirit of home life is made the inspiration.

Longfellow's poems now followed one another in rapid succession, appearing generally at first in some magazine, and afterward in book form in various collections under different titles.

His greatest contributions to American literature are his



HIS FIRST POEM.

"Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," and a score of shorter poems, which in themselves would give the author a high place in any literature.

In "Evangeline" Longfellow took for his theme the story of the destruction of the Acadian villages in Nova Scotia by the English during the French and Indian war. Longfellow has made of this sad story a wondrously beautiful tale that reads like an old legend of Grecian Arcadia.

The description of the great primeval forests stretching down to the sea; of the villages and farms scattered over the land as unprotected as the nests of the meadow-lark; of the sowing and harvesting of the peasant folks, with their fêtes and church-going, their weddings and festivals; and the pathetic search of Evangeline for her lost lover Gabriel among the plains of Louisiana—all show Longfellow in his finest mood as a poet whom the sorrows of mankind touched always with reverent pity, as well as a writer of noble verse.

Everywhere that the English language is read, "Evangeline" has passed as the most beautiful folk-story that America has produced; and the French Canadians, the far-away brothers of the Acadians, have included Longfellow among their national poets. Among them "Evangeline" is known by heart, and the cases are not rare where the people have learned English expressly for the purpose of reading Longfellow's poem in the original, a wonderful tribute to the poet who could thus touch to music one of the saddest memories of their race.

In "Hiawatha" Longfellow gave to the Indian the place in poetry that had been given him by Cooper in prose.

"Hiawatha" is a poem of the forests and of the dark-skinned race who dwell therein, who were learned only in forest-lore, and lived as near to nature's heart as the fawns and satyrs of old. Into this legend Longfellow has put all the poetry of the Indians' nature, and has made his hero, Hiawatha, a noble creation, that compares favorably with the King Arthur of the old British romances. From first to last Hiawatha moves among the people a real leader, showing them how to clear their forests, to plant grain, to make for themselves clothing of embroidered and painted skins, to improve their fishing-grounds, and to live at peace with their neighbors. From the time when he was a little child, and his grandmother told him all the fairy-tales of nature, up to the day when, like Arthur, he passed mysteriously through the gates of the sunset, all his hope and joy and work were for his people. He is a creature that could only have been born from a mind as pure and poetic as that of Longfellow. All the scenes and images of the poem are so true to nature that they seem like very breaths from the forests. We move with Hiawatha through the dewy birchen aisles, learn with him the language of the nimble squirrel and of the wise beaver and mighty bear, watch him build his famous canoe, and spend hours with him fishing in the waters of the great inland sea, bordered by the great pictured rocks painted by nature itself. Longfellow's first idea of the poem was suggested, it is said, by his hearing a Harvard student recite some Indian tales. Searching among the various books that treated of the American Indians, he found many legends and incidents that preserved fairly well the traditional history of the Indian race, and grouping these around one central figure, and filling in the gaps with poetic descriptions of the forests, mountains, lakes, rivers, and plains which made up the abode of these picturesque people, he thus built up the entire poem. The metre used is that in which the "Kalevala Thean," the national epic of the Finn, is written, and the Finnish hero Wainamoinen, in his gift of song and his brave adventures, is not unlike the great Hiawatha.

Among Longfellow's other long poems are "The Spanish Student," a dramatic poem founded upon a Spanish romance; "The Divine Tragedy" and "The Golden Legend," founded upon the life of Christ; "The Courtship of Miles Standish," a tale of Puritan love-making in the time of the early settlers; and "Tales of a Wayside Inn," which are a series of poems of adventure supposed to be related by the guests at an inn.

But it is with such poems as "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," and the shorter famous poems like the "Psalm of Life," "Excelsior," "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*," "The Building of the Ship," "The Footsteps of Angels," that his claim as the favorite poet of America has its foundation.

"The Building of the Ship" was never read during the struggle of the civil war without raising the audience to a passion of enthusiasm; and so in each of these shorter poems Longfellow touched with wondrous sympathy the hearts of his readers. Throughout the land he was received as the poet of the home and heart; the sweet singer to whom the fireside and family gave ever sacred and beautiful meanings.

Some poems on slavery, a prose tale called "Kavanagh," and a translation of the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, must also be included among Longfellow's work; but these have never reached the success attained by his more popular poems, which are known by heart by millions.

Longfellow died in Cambridge in 1882, in the same month in which was written his last poem, "The Bells of San Blas," which concludes with these words,

"It is daybreak everywhere."

JOHN CABOT.

HICKETY, pickety, John Cabot
Longed to discover a brand-new spot.
He found Cape Breton, and, well content,
As fast as the billows would take him, he went
Back to his home with a very high head,
And unto King Henry the Seventh he said,
"I have found China, that empire old,
Give me a garment all trimmed with gold."
Hickety, pickety, John Cabot,
Garments and titles and honors he got.
And he said to his barber one summer day,
"I have an island to give away,
An island in China, a very nice spot,
I hope you will like it," quoth John Cabot.
Hickety, pickety, bless my heart,
To own an island is very smart.
"To own an island is great indeed,"
The barber he said, "and a title I'll need.
And I'll wear a mantle all trimmed with lace,
And never again will I shave a face."
But alas for the barber, and poor John too,
Their titles and honors and airs fell through.
It was only a corner of Canada, not
The Chinese Empire which John Cabot
Had found in 1497.
And unto his barber so freely had given.
So then this poor barber of John Cabot
Back to his shaving went trit-ty-te-trot,
Both of his island and title bereft,
Lucky indeed that his razor was left.
But hickety, pickety, John Cabot
Really discovered a brand-new spot.

THE RACING YACHT OF TO-DAY.

BY L. A. TEREBEL.

WHEN the *America's Cup* was first contested for, a good many years ago, the boats that competed for it were out-and-out yachts—pleasure craft that could be of service to their owners for other purposes besides cup-hunting and cup-defending. But the craft that we see taking part in the international races nowadays are nothing more nor less than racing-machines. These are built solely to take part in the struggle with the Britisher, just as the Britisher is built solely to sail against the fastest Yankee; and after the cup contests are over these \$250,000 beauties are of no further use, except, of course, to win other races. When I say that they are of no further use, I do not mean this statement to be taken as literally true, because the boats can be reconstructed and remodelled for cruising purposes, and sometimes are, but they cannot be used for anything but racing when in the condition they

appear in at the starting-line. Many people not particularly interested in yachting cannot see why rich men should put a quarter of a million of dollars into a boat which, after it has sailed against an English yacht, will only bring about \$10,000 in open market. They argue that the end of sport would be just as well served by the racing of smaller boats, and Lord Dunraven himself has been reported as saying he thought it would be advisable to restrict the length of the racers to seventy-five feet. A few years ago there were no such restrictions, but when *Puritan* was built to meet *Genesta* it was mutually decided by the Englishmen and the Americans that the sloops should not exceed ninety feet on the water-line.

But the builders have to a certain extent neutralized this rule by giving their yachts such an overhang fore and aft that they can stand much more sail than other sloops of larger dimensions. We have probably reached the limit in expense of yacht-building this year, however, and I doubt if any cup defender will ever be cost more than the present one. A new class, called half-racers (restricted to 15 feet racing length), is coming into popularity, and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club is to hold international races of boats of that kind next month. This new class in international matches will doubtless claim some of the interest that has been given to the giant single-stickers, and in years to come the expense involved in the defense of the *America's Cup* ought not to be so excessive.

But to return to the yachts themselves, and to what I said about their uselessness as cruisers. The *Valkyrie* that sailed against *Defender* on September 7th was not the *Valkyrie* that crossed the ocean in August. The racer is an empty shell, with a towering mast and thousands of square feet of sail, whereas the travelling *Valkyrie* was the home of the forty or forty-five men who constituted her crew, and she was a two-masted craft—with stubby masts at that. As the one aim of both *Valkyrie* and *Defender* is to attain the highest possible speed, everything is done that experience and money can do to make the boats as light and as swift-sailing as possible. The one thought of the builders from the moment they got the orders to design the yachts was to make the shape of each boat the best to cut through the water, and the sails the most efficient to catch every breath of air stirring overhead.

In order that his rival might not know what kind of a boat was going to be turned out, both the English and the American architects worked with the greatest secrecy, and even after the boats had been launched and seen by the public their true measurements were withheld. But enough is known about the construction of racing sloops in general, and sufficient has leaked out about the building of *Defender* in particular, for us to have a pretty good knowledge of the boat that was depended upon to keep the *America's Cup* out this side of the water.

About three months were required for the construction of *Defender*. She was built at Bristol, Rhode Island. The plans were first fully discussed by the owners and the architect and his assistants, and were then laid out on paper to a scale, probably one inch to the foot—although this would make a pretty large working plan. But still, the larger a plan is the better, and in an important matter of this kind no pains are spared to reach perfection. A model of a yacht under construction is unnecessary, and is seldom made, except for the pleasure or curiosity of the owner.

It was decided to give up the centreboard this year—much to the disappointment of a great many patriotic yachtsmen, for the centreboard is a purely American institution—and the plans were consequently designed for a keel boat. *Defender's* keel is of lead, and weighs 80 tons. It is 5 feet 6 inches high, 3 feet 6 inches wide, and 35 feet long on top, and was cast in the shop where the yacht was built, for such a weight as that could not very well be moved from one end of a ship-yard to the other. A cross section of this lead keel would look very much like the cross section of a pear cut lengthwise, with the bulge at the bottom. Fore and aft it is shaped somewhat like a whale or a cat-fish—that is, it is largest forward and tapers toward the stern. This doubtless seems strange to a great many unobservant landmen, who know that ships are usu-

ally made as pointed and sharp as possible at the bow. This is all very well for a body that is intended to cut through the water, but for anything meant to travel under the surface the fish shape is the proper thing. All fish are larger at the head than at the tail, and yet they seem to find no difficulty in getting through the water very rapidly. Following this natural phenomenon, the keel of *Defender* is bulging at the bow and tapering at the stern.

Just as the size and position of every stone in a large building are figured out before the work is begun, so was every part of *Defender* designed and laid out in the mould loft at Bristol long before the actual work of construction could commence. The mould loft is a very large room, with a spacious floor and plenty of light. On the floor every part of *Defender* was sketched out in chalk to the actual size required. Every beam and section was accurately laid down, and the workmen made wooden moulds or patterns from these sketches. To these wooden moulds the metal ribs and frames were afterwards bent. This work was done on the "bending table" by methods fully described in an article on ship-building published in No. 784 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. When the steel ribs were satisfactorily completed, and had been found to be exactly as designed in the mould loft, they were taken into the shed where the yacht was being constructed. This shed, by-the-way, was a harder place to get into than the palace of the Czar. The doors were kept locked all the time, and watchmen were on duty day and night to drive away intruders. Only the owners, the architects, and the workmen were permitted to enter.

The keel, which is made of cast brass in three sections, was bolted to the lead with great screws from six to eight inches long, and the ribs were riveted to the keel and steadied across the top with wooden cross spalls until the deck beams were ready to be put on. The latter are of aluminium bronze. Everything in the make up of the yacht so far has been metal, and everything will be metal to the end. Even the stern and stem are brass castings, and there is no wood in the body of *Defender*, except the deck, which is of 2½-inch light pine. The two or three partitions inside of her are made of canvas stretched on light pine frames, and the only other wood on board is in the mast. Even the boom is metal—that is, since *Valkyrie* came over with a steel boom.

To the ribs were riveted the plates, which are of manganese bronze, which is a kind of refined brass, only three-sixteenths of an inch thick, and the upper two streaks are of aluminium. This aluminium is said to be almost pure, and is the lightest metal known.

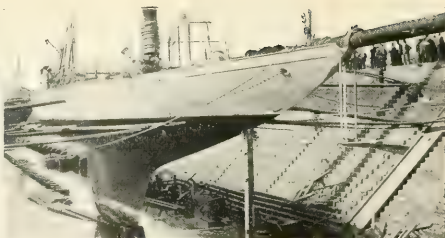
Valkyrie is not such a metallic boat as *Defender*. She is of the composite type. Her stem and stern are of wood, and she is planked on the outside with American elm below water and spruce on top. This elm is an excellent wood for yacht construction. It will not decay if kept under water, but spoils if allowed to be wet and dry by turns. It is used a great deal in England, and yet, strange as this may seem, it cannot be bought in the New York lumber market. It is scarcely known here. It comes from Canada, in the neighborhood of Quebec, and the whole supply is shipped to England. In Canada the elms are grown in plantations, and cultivated so that they are straighter and taller than those we have in the United States. Here elm is seldom used in the construction of ships except for knees. It is also a favorite wood for the hubs of wheels. But this elm is the common elm, not the American elm of the English market, which, as I have said, is hardly ever seen on this coast.

But although *Valkyrie's* hull and stern are of wood, her frames are of nickel steel strapped together with steel ribbons running at an angle. Thus, before her planking was put on, she must have looked like a huge steel basket.

The masts of both yachts are of Oregon pine. And with regard to this Oregon pine another peculiar feature of the Atlantic coast lumber market becomes apparent. Ten years ago Oregon pine was not known here. Ship-builders did not use it. But the Britishers did, and all the Oregon pine that could be purchased used to be shipped to England in sailing-vessels that went around Cape Horn from Puget Sound. When our ship-builders finally discovered



"DEFENDER."



"VALKYRIE."

THE CHALLENGER AND DEFENDER OF THE "AMERICA'S" CUP IN DRY DOCK.

that this pine was about the best that could be had for masts and spars, they tried to buy some, but they found they had to go to English markets to get it. Within the past few years, however, more and more Oregon pine has been offered for sale on this coast, and it is probable that *Defender's* mast was not imported from England. The first boom of *Defender* was also of Oregon pine. This boom

cost nearly \$2000, and was built like a barrel, or rather like two barrels—one on the outside of the other. This was to give additional strength. The inner boom was hooped together with steel bands, and then the outer layer of pine staves was fitted on and hooped with brass rings. But when *Valkyrie* appeared in dry dock here and began to



"DEFENDER"

put on her racing togs, the *Defender* syndicate saw the Britisher's steel boom, and forthwith set about to build one like it. *Valkyrie's* boom is the first of the kind ever seen in this country, and probably the first of the kind ever made. Some of the big sailing ships of commerce had steel yards, and racing-boats abroad have sometimes been fitted with spars of drawn steel; but nothing like this boom of *Valkyrie* had ever before been attempted. It is hollow, of course, and although of steel, is about one ton lighter than the pine boom that *Defender* first carried. The American yacht's steel boom is now a counterpart of her rival's. It is made in sections that are riveted together through flanges that project on the outer side. It is built on the plan of an elevated railroad pillar, and looks very much like one, being of about the same thickness, only round instead of square, and about twice as long as the average elevated-road pillar is high.

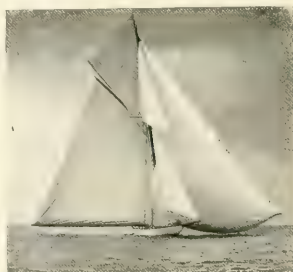
The sails of the racers are probably the most wonderful part of their whole make up. *Defender*, when she has her mainsail, her jib, her jib topsail, her staysail, and her working topsail up, carries 12,000 square feet of canvas. And when she substitutes for these working-sails her balloon jib, her club topsail, and puts on her spinnaker she almost doubles that area. These sails cost thousands of dollars, because there must be several of each in case of accident to one or another, and for use in the different kinds of wind that may prevail in a race. There is a heavy mainsail for strong winds, of sea-island cotton or Egyptian cotton or ramie cloth, while the jibs are made of lighter grades of the same material, until they come down to the

constituency of a coarse pocket-handkerchief. One of *Defender's* spinnakers is of Scotch linen. In 1893 it was reported that one of *Valkyrie II's* big spinnakers was of silk, but it was not; it was of exceedingly fine Irish linen.

Taking all these matters into account, and considering that each boat must have from forty to fifty sailors to man her, it becomes evident that the building and maintaining of such a yacht is a matter of no small expense. Mr. George Gould spent no less than \$40,000 to put *Vigilant* in condition to race with *Defender* in the preliminary trials this year. The crew has to be engaged and trained for weeks before the racer is put into commission, and kept at work for a couple of months before the great contests for the Cup are held. These sailors, of course, cannot live on the yacht, since there is no room for bunks or lockers or a galley on the modern racing-machine. Therefore both *Defender* and *Valkyrie* have steam-tenders.

There is really something humorous about a crew of sailors leaving their hollow unbunked boat every evening to go to bed in a tender near by. At meal-time, too, the gallant tars have to seek their floating hotel. When *Defender* was with the New York Yacht Squadron on this summer's cruise she reached port one evening ahead of most of the fleet, and of her slow consort. She was too deep of draught to get far into the harbor, and being a "racer" she had nothing aboard but men and sails, a small anchor, and a small dingy. Consequently the crew sat on the deck for several hours, with their legs hanging over the sides, waiting for the *Hattie Palmer* to come along and give them their supper.

A great number of Americans—and I am one of them—would have preferred to see *Defender* built on the American centre-board plan, all of American material, and without borrowing British ideas, especially as to the boom. They were sorry to hear that Mr. Gould last year wanted Mr. Ratsey, *Valkyrie's*



"VALKYRIE."

sail-maker, to make *Vigilant's* sails, and they were very glad when the loyal and patriotic Ratsey (credit be to him for it!) refused to take the order. But, after all, this great number of Americans has nothing to say in the matter, and all they—and I—want is to see *Defender* win by fair means the matches she was built to race in, and the Cup she was built to defend.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

THE ONLY SCHOOL IN THIS COUNTRY that I know of where rowing takes the leading position in sports is St. Paul's of Concord. There is rowing done at other schools, of course, as at Cascadilla, near Ithaca, and at St. John's, Delafield, Wisconsin, but at none of these institutions has

the membership of each. Since then the interest and enthusiasm in the sport have grown so steadily, that the annual race in June between the Haleyon and Shattuck crews is looked upon as the principal athletic event of the school year. Each club puts three crews on the water—a first crew of eight men and a cockswain, using a regular racing-shell; a second crew of six men and a cockswain, using a gig; and a third crew of four men and a cockswain, also using a gig. Captains are elected for every crew, and the captains of the first crews are the captains of their clubs. The rowing is done on Lake Penacock, which affords a very good mile-and-a-half course, and is within easy distance of the school buildings.



Kerner, bow. Berger, 2. Whalen, 5. Wilson, 3.
Niedeken, 4. Stewart, stroke. Hart, cock'n. Wheeler, 6 (Capt). McDuffie, 7.

THE HALCYON CREW.

the art reached the stage of perfection which characterizes the work of the St. Paul's oarsmen. It is doubtless because rowing has been indulged in there for almost twenty-five years, whereas at the other schools I have mentioned boat-ing is a comparative novelty. It is growing in popularity as a scholastic sport, however, and in a few years I have no doubt that every school situated close enough to a lake or a river will have a crew, just as almost every school now-a-days has an eleven and a nine.

IT WAS IN 1871 THAT THE TWO ROWING CLUBS were formed at St. Paul's, and the scholars divided about evenly in

Cochran, 3. Whitbeck, 5. Glidden, 2. Sturges, stroke.



Woodle, 7. Lockwood, bow. Small, 6 (Capt). Holly, 4.

THE SHATTUCK CREW.

THE FIRST RACE between the rival clubs was held in 1871, the year of their organization. The crews rowed in four-oared barges over a two-mile course. The best time made was 8 minutes and 53 seconds. In 1874 the course was



SHATTUCK

HALCYON.

THE ST. PAUL'S CREWS IN THE WATER.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

changed to $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and each club organized a second crew, owing to the increasing number of candidates for a seat in the boat. These crews also rowed in four-oared barges, as did the thirds, which were organized a few years later. In 1883 the first crews rowed in six-oared barges for the first time. The course was made two miles. This gave a new interest to the sport, and many fine oarsmen began to develop. The best time for the two miles was made in 12 minutes 32 seconds, which is a very good showing for a crew made up of novices. In 1891 the first crews of both clubs began to row in eights, and the course was made a mile and one-half without a turn. The fastest eight rowed over the course in 8 minutes 25 seconds, and although the crew of '94 claim 8 minutes and 8 seconds, the former figure stands as the record at the present time.

THE ROUTINE OF TRAINING IS SIMILAR to that of the college crews. Soon after the Christmas recess all applicants are taken in charge by the trainer and the older men from former crews. The candidates are divided into squads and put to work at calisthenics, weight-pulling, and the first principles of rowing on the hydraulic rowing-machines. This goes on through the winter, and one by one the poorer material is dropped and the crews are chosen. As soon as the snow is off the ground the running begins; short distances at first, increasing to two or three miles. The gymnasium work meantime continues, and the mysteries of the stroke are gradually unfolded at the machines, and each member of the crew is coached, prodded, and scolded into proper form, until at Easter the men have learned the full stroke.

WHEN THE SCHOOL REOPENS after the Easter recess the daily work continues, with practice in the water on a small pond by the gymnasium. A working boat of two or four oars, with the coach for a coxswain, is used for this purpose. As soon as the course at Lake Penacook is open the crews row there every afternoon, except Sundays, going and coming in four-horse barges. Here the drudgery stops, and the interesting though hard work begins. The coach shouts and gesticulates from a pair oar, men are changed about in the boats, coxswains are taught to use the seemingly simple rudder, and the captains exhort their crews in language which strangers might consider superexpressive. When hands are surer and muscles harder the full course is attempted, and the time is taken. This is generally represented to the oarsmen as rather poor, and the necessity for doing better is constantly impressed upon them.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE VICE-RECTOR'S views as to how athletics should be conducted in his school, the date for the final race in June is never set or definitely announced much before the day of the event. This is done so that the good people of Concord shall not know when the races are to be, and may thus not avail themselves of the opportunity to see some good rowing. This spring, in order to carry this principle to an extreme, the races, as was told in this Department of July 2d, were rowed in the morning instead of in the afternoon, as has been usual, and only the members of the school knew of this in time to reach the shores of Penacook. There is always a great deal of excitement and enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of the contests, and at the close of the day the colors of the winning club are hoisted on the school flag-pole.

THE CREWS THIS YEAR were made up as follows:

SHATTUCK BOAT CLUB.

FIRST CREW.

	Height.	Weight.	Age.
Walter K. Sturges, stroke.....	5 7 1-2	159	18 9
Adrian S. Woodie, No. 1.....	5 10 1-2	164	17 2
George Small, No. 2 and Captain.....	5 11	170	17 7
Brahmet H. Whitbeck, No. 3.....	5 11	164	17 10
James K. Holly, No. 4.....	5	165	18 10
William F. Cochran, No. 5.....	5 8 3-4	134	19 4
John M. Gilder, No. 6.....	6	160	18
Henry M. Lockwood, bow.....	5 11 1-2	160	18 2
Averages.....	5 10 1-2	169 1-2	18 3
Coxswain, Parker Whitney, weight 90 lbs.			

SECOND CREW.

	Height.	Weight.	Age.
Howard L. O'Fallon, stroke and Captain.....	5 7 1-2	140	18 2
Albert L. Nickerson, No. 5.....	6 1	165	18
James D. Ireland, No. 4.....	5 11 3-4	145	18 3
Frederick H. Brooks, No. 3.....	6	150	18 7
Crispin Oglebay, No. 2.....	5 8 1-2	160	18
George C. Beuck, bow.....	5 9	140	17 5
Averages.....	5 10 1-2	149 2-3	17 8
Coxswain, Harold C. Neal, weight 90 lbs.			

THIRD CREW.

	Height.	Weight.	Age.
John J. Knox, stroke and Captain.....	5 7	125	18 10
Constant D. Huntington, No. 3.....	6	165	18 7
James G. Averell, No. 2.....	6 1	150	17 5
Douglas Halliday, bow.....	5 7	130	18 6
Averages.....	5 9 3-4	142 1-2	18 4
Coxswain, Sylvester Y. L'Honnmedien, weight 92 lbs.			

HALCYON BOAT CLUB.

FIRST CREW.

	Height.	Weight.	Age.
John T. Stewart, 2d, stroke.....	5 8	159	18
Harry McDuffie, No. 7.....	6	165	18
Herbert Wheeler, No. 6 and Captain.....	6	169	17 5
William B. Whelen, No. 5.....	6 3	167	17 10
John Baird, No. 4.....	5 9	174	17 4
Richard N. Wilcox, No. 3.....	5 11	153	18
W. F. B. Berger, No. 2.....	5 11	159	18
Howard S. Kerner, bow.....	5 9	145	18 5
Averages.....	5 11	161 3-8	17 10
Coxswain, Henry G. Hart, weight 100 lbs.			

SECOND CREW.

	Height.	Weight.	Age.
Griswold Green, stroke and Captain.....	5 7	154	18 3
Livingston L. Biddle, No. 5.....	5 10	155	17 6
John Baird, No. 4.....	5 9	163	18 2
Nicholas Biddle, No. 3.....	6	156	16 2
Leonard M. Thomas, No. 2.....	5 8	146	17 2
Frederick C. Bingham, bow.....	5 6	135	18
Averages.....	5 8 3-8	148 1-3	17 6 1-2
Coxswain, James C. Cooley, weight 105 lbs.			

THIRD CREW.

	Height.	Weight.	Age.
Seaman D. Sinkler, stroke.....	5 7 1-2	143	16 8
Francis S. Goodwin, No. 3.....	5 10	150	16 5
Augustus B. Berger, No. 2.....	5 6	136	16 5
Joseph D. Forbes, bow.....	5 8 3-4	149	17 9
Averages.....	5 8 1-2	140	16 9 1-2
Coxswain, Ben-Alt H. Lounsbury, weight 75 lbs.			

IT IS APPARENT AT ONCE from these tables that both of the first crews were made up of exceptionally tall and heavy young men. Of the two eights, the Shattucks, however, proved themselves the better. Their time and blade-work were poor, but in spite of this they travelled through the water faster than their rivals. Holly and Whitbeck, Nos. 4 and 5, will certainly be heard from in college, as they are both good athletes and fine oars. The former goes to Yale and the latter to Harvard. The Halcyons excelled over the Shattucks in general form, but still their blade-work was hardly satisfactory. Of the Halcyons, Wheeler, who goes to Princeton, and Stewart, who goes to Yale, were the best oars. Both crews were made up of old men who had rowed before, and consequently a very close race was expected when they met on Lake Penacook. It was thought by the Halcyons that they would win on their even stroke and smooth finish. And the backers of the "Shads" maintained that the strength of their crew would pull them out ahead. The race was rowed on the morning of June 11th, the "Shads" winning by five lengths. They lost the second after a plucky race, and also the third. The Halcyons were rather out of it most of the time. They had not the lasting power to keep up their pace, and so while their form grew poorer, that of the Shattucks improved. The time, 9 minutes 30 seconds was very poor; but as the crews had never rowed in the morning before, this must be taken into account.

THE GREAT FAULT OF THE CREWS at St. Paul's is that they are very liable to lose their form in the excitement of a race, and each man gets to row his own stroke. This is not so noticeable in the first crews as in the seconds and thirds. Nevertheless the Concord School turns out the best oarsmen that go to the universities, some of the best known being Phil Allen, George Brewster, Stillman, Goetichius, Hickock, and Fenesty. But it is to be regretted that

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO INTERSCHOLASTIC LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

SINGLES.

Preliminary Round.	First Round.	Second Round.	Final Round.	Winner.
H. H. Lay (M.P.A.).	W. Beggs (C.M.).	Beggs, 6-1, 7-5.	Beggs, 6-1, 6-3.	Beggs, 2-6, 6-2, 6-2, 3-6, 6-2.
H. Poppen (H.P.H.).	Anderson (P.Y.).	Lay, 6-1, 6-3.		
P. D. McQuiston (C.A.).	Lay, 6-0, 3-6, 6-0.			
M. A. Warren (L.P.A.).	McQuiston, 2-6, 7-5, 6-1.	Staley, 6-1, 6-3.		
W. C. Powell (L.V.H.).	Powell, 6-4, 6-0.			
C. M. Raymond (H.S.).	Staley, 6-1, 6-1.			
P. Staley (N.D.H.).	A. Vernon (E.H.M.).			
R. White (E.H.).	A. Johnston (W.D.).			

DOUBLES.

Preliminary Round.	First Round.	Second Round.	Final Round.	Winner.
Beggs-Goble (C.M.).	McQuiston Brothers (C.A.).	McQuiston Brothers, 6-1, 6-2.	Beggs and Goble, 6-2, 9-7.	Staley and Keith, 6-0, 6-2, 6-4.
George-Garrett (H.P.H.).	Warren-Stearns (L.F.A.).			
Raynes-Pullison (H.S.).	Beggs and Goble, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4.	Beggs and Goble, 6-2, 6-2.		
Vernon-Jank (E.H.M.).	Raynes and Pullison, default.			
Staley-Keith (N.D.H.).	Staley and Keith, 7-5, 3-6, 6-3.	Staley and Keith, 6-1, 9-7.	Staley and Keith, default.	
Anderson-Halsey (P.Y.).	Powell and Falkon (L.V.H.).	Drake and Blackwelder, 2-6, 6-3, 6-3.		
	Drake and Blackwelder (M.P.A.).			
	Wallace and Johnston (W.D.H.).			

C.M.—Chicago Manual Training School.
P.Y.—Princeton-Yale School.
M.P.A.—Morgan Park Academy.
H.P.H.—Hyde Park High School.
C.A.—Chicago Academy.
L.F.A.—Lake Fort Academy.

L.V.H.—Lake View High-School.
H.S.—Hill School.
N.D.H.—North Division High-School.
E.H.—Englewood High-School.
E.H.M.—English High and Manual Training School.
W.D.—West Division High-School.

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with such fine men, and such well-trained crews and football teams, and baseball nines, it should be the policy of the school to prohibit interscholastic contests. St. Paul's never meets any other school on field or water.

THE INTERSCHOLASTIC TENNIS TOURNAMENT of the University of Chicago was held in that city last June, the results being shown in the accompanying table of scores. Points counted as follows: First in singles, 5; second in singles, 3; first in doubles, 7; second in doubles, 4. The North Division High-School took the championship by winning first place in the doubles, and second in the singles, earning thereby a total of 10 points. Second place went to the Chicago Manual Training School, whose representatives took first in the singles and second in the doubles, total, 9 points. The school winning the greatest number of points in three years will obtain permanent possession of the trophy. The tournament was a success, and the formation of the association is bound to stimulate the growth of the game in the schools in the neighborhood of Chicago. It is to be regretted that Beggs was not sent to Newport. The winner of next year's tournament should certainly come East. THE GRADUATE.

TEACHER (to class in philosophy). "What are the properties of heat, Willie?"

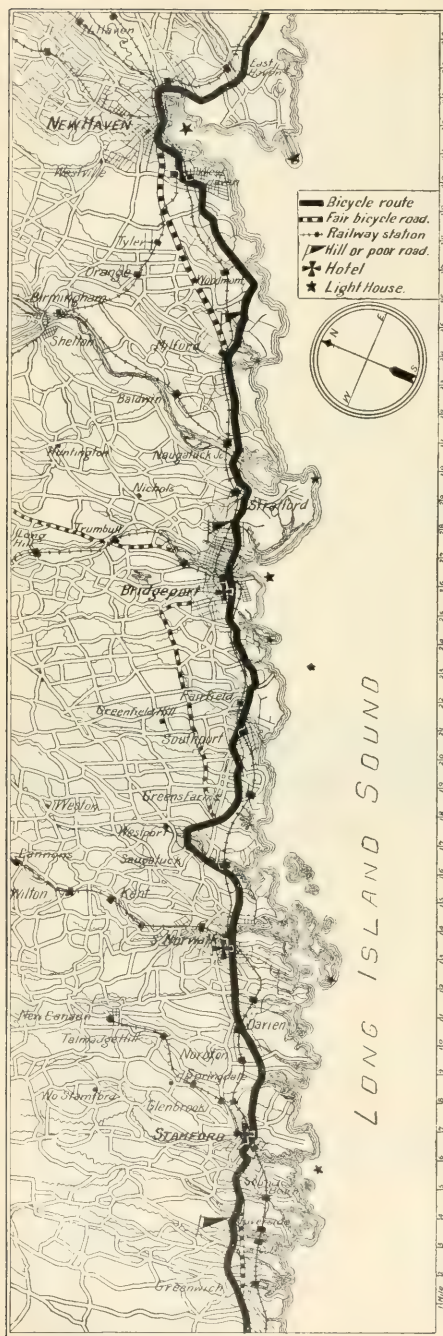
WILLIE. "The properties of heat are to bake, cook, roast."

TEACHER. "Stop—next. What are the properties of heat?"

JOHNXY. "The properties of heat is that it expands bodies, while cold contracts them."

TEACHER. "Very good. Can you give me an example?"

JOHNXY. "Yes, sir. In summer, when it is very hot, the day is long; in winter, when it is cold, it gets to be very short."



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This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicycles, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

WE have now finally to turn to the eastward of New York, and take up the route from New York to Boston. The trip from New York to Stamford (see map in No. 811) has already been given in the ROUND TABLE, and for an ordinary rider who is taking the trip easily this might serve as the first day's trip, being a distance of about twenty-eight miles. On leaving Stamford the next morning, proceed by the Post Road and turnpike direct to Darien. The road itself from Stamford to New Haven is along the shore, which, at the same time that it necessitates the crossing of several bridges during a day, also offers many beautiful views of the Sound, and, as a usual thing, is one of the coolest rides in summer. The road-bed, as a rule, is in reasonably good condition; but, where available between villages, the side path may be taken to advantage, except in one or two instances, which are especially mentioned. From Darien to South Norwalk, a distance of four miles, is one of these, where the rider should avoid side paths. Crossing the railroad at Darien, the road runs direct to South Norwalk. At South Norwalk again cross the railroad on the east of the station, and the road turning northward, to avoid an inlet, should be followed along the shore to Saugatuck Church, which is close by the railroad. Here the rider should take Riverside Avenue, and, following the horse-car tracks, proceed to Westport to the draw-bridge, which he should cross, and thence, proceeding straight ahead, run into Southport, passing by Green's Farm, and always following the main road as laid down on the map.

BY REFERRING TO THIS MAP, moreover, the rider will see that it is possible to turn to the left about one and a half miles out of Westport after crossing the draw-bridge, and run up a more direct road to Southport. The road, however, is not as good, and the rider will do well to follow the bicycle route exactly as marked on the map. At Southport the railroad is again crossed at the station and the direct road for Fairfield taken, which continues without many turnings to Bridgeport. At Bridgeport more than half the journey to New Haven is done, a distance of twenty-two or twenty-three miles, and you can put up for dinner. After finishing dinner, cross the river at Bridgeport near the depot, and take the turnpike to Stratford, thence to Naugatuck to Milford, a distance of nine miles. Running out of Milford turn to the right and keep to the shore road always. About two and a half miles out of Woodmont you pass into the turnpike road direct to West Haven, and from here the run into New Haven is easily found and but a short distance, and here you may put up very comfortably at the New Haven House, and take the opportunity that afternoon, if you arrive in town early enough, or the next morning before you start on the next stage, to go over the grounds and through the buildings of Yale University.

This trip from New York to Boston is a capital one for any one to take during the fall, and we shall therefore follow it out by the following stages: 1. From New York to Stamford; 2. From Stamford to New Haven; 3. From New Haven to New London; 4. From New London to Shannuck; 5. From Shannuck to Providence; 6. From Providence to Boston.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn to No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tottenville to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia to Wissahickon Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825; Second Stage in No. 826. Philadelphia to Vineland—First Stage in No. 827; Second Stage in No. 828.

I AM going to have a little chat with you, girls, on the obligations of good breeding, and first I will begin by relating an incident.

silken gauze. Open-worked silk stockings covered her little feet, and she wore high-heeled slippers with painted toes. Her travelling-gown was a rich shimmering brocade, lit fitting and with a long train. Her maids, one fair and white, the other black as ebony, were loaded with baskets and bundles, and her servitor held in leash two magnificent collies, while a green and yellow parrot chattered from his perch on the man's arm.

All this was a sight to arouse attention and excite curiosity, but *this* was a well-bred throng of people gathered in the waiting-room, and the lady, probably a princess from some tropic island, was annoyed by no looks, laughter, or remarks.

ONE of the first rules to be adopted by a thoroughly polite person is this: Never show surprise, except of the genuinely gracious kind, the kind that expresses cordial interest and pleasure. Never laugh at an awkward predicament, at, for example, a fall, or a mistake made by another. Be careful never to pain any one, friend or stranger, by ridicule, or by thoughtlessly plain speaking.

Margaret E. Langster.

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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

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We have no express office near, but as much as four pounds can be sent by mail at one cent an ounce. All I ask is that whoever sends for quartz enclose postage-stamps for as many ounces as they desire. I will label the specimens, pack and mail them for the sake of giving to my fellow-readers of the Round Table an opportunity of possessing some rare geological specimens of this almost undiscovered country.

MARGARET L. JOHNSON.

MARGARET, N. A.

Junior \$50 Word Hunt.

Fifty dollars will be given by HARPER'S ROUND TABLE to the persons, under eighteen, who make out of the letters composing "Harper's Round Table" the greatest number of English words found in Webster or Worcester. Letters may be used in any order. No proper names or plurals allowed. \$25 to first, \$10 to second, \$5 to third, and \$1 each to next ten. Write words one below another, and number them. Put your own name and address at top of sheet. Post lists not later than November 25, 1895, to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, New York.

Senior \$50 Word Hunt.

Fifty dollars will be given by HARPER'S ROUND TABLE to the persons (any age) who make out of the letters composing "Harper's New Monthly" the greatest number of English words found in Webster or Worcester. Letters may be used in any order. No proper names or plurals allowed. \$25 to first, \$10 to second, \$5 to third, and \$1 each to next ten. Write words one below another, and number them. Put your own name and address at top of sheet. Post lists not later than November 25, 1895, to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, New York.

Lunar Attraction.

Jacques Ozanam, the famous French mathematician, invented this startling illusion, which I will describe for the benefit of the Round Table.

Make a box three feet square, or of any convenient size, and place a board of the same dimensions in the bottom, slightly inclined, with a serpentine groove in it, so that a ball of lead can roll in it freely. Extend a plain mirror from the elevated end of the board to the opposite upper corner, with the reflecting side down. Cut a small hole in the end of the box facing the mirror, and in such a position that the grooved board itself cannot be seen. If a ball of lead rolls along its groove, it will appear to ascend.

VINCENT V. M. BEEDE.

For Lovers of Figures.

Here are two ingenious problems, of French origin, which mathematically inclined members will enjoy:

1. Fifteen Christians and fifteen Turks were at sea in the same vessel when a dreadful storm came on which obliged them to throw all their merchandise overboard. This, however, not being sufficient to lighten the ship, the captain informed them there was no possibility of its being saved unless half the passengers were thrown overboard also. He therefore arranged the thirty in a row, and by counting from nine to nine, and throwing every ninth person into the sea, beginning again at the first of the row when it had been counted to the end, it was found that after fifteen persons had been thrown overboard, the fifteen Christians remained. How did the captain arrange these thirty persons so as to save the Christians?

KRY.—The method may be deduced from this Latin sentence:

Populeam virginem mater regina ferebat. Or from this French couplet:

*Mort, tu ne flattais pas,
En me livrant les troques.*

2. Three gentlemen and their valets desiring to cross a river find a boat without a boatman; the boat is so small that it can contain no more than two of them at once. None of the masters can endure the valets of the other two, and if any one of them were left with any of the other valets, he would infallibly cane them. How can these six persons cross the river, two and two, so that none of the valets shall be left in company with any of the masters except when his rightful master is present?

The answers to these problems will be given next week.

Amateur Journalism.

Many hundreds of young persons having literary taste write stories and verses for the amateur journals. A few hundred young persons more ambitious than the others publish these miniature newspapers. These publishers, editors, and contributors have long been organized into the National Amateur Press Association—the "N. A. P. A." for short. Every year a national convention is held, at which a great deal of time is spent discussing methods and men, and a great deal of enthusiasm displayed in behalf of favorite candidates for president and other offices. Of course there is the



WILL HANCOCK, President N.A.P.A.

social side, and scores of delightful acquaintances are formed that have been known to last a lifetime.

The last national convention was held in Chicago, when Mr. Will Hancock, editor of the *Prairie Breezes*, which "blow monthly," was elected president. He lives at Fargo, N. D., and will send a copy of his paper to any member of our Order who asks him to do so. He wants to get acquainted with as many members as possible, in order to invite you to join the ranks of the N.A.P.A. The other officers are: First Vice-president, Arthur J. Robinson, *Bohemia*, Chicago, Ill.; Second Vice-president, Zella R. Thurman, *Chicagoan*, Chicago, Ill.; Recording Secretary, Albert E. Barnard, *Writer*, Chicago, Ill.; Corresponding Secretary, Edward A. Hering, *Evergreen State*, Seattle, Wash.; Treasurer, George L. Colburn, *The Mirror*, Pekin, Ill.; Official Editor, Edith Miesler.

Judiciary Committee: Ex-president, John L. Tomlinson, editor *Commentator*, Spokane, Wash.; Chairman: Miss Stella Truman, *Opelousas*, La.; editor *The South*, ex-President Southern A. P. A.; Secretary: and Charles R. Burger, Jersey City, N. J., editor *Progress*.

National Laureate Recorder, Mabel C. Lucas, editor *Searchlight*, Spokane, Wash.; Secretary of Credentials, Nathan Hill Ferguson, Level Plains, North Carolina, author.

Chairman Recruiting Committee, Harrie C. Morris, editor *Ocean Waves*, San Francisco, Cal.

Librarian, Ella Maud Frye, Halifax, Nova Scotia. The convention of 1896 is to meet in Washington, D. C. Dues in the N.A.P.A. are small. Address Recruiting Committee or Mr. Hancock. There is also a New England Press Association, of which Miss Susan B. Robbins, Abington, Mass., is president. She will give information concerning it to all who ask.

* * *

Celebrating the "Fourth" Abroad.

The other day we went in the cars to a little town on the Elbe's bank, and there took a steamboat and went up the river. The view was lovely, and looked like a mixture of the Rhine and the palisades on the Hudson, with high cliffs on each side—some green with trees, and others with the bare gray rocks worn by the wind and rain into a thousand queer shapes. In some places there were quarries for the soft buff sandstone of which these cliffs are composed, lending another color (yellow) to the cliffs of gray and green. You can well imagine how lovely it was.

As we neared the town the country changed, and now it resembled the Thames, with villas here and there among the trees. The King of Saxony has his summer palace here, with pleasure-boats moored to the wharf. We reached the brightly lighted city on our return just at twilight, wishing our journey was not over so soon.

We went to the Belvedere on the Fourth of July. It is a large garden by the river. It is crowded every night, a good half of the people being English and Americans. Of course the "Fourth" was a great American night, the programme being printed in English. The band played everything it knew of American music, with some of the English composers for the English part of the audience. You should have heard the clapping for "Hail Columbia." The musicians played the beautiful "Largo" too, and the hush that fell over every one was nice to see, even a lot of students who sat at the next table stopped talking and laughing.

Last of all came a great mixture of all the American tunes. Everybody, or at least a great number, sang; and you can well imagine the noise when "Yankee Doodle" came. "Marching through Georgia" was sung loudly, every one clapping in time. By everybody I mean the Americans. "Old Black Joe" was most highly appreciated, and when it came to "Way Down upon the Suwanee River," the voices, it seemed to me, beat any opera chorus in the world. A great many voices were "quavery" at "Home, Sweet Home," and my sister and I indulged in rather a "watery" smile.

I never knew the pathos of that song till I was in a German garden, with some of my countrymen around me, three thousand miles from "home." I could just hear the waves beating on the beach at dead old East Hampton, with the moonlight shining over all; the light in the dear little "chalet," and our footsteps sounding on the board walk, as we came in, in time for dinner, with the bright table and father just in from town. And I could see the funny old house with the willows in front, and the quiet old graveyard bright in the still white light. Across the way Daisy's house with the yellow lamp-light shining through, and Daisy's black shadow passing across the light through the window. John Howard Payne must have seen the same "Home, Sweet Home" as I did that minute.

DRESDEN, GERMANY.

EDITH S. MILLS.

* * *

A South Carolina Plantation.

We live on a plantation. The clearing is about 400 acres in extent. On the east is a salt-water river, and on the north, south, and west is the forest. On the other side of the river is a marsh. On this marsh there grows a kind of grass. In the winter the marsh dries and breaks off, and in spring, when we have high tides, the grass floats upon the beach, and people haul it away to put in the stables for the horses and cows. There are many large live-oaks scattered over the clearing, with lots of moss hanging from them. The moss is lovely. Along the river-shore on our side are palmettos, oak-trees, and bushes.

BEFFTON, S. C.

MILLIE MITCHELL, R. T. L.



This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp-collectors and collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

COREAN money is made of copper or brass, each piece about as large as our old copper cents, with a square hole in the centre. It takes six hundred of these coins to equal in value one of our silver dollars. Ten dollars would be a good load for a man to carry about, and fifty dollars would be a good load for a horse.

Where does the capitalist keep his

money? We have to build immense vaults in Washington to store away our silver bullion and silver dollars that no one cares to carry about as we prefer good gold or paper money. There are no banks or safe-deposit companies with fire-proof vaults in Corea, so the Korean capitalist is forced to devise a method, and has hit upon a very novel one. He lends out the money early in the spring at 50 per cent. or 60 per cent. per year, all loans to be repaid in full with interest late in the autumn. The money, therefore, comes back about the beginning of winter. The Korean digs a big hole in his yard the first freezing night and spreads out a layer of cash on the bottom. On top of this he throws some earth and wets it thoroughly. As soon as this is frozen hard, he spreads out another layer of cash and covers it with wet earth; this freezes in turn and another layer of cash is put away. When he gets through the whole is wet again and it naturally freezes solid. Thus each Korean capitalist has his own security vault, and the winter is such that there is no danger of any one trying to dig up the money until warm weather in the spring.

W. J. McGEVREY.—Continental and Confederate bills have little value, owing to the enormous quantity still in existence. A collection of these would be of at least as much interest as a collection of stamps, and the expense would not be very great.

H. H. LUTHER.—The Columbian half-dollar is in regular circulation at face value. There is little prospect of its increasing in value.

F. S. B.—The dealers sell the 1830 half-dollar for 75c.

H. STARKER.—Ten-cent stamp albums are not recommended to even a beginner. A very good album can be bought for \$1.

S. A. DYAR.—The coin described is Spanish, and is worth about 12c. face value. The 1828 gold dollar gold pieces at \$1 50, quarter eagles at \$3, 1828-32 half-cent 15c.; 1855 copper cents 5c.


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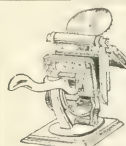
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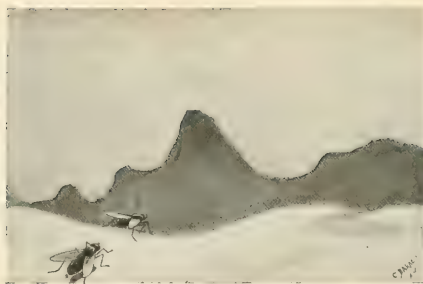
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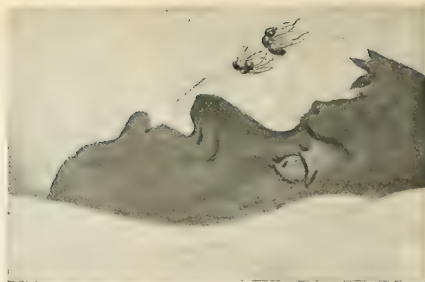
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STARTLING CHANGES IN SAME CAUSED BY A SUDDEN ERUPTION.

"A SEEMINGLY EXTINGUISHED VOLCANO."

TOMMY'S SUGGESTION.

MAMMA. "You should always take the smaller piece of anything offered. You just took the larger piece of cake, and left the smaller piece for your elder brother."

TOMMY. "But, mamma, as Willie is my elder, I think the plate should have been passed to him first."

HARD TO TELL

"WHAT on earth is that baby crying for?" asked the baby's father.

"He says he wants a wolly-bully-um," said mamma.

"Well, for goodness' sake give it to him."

"I will, if you'll tell me what it is," said mamma.

VERY LIKELY.

"I CAN'T understand why it is that the baby keeps putting his hands in his mouth all the time," said Bob.

"I guess he's trying to hold his tongue," suggested Mabel.

A SPAT AT THE MUSEUM.

"YOU are a fraud," cried the Fat Man to the Living Skeleton. "I can see through you."

"Of course you can," retorted the Living Skeleton. "That merely proves what a living skeleton I am."



HE KNEW.

TEACHER. "Now which of you boys can tell me what sea water contains besides the sodium chloride just mentioned?"

TOMMY TATTERS. "McGinty!"

HE WAS WONDERING.

"MAMMA," said little Willie the other day, "don't some people think that when folks die they turn into animals and birds?"

"I believe so, Willie," replied his mother; "but why do you ask that question?"

"Only," said Willie, "because I was wondering if all the negroes turn into chicken-hawks."

CHOP LOGIC.

TILLIE. "A man who keeps a bakery is a baker, isn't he?"

BILLY. "Of course. And a man who keeps cellery is a seller, but a man who keeps a buttery isn't a *butter*, is he?"

TOMMY'S NOSE.

TOMMY. "Papa, I wish you would buy me a set of boxing-gloves."

PAPA. "I'll do no such thing. Do you want to get your nose broken?"

TOMMY. "No; I only want to learn how to keep it from getting broken."

DREAMS.

MABEL. "Don't dreams always go by contraries?"

MAMMA. "I have heard so."

MABEL. "Well, last night I dreamed that I asked you for a piece of cake, and you wouldn't give it to me."

THE VENDER'S HORSE

WHEN little Rupert saw a vender's horse whose ribs were plainly visible the other day, he said to his nurse:

"Oh, Ellen, just look at the horse with condurroy skin!"

HIS OBJECTION.

"I SIMPLY wish we'd never had any American Revolution," sighed Tommy, after school the other day. "It's made my life miserable."

"How so?" asked his uncle.

"So many more history dates to remember," said Tom.

LIKE THE REST.

"Ah, Jack, I hear you go to kindergarten."

"Yes."

"What do you do there?"

"Oh - we make things."

"Indeed? And what do you make chiefly?"

"Noise," said Jack.



HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



AN OWN RELATION.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

THE country-week girl came up the lane with her head in the air, so Gideon, who was watching her from the crotch in the old sweet-apple tree, afterwards remarked to little Adoniram.

After some hesitation Gideon dropped down at her feet. Aunt Esther had especially enjoined it upon him to be kind to the country-week girl. Aunt Esther *would* remember that he used to get under the bed when a girl came to see Phemie; but that was when he was small.

"Is this Sweet Apple Hill? Be you Truworthys?" demanded the girl, looking critically at Gideon.

"Yes, 'm," said Gideon, and then reddened and scorned himself because he had been overpolite. But the girl was tall for fourteen—"Grazella Hickins, aged fourteen," the letter from the Country-week Committee had read—and she wore a wide sash and a scarlet feather in her hat and carried a pink parasol.

Phemie, who came around the corner of the house just then, saw at a glance that the fiery was shabby, but Gideon thought that Grazella Hickins was very stylish.

Grazella dropped her bundle upon the grass opposite the front gate and seated herself upon it, meditatively. She did

not arise from it as Phemie opened the gate, but she surveyed her with an air of friendly criticism; Phemie was fourteen too.

"I like your looks real well," she remarked at length, with a trifle of condescension. Her glance sought Gideon and little Adoniram, who peeped from behind the friendly shelter of the big black-currant bush. "I think boys are kind of—middling," she added. It was evident that a more severe adjective than this had been withheld only from motives of politeness. "I've got an own relation, though, that's an awful nice boy—awful smart too; you never know what he's going to do next."

Little Adoniram pricked up his ears; Aunt Esther had been known to say that of him without meaning to be complimentary. City standards of behavior seemed to be cheerfully different from those of Bayberry Corner.

"I wouldn't have said a word if Jeksy could have come too," continued Grazella, and her snapping black eyes slowly filled with tears. "A cousin is a real comfort."

"Do you mean that you didn't want to come?" asked Phemie, in a disappointed tone.

"I'm in the newspaper business; 'twas kind of risky."

leave it; there's so many pushin' in. But they don't want me to home; mother she's married again, and he don't like me. Jicksy is all I've got that's really my own. If he could have come too—"

She swallowed a lump in her throat with determination, and raised her eyes to the old sweet apple-tree whose fruit was yellowing in the August sunshine.

"Are them apples?" she asked. "They ain't near so shiny and handsome as Judy Magrath keeps on her stand; Judy shines 'em with her apron. I never was in the country before, and I don't know as I'm going to like it. But I'm run down, they say, and I've got a holler cough, so I had to come."

Phemie had almost begun to wish that they had not taken a country-week girl; but now she noticed, suddenly, the meagreness of the tall form, and the deep hollows under the snapping black eyes, and repented. It was proverbial that people grew plump and strong on Sweet Apple Hill.

Aunt Esther came out, and the girl's manner softened under the influence of her tactful kindness. She seemed to like Grandpa Trueworthy too; she said she had a grandpa once, and 'twas the most she ever did have that was like other folks.

But, after all, it was she and Gideon who seemed most congenial. Gideon explained, with a gravely approving wag of the head, that she was "business." Gideon flattered himself that he had abilities in that line, and he was cultivating them diligently. He had not expected to get any hints from a girl; but the country-week girl was assistant at a newspaper stand, and she also "tended" for Judy Magrath when Judy, as she explained with sad and severe head-shakings, was obliged to go to a funeral; but it was Judy's only infirmity, she added, very charitably.

Of course girls did not generally have such business opportunities as these, and it was Gideon's opinion that she was "considerable of a girl, anyhow." It must be confessed that Aunt Esther was a little anxious, and the minister expressed a doubtful hope that she would not prove "a corrupting influence." Gideon told Grazella all his business plans, which Phemie never cared to listen to. It was after tea one evening, and he and Grazella were sitting on the orchard wall, while Phemie and little Adoniram shook the old damson-plum-tree. He told her of the contract he had made with the owners of the canning factory at Bayberry Port, to supply them with berries for the whole season, and, what he wouldn't tell any fellow, of the great find he had made—a blackberry thicket over on the other side of Doughnut Hill, almost an acre, and the berries just beginning to ripen! He was going to sell the plums off his trees, too, and, later on, his crab-apples, he'd got a business opening, she'd better believe.

Grazella's eyes snapped, and her thin, sallow cheeks reddened suddenly. "You'd ought to have a partner?" she cried.

Gideon shook his head doubtfully. "It's awful risky takin' partners," he said. "If they ain't smart, you have to do all the work; if they are, they are apt to cheat you."

"Jicksy?" suggested Grazella, wistfully, breathlessly. "I—I've got a job for him up here—a little one; I didn't tell, because I was afraid your aunt wouldn't ask me to stay another week if she knew; she's scairt of me, and I expect she'd be scairt of Jicksy." (The country-week girl's eyes were sharp.) "Mr. Snell, across the field, said he'd give him his board to help him take care of his cattle, and I heard they were wanting a boy to blow the organ in church. It wouldn't suit Jicksy to throw away his talents workin' for his board; but he's crazy for the country, and the doctor said 'twould be the makin' of him, account of his heart beatin' too fast, and whatever he has to eat he always thinks it enough to go 'round amongst a dozen that's poorer than him. He could blow the organ, for when he belonged to the show he blew up the fat man—all the ingy-rubber fixin's that made him fat, you know, every day; and once he worked for a balloon-man. But if you'd take him for a partner in your business—"

Grazella's eyes were so anxious that Gideon found it hard to shake his head with the proper decision, although he felt strongly doubtful whether Jicksy were "the man for his money."

"He's coming up to Mr. Snell's, anyway," said Grazella, made hopeful by Gideon's evident weakness. "And when you see how smart he is, you'll say you wouldn't have nobody else for a partner! He ain't jest common folks, like you and me, anyhow, Jicksy ain't; his adopted father was a lion-tamer in a circus, awful famous and talented, and Jicksy himself has rode elephants and camels, and travelled 'round in the boa-constructor's cage, and his own uncle is the wild man of the South Seas!"

Gideon's prudent mind still hesitated; he doubted whether these wonderful opportunities especially fitted a boy for the berry business.

Nevertheless, when Jicksy arrived, he succeeded in convincing Gideon of his desirability as a partner, and this in spite of the fact that his appearance was not pleasing. His face was so thin and wizened that it made him look like a little old man, and his black hair standing upright above the snapping black eyes, that were remarkably like Grazella's, gave him a fierce and combative aspect. Farmer Snell confessed himself satisfied; he said he was up an' comin' if he wa'n't very likely-lookin'. And he secured the position of organ-blower at the village church, an easy matter, because it was not coveted by the Bayberry boys, owing to the fact that the wind in the ancient instrument would occasionally give out with an appalling screech, and the luckless and innocent blower was always soundly cuffed therefor by the sexton, who held that this summary measure was necessary to preserve the public respect for the organ—which the parish hoped to sell to a struggling young church at the Port as soon as it could afford a new one.

And Aunt Esther did invite Grazella to stay another week. The neighbors thought the reason that she gave a very queer one—because she was kept awake nights by the hard little cough in the room next hers.

Gideon had been influenced by Jicksy's ready tongue. He confided to Phemie that there ought to be one good talker in a business firm, and also by the fact that he didn't expect an equal share of the profits, but realized the value of Gideon's capital and experience. (Gideon had seven dollars and fifty-nine cents, which he kept tucked away under the ticking of his bed and counted over every night.)

Jicksy wasn't extravagant either, as Gideon had feared that he would be. He discovered at once that they were paying Steve Pennyphair, the stage-driver, too much for carrying the berries to the Port. Freedom Towle, the milk-man, would carry them among his cans for half as much. Gideon had thought of asking Towle, but the fact was Bobby Towle often went on the route instead of his father, and Bobby was known to be greedy. Jicksy managed that difficulty by fastening some canvas (old hay-caps) securely over the tops of the baskets. Gideon had thought of the plan; he had lain awake half of two nights reckoning how large a hole the price of canvas enough would make in that seven dollars and fifty-nine cents; he hadn't thought of those old hay-caps that Jicksy had found in the barn chamber.

Jicksy was truly honest, and before the end of the second week of the partnership he began to wonder whether an ability to think of things ought not to offset experience; and he had brought home from the Port library a very large book on the relations of capital and labor. But before he had settled these knotty problems of the partnership in his mind something happened that caused a great excitement at Bayberry Corner, and made many people say they were glad they had known better than to take country-week children, for if the girl had not been sent to Sweet Apple Hill the boy would not have come. Jicksy had gone to the canning factory at the Port to collect a bill, and he had not returned. The amount of the bill was twenty-four dollars and sixty-four cents; Gideon had "done" the addition seven times over, and then had Phemie do it; strangely enough, thought Gideon, Phemie had "a head for

figures." He had run a pitchfork into his foot, so he could not go and collect the money himself, and although he had a prudent mind, he had not thought of distrusting his partner. But he had heard from the factory that Jicksy had collected the money—and he had disappeared.

As soon as the fact became known there was another development; the minister's watch was also missing. Jicksy had blown the organ for three services with fidelity and success; only once had that fatal scream interrupted the devoutness of the congregation, and then it was in a mild and mitigated form. But after the evening service the minister had thrust his watch, which he kept on the desk while he preached, into the absurd little pocket with a tight little elastic and a blue ribbon bow which his wife had made in the embroidered cover of his sermon-case. He explained that he put it there because he knew that his wife liked to have him (he was young and newly married), and therefore he was sure that his memory was not at fault. He had carelessly left the sermon-case on the desk, where the sexton had found it—without the watch. The boy who blew the organ was the only one who had an opportunity to take it. It was the day after this loss that Jicksy took "French leave"; he had "killed two birds with one stone," Bayberry people said.

Grazella's eyes snapped continually; grandpa said she was as hoppin' as a parched pea. She said folks had ought to be ashamed of themselves that could b'lieve such things of Jicksy. The probabilities of the case made no impression whatever on Grazella's mind.

The minister's wife, who had taken a fancy to the girl, offered her consolation at the sewing circle, which met at the Trueworthys' two days after Jicksy's departure.

"You mustn't think we hold you responsible for what he has done," she said, gently. "He is only your cousin."

Grazella stood up, her little bony cheeks aflame. "He ain't neither only my cousin. I just let on, because he'd got up in the world, and I didn't want folks heavin' it at him that he had a sister that tended for Judy Magrath. He's my own brother as ever was in the world, and when folks are thinkin' he's a thief, I just want 'em to know that he's my brother. Jicksy is smarter'n other folks, and you never know what he'll do next; but I told Gideon that he'd find him an awful square partner, and I stick to it—now."

There were melancholy head-shakings in the sewing circle; in fact, the whole circle shook its head as one woman; but it was whispered that the girl was probably honest; that the little scamp had deceived her, as he deceived others.

But at that very time an exciting rumor was circulating about Bayberry Corner. Iky Suell shouted it at the open window of the room where the sewing circle sat at supper.

A boy had been seen on the turnpike-road coming towards Sweet Apple Hill, leading a giraffe.

"Looks as if he had a circus procession all to himself," declared Iky, enviously; and if several persons who had seen him were not very greatly mistaken, the boy was Jicksy.

"If some boys should come home leadin' a giraffe, why, I might be kind of surprised," remarked grandpa; "but it does seem just like Jicksy."

Grazella, who had been trying to swallow blackberry tart mingled with tears, tried very hard to be calm, though her thin little face paled and flushed. "You never know what Jicksy will do next," she said, proudly.

Sweet Apple Hill turned out; so did half Bayberry Corner; every one ran towards the turnpike-road; even the sewing-circle supper-table was deserted in undignified haste.

It was Jicksy, footsore and begrimed, and accommodating his gait to the tread of a creature whose body seemed to be set upon stilts, and whose neck might, as Phemie declared, be tied into a double bow-knot. The animal was lame, and its head wagged in a curious fashion.

Gideon, seeing his partner afar off, felt a thrill of delight in his honesty, which seemed probable since he was returning, but it was followed by a painful doubt concerning his

"business bump." Jicksy had wished to buy Aaron Green's old horse, which Aaron would sell for twenty dollars. It was a good horse for the money, and it could easily be kept on their little farm; and the old blue cart in the barn could be repaired at very small expense, and perhaps what Jicksy said was true—that you had to have some style to a business to advertise it. Nevertheless, Gideon had not consented to buy Aaron Green's horse; he had felt that the twenty-four dollars and sixty-four cents must go under his bed-ticking with the seven dollars and fifty-nine cents, where he could count it every night. He felt a wild fear that Jicksy had bought the giraffe to draw the blue cart, following his theory that there was nothing like attracting attention to your business.

"I didn't run away!" Jicksy was saying angrily, as Gideon pressed through the crowd. "Gid understood that it was business that kept me, didn't you, Gid?" But Gideon looked away; he couldn't say that he had understood, and he was certain that he didn't understand now about that giraffe.

"I heard that McCulloh's show was stranded down to Westport; that's the show I b'longed to once; couldn't pay their bills, and the sheriff was after 'em; I thought maybe I could get a horse cheap." There was silence as the crowd listened to Jicksy's explanation; only now and then a shrill question interrupted him. "Foot it? Of course I did." (It was twenty miles to Westport.) "I wasn't goin' to fool away the firm's money. Comin' back I had the giraffe; they're slow travellers, and Squashy is lame. There wasn't any horse that I could buy—trained horses and Shetland-ponies, and they were selling high. Squashy is lame and old, and sometimes he gets ugly." (The crowd withdrew from Squashy's vicinity.) "Me and Nick Priddett could always manage him. Nick is partner in a show now, and it's down to Hebron. I saw that in the paper. When Jim McCulloh says to me, 'There's old Squashy; gets on to his tears worse than ever; you can have him for twenty dollars if you want him.' A giraffe for twenty dollars! If you knew the show business as well as I do you'd know that was a big bargain." Jicksy addressed this remark to Gideon, but his partner was unresponsive; he saw, in fancy, the giraffe harnessed to the old blue cart, the equipage was attended by crowds; but the berry business was not a circus. "Quicker'n scat I give him the money," pursued Jicksy, and Gideon groaned. "Then I telegraphed to Nick Priddett, 'Will you pay fifty dollars for Squashy?' 'Bring him along and the money is yours,' telegraphs Nick. So I'm bringin' him along." The crowd cheered; Gideon's face brightened; this was business. "And I've got to bring him along pretty lively," continued Jicksy, "for there isn't a building in town big enough to hold him, unless it's the church."

That made every one think of the watch; but, queerly enough, just at that moment the minister was seen running in a very undignified manner up the lane. In dressing to officiate at a wedding at the Port he had discovered his watch, chain, and all, in one of his coat-tail pockets. He said that, knowing it was his duty to put it in some unusual place, and being absent-minded, he had stowed it away there.

Grazella hushed every one's exclamations before they reached Jicksy's ears. She said her cousin was proud, and she didn't want him to know that he had been suspected of stealing. Her cousin! The sewing-circle ladies looked at each other; but she held her head in the air, and looked so stern that no one dared, or had the heart to contradict her. Jicksy was up in the world again, and she was not going to have him dragged down by a sister who had tended for Judy Magrath! When Jicksy returned from Westport, bringing a dollar's worth of blue paint to paint the old cart, the partnership was settled upon a firm basis. Jicksy said Bayberry Corner was a place that suited him "down to the ground," and the minister's wife had taken Grazella to live with her. That made him want to stay; they hadn't any real own folks, but just each other. Gideon said that seeing Jicksy had put some capital into the business, as you might say, henceforth they would share and share alike.

FOUR YOUNG RUSSIAN HEROES.

BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



HE death last spring, at Astrakhan, in southeastern Russia, of Captain Nicholas Novikoff, a retired naval officer, recalls some of the principal events of the Crimean war. Novikoff was the last survivor of a famous quartet of heroes. They were cabin-boys on board ships of the Russian Black Sea fleet at the outbreak of the war against Turkey, in 1853, and their ages ranged at the time from twelve to fourteen years. The other three were Vasilii Rinitzik, Ivan Robert, and Sergius Farasiouk.

The day after the Russian defeat at the Alma, on September 20, 1854, Menschikoff, Commander-in-chief, sent peremptory orders to Admiral Korniloff in Sebastopol, the great Crimean port of war, to sink in the passage, at the entry of the "Roads," his five oldest line-of-battle ships and two frigates, in order to prevent the Anglo-French fleet from forcing an entrance. These orders were carried out on the night of September 22d. The doomed vessels, pierced with holes, sank in the roadstead in the presence of their crews, drawn up in parade formation alongshore. Scarcely a dry eye watched the mournful event. The sailors and marines who had humbled the Turk but a few months before in the harbor of Sinope now bent their energies to the defense of Russia's great stronghold. The men who had navigated and fought the Czar's proudest men-of-war were assigned to the duty of throwing up intrenchments, constructing subterranean mines, handling heavy siege ordnance, and of performing numerous other tasks incident to warfare ashore.

Among those brave defenders of the great fortress, our four young heroes soon distinguished themselves by their splendid courage and devotion. Their share in the defense of Sebastopol was a modest one, but it consisted, nevertheless, of eleven months' arduous service in the casemates of the Malakhoff and the Redan, during which time two of their number were seriously disabled. Novikoff made the finest record of all by creeping, unperceived during a fog, close to the advance ranks of the British, opposite the Redan fort, late in June of 1855, and discovering the pickets

bombardment in June 18th they were suddenly called to help man a fifty-pound gun, and performed this duty with such pluck and fortitude that Admiral Nakhimoff personally complimented them, and promised them the Cross of Merit. The final assault on the fortress, which culminated in its capture, saw the boys on the ramparts one night, almost in the front ranks of the defenders. Two of them, Robert and Farasiouk, had just recovered from wounds received three weeks earlier. They had been sent to the Redan fort to aid in the establishment of a lazaretto, and, when the English rather unexpectedly appeared on the parapets in great force, every available man among the defenders, including even the hospital assistants, rushed to the front. The overwhelming defeat of Colonel Wyndham's columns was due to the desperate bravery of the Redan's defenders, who, though greatly outnumbered, fought like demons. The four cabin-boys were in the thick of the fight, Novikoff especially distinguishing himself by deftly tripping up an English lieutenant, and forcing him at the pistol's point to surrender his sword.

At the conclusion of peace, among the first to benefit from the imperial good-will and gratitude were the four sailor lads. The Emperor pinned a gold medal on each boy's breast, and took them under his special protection. Although they were of humble birth, he placed them in the School of Naval Cadets at St. Petersburg, and launched them on an honorable career in the service of their country. Three of them lived to attain the rank of Captain in the Russian navy. The fourth, Farasiouk, was drowned shortly after his promotion to lieutenant in the very harbor of Sebastopol, which he had helped so bravely to defend.

GREAT MEN'S SONS.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

THE SON OF CROMWELL.

IN the famous old English village of St. Ives—famous because of a certain nursery rhyme concerning a man who, travelling toward the town, met seven wives with their cats and kits—there once lived a farmer who, later in his life, became more famous than St. Ives itself.

Out West they would have called him a ranchman. He was really a cattle farmer, with a big grazing farm that lay along the river Ouse, in what is termed "the fen country" of England. Here, where the Ouse slipped thickly and lazily through those low, green, boggy, marshy fields called the fens, this farmer raised his beef, his pork, and his mutton; and here lived his son Richard, as lazy and sluggish of nature as the river along whose banks he lounged or fished or wandered as a boy, until it was time to send him off to Felsted School, in Essex, where his brothers, before and after him, were placed for such education as those days provided.

A slow, good-natured, easy-going fellow was this boy Dick—"lazy Dick," his father often called him. He was neither as bright in mind or manner as his younger brother Harry, nor as promising a lad as his elder brother Robert. Robin was what this elder brother was called; he was the delight and hope of his fond father—then called by his neighbors "the Lord of the Fens," because of the stand he took against the King's threatened "improvement" of the marshy fen-lands. To-day the world honors and reveres that sturdy farmer of the fens as Britain's mightiest man—Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England.

We catch a few glimpses—not many, unfortunately—of the quiet home at St. Ives, in which the Cromwell boys and girls lived. It was a happy and united home, blessed with a mother whom her children revered, and having as its head a father they honored and never dared to disobey.

But fathers in those days—two hundred and fifty years and more ago—though stern in their ways with children,



THE FOUR CABIN BOYS.

asleep. He promptly returned with the information, and this enabled the besieged to make a successful sally, resulting in the capture of forty Englishmen.

Farasiouk and Rinitzik were engaged in the Malakhoff fort in the transport of munitions, but during the great

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

were as fond and as loving as are the fathers of to-day, and Cromwell the farmer, Cromwell the General, Cromwell the Lord Protector, loved his children dearly, and labored for their good alike in the great palace at Whitehall as in the low, timber-framed house upon the one street of St. Ives, where the willows shivered in the wind, and the cattle grazed and fattened upon the wide marshy meadows that lined the sluggish Ouse.

How little Dick Cromwell fared as a boy at St. Ives we have little means of knowing. When he was ten years old—in the year 1636—the Cromwells moved into a bigger house at Ely, fifteen miles away. It was called Ely from the eels that wriggled about in the muddy Ouse, and is

things that have come down to us, we know how his busy father, who was as ambitious for his boys as all fathers are, had but little patience with lazybones anywhere, and reproved boy Dick for his carelessness as he found fault with young Mr. Dick, in later years, for his shiftless ways.

Troublesome times came to England. The people rose in defence of their rights. The King fell. The throne and crown were abolished. The Parliament bent before the iron will of the people's champion, and from the Captain of a troop and the General of an army the determined farmer of the fens took the helm and steered his country through reefs and breakers, until, under the leadership of Oliver Cromwell, the commonwealth of England became



RICHARD PREFERRED HUNTING TO POLITICS.

that famous cathedral town of the fens where King Canute, who tried to order back the tide, once bade his rowers stop his boat that he might hear the monks of the cathedral sing.

Probably boy Dick thought more of bobbing for eels in the Ouse than of King Canute and the monks; for there were no monks singing in England when Richard Cromwell was a boy. There was soon to be no King in England, either, and in that great uprising against principalities and powers Dick Cromwell's father was to bear an important part.

We would like to know more of Richard Cromwell's boyhood. We would like to know how he lived and what he did as a small boy on that cattle farm among the fens at St. Ives, and at the more spacious homestead in the shadow of the great gray towers of Ely Cathedral. We would like to know whether he liked sport, as most boys do, or whether he was too lazy to exert himself at play. We would like to know how he studied, and what he learned at the Free Grammar School at Felsted, where, one after the other, four of the Cromwell boys were sent; whether he loved football as much as his father did, and became a champion full-back as his father did when he was a boy.

I am afraid Richard Cromwell was just as careless at his books as at the later duties that came to him; for, from

the first power in Europe, unconquerable on the land, invincible on the sea.

Step by step Cromwell rose to power. Against his own desire he rose, the one strong man in England. And, as he advanced, his family rose with him into notice and position. One by one the older boys died. Robert, a promising lad of seventeen, died at Felsted School; Oliver, the second son, named for his father and a Captain in the cavalry, died just before the great victory of Marston Moor, and Richard Cromwell thus became the eldest living son, heir to the estates, successor in power, but never heir to the fame that his mighty father attained.

For there was in "lazy Dick" nothing of his father's masterful manner or genius in leadership, nothing of the display and vast hospitality that made famous his ancestor, known as "the Golden Knight of Hinchinbrook," nothing of the dash and daring that marked his more remote ancestor, "Diamond Dick," who unhorsed all his rivals at a tournament, and so defended the king's colors that the pleased monarch, bluff King Henry the Eighth, called the victorious champion his "diamond."

We are not even certain that Richard Cromwell fought in the wars against the King, as did his brother Oliver and Henry. We cannot find that he deserved either the position or prominence that his father's rise to greatness gave him.

Richard Cromwell cared only to live and die a quiet, inoffensive, lazy country squire. At any other time in the history of the world he might easily have lived unknown, unmored, and unsung. It was his father's fame that brought him into notice; it was because he had neither the will, the inclination, nor the ability to take up his father's work, and carry it forward for the greatness and glory of England, that to-day the world holds in such slight esteem this quiet son of Cromwell.

We should not blame people for not doing what they cannot do. It may be, indeed, that "lazy Dick" was not shiftless, though he was lazy, nor a numbskull simply because he was not great. Richard Cromwell liked to take things easy; he hated to be bothered; he liked to keep out of trouble, and was willing to let the world wag as it would so long as he had a comfortable home and nothing particular to do.

There is nothing really bad in this; but boys and men of that stamp, you know, never help the world along. And I am afraid that "lazy Dick," notwithstanding all his opportunities and the high position to which he was finally advanced, never did anything to help the world along. If a good thing came in his way he took it, enjoyed it if he could, and got out of it if it proved troublesome and laborious.

When he was twenty his father tried to make him a lawyer; but he soon dropped that profession. He offered him a command in the army, but Dick seems never to have accepted it. When he was twenty-three he married a nice girl in Hampshire. Oliver Cromwell loved her dearly, but he and her father had their hands full trying to make Dick "toe the mark."

Whenever he could, Richard Cromwell would slip away from the work his father wished him to do and go out hunting, or have a good time with other rich do-nothings at his Hampshire farm. He disliked the almost kingly court of his father at Whitehall Palace, and though sent to Parliament, he did little and said less. And when he was made one of his father's chief advisers—a privy councillor—his counsels amounted to nothing, and his position was simply what politicians call a sinecure.

When, at last, his great father's life went out, and England was left without a head, Richard Cromwell was named as his successor, and made Lord Protector. Lazy Dick became King of England, without the title, but with more of power than many a King before and after him possessed.

But he had neither the skill nor the sense to hold what the people had given him. I doubt if he cared either for the place or the power. And they were his but a short time. Dissatisfaction broke into revolt. The nation was divided. The King came to his own again. Charles the Second was placed upon the throne from which his father had been hurled, and Richard Cromwell, without a word of protest, without striking a blow for his power, stepped quietly down from the Lord Protector's chair his father had set up, and slipped back into private life, too weak to be defended by his friends, too insignificant to be persecuted by his foes.

He lived to be an old, old man, and died at eighty-six amid his rose-gardens at Cheshunt, near London, unmored and disregarded by the England his father had liberated, but which the son was too weak to uphold as a free commonwealth.

We must not be too hard on "lazy Dick." He had not a spark of greatness in him, and should not be blamed for failing to maintain his father's glory. It is a hard thing for a small son to live up to the fame of a great father. And yet the world does not take lack of ability into account. Richard Cromwell to-day has no place in the world's esteem. His name lives because he was his father's son; because he was a failure where his father had been a success; and because his life was so sad and stupid a sequel to the people's stand for liberty in the days made glorious in English history by the might and power, the grandeur and manliness, the strength and patriotism of England's greatest man—Oliver Cromwell, great father of a small son.

ITS MEANING.

(Tony's lot.)

UPON the quiet river,
Enamelled and serene,
Great flakes of oil are floating
In blue and pink and green.

"They look like maps all colored
In my geography,
Blue China, and green Ireland,
And pink Algiers I see.

"And still I think the meaning
Of all this oil I've found;
It's this—a school of sardines
Right here is swimming round." R. K. M.

THE WATERMELON TIDE.

BY EARLE TRACY.

THE great still tide that comes from the Gulf when no one is expecting it reached up through the marshes one summer night, and spread itself over the banks of the bayou, and found numberless things in places of safety, and when it was ready to go out again it took them along.

Among its discoveries was a schooner-load of water-melons, about which Captain Lazare and the boss of the big farm had disagreed so radically that the melons had been left in a pile on the landing to wait for other transport. The tide charged itself with them, and when morning broke they were on their way to New Orleans.

Bascom had been tossing in his sleep as the little *Mystery* did when the tide went in one direction along Potosi Channel and the wind went in the other. With the first glimmer of light he was up and down at the beach.

"Me, but it's been high," he gasped, coming up from his first plunge and leaning back in the water as if it were a steamer-chair. "It would be beautiful to run out with in the *Mystery*—an' me goin' to pick figs all day in them dumb ole trees! I wish the canning factory would bust!"

Bascom was ready for the hardest kind of work at sea, but things on shore were unutterably lifeless to him, and how Captain Tony could have contracted to sell his figs instead of letting the birds take care of them was past Bascom's understanding.

While he was floating and thinking mournfully of the figs, one of the water-melons struck him softly on the cheek. He bounded clear out of the water with fright, and as he made for shore another melon came up under him and sent him pelting through the shoals. He was not followed, and when he felt grass under his feet, and realized that he had fled shoreward for safety and that he had not been hurt at all, he felt very queer.

"If they was popuses they'd be a-splashin'," he reasoned; "an' if they was sharks they'd have eaten me—leastways they wouldn't have been so polite about lettin' me excuse myself. I wonder what they is?"

He moved gingerly into the deep water again, and at last swam out to investigate. He could see two or three dark round surfaces letting the tide sway them easily away from shore. At his approach they neither dived nor turned to attack him. "They mighty tame," said Bascom, laying his hand on one. "They *they's water-melons!*"

"Where did you come from?" he asked, taking the nearest in his arms. "What po' dumb idiot let you get away like this? Did you ax permission to come here visitin' me? I'm mighty glad to see you, anyways. You's jus' who I was a-thinkin' of."

He capered round them for a while, then gathered them all in a line within his arm. They were too many for him, but the wrestle to keep them from bobbing over or under and getting away was sheer delight. "Three melons!" he repeated; "cooled in this high tide! Three of 'em! What'll Captain Tony say?"

He was so interested in thinking of Captain Tony's surprise that the outside melon escaped from him, and he could not get it again without losing the other two.

"I'll come back for you," he promised; "you can't go far

"thouten your fins grow?" He took the other two and put them under a clump of palmettoes, where they would make no new acquaintances while he was gone. "Don't know as any body else is up," he said; "but they might be. It was a terrible hot night."

As he waded out again over the sharp oyster-shells the sky had grown blue instead of gray, and a brightness sprang across the water, touching hundreds and hundreds of glistening green watermelons undulating with the falling tide.

Bascom's heart stood still. He stopped right where he was, and his brown face grew tense with round-eyed wonder. The water lapped against his breast. He almost let it take him off his feet. "I knowed they was called water-melons," he said, slowly, "but I never caught 'em growing in the water by night before. How's we goin' to get 'em in?"

He looked from the melons toward the shore, where Captain Tony's long seine hung on the poles beside the submerged pier. "Usess can haul 'em in," he said.

Although it was exceedingly early there was no time to lose. It would take two good hours to get the melons in, and the people on the bay would be only too glad to help in the rescuing as soon as they woke up. "Folkses is always so interested in what I find," Bascom grumbled; but for once no one troubled him. He roused Captain Tony, and they hitched the net between two boats and, rowing apart, circled around the melons with it, gathering them in, until they were fairly raffing them before it toward the shore. The net bulged in a great crescent, and Bascom could hardly keep his boat abreast of the Captain's. The weight they were towing made it seem as if his oars were pulling through stiff clay. No net on all the coast had ever had such a full haul before. Bascom and the Captain exulted in it, even while their faces grew scarlet.

"We can't take in another one," the Captain declared; "de net can't stan' de strain." And closing together as much as the mass between them would permit, they pulled ashore and rolled the melons out in a line upon the beach. The tide was going out so fast that each haul made a separate rank farther and farther out from the high drift-mark in the grass.

It was glorious hard work, and before it was finished the sun had turned the water violet, then red, then gold and blue, and yet no one had come to take a share in the salvage, and no one had come to claim the melons. "I tell you," said Bascom, as he wheeled the last barrow-load up from the beach—"I tell you they's mascots, and they's come right in from the deep sea. Do you reckon they's too many of 'em for usses to eat?"

The Captain straightened himself, and measured the heap of cracked melons, which he had left out as he piled the good ones symmetrically under one of the live-oaks. "Yo' boy," he said, "if yo' jins' made way wid de busted ones I'd be paintin' a black ring round de mas' of de little *Mystery* 'fo' sunset, an' w'ad would I do 'bout pickin' de figs faw de cannin' factory?"

"O-h-h," groaned Bascom, "I'd forgot about the figs. Can't they wait till we take these melons off in the *Mystery* and sell 'em?"

"De melons can wait, ya-as, now we got dem all safe," said the Captain. "De cracked ones will not keep noway, an' de good ones will las' bettah dan de figs. An' w'ad is mo' to de point, dere is de ownah of de melons to consult."

"But he isn't here," Bascom said, "an' we don't know where he is. They didn't brung his address with 'em when they come in on the tide."

"I reckon I know his address," the Captain answered, "an' maybe yo' would, also, if yo' let yo'self tink 'bout it. De big tide washed dem off de landin' up de bayou. Lazare was a-tellin' me yestahday dat he an' de boss ad de big fahm had a quab' bond de price o' melons, an' Lazare, who was to have take dem in de *Alphonse*, he go off mad, an' de melons dey stay in a pile on de landin', an' I was t'inkin' 'bout goin' up to see de boss me aftah de figs was pick'. I reckon now de bes' way is faw me to go ad once while yo' pick de figs."

"But we ought to start right now while the tide is goin' out," objected Bascom.

"Dere will be oder tides, an' dey is waitin' faw de figs ad

de factory," said the Captain, "so I t'ink yo' bettah go to pickin' boys"; and without stopping for further permission from Bascom he got into his skiff and headed toward the mouth of Bayou Porto.

As Bascom carried the last of the melons to add to the heap it slipped from his hands accidentally, and split into rich red pieces on the sand. "T'm," he said; "hocky was a cracked one." He took it up to eat it in the shade of the live-oak. "Too bad," he added, "after you was so enterprisin' to start out by yo'self that me an' Captain Tony couldn't agree to take you right along. Queer how folkses can't agree 'bout you. If it wasn't for them dumb ole figs! 'Spose when I'm done eatin' I got to go up an' go to pickin'. Seems like such a sailor as Captain Tony hadn't ought to fuss with things on shore."

His arms were aching from the heavy pull, and they did not feel drawn toward the sticky figs, and mud daubers were sure to be in the trees ready to sting interfering people, and he had not finished with the melon when Peter Pierre, or Peter Peer, as the creoles pronounce it, came hopping leisurely along the beach, with one leg wrapped around the other like a stork's. He was a neighbor's boy, and had been sent to borrow Captain Tony's axe. There would be no morning coffee at his house until Captain Tony's axe had chopped wood enough to build a fire.

"H-o!" said Peter Peer.

"H-o!" replied Bascom.

"Whose is dose melons?" cried Peter Peer. "Wheah did dey come from?"

"Came down the bayou," said Bascom. "They's mine. Mine an' Captain Tony's."

"Gimme one?"

"Nop," said Bascom.

"Sell one?"

"N-nop, I reckon not. They ain't so many as they look."

"Heap o' cracked ones," said Peter Peer. "I'll trade yo' my play boat faw one."

"Eatin' the cracked ones," said Bascom, taking another mouthful; "they's mighty sweet."

"Yo' can't eat dem all!" cried Peter Peer, his eyes rolling hungrily from side to side.

"Look a-here, kid," said Bascom; "if you want one so bad I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you pick figs for 'em. I was waitin' to pick 'em myse'f, but it looks like I got to stay and take charge of these. I'll give you a cracked melon for every basket of figs you pick."

"All right," said Peter Peer; "gimme de basket."

Bascom gave him a corner of melon to seal the bargain and keep the basket from looking too large, and Peter Peer was soon whistling in the trees behind the Captain's house. Bascom had scarcely settled himself under the live-oak when Sonny Ladurier and his younger brother came in wrapped with their red-sailed cat-boat, bent on an early trip to Potosi. They saw the pile of melons, and it drew them like an undertow.

"Wheah yo' ged all dem melons?" they shouted.

"Growed 'em," replied Bascom; "do you want some?"

"Yo' bet yo'!" cried Sonny, tying up the boat. "Hand one ovah."

"What for?"

"'What faw? W'y, to eat."

"I mean, what will you give me?" Bascom explained.

"Two bits faw two."

Bascom shook his head. There was only one way in which those melons could be had. After some argument Sonny and his little brother repaired to the fig-trees, each with a chunk of melon in one hand and a basket in the other. Sonny Ladurier was big enough to have tried to bully Bascom, but the people on the bay had a respectable fondness for him, not to mention his partner.

During the hour, Narcisse Fontaine, big Noel Roget, Rubier Peer, who came to look for Peter, and Patrice Rodriguez, with his pointed beard and his reputation for dueling, added themselves to Bascom's force behind the Captain's house, and the figs were fairly charmed from the trees. Bascom did not think it safe to leave the pile for more than a moment at a time, and he was sitting alone beside it, and had just cleaved open the crack of a



"MAKE 'EM PICK YOUR FIGS!" HE SHOUTED "MAKE 'EM PICK YOUR FIGS!"

long striped "rattlesnake," when a strange schooner passed by a length or two, then came about, and anchored off the point. She was the *Luna May*, from Pass Christian, and he had never seen her before. As three men got down in her tender he could hear their voices as plainly as if they were talking to him.

"Cose dey sell dem. W'at dey have dem faw?"

"Bud we got no money. We speu' it all las' night."

"We can trade 'im out of some. I give my knife faw one o' dem big ones. It's a terrib' hot day. Dat little chap be mighty easy to bargain wid. Yo' see."

"You see," echoed Bascom, chuckling, as they left their skiff, and came sauntering up to him. "Somethin' I can do for you gentlemen to-day?" he inquired.

"Whose is dese melons?" asked the first schooner-man.

"Mine, jus' now," said Bascom.

"Aw, get away."

"Well, they is."

"Den I reckon yo' lookin' faw a chance to get rid o' some o' dem."

"Not as I knows on," Bascom said.

"W'at?" cried the second schooner-man. "I'll give yo' dis." He took out a big Spanish pocket-knife that opened with a spring. "Yo' can have it faw tree of dem."

"I don't reckon I need any knife," Bascom said.

"Aw," said the third schooner-man, impatiently, "a lot of dem is good faw nothin'. He got to give us some. If he ain't got de sense to trade faw dem we take dem."

He spread Bascom out swiftly with his hands, and sat down on him, directing his mates to pile melons in their skiff. After the first instant Bascom did not offer the slightest resistance. He lay gathering breath against the weight of the man on his chest, and when he was quite sure of himself he let it out again in a terrific howl for help. The man clapped a hand on his mouth, but Bascom had no need to speak again. A posse of men and boys came dashing round the house, some of them putting down the baskets, and others brandishing sticks as they ran.

The schooner men jumped into their skiff, but Patrice and Rubier and Noel and Sonny Ladurier rushed into the water after them, and brought them back. A dozen hands rescued the stolen melons, while with Irish expletives and creole fierceness Patrice pounded the biggest man as a preparation to bidding them good-by. The crowd was following his example, and it would have gone hard with the strangers if Bascom had not had a different mind.

"Make 'em pick your figs!" he shouted. "Make 'em pick your figs! They'll look handsome in the trees! Make 'em pick for you!"

The cry found favor, and the verdict became, "If yo' want to go free yo' got to pick de figs!"

When Captain Tony and the boss of the big farm approached the point, and saw a strange schooner anchored there, the Captain felt anxious. "I hope de boys not havin' troubl'," he said. "I don't see w'at dat boat wan' stop dere faw."

As they landed, Bascom met them and explained.

"I've got the crew of that schooner pickin' figs for me,

an' some of the boys from round here is watchin' that they do it lively. They was honin' for some cracked water-melons, an' I thought they'd better do a little work, seein' as they got out of temper."

The boss was a Northern man. He looked at Bascom's agile weather-beaten figure, and they all went round to see the force of overseers and the three men in the trees. "That's about the way I have to work it," he said. "More overseers than men; but how do yours manauage to make the men work so lively?"

"Ho!" said Bascom, "easy enough. They're workin' by the job. Can't go till they're done."

But it was not until Patrice told why the strangers sat so glum and warm and active in the trees that the Captain and the boss understood.

"Yo' boy," said the Captain, as they went back to the melon-pile, "an' yo' nevah picked a fig yo'self?"

"Not a one," said Bascom, candidly. "The boys came along at first an' wanted to pick for cracked melons, an' then 'bout the time they was gettin' tired this schooner hove in sight. After I begun to have comp'ny, looked like it was best for me to watch the melons."

"And before?" laughed the boss.

"I'd had the misfortune to drop one," Bascom said. "It busted, and I was lookin' after the pieces."

The boss clapped Bascom on the shoulder. "You're the mau I've been hunting for down here," he declared. "Don't you want to come up and help me run the farm?"

Bascom looked over at the little *Mystery*, the deep blue of the bay, and the tree fringe on Deer Island, beyond which lay the Gulf.

"I reckon they'd have to be a mighty long calm," he answered; "wouldn't they, Cap'n Tony?"

"They suah would," the Captain agreed. "In sailin' weathah me an' Bascom mostly sails."

They counted the melons as they loaded them on board the *Mystery*, agreed on a rate of salvage and a price, and arranged for future dealings as the crop went on. The schooner-men finished their work, and Bascom paid off the overseers generously; then the *Mystery* raced the *Luna May* to the bridge, and passed through first.

"Well," sighed Bascom, when they had left the figs at the cunning-factory, and their faces were turned toward the welcome reaches between Potosi and New Orleans, "if it hadn't a-been for that honey of a tide I'd be up in them dumb ole trees a-studyin' 'bout pickin' dem figs."

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was true, then. Neal had gone.

Cynthia went to her mother's room and told her what Janet had said.

"It is what I feared," cried Mrs. Franklin; "he has left me forever! My dear and only brother! And where is he? Cynthia, Cynthia, why did he go? It almost makes me think he may have taken the money."

"Mamma, how can you?" exclaimed Cynthia, indignantly. "Neal never took it. I—I—oh, I know he didn't take it! Can't you believe me, mamma?" She was crying.

"Dear child," said Mrs. Franklin, looking at her affectionately, "you have more faith in him than I have. But this running away is so much against him, Cynthia. If he had been innocent, would he not have braved it out?"

"No; he is so proud, mamma. That is the reason he went, I am sure. He thought papa suspected him. Oh, why did papa ever think it? Why did he say anything to Edith for Janet to hear?"

"Hush, dear. Your father spoke thoughtlessly, but it was natural; of course it was natural. But Neal should not have gone. It is a false kind of pride. If he is innocent he should have the pride of innocence and stay here."

It was what they all said. Cynthia went from one to the other, trying to convince them and to imbue them with her own belief in Neal, but she could not. Even Jack, her beloved twin-brother, was on the other side.

"Of course I want to believe in Neal, Cynth," he said. "I like him, and I never supposed before he'd do a low-

down thing like this. In fact, I can't really believe it now. But why on earth did the fellow run away? If he came by the money all fair and square, why under the sun didn't he say so, instead of slouting himself up like an oyster, and never letting on where he got it?"

"He had his reasons," persisted Cynthia. "Oh, Jack, can't you believe me? You always used to believe me."

"Well, you used to tell a fellow more than you do now. You get mighty shut up yourself now and then. You won't tell me what you're going to do with Aunt Betsey's money, or why you didn't buy a watch, or anything. I'm sure I don't want you to if you don't want to, but there's no reason why I should always think as you do."

If they had not been sitting side by side Jack could not have failed to notice the peculiar expression that came into Cynthia's face when he mentioned Aunt Betsey's present. They were on the stone wall which crossed the river path. Bob was with them, darting hither and thither, perhaps in the vain hope of finding his master.

"I don't need a watch, I've told you over and over again," said Cynthia. "But oh, Jack, I wish you would agree with me! Indeed, Neal is honest."

"I believe he is myself, on the whole," said Jack at last; "but it's a mighty queer thing he doesn't own up and tell where he got that money, and he's a great ass not to. You see, the postmaster thinks that perhaps the package did come from Aunt Betsey, and Neal paid gold just a few days later. Of course it looks queer."

It was the same way with Edith. She would not be



"OUGHT I TO TELL?" SHE SAID AGAIN AND AGAIN.

convinced, and after a vain argument with her Cynthia retired to the only place where she was sure of being undisturbed, and cried until her eyes smarted and her head ached. It was to the garret that she went when she wished to be alone, and, amid the piles of empty paper boxes and bars of soap and all the varied possessions that were stored there, she sat and thought over the matter.

"Ought I to tell?" she said again and again, speaking in a hoarse whisper. "Oh, why did I ever promise?"

For Cynthia had at last prevailed upon Neal to borrow her money to pay Bronson with, and had promised that she would not tell, and Cynthia had a very strict sense of honor.

"Ought I to tell?" she repeated. "No; a promise is a promise, and I have no right to break it. I was silly, I was idiotic ever to promise such a thing, but how did I know it was coming out this way? Perhaps he will come back soon; then I can make him tell."

But Neal did not come back. Instead of that, the next morning Mrs. Franklin received a letter from him. He repeated the same words. He could not stay where he was insulted. If they could not believe him he would go. He had a perfect right to use the money which he had paid for the money-order, and he would never condescend to explain where he got it. He was visiting a friend at present, but he was going at once in search of some work. He intended to support himself henceforth.

It was a very absurd letter, and it made Mr. Franklin more angry than ever and his wife more distressed.

"It is perfect nonsense," said he. "The boy is not of age and he can be stopped. I will write at once to his guardians. In the mean time we will look him up in Boston; from the postmark I suppose he is there."

"One of his guardians is abroad, and the other is that Quaker cousin of my mother's," sighed Mrs. Franklin.

"Give me his address, and don't worry, Hester. The affair will come around all right, I have no doubt. He is a headstrong boy and he needs a leash."

They could not find him in Boston. On going to the houses of his various friends there they learned that he had spent the night with one of them, but had left to go to his guardian in Philadelphia, they said.

"I am inclined to let it stand as it is," said Mr. Franklin, when he returned; "if he has gone to Philadelphia let him stay there. His old guardian will probably keep him in better order than we can; perhaps it will be better not to interfere. I don't want to prejudice him against the boy, and yet how can I explain why he left here? He can tell his own story."

His wife, however, wrote a letter to her brother, and addressed it to the care of her cousin, William Carpenter, of Philadelphia. She hoped for an answer, but none came, and in a few days Mr. Franklin wrote to Mr. Carpenter, asking if his brother-in-law had arrived, and then, without waiting for a reply, he concluded to go himself to Philadelphia.

The following Sunday was Easter day—it came late this year. Cynthia, sitting in the Franklin pew, saw to her dismay Tony Bronson on the other side of the church. He was with the Morgans.

"Dear me," thought Cynthia, "there will be more trouble now that he has come, for he will tell hateful things about Neal, I'm sure. I do hope Edith won't see him."

Her thoughts wandered during the service. When it was over, and the congregation streamed out of church into the mild spring air, the Morgans invited Edith to come home with them to dinner. This she agreed to do, much to her sister's disgust; but Cynthia was still further incensed when Edith came back that afternoon and announced, in a would-be careless manner, that she had promised to drive with Tony Bronson the next day.

"Why, Edith!" said Cynthia, indignantly; "I shouldn't think you would have anything to do with that Bronson. He has been hateful to Neal."

"I don't know why you should say that," returned Edith; "any one would say that he had been exceedingly nice to Neal. He lent him all that money, I'm sure. And, besides, what difference does it make? Neal has behaved badly and run away. There is no reason why we should give up people that Neal doesn't happen to like. Papa

said the other day that Tony Bronson was a very good sort of fellow, because he wasn't in that last scrape of Neal's."

"Papa doesn't know a thing about him, and, at any rate, papa wouldn't let you go to drive if he were at home. You know he wouldn't."

Mrs. Franklin came into the room just at this moment.

"Would not let Edith go to drive, Cynthia?" she said.

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Go to drive with strange men like that Bronson."

"What nonsense!" said Edith, crossly; "of course I can go. Papa never in his life forbade my going to drive with any of the boys. How silly you are, Cynthia!"

"Were you going to drive with Tony Bronson, Edith?" asked her stepmother.

"Yes, I am going, to-morrow."

"I think I agree with Cynthia, then. I hardly think your father would wish you to go."

"Why, how perfectly absurd!" exclaimed Edith, growing very angry. "There has never been any question of my going to drive with any one who asked me. Do you suppose I am going to give it up now?"

"I suppose you are, Edith," said Mrs. Franklin, quietly, but with decision. "In your father's absence you are in my charge, and I do not consider it desirable for you to drive with Mr. Bronson, nor with any other young man whom you know so slightly. It is not in good taste, to say the least. Please oblige me by giving it up this time. If I am mistaken in your father's views on the subject you can go after he gets home."

"I won't give it up!" exclaimed Edith, hotly. "Tony Bronson will be gone when papa gets home, and, besides, what can I tell him? I've said I would go."

"It is always possible to break an engagement of that kind," said her mother; "you can tell him that you find I have made other plans for you."

"I shan't tell him any such thing, Mrs. Franklin. I think it is too bad. You have no right to order me."

"No right, Edith? I have at least a right to be spoken to with respect, and you will oblige me by doing so. Please send a note to Mr. Bronson by the man to-night."

She left the room, and Cynthia, who had restrained herself with great difficulty, now gave vent to her feelings.

"I don't see how you can be so horrid to mamma, Edith. What are you thinking of? And when she is so worried about Neal, too?"

"Neal! Why should we suffer for Neal? She has no right to order me; I won't be treated that way. The idea of it not being in good taste to drive with Tony Bronson!"

"Don't be so absurd, Edith. Why, even I know papa wouldn't want you to. It's very different from going with the Brenton boys that we have known all our lives. You think I'm such an infant, but I know that much, and any other time you would yourself. It is just because it is that hateful Bronson. I can't understand what you and Gertrude see in him. You are both so silly about him."

"I am not silly. I think he is very nice, that's all. I wish you wouldn't interfere, Cynthia. You are silly to have such a prejudice against him. I suppose I shall have to write that note, and I do hate to give in to Mrs. Franklin. Oh, why, why, why did papa marry again?"

She raised her voice irritably as she said this, and added: "All this fuss about Neal and everything! We never should have had it if the Gordons hadn't come into the family. Oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't see you." For standing in the doorway was her stepmother.

"I am sorry that the coming of the Gordons has caused you so much trouble, Edith. We—we are unfortunate."

She turned away and went up stairs.

"Edith, I don't see how you can," exclaimed Cynthia. "Mamma had so much trouble when she was a young girl, and she was so alone until she came here, and now all this about Neal. Really, I don't see how you can."

And she ran after her mother.

Edith, left alone, was a prey to conflicting emotions. She knew she had done wrong—very wrong. She was really sorry for the grief that Mrs. Franklin was suffering on Neal's account, and she had not wanted to hurt her.

"Of course, I did not intend her to hear me. How did I

know she was there? It makes me so angry to think that I can't do what I want."

That was the gist of the whole matter. Edith wanted her own way, and she was determined to have it. She sat for a long time, thinking it all over. She did not make any great effort to quench her resentment, and so, of course, it became more intense. After a while she went to the desk.

"I simply can't write him that I won't go," she said to herself. "How they would all laugh if I said Mrs. Franklin 'had made other plans for me,' as if I were Janet's age! No, I'll write Gertrude that I'll come down and spend the day with her, and perhaps when I get there I can induce Tony to play tennis, or something, instead of going to drive. I'll try and get out of it, as long as I must, but I'm going to have a good time of some sort."

She wrote the note, and it was sent to the Morgans' that night. Mrs. Franklin supposed, of course, that it was merely to give up the drive; so she was surprised when Edith announced that she was going to spend the next day with Gertrude. However, she raised no objections, nor indeed did she have any. Her mind was too full of Neal to think of much else. Even the altercation with Edith failed to make any lasting impression. Hester longed for her husband to return and tell her what he had learned.

Cynthia did not take it so quietly.

"I think you are a goose, Edith," she said, the next morning. "Every one will think you are running after Tony Bronson. You were there to dinner yesterday, and now you are going again to-day."

Edith was greatly incensed.

"I am not running after him. How can you say such things? I often go there two days in succession."

And she went off holding her head very high, being driven to the village by Jack. Arrived at the Morgans', she was warmly greeted by all.

"So good of you to come," murmured Bronson; "now we can start from here on our drive, and go over to Blue Hill."

"I think I can't go to drive to-day. I—I thought perhaps we could play tennis instead."

"Oh, Miss Edith! After your promise? I am not going to let you off so easily. No, indeed; and we are going to drive. It is a fine day, and I've engaged a gay little mare at the livery-stable."

Edith remonstrated feebly, but Bronson would not listen. When she and Gertrude were alone she said:

"Why don't you go too? We might all go to Blue Hill." "No indeed!" laughed Gertrude. "I am not going a step. I haven't been asked, and I wouldn't intrude."

"But it would be such fun," persisted Edith; "you know we used to go in a crowd, and walk up the hill."

"Times have changed," returned her friend, pointedly. "This time you are asked to go alone. If it were any one but you, Edith, I should be wildly jealous."

Edith blushed and looked conscious, and afterwards when Bronson renewed his pleading she consented to go with him. Unless they chanced to meet some of the family, why need she tell that she had been to drive at all?

Thus she deceived herself into thinking that she was doing no wrong, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the moment.

That afternoon Mrs. Parker, Miss Betsey Trinkett's old friend, called at Oakleigh.

"So glad to find you at home, Mrs. Franklin," she said. "I met Edith a while ago, and she did look so sweet and pretty, driving with that nice young man that stays at the Morgans'. What's his name?"

"You cannot mean Mr. Bronson?"

"Bronson, yes; that's it—Bronson. Yes, they were driving away over towards Milton. And now do tell me about your brother. They say all kinds of things in Brenton, but you can't believe half of them. I dare say you know just where he is, after all."

"My brother went to Philadelphia, Mrs. Parker," said her hostess, controlling herself with difficulty. The shock of hearing that Edith had directly disobeyed her was almost too much for her.

"To Philadelphia! Have you friends there?"

"Yes, I have a cousin."

"Well, now, I'm glad to hear that! I'll just tell people and stop their tongues; they do say so much they don't mean. Why, only this afternoon somebody said they'd been told that Neal Gordon had been seen walking over the Boston road. That's the very reason I came up here, to see if it was true, and here he is away off in Philadelphia!"

"The Boston road?"

"Yes, and to think of his being in Philadelphia all the time! Well, I must be going, Mrs. Franklin. Edith did look sweet. You dress her so prettily. I always did think those girls needed a mother. Here's Cynthia."

Walking up across the green from the river came Cynthia, with a paper in her hand which she was reading. At sight of Mrs. Parker and her mother standing at the carriage door, she hastily thrust the paper into her pocket.

Cynthia had been after wild-flowers to plant in the bed she had for them. She was in the woods not far from home when a small and ragged boy approached her.

"Be you Cynthia?" he asked.

She looked up from her digging, startled.

"Yes," she said.

"Then here's for yer, and yer not to tell nobody."

So saying, the messenger disappeared as rapidly and mysteriously as he had come.

Cynthia opened the crushed and dirty paper, and to her astonishment found Neal's handwriting within.

"Meet me on Brenton Island near the bridge, Tuesday, as early as you can. And don't tell I am here. Remember, don't tell."

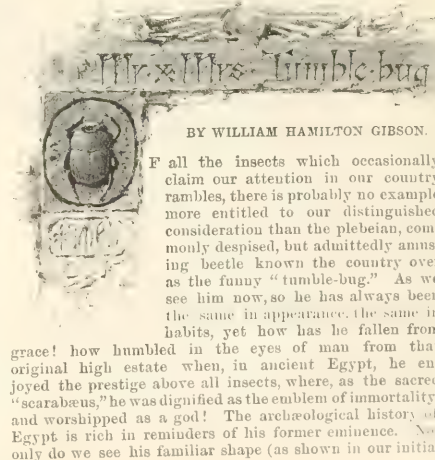
The last words were heavily underlined.

Cynthia's heart stood still from excitement. Neal so near, and his sister not to know it! But she would prevail upon him to come home. He could not refuse her after all they had been through on his account.

Full of hope, she gathered up her trowel and her basket of plants and ran towards the house. Fortunately that tiresome Mrs. Parker was there, and so her mother would not notice her excitement. For once Cynthia was glad to see the lady. Since her escape of the year before she had always been somewhat ashamed of meeting her.

An hour or two later a closed carriage came slowly up the avenue. Dennis Morgan was on the box with the coachman. Inside were Gertrude, Dr. Farley, and Edith, and Edith was unconscious.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



design) everywhere among those ancient hieroglyphs engraved in the rock or pictured on the crumbling papyrus; but it is especially in association with death and the tomb that his important significance is emphasized. The dark mortuary passages and chambers hewn in solid rock often hundreds of feet below the surface, where still sleep the mummied remains of an entire ancient people, and which honeycomb the earth beneath the feet of the traveller in certain parts of Egypt, are still eloquent in tribute to the sacred scarab. The lantern of the antiquarian explorer in those dark dungeons of death discloses the suggestive figure of this beetle everywhere engraved in high relief upon the walls, perhaps enlivened with brilliant color still as fresh as when painted three thousand years ago, emblazoned in gold and gorgeous hues upon the sarcophagus and the mummy-case within, and again upon the outer covers of the winding-sheet, finally, in the form of small ornaments the size of nature, beautifully carved on precious stones enclosed within the wrappings of the mummy itself.

What other insect has been thus glorified and immortalized? For the sake of its proud lineage, if nothing else, is not our poor tumble-bug deserving of our more than passing attention? An insect which has thus been distinguished by an entire great people of antiquity has some claims on our respect and consideration.

But aside from his historical fame, he will well repay our careful study, and serve to while away a pleasant hour in the observance of his queer habits. He is now no longer the awe-inspiring sacred scarab, but Mr. Tumble-bug, or rather "Mr. and Mrs. Tumble-bug," for a tumble-bug always pictured in the ancient hieroglyph is rarely to be seen in its natural haunts. Mr. and Mrs. Tumble-bug are devoted and inseparable, and as a rule vie with each other in the solicitude for that precious rolling ball with which the insects are always associated. From June to autumn we may find our tumble-bugs. There are a number of species included in the group of *Scarabæus* to which they belong. Two species are particularly familiar,

one of a lustrous bronzy hue, with a very rounded back, usually found at work on the country highway in the track of the horse, and the other, the true typical tumble-bug, a flat-backed, jet-black lustrous species which we naturally associate with the barn-yard and cow-pasture. The latter may be taken as an illustrative example of his class, and his ways are identical with that of his ancient sacred congener and present inhabitant of Egypt.

When we first see them they are generally manipulating the ball—a small mass of manure in which an egg has been laid, and which by rolling in the dust has now become round and firmly incrustated and smooth. Let us follow the couple in their apparently aimless though no less expeditious and vehement labors. They have now brought their globular charge through the grassy stubble, and have reached a clear spot of earth with scattered weeds. Of course we all know from the books that their intention is to find a suitable spot in which to bury this ball, and such being the case, with what astonishing stupidity do they urge on

that labor! Here certainly is just the right spot for you, Mrs. Tumble-bug! Stop rolling and dig! But no, she will not listen to reason. She mounts the top of the ball, and, creeping far out upon it, pulls it over forward with her back feet, while Mr. Tumble-bug helps her in a most singular fashion. Does he stand up on his hind legs on the opposite side, and push with his powerful front feet? Oh no; he stands on his head, and

pushes with his hind legs. As he pushes, and as the ball rolls merrily on, Mrs. Tumble-bug is continually rolled around with it, and must needs climb backwards at a lively rate to keep her place. A foot or two is thus travelled without special incident, when a slight trouble occurs.

The ball has struck an obstacle which neither Mrs. Tumble-bug's pull nor Mr. Tumble-bug's push can overcome. Then follow an apparent council and interchange of Tumble-bug talk, until at length both put their shovel-shaped heads together beneath the sphere, and over it goes among the weeds. It is soon out again upon the open. Now, Mrs. Tumble-bug, everything is plain-sailing for you; here is a long down grade over the smooth clean dirt! Why, the ball would roll down itself if you



MR. AND MRS. TUMBLE-BUG ROLLING THE BALL.

ately mounts to its crest to signal the lone Mr. T. afar off, who is quickly back of her again, and both are promptly off on a fresh journey. And so they keep it unapparently for sport, perhaps for an hour.

At length when they have played long enough—for there is no other reason apparent to *homo sapiens*—they decide to plant their big dirty pellet. The place which they have chosen is not half as promising as many they have passed, but that doesn't seem to matter. Mrs. T. has said, "It shall go here," and that ends it.

Then follows a most singular exhibition of excavation and burial. The ball is now resting quietly on the dirt, and the two beetles are apparently rummaging around beneath it, trying the ground with the sharp edge of their shovel-shaped faces. And now, to avoid confusion, we will dismiss Mr. T., and confine our observation strictly to the female, who usually (in my experience) conducts the rest of the work alone.

She has evidently found a spot that suits her, and we expect her to fulfil the directions of the books and entomological authorities. She must "dig a deep hole first, and then roll the ball into it, and fill it up again." But we will look in vain for such obedience. Instead of this she persists in ploughing around beneath the ball, which seems at times almost balanced on her back, until all the earth at this point is soft and friable, and she is out of sight under it. Presently she appears again at the surface, and as

quickly disappears again, this time going in upside down beneath the ball, which she pulls downward with her pair of middle feet, while at the same time with hind legs and powerful digging front legs she pushes outward and upward the loose earth

would only let it; but, no, she will *not* let it. She pauses, and the ball rests, and both beetles now creep about, shovelling up the dirt here and there with their very queer little flat heads. Ah, perhaps they are going to start that *hole* which all the books tell us about. But no; the place is evidently not quite satisfactory, both of them seem so to conclude, like two souls with but a single thought. Mrs. T. is up on the bridge in a jiffy, and Mr. T. takes his place at the helm; and now what an easy time they will have of it down this little slope; but, no, again: tumble-bugs don't seem to care for an easy time. A hundred times on their travels will they pass the very best possible spot for that burrow, a hundred times will they persist in guiding that little world of theirs over an obstruction, when a clear path lies an inch to the right or left of them. And here, when their

YOUNG TUMBLE-BUG DIGGING OUT FROM HIS DUNGEON.

labors might be so easily lightened by a downward grade, what do they do? they deliberately turn the ball about and hustle it along *up hill*, and that too over dirt that is not half as promising. Tip they go! Mrs. T. now seems to have the best of it, and I sometimes have my suspicions whether she is not playing a prank on that unsuspecting spouse working so hard at her back, for he now has not only the ball, but Mrs. T. as well, to shove along, for the most that she can do is to throw the weight of her body forward, which in a steep up grade amounts to nothing as a help.

But if she is imposing on Mr. T. in thus guiding the ball up hill, she soon gets the Roland for her Oliver. Mr. T. is put to great extra labor by this whimsical decision of hers, and woe to Mrs. T. when that little chance valley or inequality of surface is reached. Even though she can see it coming and holds the wheel, she rarely seems to take advantage of it to save herself or her ship, while Mr. T., going backward in the rear, of course cannot be expected to know what is coming, nor be blamed for the consequences. With kick after kick from his powerful hind feet, united with the push of his mighty pair in front, the ball speeds up the slope. Now for some reason he gives a backward shove of more than usual force when it was least necessary. The ball had chanced upon the crest of a slope, when, kick! over it goes with a pitch and a bound, and Mrs. T. with it, though this time not on top. Happy is she if the ball simply rolls upon her and pins her down. Such, indeed, is a frequent episode in her experience of keeping the ball a-rolling, but occasionally the tumble-ball thus started, and out of the control of her spouse at the rear, may roll over and over for a long distance, but never alone. No amount of demoralization of this sort ever surprises her into losing her grip on her precious globular bundle. When at last it fetches up against a stone or stick, and she assures herself that she and her charge are safe and sound, no doubt she immediately

SINKING THE BALL.

which she has accumulated. Visibly the ball sinks into the cavity moment by moment as the earth is lowered for a space of half an inch in the surrounding soil, and continually forced upward outside of its circumference. In a few moments the pellet has sunk level with the ground, and in a few moments more the loose earth pushed upward has overtaken it and it is out of sight. Still, for hours this busy excavator continues to dig her hole and pull the ball in after her with shovel head and molelike digging feet, scooping out a circular well much larger than the diameter of the ball, which slowly sinks by its own weight, aided by her occasional downward pull as this same loosened earth is pushed upward above it. The burrow is thus sunk several inches, when the beetle ploughs her way to the surface and is ready for another similar experience.

The remaining history of the ball and its change is soon told. The egg within it soon hatches, the larva finding just a sufficiency of food to carry it to its full growth, when it transforms to a chrysalis, and at length to the tumble-bug like its parent. The formerly loose earth above him is now firmly packed, but he seems to know by instinct why those powerful front feet were given to him, and he is quickly working his way to the surface, and in a day or so is seen in the barn-yard rolling his ball as skillfully as his mother had done before him.

Such is the method always employed by the tumble-bug as I have seen him. And yet I have read in many natural histories and have heard careful observers claim that the hole is dug first and the ball rolled in. Perhaps they vary their plan, but I doubt it. Here is a matter for some of our boys and girls to look into.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Amateur Photographers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Camera Club Department.

OUR PRIZE OFFER.

THE members of the Camera Club will notice that our competition this year is confined to three subjects or classes—Marines, Landscapes, and Figure Studies. All the prizes are in money, and there are ten prizes. The members are not restricted as to the number of prints they may send in, nor are they barred from any class. A member may compete in each of the five classes, and has ten chances of winning a prize.

We want every Knight and Lady of our Camera Club to compete for these prizes. We also want you to tell your friends about them, and get them to join the Camera Club. A circular which tells all about the Club has just been issued by Harper & Brothers. It tells what the Club is for, gives prospectus for the coming year, gives the formula for plain paper, which so many of you have been writing about, and also gives the prize offers, rules, etc., of the competition. Copies of the circular will be sent to any member who applies for them, and we would like each member to help in distributing them.

Last year but few Ladies of the ROUND TABLE sent in pictures for the prize competition. This year we want all the Ladies who belong to the Camera Club to send in pictures. One of the Sir Knights who took a prize last year was so encouraged by his success that he has been working steadily all the year, and has made quite a good deal of money. A letter received from him a few weeks ago states that he should never have thought of making money with his camera if he had not won a prize, but the ten-dollar check which he received for his picture suggested to him that if he could take a picture good enough to win a prize he could take good enough pictures to sell. He has made pictures of boats, of children, of pets, of buildings in

process of erection—in fact, of anything which came in his way which he could get pay for, and the result is that he has a snug sum in the bank, and looks on his camera as a financial friend.

Working for a prize stimulates one to do his best, and even though one should not be fortunate enough to win a prize the effort to excel will not be lost. It will be a help in more ways than one. This year we hope that at least half of the prizes will be carried off by our Ladies. A camera is specially adapted to be a girl's companion and source of pleasure. Cameras are now made so very light and compact that they are no burden to carry, and if one uses films they are still lighter. Girls as a rule are more careful workers than boys, and should therefore make the best amateur photographers, for it takes care as well as skill to produce a good picture.

Look over your pictures that you have made this summer, select those which you think are the best, finish them up in a neat and tasteful manner, and send them in before the competition closes. If you have none which you think worthy of a prize, set about making some without delay. If you do not win a prize you will have the benefit of careful criticism, and will stand a better chance of winning another time.

Any questions in regard to the prizes, or about making pictures for the competition, will be answered promptly.

SIR KNIGHT ALFRED C. BAKER encloses two very pretty watercolors, and asks the cause of the black marks near the edge of one of the pictures, and also asks to have the pictures criticised, both from a technical and artistic point. The black spots, as far as can be judged from the finished print, seems to be caused by scratches on the film. If so, the print can be trimmed just enough to cut them off from the picture. The print which is numbered 141 is the better picture. It has more contrast of light and shade, the perspective is better. The old log in the foreground and the stretch of shore give the effect of distances which the other picture lacks. Another thing which makes this picture more attractive than the other is the slight ripple on the water. It has the same effect as do clouds in the sky. If Sir Alfred will study the two prints he will readily see what is meant. No. 140 would be improved if about half an inch of the foreground were trimmed away. No. 141 would make a very nice platinum print or plain-paper print.

THE BELLS OF NINE O'CLOCK.

SLEIGH-BELLS in winter, ship's bells at sea,
Church bells on Sunday—oh! many bells there be—
But the cheery bells of nine o'clock
Are the merriest bells for me.

School bells at nine o'clock, and straightway the street
Breaks into music with the rush of little feet.
Clatter, patter, swift they go, wide stands the door,
School bells are ringing now, holidays are o'er.

Silver bells and golden bells, and bells with iron throats,
Cowslip bells and lily bells, and bells with tripping notes,
Oh! many bells and merry bells, and liquid bells there be,

But the sturdy bells of nine o'clock are the dearest bells
for me. M. E. S.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

WHAT must I wear? is a question quite often on girlish lips, and a girl's satisfaction with herself depends a good deal on the answer to it. Nobody enjoys being badly or strikingly dressed, and in this matter I am much of the opinion of Mrs. John Hancock, the great lady whose husband's signature stands out so splendidly on our Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Hancock said in substance

that she could not approve of a girl who was indifferent to her dress, nor of one who showed that she was thinking about it, and that she was pleased with the effect she made. A girl must not strut about like a vain peacock; she must wear her clothes as the plant wears its flowers—unconsciously.

IF YOU ARE SENSIBLE and clear-headed girls you will not wish to have many frocks at once. A strong serviceable serge for every-day wear, a pretty cashmere or silk for best, a simple white frock for evening, two or three separate waists, and an extra skirt to relieve the serge, are sufficient for the winter wardrobe of a well-dressed young girl. In summer one requires more changes, but print and muslin and gingham frocks are cheap, and, if neatly made, are always appropriate. Of under-clothing have as simple a supply as you can take care of. The dainty girl likes to be clothed in fresh and clean garments next the skin, and where her clothing is not seen. These garments may be of fine and nice material, but the school-girl and the young woman should avoid elaborate frills and puffs and tucks, embroideries and laces, for these are easily torn, and are hard upon the laundress. Of stockings a half-dozen pairs are necessary, of handkerchiefs two or three dozen, and of linen for the neck and wrists enough to insure one's personal perfect neatness on every occasion. Gloves and shoes are important parts of a young lady's outfit. Of the former two pairs, one for best and one for common wear, will probably be enough to have at once, and of the latter, if you can afford it, have three or four pairs, for out-door and in-door uses. A young woman whose gloves and boots are good of their kind, and in nice order, will always appear well dressed. A water-proof cloak, a thick warm jacket, and two hats, one a toque, trim and dainty, the other a wider and more picturesque affair, with a brim, and feathers, ribbons, or flowers for trimming, will meet all exigencies. Don't wear birds or wings on your hats. No ROUND TABLE Lady must countenance the cruel killing of little birds that her hat may be adorned in a barbaric fashion. The prejudice humane people feel against the wearing of slain birds does not extend to ostrich feathers.

Margaret E. Sangster.

SOME CURIOUS FACTS CONCERNING HEARING.

AN inquiry was recently made in London as to the greatest distance at which a man's voice could be heard, leaving, of course, the telephone out of consideration. The reply was most interesting, and was as follows: Eighteen miles is the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where one man shouting the name "Bob" at one end his voice was plainly heard at the other end, which is eighteen miles away. Lieutenant Foster, on Parry's third arctic expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of 6696 feet, or about one mile and a quarter; and Sir John Franklin said that he conversed with ease at a distance of more than a mile. Dr. Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles.

Sound has remarkable force in water. Colladon, by experiments made in the Lake of Geneva, estimated that a bell submerged in the sea might be heard a distance of more than sixty miles. Franklin says that he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away. Over water or a surface of ice sound is propagated with great clearness and strength. Dr. Hutton relates that on a quiet part of the Thames near Chelsea he could hear a person read distinctly at the distance of 140 feet.

while on the land the same could only be heard at 76 feet. Professor Tyndall, when on Mont Blanc, found the report of a pistol-shot no louder than the pop of a champagne bottle. Persons in a balloon can hear voices from the earth a long time after they themselves are inaudible to people below.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Lion bowed in a dignified manner to the Gopher, and rapped on the table again to bring the Parrots to order, and then the Gopher said, very slowly and deliberately:

"When is a door not a door?"

The animals stared at one another, and whispered, and gazed up and down the table as if they thought they might possibly derive inspiration from the dishes. Tommy and the ex-Pirate said not a word. Presently the Gopher repeated:

"When is a door not a door?"

But no one could guess, and after a few moments more of anxious and strained silence the Gopher said:

"I suppose I shall have to tell you. A door is not a door when it is ajar."

The animals fairly roared and shrieked with laughter. They bellowed and howled and pounded on the table, and the Gopher became so much affected with appreciation of his own wit that he fell over backwards, and almost stunned a Newfoundland puppy who was trying to get his nose above the table to see what it was all about. Tommy had never realized before what the expression "to roar with laughter" really signified, and he concluded he never wanted to experience such a realization again. The noise was so great that he had to put his fingers to his ears. When the merriment had partially subsided, the little boy leaned over to the ex-Pirate and said:

"I have heard that joke before; haven't you?"

"Indeed I have," answered the ex-Pirate, "many a time."

"It's an awfully old one, isn't it?"

"I always suspected it was first gotten off in the Ark," said the ex-Pirate, shaking his head knowingly; "but I did not know the Gopher was responsible for it."

By this time the animals had recovered themselves, and some were shouting to the Gopher for more jokes. He got up and protested that he did not know any more; and then, suddenly pointing to the ex-Pirate, he exclaimed:

"He's a funny one. He can recite things!"

Thereupon the animals all gazed at the ex-Pirate, and the Lion said, "Recite things."

The ex-Pirate never needed much urging to do this sort of thing, and so when Tommy whispered to him to read the seventeenth chapter of his autobiography which he knew his friend had in his pocket, and of which the little boy had only heard the first few lines, the ex-Pirate arose, and, bowing in his usual way to all his hearers, he pulled his manuscript from his coat and began to read:

The following day the sun rose up as usual from the East. The sea was calm, the sky was clear, the stormy winds had ceased;

The *Black Avenger* sped along before a gentle breeze, and the starboard watch loafed on the deck in true pirate ease.

I took my breakfast down below, and when I came on deck I looked about, and far away I saw a little speck

Upon the blue horizon, and I knew it was a sail,

For, in matters of this nature, my eyesight could not fail.

I called my swartly Bo's'n, and I said to him, said I:

"If we don't overtake that ship, I'll know the reason why;

If we don't overtake her ere the sun shines overhead

I'll cut the whiskers off the crew before I go to bed!"

The Bo's'n nodded cheerfully and swore a fearful oath, (He called upon the Sun and Moon, and scandalized them both, And then he hitched his trousers up and piped his whistle shrill,



THE ANIMALS ROARED WITH LAUGHTER AT THE GOPHER'S JOKE.

And made the loafing pirates heave the halyards with a will. The *Black Arcturion* sped along and ploughed the boiling sea. The rigging creaked, the sails stood out, the foam flew fast and free.

The pirates gathered on the deck and buckled on their swords, Rolled up their sleeves, and combed their beards, and spoke piratic words.

But suddenly the Bo's'n came a-rushing up to me, His face was pale, his nose was red, he spoke: "Good sir," said he,

"Yon vessel is from Switzerland, and, verily, I fear We'll find she is not what she seems, as soon as we get near; She looks to me as though she might—might be a privateer!"

(But when he found she wasn't one, he shed a private tear.)

Said I: "Load up the canons, boys, with ten-pound cannon-balls;

I care not what yon ship may be, into my hands she falls! We'll take her, and we'll take her guns, her captain, and her crew,

Her cook, her cabin steward, and her precious cargo, too!"

So the Gunner and the Gunner's Mate they lifted up the hatch,

And they called upon the pirates who formed the starboard watch

To help them lift the cannon-balls from out the magazine Where all the cannon-balls were kept, wrapped up in bombazine.

But presently the Gunner's Mate came rushing to the rail, His hair was standing up on end, his face was very pale, He cried: "Oh, Captain, woe is me, no cannon-balls are left; Of shot and shell of every kind the magazine's bereft.

There's not a piece of shrapnel, no canister or grape,

There's not enough of buckshot to kill a good-sized ape!"

The Bo's'n, who stood near at hand, gazed sadly at us both, And then he pulled his pistols out and swore a mighty oath: "How shall we take yon Swiss ship," he said, "without a snail?"

"We've got to fight," I answered him. "Won't cheese do just as well?"

For, two days previously, you know, we met a brigantine From Amsterdam for Zululand, by name the *Bandoline*, And in her hold she carried a fine cargo, if you please, Consisting of a hundred thousand dozen Edam cheese. We took a hundred dozen and stowed them on the poop Between the after cannon and the Captain's chicken-coop. (The crew had used the cheeses and some bottles from the galley,

As though they had not tasted food for six or seven weeks. The swarthy Bo's'n hailed again, and as no answer came The Gunner's Mate averred it was high time to start the game. I spoke the word, and seven guns all loaded up with cheese Were fired at the Swiss ship as nicely as you please; And then a second volley went, and soon again a third, And when the smoke had cleared away we saw what had occurred.

Each cheese had hit the Swiss ship and flattened on her decks,

The Swiss men were wailing in the cheese up to their necks. We waited then to see what sort of fighting they would make, And wondered how much cheese these Swiss sailor-men could take.

But as we waited silence came all o'er the Swiss craft, And not a seaman seemed to move, or forward or abaft. I called the Bo's'n to the bridge, and "Take the gig," said I; "Go board yon ship, where all is still, and learn the reason why."

The Bo's'n quick got in the gig with sixteen of the crew, He took along a cannon and an Edam cheese or two, And half an hour he was gone, then slowly rowed he back; He said to me: "Good Captain," he sobbed, "alas, alack! Upon that floating vessel there's no one left to fight; There's not a living creature, not a living thing in sight. No man remains to give reply to any kind of question: The Swissers ate up all the cheese, and died of indigestion."

There was another great demonstration of approval as soon as the ex-Pirate had concluded, but Tommy paid little attention to the noise this time, because he had become somewhat accustomed to it.

"You see," said the ex-Pirate, apologetically, "I could not very well read anything like that—all about cheese—in the presence of the Welsh Rabbit; could I?"

"Of course not," agreed Tommy; "but is it true that—" "I say," interrupted the Gopher, leaning in front of Tommy and addressing himself to the ex-Pirate: "I know another joke now. I know what the Bo's'n said to the Gunner's Mate when he told him to shoot at the ship."

"Well, what did he tell him?" asked the ex-Pirate, impatiently.

"Cheese it!" shouted the Gopher, who was immediately seized with such a violent fit of laughter that he fell under the table, and almost buried himself under the pile of broken soup plates.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The day before, to improve a sort of bowling-alley.)

Said I: "We'll take these Edam cheese and put them in the guns,

And shoot them at the Swiss ship until she sinks or runs;

For surely such proceeding will be worse than shot or shell,

Just think of being hit with cheese—say nothing of the snail!"

The pirates laughed and vowed my scheme would give them lots of fun;

And soon a big, red, round, Dutch cheese was rammed in every gun.

It was not long before the *Black Arcturion* came abreast

And hailed the ship from Switzerland with true piratic zest.

But not a Swiss said a word, nor made they any sign,

But all the sailors on the ship were ranged along in line,

And leaned upon the starboard rail, with sunken pallid cheeks



HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

and field sports. Here is what the *San Francisco Call* of September 4th says on the subject:

The Oakland High-School decided to-day that it would join the National League of High-Schools, and send a team to New York next year to join in the national High-School contests. The team will consist of ten of the best athletes in the school, and the boys anticipate being capable of holding their own and capturing some of the trophies. They have received much encouragement from the recent tour of the Berkeley team. The Oakland High-School has for some time been a member of the league of which HARPER'S ROUND TABLE is the organ, and now that they have decided to branch out and seek national honors, athletes will receive a boom, as there is much rivalry as to who will ultimately be the ones chosen to uphold the honor of Oakland's High-School in the Empire State. A general meeting will be held in a few days, and a manager will be elected who will at once put into practice all the available material. After that the boys will commence to obtain pledges for financial aid, as it will require about \$1600 to defray the expenses of the trip. The next national High-School contests will be held in the summer; but entries are now being made, and Oakland will not be dilatory in outlining the events for which she will seek to carry off the honors. "The sending East of our team will be one of the best things that ever the High-School undertook," said one of the O.H.-S. athletes to-day. "It will call attention to our school and to Oakland, and will let thousands of people know that we exist who are in doubt just now as to where Oakland is. We have been debating the proposition of sending a team East all this year, but after we saw what a lot of attention was shown to the Berkeley team we could see no reason why we should not try a similar tour among the crack Eastern High-Schools. We do not anticipate any trouble in raising the necessary funds, as we think the noise we shall make will prove a very valuable advertisement for this city."

A GOOD MANY OF THE STATEMENTS made by the *Call* are inaccurate, but the main announcement, that the O.H.-S. will come East, is authentic. It behooves the Eastern sportsmen, therefore, to get ready to receive them. As I have said before, the ROUND TABLE will do everything in its power to further the organization of a National Association of the schools, and these columns are open to correspondents who care to make suggestions for the advancement of the scheme. Perhaps a better idea of what the Californians have actually done, and will do, can be obtained from this letter, which came to the ROUND TABLE from the Captain of the O.H.-S. athletic team:

"The newspaper reports are not at all accurate, but they will serve to show what we have been doing lately. While they do not convey the exact truth, they have aroused great enthusiasm among the Oakland people, and we have great hopes of taking an Eastern tour. We are only awaiting the formation of the Big League to go right to work, and we have a big job on hand. I suppose that the Field Day will be held about the latter part of June, and that the list of events will be made to coincide exactly with the Inter-collegiate programme. If we came East we could doubtless make arrangements for a series of dual games with three or four of the crack schools in the vicinity of New York in addition to the Big Field Day. Of course this could all be arranged later on; what we are worried about now is getting started. I wish you would prod the schools up and get them to take immediate action. We want to get to work right away, for to raise \$3000 is quite a job. The U.C. boys are in favor of the trip, and will help us in every way. I wish you would inform us of any steps taken in this regard, and also put us in touch with the officers, so we could correspond with them. Would it be necessary to be the winning or champion team of our league to join in the Field Day, or could the O.H.-S. alone join the League and uphold the honor of California in the scholastic world in the East?"

It strikes me that the New York I.S.A.A. will lose an opportunity that may never offer again if it fails now to take the initiative in the formation and foundation of the National Interscholastic Athletic Association of America.

LAWRENCEVILLE OPENED LAST THURSDAY, and the football men went to work at once. Some of the old players got back a week earlier, and saw to it that the eight fields were put into shape and laid out, and now every afternoon one may see sixteen elevens hard at work rushing and kicking and otherwise developing new material. This system of requiring everybody to join in the game is an excellent one. The boys at Lawrenceville are arranged

according to size, and are taught how to play, and thus it is plain that in the course of a year or two the Captain of the school team has plenty of good material to pick from. The first and second teams have the additional advantage of being coached by some of the instructors who were star football players in their college days, and the benefit of whose experience goes largely toward making the Lawrenceville eleven the successful one that it usually is.

LAST YEAR, FOR INSTANCE, Lawrenceville defeated the Hill School, 22-0, the Yale Freshmen, 16-0, and Andover, 20-6, besides disposing of every other school team they met. They tried to arrange a game with the Princeton Varsity, but were not successful, for the reason, they believe, that in 1893 they scored 4-8 on the orange and black champions. Of course this is probably not the reason, for Princeton should be only too glad to get such excellent practice even from a school team, and this year no doubt there will be a match, and another probably with the University of Pennsylvania.

A FEATURE OF THE FOOTBALL RECORD of this school, which it is pleasing to be able to call attention to, is that in the twelve years the game has been played there no dispute has ever arisen and no serious accident has occurred. Moreover, as far as I am able to ascertain, no boy ever went to the school because he could play football. All this tends to create a genuine and healthy interest in the sport, and not only the scholars themselves, but the graduates of the school take pride in such a record. This is shown by the fact that the Alumni have presented a \$300 cup for class championship contests, each winning class getting its numeral engraved upon the trophy; and an alumnus has also offered a cup to be played for by the House teams, and to become the property of the House winning the greatest number of times within ten years. The boys live in Houses at Lawrenceville, as they do at Rugby and Harrow, and each House has its eleven.

OF LAST YEAR'S FIRST SCHOOL TEAM five men return: Emerson, full-back; Dibble and Davis, half-backs; Cadwalader and Edwards, guards. This is a first-rate nucleus, and Dibble, the new Captain, is expected to bring forward a team equal, if not superior, to that of last year. There are few better half-backs in the schools than Dibble. He is a great sprinter, having covered the 100 in 10 seconds at the school games last June. Davis, the other half-back, and Emerson, the full-back, will surely improve this fall over their last year's style, while no better guards are necessary than Cadwalader and Edwards. They weigh 210 and 218 pounds respectively.

THE CANDIDATES FOR END RUSH are Noble and Righter, and unless some new phenomena develop, they will hold the positions. The tackles will have to be taken from the incoming classes, and the hardest position to fill will be quarter-back. Captain Dibble may well watch the play of the man in this position, if he expects the team to be engineered as well as De Saulles did it last year. De Saulles is a wonderful quarter-back, and will no doubt make the Yale Varsity in a year or so. A large number of new Fourth Form boys, or Seniors, have been entered this fall, and it will be strange if in a school of 350 enough available material cannot be trained to bring the eleven up to its usual standard of excellence.

THE TEAMS OF THE NEW ENGLAND LEAGUE are also in the field, and in a few days practice games between schools will begin. Boston Latin is scheduled to meet Charlestown High to-morrow, and English High meets Dorchester on the same day. There is unusual promise of good new material everywhere, and the championship matches ought to furnish good football. Only three members of the Cambridge Manual Training School's champion eleven are back this fall, and the candidates for positions are mostly small, light men. Captain Murphy, however, has signified his intention of trying to make up for the probable lightness of his team by perfecting it in team work.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL was the first to get its men into training, and has a start of nearly a week over its rivals. Many of last year's players have returned to school, and most of them are heavy fellows. Lowe, one of the guards, is the biggest man of the aggregation, and weighs 270 pounds. Eaton at centre weighs 195 pounds, and his other guard, Nagle, tips the scales at 175. These three have played together for B.L.S. for the past three years, and are undoubtedly the strongest centre in the League. The tackle positions are open, and one of them will probably be filled by Rankin, who was a substitute last year. D. Lockin, who showed some of the best end work of any of the school players, is back in his old position.

CAPTAIN MAGUIRE WILL KEEP HIS OLD place at full-back, and ought to manage to develop a strong eleven. He is familiar with the fine points of the game, and has been a member of the team for two years past. Last year he proved himself one of the cleverest ground-gainers in the League, and in the game with English High his putting aided materially toward the securing of victory. His tackling and interfering have improved, and will doubtless grow better as the season advances.

THE SHOWING MADE in the early work of the English High-School players has not been very encouraging thus far. Like the C.M.T.S. men, the candidates are small, but all of them are apparently hard workers. It is fortunate for Captain Callahan that there are not so very many positions to fill, but on the other hand the vacancies occur in places where strong and reliable players are required. If things are allowed to run along in the slipshod way that characterized E.H.S.'s endeavors last year, however, the team will be a poorer one than has represented the school for some time. Only continuous and careful work can bring the team into championship form.

THE TWO SCHOLASTIC REPRESENTATIVES in the A.A.U. championships at Manhattan Field on the 14th managed to hold their ends up pretty well. Baltazzi took second to Sweeney in the high jump, with 5 feet 10½ inches, defeating Cosgrove, and Syme got first in the low hurdles. He ran his trial heat in 26½ seconds, but got the medal with 28½ seconds. His victory was in some respects a repetition of his success at Syracuse in the Metropolitan championships. There he met Sheldon and Chase, the latter falling over the eighth hurdle. At Manhattan Field, Cosgrove led up to the ninth hurdle in the trials, and then took a cropper, leaving Syme to win the heat. In the finals, Syme and Cadz had it neck and neck to this same ninth, when the scholastic runner struck the timber so heavily as to break it, but recovered in time to see Cadz go somersaulting over the tenth. Before the Yale man could recover, Syme had breasted the tape.

THE GRADUATE.

A NEW USE FOR A DOLL.

A NEW use for a doll has been discovered by an ingenious London thief. A woman who was arrested for stealing from one

of the large dry-goods shops was found to have been carrying what everybody supposed to be a baby; but what in reality turned out to be a huge doll with a wax face and hollow leathern body. It was the thief's custom to conceal the stolen articles as quickly as she got her fingers on them, gloves, laces, and so forth, in the cavernous and spacious interior of the "baby."

SOME STRANGE VISITING-CARDS

CALLING in Corea must be a very difficult performance, if, as a London journal has recently stated, the ordinary visiting-cards there are a foot square. The same journal goes on to say that the savages of Dahomey announce their visits to each other by a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistically carved. This is sent on in advance, and the visitor, on taking leave, pockets his card, which probably serves him for many years. The natives of Sumatra also have a visiting-card, consisting of a piece of wood about a foot long and decorated with a bunch of straw and a knife.

SOME NOVEL RACES.

A LONDON newspaper some years ago contained an account of a strange sort of contest which two noblemen once got up for their own amusement. It consisted of matching a flock of turkeys and a flock of geese for a race on the London and Norwich road, in the middle of the last century. The turkeys would insist upon flying up into the roadside trees to roost; while the geese, keeping up a steady waddle all night, reached London from Norwich two days ahead. The same journal also mentions the feats of the Hon. Tom Coventry's sprinting pig. In 1803 this speedy animal was matched against a celebrated runner, and started a strong favorite on the day of the race, which she won with ease. The pig had been trained to run the distance each day for its dinner. Another strange contest of this time took place between two sporting noblemen, who raced against each other on a windy day on Hampstead Heath, one running backwards in jack-boots, and the other holding up an open umbrella, and running forwards.

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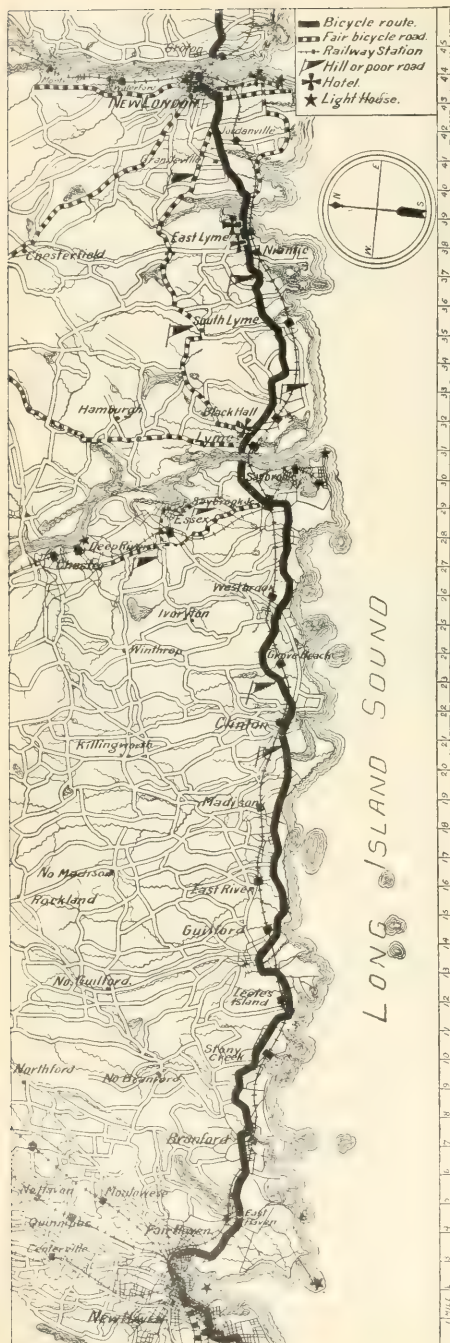
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This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THE THIRD STAGE of the trip from New York to Boston by the shore road demands our attention this week. It extends from New Haven to New London, a distance of forty-five miles or more, and though the rider can, if he desires, stop at Saybrook, thirty-three miles distant from New Haven, it is wiser to make the run to New London in one day, as the accommodations at New London are better, and the next stage, from New London to Shannuck, which comes on the next day, is much lighter.

LEAVING NEW HAVEN and going eastward the rider should keep always to the right on going into the suburbs of the city, and continue to the south of Fair Haven through East Haven. One and a half or two miles out of East Haven the road crosses the railroad track, and then runs on another mile into Branford, which is eight miles from New Haven. From Branford the road is, in the main, easily followed, the general tendency being to keep in the vicinity of the railroad, and near the shore of Long Island Sound. It is well for the rider, where possible, outside of villages, to take the side path, as the road is not in the best of condition in certain places, and the side path is usually very good. From Branford to Stony Creek is a distance of about three miles. Thence to Leetes Island, two miles further, where the road is clear, there is little to be described. There are almost no hills of importance, and the side path usually offers a very good substitute for the road itself when the latter becomes sandy.

FROM LEETES ISLAND to Guilford, about three miles further on, the road winds about a good deal, crossing the railroad track twice before entering Guilford in order to make a detour to the north and cross a creek. After leaving Guilford the road runs down close by the shore, and keeps its position in passing East River and Madison. Between Madison and Clinton, and between Clinton and Grove Beach, a distance altogether of between five and six miles, the road is fair in general and very poor in spots. The side path should be taken wherever available, but, everything considered, it is not one of the best bicycle roads that could be desired. From Grove Beach into Saybrook, a distance of six miles, the rider passes through Westbrook, and the road does not alter its condition, being in the main fair, but very sandy in spots.

IF POSSIBLE, THE RIDER should start from New Haven early in the morning, and make Saybrook some time about noon, stopping there for lunch or dinner. This is a distance of thirty-three miles altogether. To be sure, it only leaves a run of thirteen or fourteen miles to New London, but the accommodations there are so much better than along the line that it is advisable to try and reach it, and at the same time it is always well to do more than half the journey in the morning. Leaving Saybrook the rider should proceed, still on the turnpike, to the Connecticut River bank at Lyme Ferry. Crossing by this he turns to the right and runs into Lyme over a capital road. Thence the road runs along over a reasonably good bit of country to the north of the railroad into South Lyme, five miles further on, with the exception of a spot a mile or more beyond Black Hall, where the road crosses a creek and is poor.

NOTE. Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Torrington in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Stratford Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn to No. 814. Brooklyn to Bayview in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Torrington to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Torrington to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia to No. 822. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 823. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 824. Second Stage in No. 825. Philadelphia to Vineland—First Stage in No. 827. Second Stage in No. 828. New York to Boston—Second Stage in No. 829.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

riding for a short space. From South Lyme to Niantic is about three miles, and after passing East Lyme, a short distance out of Niantic, the rider crosses a long bridge over an inlet of the Sound. From this point, keeping to the left just after crossing the bridge, he runs through Jordanville into New London, and may there put up at the Crocker House in the middle of the town.

THERE ARE SEVERAL ALTERNATIVES over the last part of the course. For example, after crossing the Lyme Ferry and passing through Lyme, instead of keeping to the right it is possible for the rider to turn to the left, and follow the secondary bicycle route marked on the map, which, on the whole, is neither as short nor as good riding as the other. The road passes through Graniteville and joins the turnpike road near Jordanville. In the case of a strong head wind, especially if it is a little to the southward of east, it will save a great deal of time and labor for the rider to take this more inland route. On the southern route, after passing Niantic and East Lyme and crossing the long bridge, the rider may turn sharp to the right, follow the route marked on the map, crossing another inlet of the Sound, leaving Jordanville on the north, and thence run on to the mouth of the Thames River, where he can put up at the Pequot House, a summer hotel, which will be a welcome place after such a ride.



This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question, these subjects or as far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

THE New York Herald states that the Duke of York is prepared to sell his very valuable collection of stamps to the highest bidder. Lord Rothschild has made the most liberal offer thus far, but he would prefer to buy the rarest specimens only.

C. E. ABNEY.—U. S. stamps are printed on plates of 200 or 400 stamps divided into panes of 100 stamps each. A sheet of 100 stamps as sold by the Post-Office is one of these panes. Every plate bears a number, and this number is printed on the margin of each pane. For instance, the current 2c. red is printed from plates of 400 stamps which, after printing, is cut into four sheets. I illustrate plate No. 112.

No. 112.	No. 112
Pane of 100 Stamps.	Pane of 100 Stamps.
Pane of 100 Stamps.	Pane of 100 Stamps.
No. 112.	No. 112.

I know of no stamp cluster in Newark.

II. B. THAW.—The 12 sen 1875, Japan, is worth 70c., the 15 sen, same issue, 60c.

L. M. C.—Dealers quote two varieties of the half-line of 1838, one at 10c., the other at 30c.

A. WHITEHEAD.—No stamp was found in your envelope when opened.

D. C. S.—The stamps are Costa Rica revenues. There are several varieties of U. S. 1c. Proprietary worth from 1c. to 10c. each.

J. K. MORRIS.—The 1c. red is Great Britain postage-stamp is catalogued at 2c. if used. As there are many thousand varieties of North, Central, and South American stamps, I cannot quote values, but advise you to buy a catalogue.

R. H. MAYER.—The \$1 values of U. S. postage-stamps are largely used to pay postage on packages of bonds sent from the U. S. to Europe. The "pink" of 1861 is extremely rare. It is a peculiar shade which cannot be described in words.

H. L. WATSON, PARIS.—It is probably a fraud. The only Jones Express known in America bears Washington's portrait, and is printed on pink paper.

A. E. BARROW.—No coins enclosed. I cannot say what dealers will pay for stamps. That depends on scarcity, condition, and quantity. An unsevered pair of any scarce stamp is always worth more than two single stamps of the same kind. The Columbus and 1853 dollars can both be bought from dealers at a slight advance.

D. E. PORTER.—The coin is a Connecticut cent dated 1787. Dealers catalogue it at 15c.

J. T. DELANO.—What dealers pay for coins we do not know. You can buy the 1832 half-dollar in good condition for 75c., the 1853 quarter for 35c., the 1864 two-cent copper for 10c.

F. S. BOWLER, JEN.—No premium on the shilling.

E. B. TRIPP.—Dealers quote the 1857 and 1858 cents at 6c. each, 1822 half-dollar at 75c., silver three-cent pieces at 10c.

C. MARTIN.—Levant stamps are used for local purposes, and for prepayment of postage on letters to the home countries.

PHILATEL.

DON'T WORRY YOURSELF

and don't worry the baby: avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, N. Y.—(Adv.)

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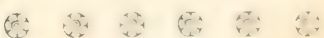
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Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.



HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Our Photographic Prize Competition.

The Camera Club Department of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE is the only one of the kind published regularly in the interests and for the help of the young amateur. It contains matter also for those more advanced in the art of photography. Its aim is to raise the standard of amateur photography among young people, and to direct them how to make the best use of their cameras.

To stimulate all to do their best, the ROUND TABLE offers prizes for the best specimens of photographic work submitted by the members. Any amateur may become a member of the Camera Club by simply sending name and address to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, and stating that you wish to become a member. There are no fees or dues. Those wishing to become members are asked to state in their application whether they have or have not passed their eighteenth birthday. Those under eighteen are made members, and those over eighteen are made Patrons of the Round Table.

The following are our annual prize rules and conditions. Part of these are open to all amateurs without regard to age.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PRIZE COMPETITION.

CLASS I—MARINES.

First Prize\$15
Second Prize 10
Entries in this class will close October 15, 1895.

CLASS II—LANDSCAPES.

First Prize\$15
Second Prize 10
Entries in this class will close November 15, 1895.

CLASS III—FIGURE STUDIES.

First Prize\$25
Second Prize 10
Entries in this class will close December 15, 1895.

RULES OF COMPETITION.

1. This competition is open to all Knights and Ladies who have not passed their eighteenth birthday.

2. All photographs offered must be the work of the competitor from the exposure of the plate to the mounting of the finished print.

3. No photographs must be sent which have taken prizes or have been submitted for prizes in other competitions.

4. No picture less than 4x5 or larger than 8x10 must be sent.

5. Any printing process may be used with the exception of blue prints.

6. All pictures must be mounted, but not framed, and the carriage prepaid.

7. Each picture must be marked with the name and address of the sender, the class to which it belongs, and the statement whether or not the artist has passed his or her eighteenth birthday. No other writing is necessary. Any picture not thus marked will be ruled out.

8. As the competition closes at different dates, all entries for each class must be forwarded not later than the date named under each class. The packet must be marked on the outside "Harper's Round Table Photographic Competition," in addition to the name and address of this journal.

OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS.

The following prizes are open to all amateurs, without regard to age:

CLASS A.—LANDSCAPES.

First Prize\$15
Second Prize 10
Entries in this class will close November 1, 1895.

CLASS B—FIGURE STUDY.

First Prize\$25
Second Prize 10
Entries in this class will close December 15, 1895.

RULES OF COMPETITION.

1. This competition is open to all amateur photographers, without regard to age limit.

The other rules governing this competition are the same as those in the competition open for those who have not passed their eighteenth birthday. Special attention is called to Rules 3 and 7.

JUDGING.

Each picture submitted in either competition will be judged: 1. Originality; 2. Artistic merits of composition; 3. Illustrative value; 4. Technical ex-

cellence of finish. The one having the highest percentage receiving the highest award in each class, etc. Pictures which fail to take a prize, the percentage of which is over seventy, will receive honorable mention.

Please pay special attention to the different dates at which the classes close. This plan has been adopted to simplify the work of handling the pictures. Photographs which do not take prizes or are not retained for publication will be returned to the senders at the close of the competition if postage is enclosed.

Watch this column for hints in regard to finishing pictures. Class No. 1, "Marines," closes first. Amateurs living in waterports take notice.

* * *

Help for those Lovers of Figures.

Answers to the Turk and Christian and Valet problems published last week: 1. Turk and Christian Puzzle.—In the Latin sentence and French verse given, attention must be given to the vowels *a, e, i, o, u* contained in the syllables, letting *a* equal one, *e* two, *i* three, *o* four, and *u* five. Begin by arranging four Christians together, because the vowel in the first syllable is *o*; then five Turks, because the vowel in the second syllable is *u*, and so on to the end. By proceeding in this manner, it will be found, taking every ninth person circularly, beginning at the first of the row, that the lot will fall entirely on the Turks.

2. Valet Puzzle.—Two valets cross first, and one of them, rowing back, carries over the third valet. One of the three valets then returns with the boat, and, remaining, allows the two masters whose valets have crossed to go over in the boat. One of the masters then carries back his valet, and leaving him on the bank, rows over the third master. In the last place, the valet who crossed enters the boat, and, returning twice, carries over the other two valets.

* * *

A Famous Chess Problem.

This is a famous problem, and several notable chess-players of the old school have amused themselves with it:

To make the knight move into all the squares of the chess-board in succession, without passing twice over the same square.

Of the four solutions to the problem, Demolivre's is the easiest to follow. I will furnish Montmort's, Mairan's, or M. W.—'s solution to any member so desiring, provided a stamp is sent for reply. Following is Demolivre's solution:

34	49	22	11	36	39	21	1
21	10	35	50	23	12	37	40
48	33	62	57	38	25	2	13
9	20	51	54	63	60	41	32
32	47	58	61	56	53	14	3
19	8	55	52	59	64	27	42
46	31	6	17	44	29	4	15
7	28	45	30	5	16	43	28

VINCENT V. M. BEEDE, R. T. F.

17 WESTERN PLACE, LANT. CHANSE, N. J.

* * *

Wants a Round Table Reunion.

Those of us who were in Boston during the week of the Templars' Conclave will never forget the parade. Twenty-five thousand men, with the motto, "Fraternity," "Fidelity," "Charity," marched from eleven o'clock in the morning to six in the evening. The flying banners, emblematic signs, playing bands, and general feeling of good-fellowship all combined to make one wish that the Round Table could have some similar convention. We have the same friendly feeling towards each other; we have emblems; we have Chapters; and we have a hundred thousands of members.

What could we not do in a three days' convention? We could hold a grand athletic championship tournament for the gold medal; we could

have an exhibition of the Table's handicraft work; we could organize and have a "Grand Master," as the Templars have; and think how it would "boom" the membership and promote good-fellowship. I, for one, am in favor of holding a convention this year in New York, and several of my correspondents hold the same ideas. If some one with a "planning head" will "take hold" and develop my ideas I will be glad to hear from them.

We print this morsel because it is full of praise-worthy enthusiasm. We fear that our Order could not accomplish what an old fraternity is able to. But what say all of you?

* * *

Answers to Kinks.

No. 102.

1. O
2. O N
3. O W N
4. O M E N
5. O N I O N
6. O N T A I N
7. O P I N I O N
8. O B T U S I O N
9. O B J E C T I O N
10. O C C U P A T I O N
11. O S T E N T A T I O N
12. O B L I T E R A T I O N

No. 103.

Pulchra.—1. Peach. 2. Munch. 3. Calid. 4. Teach. 5. Porch. 6. Sleep. 7. Force. 8. Mitre. 9. Aster.

No. 104.

B A L A N C E
T I M I D
S E T
R I
T I N
P A C E R
C R E A T E D

No. 105.—THE SUPPER TABLE.

1. Coffee. 2. Buckwheat cakes. 3. Molasses. 4. Oysters. 5. Tongue. 6. Partridge. 7. Crackers. 8. Butter. 9. Terrapin. 10. Radish. 11. Port. 12. Champagne. 13. Madeira. 14. Spirits. 15. Potato. 16. Turkey. 17. Ham. 18. Jam. 19. Toast. 20. Fowl. 21. Sole. 22. Herring. 23. Steak. 24. Croquette. 25. Quail. 26. Fig.

* * *

Questions and Answers.

It is not known, dear Sir Knight Latham, who was the wearer of the Iron Mask. There are many theories, but no positive knowledge. F. W. L. Bunting, Abbott Street, Cairns, Queensland, Australia, is a Knight who is fond of letter-writing, and a stamp collector in for trading. He wants to hear from you. Charles E. Abbey, Chester, N. J., asks if James Dixon, a former prize-winner in one or two of our contests, will write him. He wants to trade minerals and stones with anybody.

Edith Cline, Lewisberry, Pa., wants to receive a ribbon with your name, address and date. She will send hers. Edith F. Morris is now secretary of the Durham Stamp Exchange. Her address is 213 Third Avenue, New York. J. Crispin Bebb is informed that there has been no change in the Table's colors. We regret you can find no other Knights in Seattle. Ask for some blank Patents and give them to friends. Maybe when they read on the last page of the Patent the advantages of the Table they will consent to let you fill out a Patent for them.

Fred G. Patterson, Markleton, Pa., had a live rattlesnake which he was willing to sell to the highest bidder, the proceeds to go to the School Fund. His best bid at writing was \$5. Wonder what he got, and how the snake is doing in captivity by this time? Sir John H. Campbell sends us the rays and colors of Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn.: "Van derbilt! 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah! Whiz, Boom! Zip, Boom! 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah! The colors are old-gold and black.

The Helping Hand.

I want to make a suggestion how the members in this city can raise some money for the Blind. It is to give a "trolley party." I suppose you know what a trolley party is. A party of young people charter a car for the evening and ride all over the city and into the suburbs. The trolley party is a craze in this city at present. It is very common to see strings of illuminated cars coming down the streets in twos, generally accompanied by a band of music. It was not long ago I saw a large trolley party of sixty-five cars one after each other. This party was for the benefit of the German Hospital, and was a great success.

Don't you think a trolley party could be gotten up in this city if all the members were in real sympathy with the Order's work? I think we could easily give a trolley party, say, some week in October. Mr. Patton has consented to help me, and we want at least three more members in this city aged about sixteen years. The cost of a party varies according to the distance and the electrical decorations.

There are several fine routes. Germantown, Chestnut Hill, Anzora, Darby, and Willow Grove. The two last ones are preferable on account of the length of the lines. The cost is about \$16 per car, decorated. We need at least three things for a success financially—united action on the part of the members, publicity, and a good night.

CHARLES C. CANTFIELD

FAIRMONT STATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

This is an admirable suggestion. Let us hear from all Quaker City members who will go.

* * *

Origin of Three Common Things.

Some of our most common symbols have interesting derivations. Take, for instance, the dollar sign (\$), which every one knows and loves—to a more or less extent. Several explanations have been given of its origin. The most probable is that it is a modification of the figure 8, denoting the famous "piece of eight" of pirate lore, a Spanish silver piece of the value of our dollar. Another theory is that it represents the scroll and pillars depicted on certain Spanish coins. Still another makes us question whether it is not a mere plagiarism of the letters "U.S." It has even been stated that this mark at one time appeared on the flag of Saragossa, a city famous for its two months' siege by the French in 1808.

The symbol R, standing for *recipe*—take—was originally Z, a sign placed at the head of a medical formula to propitiate Jove, that the compound might act favorably. The character Z, formerly written 3, is a corruption of the Latin word *z*, the letters being written as one.

* * *

Hunting Deer in California.

I wish you could see the picturesque spot where we are spending the summer. We are in a deep canon, surrounded by the Santa Cruz Mountains, all of them over 2000 feet high. Llagas Creek, which abounds in catfishes, runs through the ravine. But the attractive feature of it is not a mere deer. On the hillside, the hillside. The season opened on the 15th of July. At three o'clock on that morning thirteen hunters, dressed in leggings and corduroys, mounted their horses and started out, followed by a large pack of hounds, for the deer haunts.

The leader of the party in an hour's time had reached a convenient spot and divided his men into sets of two or three, stationing them in certain spots where the deer, scented by the dogs, would be likely to pass. Within three hours' time we heard the crack of rifles, and then the blowing of the horns brought us the joyful news that the hunters had been successful. By eight o'clock the party returned to the house, one of them leading on the back of a horse a fine buck weighing 100 pounds, exclusive of head and antlers. To-day we have been feasting from some choice bits and feel that though we did not do the shooting ourselves, we were decidedly "in it."

LEAHEN, CAL.

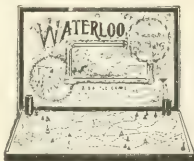
OCEANVIEW, CALIFORNIA.

IVORY SOAP

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H. I. KIMBALL, Individual Judge.
Approved: J. J. Thompson, Departmental Committee.
(JOHN BOWEN THACHER, Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.)

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PUBLISHED TO-DAY:

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A Sequel to "The Fur-Seal's Tooth." By KIRK MUNROE.
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Mr. Munroe long ago established himself as one of our ablest juvenile writers, and this latest work from his pen is perhaps the best that he has published. The story continues the adventures of two boys—Phil Ryder, a New-Englander, and Serge Belcofsky, an Alaskan—from St. Michaels, in the northern part of Alaska, through a 2000-mile trip with dog-sleds and snow-shoes up the Yukon River and across the mountains to Sitka.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York

GREEDY THOMAS.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



"No, Thomas, no," his good nurse said.
"Indeed, you should not take
At tea-time such a very large
And plummy piece of cake."

In vain it was for nurse to speak,
Young Thomas paid no heed;
The slice of cake, both plump and crumb,
He ate with eager greed.



But, ah! that night, when all the house
Was wrapped in slumber deep,
Then Thomas had a dreadful dream,
For he was fast asleep.

He dreamed he was a plummy cake
Of most enormous size.
The icing was his nose and mouth,
And currants were his eyes.



He dreamed the door swung softly back,
The dream-man entered in;
And spectacles were on his nose,
And bristles on his chin.

He held a great knife in his hand,
And tiptoed to the bed.
"Oh, pray don't cut! I'm not a cake,
I'm Tommy," Thomas said.



In vain to speak, for Thomas knew
He looked too brown and nice;
He saw the dream-man lift his knife
As if to cut a slice.

And then—young Thomas shrieked and
woke,
And sat up straight in bed.
"Oh, dear! I'll never eat rich cake
Again at night," he said.

STORIES BY GRANDMA.

SOME TERRIBLE ADVENTURES WITH WOLVES.

"GRANDMA," said Ralph, "what do you suppose Uncle Henry said?"

"Well," answered grandma, "it wouldn't surprise me if he said it was a cold day, or—"

"No; I mean what do you suppose he told me; what kind of a story?"

"Oh, dear! your uncle Henry is *such* a hand to tell stories that I could hardly guess. About animals, I suppose, though, and nothing smaller than elephants, I'll warrant."

"No; wolves. They chased him once. Got away by climbing a tree and pulling the tree up after him."

"Dear me! what an extraordinary occurrence!" exclaimed grandma.

"But do you *believe* it, grandma?" asked Ralph.

"Oh no; certainly not. I never believe any of your uncle Henry's animal stories."

"Well," said Ralph, slowly, "I've been a little afraid of some of them myself. He *couldn't* pull up a tree he was in, *could* he, grandma?"

"I don't believe he could, unless he pulled pretty hard. I remember my uncle Henry used to tell a wolf story when

I was a little girl. He said that one day, when he lived in Vermont, two wolves came after him, and he ran as fast as he could. By-and-by he began to get tired. Just then he came to a big rock, half as big as a house, and leaped upon it. The wolves were close behind, and so furious that they were almost or quite blind. One rushed around the rock one way, and the other the other way. They met on the farther side, and each thought he had caught Uncle Henry, and they began to fight like cats and dogs. Pretty soon they stopped to rest, and saw their mistake, and Uncle Henry said he never saw two wolves look so disgusted."

"Do you believe *that* story?" asked Ralph.

"Well," answered grandma, "it does seem to have its hard points. I think he may have stretched it a little."

"Tell me a true wolf story, grandma," pleaded Ralph.

"I'm afraid I don't know any more wolf stories—except the one about Little Red Riding-hood. Once on a time—"

"Oh, I've heard that, grandma. Tell me another about your uncle Henry."

"Well, another time, when Uncle Henry was living in Vermont a long time ago, two wolves came and sat down on his door-step. His house was a little log cabin with only one door. It was a very cold winter, with deep snow, so there wasn't much for wolves to eat. These two wolves were pretty hungry, and they thought that they would wait on the door-step till Uncle Henry came out, and just eat him for dinner, and perhaps stir around and get the stage-driver for supper, and depend on luck for breakfast the next morning."

"Uncle Henry happened to look out of the window and saw the two wolves sitting on the door-step; so he just staid in and said nothing. He staid in and kept on saying nothing for two whole days, and still those

wolves sat there and waited for dinner to serve itself. They were friendly for a long time, and sat facing each other, discussing the weather and other things, I suppose; but after a while, when they began to get pretty hungry, they had a little tiff, and turned their backs on each other. Then Uncle Henry took a clothes-pin, reached through the crack under the door, and slipped it on their tails where they crossed just as cool as if he had been pinning a wet stocking on a clothes-line. It held their tails together like a vise. 'Stop pinching my tail,' said one wolf. 'You—'

"Now, grandma!" broke in Ralph, reprovingly.

"I'm telling this story just as Uncle Henry told it to me when I was a little girl. I don't suppose he meant that the wolf really said that out loud, but *thought* it, and *looked* it. 'Let go my tail,' said one wolf; and he scowled over his shoulder at the other. 'Quit pinching my tail,' said the other; and he looked over his shoulder and scowled. Then they sprang at each other, and began to fight as hard as they knew how. Uncle Henry said he never heard such a noise in his life. But after a while it became all still, and he went out; but he couldn't find anything except a little wolf fur floating about in the air, and the clothes-pin; so he concluded that they had either fought each other completely out of existence, or got tired out and gone off."

H. C.



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VOL. XVI.—NO. 831.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1895.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



SEA RANGERS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "ROAD RANGERS," THE "MATE" SERIES, "FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH," "SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

EARNING THEIR BICYCLES.

"I SAY, Hal, do you realize that the Ready Rangers will have been in existence a whole year on the 30th?" asked Will Rogers, as he and Hal Bacon walked homeward from school one afternoon of the May following the Rangers' memorable trip to New York. I remember the exact date, because it was Decoration day, and the first time I was out after my accident."

"That's so," replied Lieutenant Hal, "and I think we ought to do something in the way of a celebration."

"My idea exactly; and at the meeting to-night I want to talk it over. So bring along any suggestions you can pick up, and let's see what can be done."

Never had the Berks boys, who were also Rangers, worked so hard as during the winter just passed. In spite of the

allurements of skating, coasting, and all the other fascinating winter sports of country life, they had never lost sight of the coveted bicycles that Tom Burgess's father had promised to let them have at much less than cost, if only they could earn the money to pay for them. At the suggestion of Reddy Cuddeback, their newest member, of whom they were intensely proud, because he held the five-mile racing record of the United States, they had decided to make a common fund of all their earnings, and place it in the hands of honorary member Pop Miller for safe keeping. They did this, because, while it was necessary to the success of their organization that every member should own a bicycle, some of them were possessed of greater advantages or abilities for earning money than others. Also those who already owned machines, and so were not obliged to earn them, could still work with enthusiasm for the fund. Besides these reasons the Rangers proposed to raise some

of the money by giving entertainments, the proceeds from which would necessarily go into a common fund.

So, while several of the boys under direction of "Cracker" Bob Jones, who had a great head for business, gathered nuts in the autumn for shipment to New York, caught fish through the ice during the winter, and sold them in the village, and made maple sugar, to order, in the early spring, others split wood or did similar chores for neighbors. Will Rogers and Hal Bacon organized a mail-and-package delivery service. Beth Barlow, working on behalf of her brother, the naval cadet member, made the caramels and pop-corn balls that little Cal Moody sold to his school-mates at recess, while Reddy Cuddeback, who proved to be possessed of decided dramatic talent, arranged and managed the several entertainments given by the Rangers during the winter.

One of these was a minstrel show, the first ever seen in Berks. Another was a Good Roads talk, given by a distinguished highway engineer, and illustrated by stereopticon views, while the third, which was the crowning success of the season, was a play written by Will Rogers and Beth Barlow. It was called *Blue Billows*—a title cribbed from *Rafsmates*—or, *Fighting for the Old Flag*: a nautical drama in two watches, founded on facts more thrilling than fiction. This play was suggested by the story of Reddy Cuddeback's father, as told by Admiral Marlin to his Road-Ranger guests the summer before, and in order that it should present a realistic picture of naval life, its leading scenes and all of its conversation were in closest imitation of *Pinafore*, which the Rangers had been taken to see in New York, and which was their chief source of knowledge concerning life on the ocean wave. So they had a Little Buttercup, only she was called Pink Clover, a midshipmite represented by little Cal Moody, a Jack Jackstraw, a Bill Bullseye, and a close imitation of Sir Joseph Porter, named Sir Birch Beer. They sang sea-songs, danced what they believed to be hornpipes, hitched their white duck trousers, shivered their timbers, and were altogether so salt and tarry, that had not the dazzled spectators known better they might have believed the Rangers to be regular oakum-pickers who had never trod dry land in their lives. So well was this performance received in Berks that the boys were induced to repeat it in Chester, whereby they added a very tidy sum to their fund.

This was their final effort at money-making, for about this time a letter was received from Mr. Burgess stating that he found it necessary to dispose of his stock of bicycles at once, and asking if the Rangers were not ready to relieve him of them. So the meeting called by Captain Will Rogers, to be held in Range Hall, as the boys termed Pop Miller's house, was for the purpose of learning the amount of the fund and deciding upon its disposal. The speculations as to its size, and what it would purchase, were as numerous as there were members, and as diverse as were the characters of the boys. Little Cal Moody hoped it might reach the magnificent sum of one hundred dollars; while "Cracker" Bob Jones thought one thousand dollars would more nearly represent the amount obtained. "That's what we've got to have," he argued, "for there are ten members without wheels, not counting what I owe Reddy Cuddeback on mine, and I don't believe even Mr. Burgess can afford to sell such beauties as those we rode last fall for less than a hundred apiece. So there you are; and if we haven't got a thousand dollars, some of us will have to go without wheels, or else only own 'em on shares."

This statement from so eminent an authority caused considerable uneasiness among the other boys, and they almost held their breath with anxiety as Mr. Pop Miller wiped his spectacles, and, producing a small blue bank-book, prepared to make the important announcement.

"Mr. President and fellow-members of the most honorable body of Ready Rangers," began the little old gentleman, beaming upon the expectant faces about him. "It is with gratified pride and sincere pleasure that I contemplate the wonderful success now crowning your tireless efforts of the past winter. I must confess that both your perseverance and the result accomplished have exceeded my expectations, and I congratulate you accordingly. As

treasurer of the Rangers' bicycle fund, I have the honor to announce that, with all expenses for entertainments, etc., deducted, there is now on deposit in the First National Bank of Berks, and subject to your order, the very creditable sum of three hundred and eighty-five dollars and twelve cents. All of which is respectfully submitted by

"P. MILLER, Treasurer."

"Hooray!" shouted little Cal Moody, forgetting his surroundings in the excitement of what he regarded as the vastness of this sum. As no one else echoed his shout, he blushed, looked very sheepish, and wished he had kept his mouth shut.

The Rangers had done well, remarkably well, as any one must acknowledge who has tried to raise money under similar conditions; but in view of "Cracker" Bob's recent statement, most of them felt that their great undertaking had resulted in what was almost equivalent to failure, and were correspondingly cast down.

"It is too bad!" exclaimed Sam Ray, breaking a gloomy silence. "Of course we've got to pay the thirty-five dollars that Bob still owes Reddy, for that is promised, and, besides, I'm certain that 'Cracker' has earned more than that amount himself. After that is done, though, we shall have only three hundred and fifty dollars left, which isn't more than enough to purchase three and a half or four machines at the most, and that will leave six of us with nothing to show for our winter's work."

"I move," said Mif Bowers, who having been a performer in *Blue Billows*, was fully persuaded that he was cut out for a sailor, "that we don't buy wheels at all, but put our money into a yacht, and go on a cruise down the Sound this summer."

"Second the motion!" cried Alec Cruger, who, having acted the part of Bill Bullseye, was equally anxious to put his recently acquired nautical knowledge to practical use.

"The motion is not in order," announced Will Rogers, firmly. "This money was raised for an especial purpose; and, whether it is much or little, it must be devoted to that purpose."

"That's so," agreed Sam Ray, who wanted a bicycle more than anything else in the world, "and I move that the money be sent to Mr. Burgess, with the request that he return just as many wheels as it will buy. We can take turns at riding them, and work all through long vacation for money to get the rest."

"Second the motion!" cried Si Carew.

"All in favor of Sam Ray's motion say 'aye.'"

"Aye!" responded half a dozen voices, though not very enthusiastically, for most of the boys were greatly disappointed, and did not relish the prospect of several months more of hard work for an object they had believed already attained. Still no one voted against the motion, and so it was pronounced carried.

"If we had got the machines I was going to suggest a grand parade in celebration of our birthday," said Hal Bacon, after the meeting had broken up; "but now I suppose it's no use."

So the three hundred and fifty dollars was forwarded to Mr. Burgess, together with a note from the Captain of the Rangers, stating all the circumstances, and hoping that the owner of the coveted wheels would sell just as many for the sum enclosed as he could possibly afford.

An answer to this momentous communication was awaited with such deep anxiety, that during the next few days the Rangers fairly haunted the railway station as though expecting to see their longed-for bicycles come rolling, of their own accord, up the track.

CHAPTER II.

A NOTABLE ARRIVAL IN BERKS.

"Hi-ho! Hi-ho!" The well-known call of the Rangers summoning them to immediate assembly at the engine-house rang out clear and shrill up and down the quiet village street. It was early morning, the sun was just rising, and though there was already much activity in kitchen and barn-yard, the long elm-shaded and grass-bordered thoroughfare was almost as deserted as at midnight. Still

there was one team in sight, and one boy. The former was that belonging to Squire Bacon; and, driven by Evert Bangs, it was coming from the direction of the railway station, where it had been to deliver, for the early morning train, the very last risset apples that would be shipped from Berks that year. The boy was little Cal Moody, who was earning twenty-five cents a week towards his bicycle by driving a neighbor's cow to and from pasture every morning and evening. He had just completed his task for that morning, and was on his way home when he noticed the approaching team.

It does not take much to arouse curiosity in a quiet little place like Berks, and the boy's attention was instantly attracted to the fact that Squire Bacon's wagon bore a very queer-looking load. As it passed through occasional level shafts of sunlight that were darting between the trees it seemed to be full of flashes and bright gleamings. What could it be? Cal stopped to find out.

The nearer it approached the more he was puzzled, and it was not until the team was actually passing him, when the good-natured driver sang out: "Here they are, Cal! Came at last on the night freight, and I thought I might as well bring 'em along up," that the mystery was solved.

With a great tingling wave of joyful excitement sweeping over him, Cal knew that Squire Bacon's wagon held a load of bicycles in crates, and that they were being taken to the engine-house on the village green. He tried to give a shout of delight, but at first could only gasp without uttering a sound. Then, as he recovered his voice, the Ranger rallying cry of "Hi-ho! Hi-ho!" rang shrilly out on the morning air with a distinctness that instantly roused the sleepy village into full activity. The meaning of the cry was well understood by this time, and believing that it now indicated the breaking out of a fire, every one within hearing instantly repeated it, at the same time running toward the place whence it first issued. So within two minutes the exciting cry was sounding from end to end of the village, and even far beyond its limits. Sam Ray heard it in the new house up on the hill, and Reddy Cuddeback heard it in the mill settlement down by the river. Will Rogers heard it while he was dressing, and rushed out without stopping to complete his toilet. Thus the echoes of Cal's first summons had hardly died away before every Ranger in the village was tearing up or down the long street toward the engine-house, and yelling at the top of his voice.

The first to arrive got there even ahead of Evert Bangs, and were already running out the natty little red-and-gold engine as he drove up.

"Hold on!" he shouted. "I rather guess your engine won't be wanted just yet. Seems to me you boys get het up terrible easy. No, your 'Hi-ho!' don't mean fire this time, nor nothing like it. What it means is *bicycles*, and here they be. I was calculating to have 'em all unloaded before any of you fellers showed up, as a sort of surprise, you understand; but seeing as you're on hand, I guess you'd better help."

Better help! Wouldn't they, though! and weren't they just glad of the chance? So many and so eager were the hands upraised to grasp the precious crates, that, even while some of the later arrivals were still asking, "where was the fire?" the last one was lifted out, carried into the engine-house, and there carefully deposited.

"How many are there?" asked "Cracker" Bob Jones, anxiously, as Evert Bangs drove off with his empty wagon, and the engine-house doors were closed to all except Rangers.

"I don't know," replied Will Rogers. "Let's count them."

As all began to count aloud at the same moment, it is not surprising that several different results were announced. "Fifteen!" shouted Si Carew. "Eight!" called little Cal Moody.

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed Will Rogers. "You fellows are so excited that I don't believe any one of you could say his A B C's straight through. Keep quiet for a moment and let me count them. One, two, three, four, five— There! I believe I've missed one already. One, two, three—"

"Here's a letter for you, Will," shouted Hal Bacon, who had been to the post-office, and came running breathlessly in at that moment. "What's all this I hear about bicycles? Oh, my eye! What a lot! How did they get here?"

"Just wheeled themselves up from New York," laughed Will, at the same time tearing open his letter, which was postmarked at that city. After a hasty glance at its contents, he called for silence, and read the following:

William Rogers, Esq., Captain Berks Ready Rangers:

DEAR SIR.—Your favor of 19th inst. with check for three hundred and fifty dollars enclosed, is at hand, and contents noted. As per request I forward by freight, charges prepaid, three hundred and fifty dollars' worth of bicycles, or ten (10) in all.

I am greatly pleased at the energy and perseverance shown by the Rangers in earning this sum of money, which I may as well admit is larger than I believed they would raise, and I congratulate them most heartily upon their success.

Tom does not expect to spend this summer in Berks, but is making arrangements for a most delightful outing elsewhere. In it he hopes his fellow Rangers will be able to join him. It is nothing more nor less than a— But I must not anticipate, nor rob him of the pleasure of telling you his plans himself.

With best wishes for the continued prosperity and happiness of the Ready Rangers, I remain,

Sincerely their friend,
L. A. BURGESS.

"Ten bicycles for three hundred and fifty dollars!" cried "Cracker" Bob Jones. "And all of 'em first-class, A No. 1 machines. That beats anything I ever heard of. If Mr. Burgess has got any more to sell at the same price I'd like to take them off his hands, that's all."

"But he hasn't," declared Will Rogers. "Don't you remember that ten was the exact number he happened to have?"

"And it's the exact number that happens to make just one apiece for us," commented Abe Cruger. "Seems to me that's about as big a piece of luck as I ever ran across."

"If it is luck," added Hal Bacon, shrewdly.

"Let's open 'em right away," cried Cal Moody, jumping up and down in his excitement. "It doesn't seem as if I could wait another minute."

"Yes. Let's open 'em!" shouted half a dozen voices.

"Hold on," commanded Will Rogers. "We haven't time to open all the crates and put the machines together now. Besides, Pop Miller isn't here, nor lots of people who have helped us get these bicycles, and who would be awfully interested in seeing them opened. So I propose that we leave them just as they are until after school, and then hold what you might call an opening reception."

Although the Rangers agreed to this proposition, it was with reluctance; and that their thoughts remained with those precious crates all day was shown in more ways than one. In school, for instance, when little Cal Moody was asked to spell and define the word *biennial*, he promptly replied, with "Bi—bi, cy—cy, cle—cle—bicycle—a machine having two wheels!" and when "Cracker" Bob Jones was requested to favor the arithmetic class with an example in percentage he complied by stating, "that if ten bicycles, listed at \$125 each, could be bought for \$350, and sold at their listed price, the percentage of profit would be—?" Just here he was interrupted by a shout of laughter, in which even the teacher, who thoroughly understood and sympathized with the situation, was forced to join.

When the hour for the opening of the crates at length arrived, half the village was there to see, and when the ten glittering bicycles, each of which bore a small silver plate inscribed with the name of its new owner, were finally put together and displayed to the admiring public of Berks, there were no happier nor prouder boys in the United States than the young Rangers who had earned them.

From that time on, they rode their bicycles during every leisure moment, and on the 30th of May they celebrated their birthday by giving an exhibition parade as bicycle fire scouts, that was pronounced the very finest thing of its kind ever seen in that section of country. In this parade each machine carried a fire bucket, and while some also bore axes, others were equipped with the rescue apparatus.

that Will Rogers and Sam Ray had used so effectively, a fire-net, blankets, spades, and other articles to be used in an emergency.

The Chester Wheel Club came over to join in the parade, and with them came the bicycle-supply man, who was so impressed with the fact that Berks was becoming a bicycling centre that he at once established a branch of his business there, and appointed Pop Miller his agent.

Best of all was a visit from Tom Burgess, who came on from New York, not only to take part in the parade, but to unfold the gorgeous plan he had evolved for the summer vacation, and in which he wished his fellow Rangers to join. He first confided it privately to Will Rogers, and when he concluded, the latter exclaimed:

"Tom Burgess, it seems almost too good to be true, but with the experience we've already gained in *Blue Billows* I believe we can carry it through. If we only can, it will be the biggest thing the Rangers have undertaken yet."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GREAT MEN'S SONS.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

THE SON OF SHAKESPEARE.

MANY years ago had you been, let us say, a tinker travelling with your wares or a knight riding by, you might have passed, upon a small arched bridge that spanned a little river in the heart of "Merrie England," a small boy, hanging over the railing, now watching the rippling water, or with eager eyes looking along the roadway that ran between green meadows toward that distant London, from which, perhaps, you were tramping or riding.

I think, as you passed, you would have looked twice at that small boy on the bridge, whether you were low-down tinker or high-born knight. For he was a bright, sweet-faced little ten-year-old in his quaint sixteenth-century costume, and the look of expectancy in his eyes might, as it fell upon your face, have shaped itself into the spoken question, "Have you seen my father as you came along?"

Whereupon, had you been the lordly knight you might have said, "And who might your father be, little one?" Or had you been the low-down tramping tinker you would probably have grunted out: "Hoi, zurs! Au' who be'st yure feythur, lad?"

To either of which questions that small boy on the bridge would have answered in some surprise—for he supposed that, surely, all men knew his father—"Why, Master William Shakespeare, the player in London."

For that little river is the Avon; that small bridge of arches is Clopton's mill-bridge, that small boy is Hamnet, the only son of Master William Shakespeare, of Henley Street, in Stratford-on-Avon. And in the year 1595 the name of William Shakespeare was already known in London as one of the Lord Chamberlain's company of actors, and a writer of masterly poems and plays.

Perhaps if you were the tinker, you might be tired enough with your tramping to throw off your pack, and, sitting upon it, to talk with the little lad; or, if you were the knight, it might please your worship to breathe your horse upon the bridge and hold a moment's converse with the child.

Were you tinker or knight the time would not be mis-spent, for you would find young Hamnet Shakespeare most entertaining.

He would tell you of his twin sister Judith—something of a "tomboy," I fear, but a pretty and lovable little girl, nevertheless. And as Hamnet told you about Judith, you would remember—no, you would not, though, for neither tinker nor knight nor any other Englishman of 1595 knew what we do to-day of Shakespeare's plays; but if you should happen to have a dream of the little fellow now, you might remember that Shakespeare's twins must have been often in the great writer's mind; for they stole into his work repeatedly in such shapes as that charming brother and sister of his *Twelfth Night*—Sebastian and Viola—

"An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures."

or the twin brothers Antipholus of Ephesus and Syracuse, and those very, very funny twin brothers of the *Comedy of Errors*, forever famous as the Two Dromios.

And if young Hamnet told you of his sister he would tell you, doubtless, of his grandfather who was once the bailiff or head man of Stratford town, and who lived with them in the little house in Henley Street; and especially would he tell you of his own dear father, Master William Shakespeare, who wrote poems and plays, and had even acted, at the last Christmas-time, before her Majesty the Queen in her palace at Greenwich. For you may be sure boy Hamnet was very proud of this—thinking more of it, no doubt, than of all the poems and plays his father had written.

Then, perhaps, you could lead the boy to tell you about himself. He might tell you how he liked his school—if he did like it; for perhaps, like his father's schoolboy, he did sometimes go

"with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

He would, however, be more interested to tell you that he went to school in the chapel of the Holy Cross, because the old school-house next door, to which his father had gone as a boy, was being repaired that year, and he liked going to school in the chapel because it gave him more holidays.

Ah, he would tell you, he did enjoy those holidays. For the little house in Henley Street was a bit crowded, and he liked to be out of doors, being, I suspect, rather a boy of the woods and the fields than of the Horn-Book, the Queen's Grammar, and Cato's Maxims. He and Judith had jolly times abroad, for Judith was a good comrade, and really had it easier than he did—so he would tell you—for Judith never went to school. In fact, to her dying day, Judith Shakespeare—think of that, you Shakespeare scholars!—a daughter of the greatest man in English literature could neither read nor write!

So the Shakespeare twins would roam the fields, and knew, blindfold, all that bright country-side about beautiful Stratford. Their father was a great lover of nature. You know that from reading his plays, and his twins took after him in this. Young Hamnet Shakespeare loved to hang over Clopton Bridge, as we found him to-day, watching the rippling Avon as it wound through the Stratford meadows and past the little town. He knew all the turns and twists of that storied river with which his great father's name is now so closely linked. He knew where to find and how to catch the perch and pike that swam beneath its surface. He and Judith had punted on it above and below Clopton Bridge, and on many a warm summer day he had stripped for a swim in its cooling water.

He knew Stratford from the Guild Pits to the Worcester road, and from the Salmon Tail to the Cross-on-the-Hill. He could tell you how big a jump it was across the streamlet in front of the Rother Market, and how much higher the roof of the Bell was than of the Wool-Shop, next door—for he had climbed them both.

He knew where, in Stratford meadows, the violets grew thickest and bluest in the spring, where the tall cowslips fairly "smothered" the fields, as the boys and girls of Stratford affirmed, and where, in the wood by the weir-brakes just below the town the fairies sometimes came from the Long Compton quarries to dance and sing on a midsummer night.

He had time and time again wandered along the Avon from Luddington to Charlecote. He had been many a time to his mother's home cottage at Shottery, and to his grandfather's orchards at Snitterfield for leather-coats and warden. He knew how to snare rabbits and "conies" in Ilmington woods, and he had learned how to tell, by their horns, the age of the deer in Charlecote Park—descendants, perhaps, of that very deer because of which his father once got into trouble with testy old Sir Thomas Lucy, the lord of Charlecote Manor.

The birds were his pets and playfellows. And what quantities there were all about Stratford town! Hamnet



"HAVE YOU SEEN MY FATHER AS YOU CAME ALONG?"

knew their ways and their traditions. He could tell you why the lark was hanged for treason; how the swan celebrated its own death; how the wren came to be king of the birds; and how the cuckoo swallowed its stepfather. He could tell you where the nightingale and the lark sang their sweetest "tirra-irra" in the weir-brake below Stratford Church, and just how many thievish jackdaws made their nests in Stratford spire. He could show you the very fallow in which he had caught a baby lapwing scudding away with its shell on its head, and in just what field the crow-boys had rigged up the best kind of a "mammet" or scarecrow to frighten the hungry birds.

So, you see, little Hamnet Shakespeare could keep you interested with his talk until it was time—if you were the tramping tinker—to toss once more your heavy pack on your shoulders, or, if you were lordly knight, to cry "get on" to your now rested horse. And by this time you would have discovered that here was a boy who, with eyes to see and ears to hear all the sights and sounds of that beautiful country about Stratford and along the Avon's banks, had learned to find, as his father, later on, described it:

"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

A clatter of hoofs rings upon the London highway. The boy springs to his feet; he scarcely waits to give you his hasty good-day, but with a hop, skip, and jump, flies across the bridge and along the road. And, as he is lifted to the saddle by the well-built, handsome man with scarlet doublet, loose riding-cloak, white ruff, unburnt hair and beard, who sits his horse so well, you know that father and son are riding home together, and that there will be joy in the little house in Henley Street. For Master William Shakespeare, the London player, has come from town to spend a day at home in the Stratford village he loved so dearly.

Perhaps, two or three years later, you may be led again to tramp or ride through Stratford town. As you loiter awhile at the Bear Tavern, near the Clopton Bridge, you recognize the arches and the pleasant river that flows beneath them, and then you remember the little boy with whom you talked on the bridge.

To your inquiries the landlord of the Bear says, with a sigh and a shake of the head,

"A gentle lad, sir, and a sad loss to his father."

"What—dead?" you ask.

"Yes, two years ago," the landlord replies. "Little Hamnet was never very strong, to be sure, but he sickened and died almost before we knew aught was wrong with him. A sad loss to his father. Master Shakespeare dearly loved the lad, and while he was gathering fame and wealth he thought most, I doubt not, of the boy to whom he was to pass them on."

"So Master William Shakespeare has grown rich as well as famous, has he?" you say, for all England knows by that time of his wonderful plays.

"Indeed yes," the landlord answers you. "See, across the trees, that big house yonder? It is New Place, bought in the spring of this very year of 1597, by Master Shakespeare, and put into fine repair. And there all his family live now—his old father, Master John, his wife, Mistress Ann, and all the children. But little Hamnet is not there, and I doubt not Master Shakespeare would gladly give all New Place and his theatre in London too, for that son of his back again, alive and well, and as happy of face as he used to be in the old house in Henley Street."

The landlord of the Bear is right. Hamnet Shakespeare ended his short life on the 11th of August, 1596, being then but eleven years old.

We know but little of his famous father's life; we know even less of the son he so dearly loved. Nor can any one say, had the boy but lived, whether he would have inherited anything of his father's genius.

The play of *Hamlet* may have been called in memory of the boy Hamnet, so nearly are the names alike; even more is it possible that the lovely boy, Prince Arthur, whose tragic story is a part of Shakespeare's play of *King John*, may have been drawn in memory of the writer's dead boy. For *King John* was written in the year of young Hamnet Shakespeare's death, and with the loss of the boy he so dearly loved weighing upon his soul, the great writer, whose name and fame the years only make yet more great, may thus have put into words a tender memory of the short-lived little Hamnet, the gentle son of Shakespeare.

THE DEMON OF SNAGGLE-TOOTH ROCK.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.



HERE were weeping and wailing within the Saunders' modest "one-story-and-a-jump" cottage. Monongahela's eyes were red from crying; the twins, Dallas Lee and Jemima Calline, had for once lost their appetite, even for corn-pone and molasses; and Washington Beauregard, the eldest of the brood of youngsters, frowned gloomily, and ground his teeth in deep if silent rage as he polished up his antiquated old rifle and thought upon vengeance. Only the baby crowed and gurgled as lustily as ever, shaking his gourd rattle in blissful infantile ignorance of the loss that had befallen the family—a loss most keenly felt by the children, for it was that of the bonny ewe-lamb, their pet and plaything by day, and almost their bedfellow by night; while the manner of its disappearance was shrouded in profound mystery.

"Mebbe 'twas Butcher Killen who tuck him," suddenly suggested the lugubrious boy twin. "Tack him to make roasts 'n' chops of; 'n' if it was, we may be eatin' Cotton Ball for dinner some of these fine days."

A dire prediction, which immediately sent Jemima Calline off into a wild paroxysm of grief, flinging herself flat upon the floor, and drumming a funeral tattoo with her best Sunday shoes on the gay rag carpet of domestic manufacture. "I'll never taste mutton again; never, never, the longest day I live," she howled.

"Now, Dallas Lee, see what you've done!" scolded Monongahela, usually called Monny for short. "You've set her off agin, and we'll have her in 'steries directly. 'Thar ain't no need of any sech fool talk either, and slanderin' your neighbor into the bargain. Mr. Killen is an honest man, who buys 'n' pays for all the critters he cuts up. Besides, I caught the lamb myself, and shet her up in the woodshed before ever we started for the bush-meetin'." I locked the door 'n' took the key in my pocket. The door was still locked when we came back."

"Ya—as; but ye couldn't lock the hole in the roof," drawled Wash, looking up from his polishing. "The hole pap 'n' I hev been calculatin' to mend for some time back, but 'ain't got at yit, more's the pity. 'Thar's where the thief come in. For thar on the shingles is where the locks of wool are a-hangin'."

"But I can't see how anybody could clamber up thar, drop through a hole, and git back agin with a big kickin' beast in his arms; for if he'd killed it on the spot ther'd be blood spattered 'round."

"Mebbe nobody could, but mebbe something might."

"Some thing! What sort of a thing? A fox or any other animal?"

"Praps so," but Wash would say no more. He was famous for holding his own counsel, and did so now, until the yellow moon had risen from behind the glorious mountain peaks surrounding their little primitive West Virginia home, and he and his favorite sister wandered out together into the soft, pine-scented night. Then, however, their thoughts naturally reverted to the mysterious disappearance, and the girl asked somewhat curiously, "So, Washington Beauregard, you won't allow that the 'ourery' thief what stole our pet come on two legs?"

"No, Monny, nor on four legs nuther," answered her brother. "Though I didn't want to say much afore the chillen. But I've been a-studyin' over this matter, and I begin to fear that he comes on wings."

"On wings! Law, then, he must be a bird! But I never saw a hawk or even an eagle big and strong enough to tote off a half-grown sheep like Cotton Ball. Strikes me it's dumb foolishness you're talkin', Wash."

"Waal, I dunno about that. Hev'n't you heard the old hunters, on winter nights, tell of a curisome-winged thing

that once made its nest over yonder on Snaggle Tooth?" and the youth pointed to a high, dark, jagged crag silhouetted against the purplish-blue sky. "It did a power of mischief in this neighborhood, totin' off chickens 'n' dogs 'n' sheep, and some say even tuckin' a calf. 'Twas a cute old fowl, so nobody could git a crack at it; but was up to so much devilment, that they called it the Demon of Snaggle-Tooth Rock."

"Oh, yaas, I've heard o' that often; but it was years ago, before you or I were born, an' the critter hasn't been rounnd here since."

"That's so; but what has been kin be; and the other day Tim Harkins tole me a yarn about jest sech a bird havin' been seen lately over Stonycliff way. A monstrous chap, something like a golden eagle, only bigger an' wickedder-lookin', with a more crooked beak, an' feathers of a dirty brownish-gray. At the time I thought Tim was jest a-humbuggin', but after the little beast disappeared so unaccountable like, I begun to reckon it must be true, sure enough."

"Oh, Wash, I can't bear to think of it!" and Monny's face looked quite pale in the moonlight. "Poor, dear little Cotton Ball! Fancy that demon and his mate tearing her limb from limb. It 'most breaks my heart." And long after the girl had climbed the ladder leading to the low attic under the clapboard roof, which she had shared with the younger children ever since their mother's death one year before, she lingered at the tiny two-paned window gazing off at the peaceful-seeming hills, but in imagination following the lost lambkin to the eagle's grim eyrie on wild, inaccessible Snaggle-Tooth Rock.

"It is dreadful, dreadful; but I won't tell Jemima Calline," was her last thought as she crept into bed beside her sister.

For Monongahela was old beyond her fourteen years, and bravely strove to fill the place of their lost parent to the motherless little ones, sending them trim and tidy to school and "Methody meetin'," feeding them on plenty of bacon, corn-dodgers, and apple-butter, and every morning, in spite of grimaces, dosing them all round with "whiskey and burdock" as an antidote against dyspepsia, the curse of that hog-eating, excessive coffee-drinking community.

Within a few days Washington's fears were painfully confirmed. Our young mountain folk were out one afternoon on the hill-side gathering ginseng and other herbs, when they met the circuit-rider who visited in turn the churches of their vicinity, and whom Mr. Saunders had frequently entertained. He paused for a chat, and informed them of the consternation created in a neighboring valley by the appearance of the terrible bird to prey upon any poultry or small animals left out over night; while one man had been severely wounded in an almost hand-to-claw tussle in order to save his dog.

The following morning, then, when Monny, with the baby toddling by her side, went out early to milk the cow, she heard a continuous firing, and came upon her brother armed with the old blunt-lock rifle which he had inherited from his grandfather, popping away at the brown and purple cones on the top of a tall pine-tree, and deftly snapping off the one at which he aimed nine times out of ten.

"Well, Washington Beauregard, I'll allow you are a pretty fair marksman," she remarked, after a moment of admiring watching. "Not many private hunters kin wing a bird as well as you, kin they?"

"Reckon I could hold my own agin most of they-uns if I only had a new-fangled gun," returned the boy. "This old fowlin'-piece ain't wuth much, and I do hope I kin sell enough 'sang' this year to buy another. 'Tain't much fun to git a fine aim at a buck and lose him 'cause your gun misses fire. As it is, though, I believe I could snip a curl off the baby's head an' hardly scare the darlin'. Jest hold him up, honey, an' let me hev a try." But to this William Tell arrangement Monny objected in horror, and scurried off with the infant, followed by Wash's roar of laughter and shout of "Ho, scare rabbit! But anyhow I

* Ginseng.

mean to keep in practice, 'n' hev a cold-lead welcome ready for that air eagle if he ever shows hisself this way agin."

The bird did not come; but about noon Tim Harkins did, ambling along on a rawboned sorrel nag, and reined up at the gate with a long-drawn-out "Whoa, thar!"

"Wash Saunders! Oh, Wash!" he called, and that youth, rising from the dinner-table, appeared in the ramshackle porch.

"Hello, Tim, is that you? Step in an' hev a bite, won't yer?"

"No, thankee. I'm jest on my way to a gander-pull over him the Springs, 'n' on'y stopped to fetch you a message. Ye wouldn't keer, naow, to hire out for a few weeks, at a dollar a day, would yer?"

"What to do?"

"Oh, jest to show a gentleman through the mountings, an' pint out the hants o' the wild birds. 'Pears this Perfessor, as they call him, is stoppin' over to the Spring Hotel, an' the landlord, Poke Dickson, axed me ef I knowed any o' the neighborhood boys who would like the job. Somenn what wuz a first-rate shot, an' 'quainted with all the trails. Yaas, I tole him Wash Saunders am the very chap, ef you kin git him. But, I added, the Saunders air poaty ticky, an' Wash, mebbe, won't relish playin' pinter-dorg to any one. For, sez I, his pappy am a forehand man, who keeps his fambly comfible. He hez a good corn 'n' tobacco field, 'n' the gyrls hez a kyarpet on the best room, 'n' curtains to the windys, 'n' everything mighty slick. Still, sez I, 't'woud do no harm to ax, so here I be."

"Sho, Tim, you know I ain't so ticky as that. Dunno but I'd like it first rate, for I'm strivin' to get a new rifle. Granddaddy's old 'Sally Blazer,' as he used to name it, is about played out."

"Waal, naow, then, here's your chance, 'n' I'm real tickled. But I must be agoggin'. G'lang, Juniper! Shall I tell Poke you will go over 'n' see the Perfessor?"

"Yes, I will, this very evenin'"; which the boy did, and returned jubilant. "It's a snap, a reg'lar snap," he declared to the group of brothers and sisters who ran to meet him. "Professor Stuart is real quality, an' no mistake. He's an orni—orni—waal, I don't rightly remember the name, but he's plumb crazy about birds, 'n' comed here a purpose to see those what live in West Virginia. It's a curious notion, but he's nice, 'n' so is Mis' Stuart, though she lies on a sofy most of the time, and looks dreful white 'n' pindlin'."

"Air there any chilluns?" inquired Jennima Culline.

"Yaas, two. An awful poaty gyrl, with eyes like brown stars, an' all rigged out in white, same as an angel, with big, puffy sleeves; an' the jolliest small boy you ever see. He's a downright little man, though he's only five year old, an' he's curls down to his waist."

"Waal, then, sence they were so friendly, I s'pose you came to some bargain?" said Monongahela.

"Sartain; an' I'm to meet Mr. Stuart to-morrer mornin' at the cross-roads an' show him a red-bird's nest. He wants to collect eggs an' live specimuns."

When, then, the Professor rode up to the appointed rendezvous on the following day, he found Wash awaiting him, "Sally Blazer" in hand, and a powder-horn and shot-pouch slung from his neck by a leather strap. His feet, too, were encased in moccasins that his footfall might not startle the shy creatures of the wildwood.

"Ah, my lad, I see you understand the business," remarked the ornithologist, with an approving nod, "and I predict we shall be fine friends."

Thus, too, it proved and for both. That was the beginning of a month of happy, halcyon days spent in the open; a perpetual picnic, sealing the rough but ever-enchanted hills, wandering through the beautiful solemn pine forests, following Nature's most winsome things to their chosen haunts, and always breathing in the resinous health-giving mountain air. Sometimes, when the tramp was not to be too long a one, small Royal accompanied his father, gay and joyous as a dancing grig, and looking like a little Highland princeling in his outing costume of Scotch plaid, proudly flourishing a tiny wooden gun.

"We are good chums, ain't we, Wash?" he would say, in

his precocious friendly little way. "good chums, going hunting together. But we musn't kill things just for fun. That is naughty. Papa says food or science is the only excuse. He never takes but one egg from a nest, and would rather snare birds than shoot them."

Occasionally, too, pretty Jean would join the party at a given point, driving over with a dainty lunch from the hotel, and then there would be a merry out-door meal in some cozy green nook, near to one of the cold clear mountain springs which furnished the purest and most refreshing beverage.

And what a revelation this experience was to poor little Washington Beauregard! Not only the bits of knowledge he picked up from the ornithologist's learned discourses on the gorgeous Virginia-cardinals and orioles, the red-capped woodpeckers and flitting humming-birds, but in a different style of girlhood and more refined mode of life than he had ever known. Day by day, too, he became fonder of and more devoted to his new friends, and looked forward with dread to the time when they must part. All too speedily, then, that date drew on apace, until the morning set for their last pleasant tramp dawdled. The Professor and Washington started early, while at noon Jean and Royal met them on the hills above Stonycliff, climbing the last rough incline, that being too steep for the horses and carriage, which were left with the driver at a small clearing part way down the mountain.

"And just think, papa," cried Jean, "we found the squatter's wife at the log house below in sore trouble. Yesterday that horrible eagle, of which we have heard so much, swooped down and carried off her milch-goat almost before her very eyes, and now what she is going to do for milk for her baby she does not know."

"Well, that is a misfortune truly," said the Professor, "and we must see what we can do to help her, but I wish I had been here to have a peep at that abnormal bird. I imagine the stories regarding it are much exaggerated, but if not, it cannot be an eagle; must belong to the semi-vulturine family, though those are rarer than white blackbirds in this part of the world. I really am curious to get a glimpse of the creature." And as it chanced, he was destined to have his curiosity satisfied in a way he little dreamed of.

The collation eaten that day under the trees was an unusually bountiful one, reflecting credit on mine host of the Spring House, and after it the ornithologist stretched himself out to enjoy an afternoon cigar, while Jean, followed by her small brother, wandered off to sketch a charming view that had taken her fancy. Meanwhile Wash cleared away the remains of the feast, packing the dishes in the hamper, and carefully saving any fragments of good things for the little ones at home.

He had just completed his task, when a frightened cry of "Sister, oh, sister!" and a blood-curdling shriek from the girl made him snatch up his fowling-piece and fly in the direction the young Stuarts had taken. The Professor also sprang to his feet and followed suit, while, as they emerged from the shadow of the wood, both were almost paralyzed by the sight they beheld. For there stood Jean, white to the very lips, but bravely endeavoring with her climbing-staff to beat off an enormous bird, in whose great cruel talons struggled little Royal, upon whom had been made a sudden and fierce attack.

"My goodness! it's the demon!" gasped Wash, while the father, overcome by a sickening horror, fell back against a tree. Even too, as they approached, the huge, repulsive creature spread its big dusky wings and began slowly to rise, bearing off in its claws the poor child, who stretched out his tiny hand, sobbing piteously, "Oh, papa, save me!" There was one terrible nightmare second, when nobody had power to move, and then the Professor, with a wild lunge forward, caught at his vanishing boy. But the gay kilt slipped through his fingers, and still the bird of prey soared relentlessly upward and onward.

But at that moment Granddaddy Saunders's old rifle was raised and levelled at the monster.

"Oh, Wash, pray be careful; you may hit the wee ladie," cried Jean, sinking down and covering her face.



"MAY OLD 'SALLY BLAZERS' NOT MISS FIRE THIS TIME!"

No one knew the danger better than the mountain-bred youth, but he held himself well in hand and kept cool. "I must only maim, not kill, the critter outright," he thought, "and may old 'Sally Blazers' not miss fire this time!"

Then he took careful aim, a bullet whistled through the air, and the "demon's" left wing dropped powerless at his side. They could see the wrathful red gleam in the creature's eyes as it paused, wavered, and careened to one side, but the right pinion still flapped vigorously, and kept it up, while it still retained its clutch on the little fellow, who no longer screamed, but now appeared ominously quiet and white.

"Ef he gits over the precipice all is lost," murmured the young sportsman, with a glance toward the edge of the cliff upon which they stood, and he wasted no time in re-loading and firing again. And oh, joy! again he winged his victim, which, uttering an unearthly, discordant cry, began to flutter slowly downward. But now a fresh danger threatened Royal, for the bird, maddened by pain, suddenly released its hold, and the fair little head must surely have been crushed on the jagged rocks beneath, had not Wash been prepared for this, and, springing forward, caught him in his strong young arms, although the precipitancy with which the child came almost flung both to the ground. There was just an instant, too, in which to stagger to one side, before, with a whirl and a whirl, the mighty fowl was upon them, striking the stony ledge with a dull, sickening thud. Wounded, but by no means dead, was the Snaggle-Tooth demon, and he fought desperately with beak and claws, and beat himself against the granite, until a third shot from old "Sally Blazers" finally ended his career forever.

Meanwhile poor little Royal lay stretched on a bed of moss, pale and unconscious, his garments torn to tatters, and blood streaming from his chubby legs and arms.

"He is dead; my bonny wee laddie is dead, and how ever shall I tell his mother?" sobbed the Professor, completely unnerved; but Jeanie never stopped chafing the dimpled hands, and bathing the white forehead with cold water; until, after what seemed an eternity, a low sigh issued from between the child's pale lips.

"No, papa dear, he is breathing, and it is Wash, good brave Wash, who has saved him"; and when the young girl turned and thanked him, and her eyes filled with grateful tears, the uncouth backwoods boy, though he could only stammer and blush, felt it to be the proudest moment in all his fifteen years of life.

Soon Royal regained consciousness, but seemed so dazed and frightened, clinging to his sister and imploring her to "hide him from the awful, scratching claws," both father and daughter looked worried. "For it will kill mamma to see him in this condition," groaned Jean.

"Oh, then," put in Wash, eagerly, "jest tote him down to our house. Monny would admire to hev yer, 'n' she's a fust-rate nuss."

"Do you think so? Would your sister really not object?"

"Deed no; she will be plumb right glad."

So it was decided, and so the young Stuarts made the acquaintance of Monongahela, Jenima Calline, Dallas Lee, and the baby, and slept in the room with the "rag kyarpet and the cuttings," which was hastily prepared for the unexpected guests, while by the fitful light of six pine knots the killing of the Snaggle-Rock demon was rehearsed again and again. Monny lost her heart to gentle,

ladylike Jean, and concocted such a bowl of "yarb tea" for Royal that he slept soundly all night, and awoke his own bright, bonny, little self.

"It has been a strange conclusion to a most satisfactory summer," said Mr. Stuart, when he appeared at the cottage the next day. "And but for you, Washington, would have been a very tragic one."

But when he attempted to reward the boy with money, he stiffened in a moment. "No, thankee, sir," he said. "I can't take it. Why, I love that leetle R'yal most as much as I do Dallas Lee, 'n' I won't be paid for rescuin' him. Besides, I had a grudge agin that air eagle, on my own account, all along of Cotton Ball."

"That vulture, you mean; for I was not mistaken. It belongs to the vulture family, though sometimes erroneously called the 'golden eagle.' Well, I am not sure but you can get a nice little sum for that specimen, as it is a rare and unusually large one. Suppose I take it to the city, and see what I can do for you?"

To this Wash agreed, and the huge bird of prey, which was found to measure fourteen feet from tip to tip of its broad wings, after lying in state, and being visited by half the county, was shipped to New York, while the amount returned by the Professor for the great carcass seemed a veritable fortune to the Saunders, whom the neighbors say are more "ticky" than ever.

Certainly St. George never won more local fame by his dragon slaying than did Washington Beauregard by his lucky feat, and he is proud of the handsome silver-mounted Winchester rifle, the gift of "his grateful friend Royal Stuart," that hangs side by side with the ancient gun which shot the voracious bird of prey now adorning a city museum, labelled "*The Lammereiger, or Bearded Vulture*," but which in the West Virginia mountains will go down to history as the Demon of Snaggle-Tooth Rock.

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XV.

THE drive to Blue Hill had been delightful and the view from the top exceptionally fine, it being one of those clear, still days when distant objects are brought near. It seemed almost possible to lay one's finger upon the spires of Boston and the glistening dome of the State-house miles away.

Bronson had exerted himself to the utmost. He wished to stand well with all men, and particularly with the Franklin family. From a worldly point of view it would have a most excellent effect for him to be seen driving with pretty Edith Franklin, of Oakleigh. He was glad whenever they passed a handsome turnout from Milton, and he was obliged to take off his hat to its occupants. He felt that he had really gone up in the world during the last year or two. It was a lucky thing for him, he thought, that he had fallen in with Tom Morgan at St. Asaph's. By the time he left college, which he was entering this year, he would have made quite a number of desirable acquaintances.

His talk was clever, but every now and then he said something that made Edith wince. He spoke of Neal, and was sorry he had gone to the bad altogether. Had he really disappeared?

Edith hesitated; she had not the ready wit with which Cynthia would have parried the question.

"We think he is in Philadelphia," she said, finally.

Bronson laughed.

"Hardly," he said; "I saw him in Boston a day or two ago. He looked rather seedy, I thought, and I felt sorry for him, but I didn't stop and speak. Thought it wouldn't

do, don't you know; and I'm glad I didn't, as you feel this way."

"I hardly know what you mean," said Edith, somewhat distantly; "we are sorry Neal went away, that is all."

Though she thought he must have taken the money, Edith felt obliged to defend Neal for the sake of the family honor. She had suffered extremely from the talk that there had been in Brenton; she did so dislike to be talked about, and this affair had given rise to much gossip.

"You are very good to say that," said Bronson. "How generous you are not to acknowledge that Gordon stole the money to pay me."

"Stole!" repeated Edith, shuddering.

"I beg pardon, I shouldn't have stated it so broadly; but I'm so mixed up in it, don't you know. It was really my fault, you see, that he felt obliged to—er—to take it. But, of course, I'd no idea it would lead to any such thing as this. I fancied Gordon could get hold of as much money as he wanted by perfectly fair means. Will you believe me, Miss Edith, when I tell you how awfully sorry I am that I should have indirectly caused you any annoyance?"

He looked very handsome, and Edith could not see the expression of triumph in his steely eyes. It was nice of him, perhaps, to say this, even though there was something "out" in his way of doing it.

What was it about Bronson that always affected her thus, even though she liked him, and was flattered by his attentions? She said to herself that it was merely the effect of Cynthia's outspoken dislike. Unreasonable though it was, it influenced her.

But now it came over Edith with overwhelming force



"YOU WERE AFRAID TO BRAVE IT OUT. AFRAID!"

that she had done very wrong to come with Tony Brouson this afternoon. She was disobeying her step-mother, besides acting most deceitfully. Yes; she had deliberately deceived Mrs. Franklin when she wrote the note the day before; for had she not had it in her mind then to allow herself to be over-persuaded in regard to the drive? These thoughts made Edith very silent.

And then they had driven through Brenton. Unfortunately an electric car reached the corner just as they did. The gay little mare from the livery-stable, which had been rather resentful of control all the afternoon, bolted and ran. A heavy ice-cart barred the way. There was a crash, and Bronson and Edith were both thrown out.

It was all over in a moment; but Edith had time to realize what was about to happen, and again there flashed through her mind the conviction of how wrongly she had behaved. What would mamma say?

It was significant that she thought of Mrs. Franklin then for the first time as "mamma."

Bronson escaped with a few bruises, but Edith was very much hurt—just how much the doctor could not tell. She was unconscious for several hours.

Cynthia never forgot that night; her father away; her mother, with tense, strained face, watching by the bedside; and, above all, the awful stillness in Edith's room while they waited for her to open her eyes. Perhaps she would never open them. What then? Beyond that Cynthia's imagination refused to go.

She was sorry that she had been so cross with Edith about Bronson. Suppose she never were able to speak to her sister again! Her last words would have been angry ones. She would not remember that Edith had done wrong to go; all that was forgotten in the vivid terror of the present moment.

The tall clock in the hall struck twelve. It was midnight again, just as it had been on New Year's Eve when she and Neal stood by the window and looked out on the snow. The clock had struck and Neal had not promised.

Reminded of Neal, she put her hand in her pocket and drew out the crumpled note. It had quite escaped her mind that she was to meet him to-morrow. To-morrow? It was to-day! She was to see Neal to-day, and bring him back to her mother. Poor mamma! And Cynthia looked lovingly at the silent watcher by the bed.

Edith did not die. The doctor, who spent the night at Oakleigh, spoke more hopefully in the morning. She was very seriously hurt, but he thought that in time she would recover. She was conscious when he left.

The morning dawned fair, but by nine o'clock the sun was obscured. It was one of those warm spring days when the clouds hang low and showers are imminent. Mrs. Franklin was surprised when Cynthia told her that she was going on the river.

"To-day, Cynthia? It looks like rain, and you must be tired, for you had little sleep last night. Besides, your father may arrive at any moment if he got my telegram promptly, and then, dear Edith!"

"I know, mamma," faltered Cynthia. It was hard to explain away her apparent thoughtlessness. "But I sha'n't be gone long. It always does me good to paddle, and Jack will be at home and the nurse has come. Do you really need me, mamma?"

"Oh no, not if you want to go so much. I thought perhaps Edith would like to have you near. But I must go back to her now. Don't stay away too long, Cynthia. I like to have you within call."

Cynthia would have preferred to stay close by Edith's side, but there was no help for it; she must go to Neal. Afterwards, when she came back and brought Neal with her, her mother would understand.

She was soon in the canoe, paddling rapidly down-stream. A year had not made great alteration in Cynthia's appearance. As she was fifteen years old now her gowns were a few inches longer, and her hair was braided and looped up at the neck, instead of hanging in curly disorder as it once did; and this was done only out of regard for Edith. Cynthia herself cared no more about the way she looked than she ever did. She did not want to grow up, she said.

She preferred to remain a little girl, and have a good time just as long as she possibly could.

It was quite a warm morning for the time of year, and the low-hanging clouds made exercise irksome, but Cynthia did not heed the weather. Her one idea was to reach Neal as quickly as possible and bring him home. How happy her mother would be! She wondered why he had not returned to the house at once, instead of sending for her in this mysterious fashion; it would have been so much nicer. However, she was glad he had come, even this way. It was far better than not coming at all.

Her destination lay several miles from Oakleigh; but the current and what breeze there was were both in Cynthia's favor, and it was not long before she had passed under the stone bridge which stood about half-way between. She met no one; the river was little frequented at this hour of the morning so far from the town, for the numerous curves in the Charles made it a much longer trip by water than by road from Oakleigh to Brenton. A farmer's boy or two watched her pass, and criticised loudly, though amiably, the long free sweep of her paddle.

Cynthia did not notice them. Her mind was fully occupied, and her eyes were fixed upon the distance. As each bend in the river was rounded she hoped that she might see Neal's familiar figure waiting for her.

And at last she did see him. He was sitting on the bank, leaning against the trunk of a tree, and when she came in sight he ran down to the little beach that made a good landing-place just at this point.

"Cynthia, you're a brick!" he exclaimed. "I was afraid you were not coming."

"Oh, Neal, I'm so glad to see you! Get in quickly, and we'll go back as fast as we can. Of course I came, but we mustn't lose a minute on account of Edith. Hurry!"

"What do you mean? I'm not going back with you."

"Not going back? Why, Neal, of course you are."

"Not by a long shot. Did you think I would ever go back there?"

"Neal!"

Cynthia's voice trembled. The color rose in her face and her eyes filled with tears.

"Neal, you can't really mean it?"

"Of course I do."

"Then why did you send for me?"

"Because I wanted to see you. There, don't look as if you were going to cry, Cynthia. I hate girls that cry, and you never were that sort. I'll be sorry I sent for you if you do."

Cynthia struggled to regain her composure. This was a bitter disappointment, but she must make every effort to prevail upon Neal to yield.

"I'm not crying," she said, blinking her eyes very hard. "Tell me what you mean."

"I don't mean anything in particular, except that I wanted to see you again, perhaps for the last time." This with a rather tragic air.

"The last time?"

"Yes. I've made up my mind to cut loose from everybody, and just look out for myself after this. If my only sister suspects me of stealing, I don't care to have anything more to do with her. I can easily get along until I'm twenty-five. I'll just knock round and take things easy, and if I go to the bad no one will care particularly."

"Neal, I had no idea you were such a coward!" exclaimed Cynthia, indignantly.

"Coward! You had better look out, Cynthia. I won't stand much of that sort of thing."

"You've got to stand it. I call you a coward. You ran away like a boy in a dime novel, just because you couldn't stand having anything go wrong. You were afraid to brave it out. *Afraid!*"

There was no suspicion of tears now in Cynthia's voice. She knelt in the canoe very erect and very angry. Her cheeks were crimson, and her blue eyes had grown very dark.

"I tell you again to take care," said Neal, restraining his anger with difficulty. "I did not send for you to come down here and rave this way."

"And I never would have come if I'd thought you were going to behave this way. I'm dreadfully, dreadfully disappointed in you, Neal. I always thought you were a very nice boy, and I was awfully fond of you—almost as fond of you as I am of Jack, and now—"

She broke off abruptly and looked away across the river.

If Neal was touched by this speech he did not show it at the moment. He stood with his hands in his pockets, kicking the toe of his boot against a rock.

"Of course I couldn't stay there," he said, presently. "Your father as good as called me a thief."

"He didn't at all. He didn't really believe you had taken the money until you ran away. Then, of course, every one thought it strange that you went, and I don't wonder. And I couldn't tell how it really was, because I had promised you; but I'm not going to keep the promise any longer, Neal. I am going to tell."

"No, you can't. You've promised, and I won't release you. I am not going to demean myself by explaining; they ought to have believed in me. But I wish you would stop scolding, Cynthia, and come up here on the bank. I can't talk while you are swinging round there with the current."

After a moment's hesitation Cynthia complied with his request. It occurred to her that perhaps she could accomplish more by persuasion than by wrath. Neal drew up the boat and they sat down under the tree.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked Cynthia.

"In Boston, first. I've been staying with several fellows. I gave out that I was going to Philadelphia, for I thought you would be looking for me, and it is true, for I am going, some time soon. Then I went to Roxbury, and yesterday I walked out from there and found that little shaver to take the note to you."

"Have you told your friends that you ran away?"

"No. Why should I? Fortunately I took enough clothes, though these are beginning to look a little shabby. I spent last night in a shed. I've only got a little money left, but it will answer until I get something to do."

"Neal, do you know you are just breaking mamma's heart?"

Neal said nothing.

"She has looked so awfully ever since you left, and she wrote to you in Philadelphia, and papa went on, but we had to send for him to come back on account of Edith."

"What about Edith?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Edith had a fearful accident yesterday. She was driving with—she went to drive, and was thrown out and was terribly hurt."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Neal, with real concern in his voice. "How did it happen? Was it one of your horses?"

"No," said Cynthia, hurrying over that part of it, for she did not want Neal to know that Edith had been with Broun; "but she was very much hurt, Neal. She was unconscious nearly all night, and the doctor thought perhaps she—she would die. Oh, Neal, won't you come back? Won't you please come back?"

Neal rose abruptly, and began to walk up and down the little clearing.

"I wish you wouldn't, Cynthia," he remonstrated; "I've told you I couldn't, and you ought not to ask me. I'm awfully sorry about Edith, and I'm sorry Hattie feels so badly about me. I'll give in about one thing. You can tell her you have seen me and that I am well. You needn't say I'm going to the bad, but very likely I shall. You mustn't say a word about having lent me the money, I will not have that explained. There, it has begun to rain."

A few big drops came pattering down, falling with loud splashes into the river.

"Oh, I must hurry back!" exclaimed Cynthia, hastily drying her eyes.

"It's only going to be a shower. Come up here where the trees are thicker, and wait till it is over. See, it's all bright over there."

Cynthia looked in the direction indicated, and seeing a streak of cloud that was somewhat lighter than the rest,

concluded to wait. Perhaps she could yet prevail upon Neal to come.

They went into the woods a short distance, and though there were not many leaves upon the trees as yet, they were more protected than in the open. It was raining hard now.

"Neal," said Cynthia, in her gentlest tones, "when you have thought it over a little more I'm sure you will agree with me. Indeed, you ought to come."

"I have done nothing else but think it over, and I tell you I am not coming, Cynthia. I wish you wouldn't say any more. I sent for you because I wanted to see you once more, and now you're spoiling it all. I don't believe you care a bit about me."

"Oh, Neal, how can you say so? You know I do care, very much. I'm awfully disappointed in you, that's all. I always thought you were brave and good, and would do things you ought to do, even when you didn't want to. It does seem selfish to stay away and make mamma feel so badly, when it would only be necessary to come home and say you had borrowed the money of me, to make everything all right. It seems very selfish indeed, but perhaps I am mistaken. I dare say I'm very selfish myself, and have no right to preach to you, but if you could see mamma I'm sure you would feel as I do."

Neal remained silent.

"But I still have faith in you," continued Cynthia. "I think some day you will see it as I do. I am sure you will. Oh, dear, how wet it is getting."

The rain was coming down in torrents. The ground was wet and soggy, and their feet sank in the drenched leaves. The canoe, drawn up on the bank, was full of water.

"I ought to have gone home. It is going to rain all day, and mamma will be so worried."

The clouds had settled down heavily, and there was no prospect whatever of the rain stopping.

"I must go right away; I am wet through now. Oh, Neal, if you would only go with me! Won't you go, Neal?"

But Neal shook his head.

"Very well; then it is good-by. But remember what I said, Neal. It's your own fault that the family think you took it. And if mamma or any one ever asks me any questions about what I am going to do with Aunt Betsey's present, I'm not going to pretend anything. If they choose to find out I lent it to you, they can. You won't say I can't tell them; so, of course, I can't do it, as I promised, but I shall prevent them finding it out. Oh, Neal, do, do come!"

"I'm a brute, Cynthia, I know, but I can't give in. You don't know how hard it is for me ever to give in. I'll remember what you said. Please shake hands for good-by to me, if you don't think I'm too mean and selfish and heartless and a coward, and everything else you've said."

"Oh, Neal!" cried Cynthia, as she grasped his hand with both of hers, "some day I'm sure you will come. Good-by, Neal."

They turned over the canoe, which was full of rain-water, and then Cynthia embarked. Suddenly an idea occurred to her—she would make one more effort.

"Neal, you will have to go part way with me. I'm really afraid to go alone. It is raining so hard the boat will fill up, and it will take me so long to go alone."

Neal could not resist this very feminine appeal. He hesitated, and then got in and took the extra paddle.

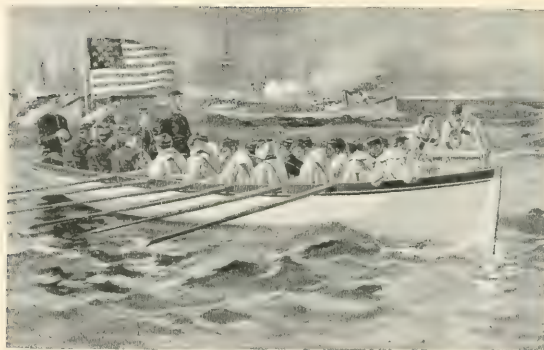
"I'll go part way, Cynthia, but I won't go home. Of course I can't let you go off alone if you're afraid. I never knew you to be so before."

With long, vigorous strokes they were soon pulling upstream. Occasionally one of them would stop and bail with the big sponge kept in the boat for emergencies.

The rain splashed into the river, and the dull gray stream seemed to run more swiftly than usual. It looked very different from its wont. Cynthia and Neal, many times as they had been together on the Charles, had never before been there in a storm.

"Everything is changed," thought Cynthia; "even my own river is different. Will things ever be the same again? Oh, if Neal will only give in when we get near home!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]



A LANDING PARTY.

A WAR FLEET IN TRAINING.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

THE fleet cruiser *Minneapolis* lies straining at her arched cable off Tompkinsville, Staten Island. The last of the flood tide is singing around the outward curve of her powerful ram, and a gentle southerly breeze is floating to leeward from her massive yellow smoke-stacks, two columns of oily-brown smoke, for the signal "spread fires" flew from the flag-ship hours ago, and the fleet is in readiness to get under way. Down in the fire-room the coal-passers feed the giant furnaces that roar for more. Water-tenders and machinists glide hither and thither watching the boilers and the machinery. On the platforms beside the twin engines stand engineer officers waiting for the signal to start the propellers. Brass-work and steel-work glitter with the splendor of a new polish, and under all rumbles the dull monotone of the dynamo.

On the bridge stand the Captain, the Executive Officer, the navigator, the officer of the watch, the cadet whose duty it is to watch for signals, and a signal boy. A seaman stands by the wheel, and a quartermaster stands beside him. On the after-bridge stand the junior-officer of the watch, a quartermaster, and two signal boys. About the decks are hundreds of seamen ready to jump to their allotted stations. All are silent, eager, alert.

"Signal, sir," says the cadet, referring to his fleet signal-book; "137—get under way."

A word from the Executive Officer, and the steam-winch rolls in the cable. A touch upon an electric button, a rattle of jangling bells below, and the mighty engines turn

slowly over, taking the strain off the cable, and sending the ship up to her anchor. Another string of flags runs to the signal-yard of the flag-ship.

"Form column of vessels," reads the cadet from the signal-book, "natural order."

A minute later the North Atlantic Squadron, Admiral Bance commanding, is steaming in single file out toward the Narrows, the flag-ship *New York* leading, followed by the *Minneapolis*, *Columbia*, *Baltic*, *Montgomery*, *Cushing*, *Ericsson*, and *Stiletto*. A

triangular shape swings point up half-way between the deck and the signal-yard of the *New York*. It means half-cruising speed—five knots an hour—and the other ships repeat the signal. Silently, majestically, keeping their distances like soldiers on parade, the powerful steel cruisers and the agile torpedo-boats move down the Conover Channel, around the Southwest Spit, past the Hook bell-buoy, out the Gedney Channel, and past the old red light-ship to the open sea. Another string of signals rises on the flag-ship, and the answering pennants flutter on the other ships while the signal-book says,

"Form double column."

Every ship knows her place, and in a few minutes the right wing is made of the *Minneapolis*, *Montgomery*, *Cushing*, and *Stiletto*, and the left of the others, the flag-ship at the head and in the centre. The speed is now up to the full cruising limit—ten knots an hour—and as the ships go rolling and bowing over the

Atlantic swells, their keen prows send up fountains of silvery foam that spread away on either bow in streamers of snow on the living blue. The flag-ship signals the course, and again the others answer with the pennant of perpendicular red and white stripes. The quiet of an orderly sea-march settles down over the fleet, yet never for one instant, night or day, does vigilance relax, for at any moment signals may break out on the flag-ship, though they be nothing more than some vessel's number to warn her that she is out of position.

But other signals do appear, for this is no holiday cruise, but one of practice and ceaseless drill. Fleet tactics are executed almost without rest. "Form line of battle, wings right and left front into line;"

"By vessels from the right front into echelon,"

"Front into line,"

"Squadrons right turn,"

"Form line, left wing left oblique,"

"Form column, vessels right turn,"

and dozens of other orders are given by the flag-ship, and executed with precision and accuracy which would amaze a landsman, but which probably fall far short of the high ideal in the Admiral's mind. Empty, parade-like manoeuvres these would seem to the ignorant, but it was the skill of his captains in the execution of such movements, combined with their knowledge of his plans, that enabled Nelson to hurl his fleet upon that of Villeneuve at Trafalgar with such fatal accuracy after hoisting only three signals to the yard-arm of the *Victory*.

In the darkness of a cloudy night one of the ships is detached with secret orders. She is to indicate an enemy's force, and to fall upon the fleet at some unexpected hour the next day. From the moment of her departure the lookouts on the remaining ships doubly strain their eyes, and not a spar rises above the horizon that is not studied with all a seaman's skill. In the first dog-watch of the next afternoon, when the sailors forward are amusing themselves with pipe and song, the lookout in the foretop cries,

"Steamer ho!"



FIRING FROM THE MILITARY TOPS.



SIGNALING FROM THE FLAG-SHIP.

In answer to the questions of the officer of the watch, he says the smoke looks like that of a cruiser. The *New York* has seen her too, and the next minute signals fly at her yard-arm. The Captain nods, and the hollows of the ship are filled with the sharp beating of a drum, the shrill screeching of boatswains' pipes, and the sound of heavy voices bawling, "All hands clear ship for action!" That is a thrilling cry, even in time of peace, and half-slumbering sailors spring to their feet with staring eyes and panting breath. Marines rush to the arm-racks to get their rifles, belts, and bayonets. Officers buckle on swords and revolvers, and spring to their stations.

And now begins a brief period of bustling activity, which to a landsman would seem like confusion itself confounded. Boats are lashed around with canvas to keep splinters from flying, extra slings are rigged on yards and gaffs to keep them from falling to the deck if struck by shot, breastworks of hammocks are made on bridges, forecastle, and poops, stanchions and rails are sent below, and everything that can be removed is taken from the deck so that the guns may have a clear sweep. The magazines and fixed ammunition-rooms are thrown open, and the men of the powder division take the stations allotted to them for keeping up a continuous supply of ammunition to the whole battery.



LOADING A BIG GUN

cartridges, and stand waiting for orders.

At last all is ready, and the division officers report to the Executive Officer, who in turn reports to the Captain.

The flag-ship signals the order for the formation for attack, and then at full speed the vessels dash forward. Signals follow signals, and the ships go through swift and graceful evolutions, until the Admiral's programme has been fully carried out. Then the vessel that was detached to represent the enemy lowers over her side a pyramidal target of white canvas with a black spot painted in the centre. She steams back to her position in line. Now the vessels in turn glide slowly along at a distance of 1600 or 1800 yards from the target, and the thunder of great guns fairly shakes the heavens, while the massive steel projectiles strike the water around the target, and thrash it into glaring geyers of milk-white foam. It would be a sad time for any hostile ship if she lay where that target is.

At last the target practice is over, while a great cloud of gray smoke drifting slowly off to leeward, and the signal



"FORM DOUBLE COLUMN!"

"Secure" at the flag-ship's yard-arm, are all that remain of the recent scene of action. Once again signals direct the formation of the fleet in double column, and like some giant duck leading a flock of monster ducklings across the sea the *New York* swims away, followed by her steel companions. This time the fleet steers for a harbor. Again the red and blue flags blossom at the *New York's* yard-arm like the magic flowers in the last scene of a fairy play.

"Two thirty-seven," reads the cadet from the signal-book; "anchor in column."

With the precision of carriages driven to a church door at a wedding the big ships and the little torpedo-boats stop at their proper stations, and the hoarse rumble of cables through hawse-holes tell that the anchors have gone down. All but three—for see, there go the three torpedo-boats, spinning around on their heels, and gliding out of the harbor as silently and as swiftly as mice. There is to be a torpedo-boat attack. This will be made under cover of the darkness, and the anchored ships will strive, by means of their search-lights, to detect the assailants. If the torpedo-boat succeeds in approaching a certain ship within a given distance without being seen, she is credited with having sunk or disabled that ship, for that is what she would do in time of war.

The night is intensely dark, and the blinding search-lights pierce the blackness in every direction with their shafts of dazzling white. Under the shadow of the land, with every light extinguished, the torpedo-boats, painted a color which blends with that of the sea, steal noiselessly toward the fleet. Suddenly they separate, and with lightning speed dash forward. See! a brilliant light falls on one. She is caught, and the firing of rifles and Gatling-guns from the tops shows that she is hotly received. The other two escape detection, and make their presence known inside the circle. Red and white lights flash signals along the main rigging of the *New York*. The day's work is over, and erelong tired blue-jackets hear the bugles blow the welcome notes of the tattoo.

The next morning the flag-ship hoists the



"ALL HANDS CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION!"

signal for a landing-party. Boats are lowered away, and Jack Tar prepares to go ashore as a seaman-infantryman. With his brown canvas leggings, his brown belt and knapsack, his formidable rifle and bayonet, the sailor makes a serviceable coast soldier. At a signal from the flag-ship the boats are hauled to the companion-ladders, and the men pour into them. Rifles are laid down, and oars are taken up, for Jacky rows himself ashore. Another signal, and the boats, shooting out from the sides of the ships, fall into their allotted places. Again a signal, and they start for the shore, the oars in the rowlocks beating time to a sort of sea-march. As the boats strike the beach the bugle sounds the "assembly," and in a few minutes the battalion of marines and seamen-infantry is formed. The band from the flag-ship strikes up "Nancy Lee," and with that invigorating swing that belongs to Jack Tar alone the battalion marches inland, where it goes through all the evolutions of the street riot and battle drills, and finishes with a dress parade to the delight of all the boys in that part of the land.

And thus from day to day the work of the squadron goes on, the Admiral constantly propounding new topics for its study; for no one knows better than a naval officer the necessity of being ready for active service at a moment's notice. That readiness can be attained only by obeying the good old maxim: "In time of peace prepare for war."



BUTTERFLY BOWS.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.

ONCE a little girl existed
Who was fond of poms and shows,
And upon her braids insisted
Tying two great scarlet bows.
Though her father couldn't bear them,
And her gentle mother said
That she wished her child should wear them
Tied with modest bows instead.
But their wishes she made light of,
And her gaudy ribbons grew
Bigger every day, in spite of
All her friends could say or do.
Till this child, all counsel spurning,
Found with horror and surprise
That her bows were slowly turning
Into monstrous butterflies.
First they gently swayed and fluttered,
Then with spreading wings they flew,
Ere one sad farewell was uttered,
Straight into the welkin blue.
So she vanished; still her mother
Hopes those wandering bows will bring
Back her daughter, when the other
Butterflies return with Spring.



This Department is conducted by the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

IT isn't a very hard task to set the table, is it, girls? Yet I find that it takes skill, taste, and pains to do this simple thing so very nicely that the family coming to the table three times a day will have the feeling that they have been expected, and their comfort and pleasure planned for.

ONE important thing to be considered when setting the table is the table-cloth. This should be of fair white linen, if possible, with a pretty pattern of ferns or blocks or clover leaves, but even if it be coarse, and not beautiful in design, it must always be spotlessly clean. Do not let the laundress starch your table-cloth. No starch is needed. It must, however, be ironed with exquisite nicety, folded evenly down the middle, and the crease made by folding shown plainly by the pressure of the flat-iron. A table-cloth must not be laid upon the bare table. Next to the table you must have a heavy undercloth of felt or Canton flannel. This serves several purposes. It removes the danger of injury to the table itself from hot dishes, which sometimes leave a disfiguring white rim or scarred edge upon a polished surface, it deadens sounds, and it brings out well the pretty figures on the cloth. If used with care, an undercloth of this kind will last a long time, and I have found Canton flannel much more satisfactory than felt.

WHEN you begin to set your table for breakfast or dinner, decide on the places for the different members of the family, and then do not change these except when you have guests. Mamma will have before her the tray with the cups and saucers, the tea things, and the coffee urn. I hope you make tea and coffee on the table; it is a graceful occupation for the house-mother, and insures your always having clear coffee, and hot, delicious tea, and is, besides, very little trouble once the habit has been established. A simple French coffee-pot with an alcohol lamp, a small tea-kettle also with a lamp, a tea-caddy, and a rule always adhered to, will make these processes simple. Cups and saucers and the cream-jug, sugar-bowl, and spoon-holder should be beside the mother's place.

Oatmeal and other cereals, if served on the table at breakfast, should stand by the sister or brother who dispenses them. It is best to begin with a fruit course, and, therefore, finger-bowls, fruit doilies, and plates, with the knives, forks, and spoons needed for this, should be on the table when the family seat themselves. If you wish to save trouble, and have the meal pass on in an orderly manner, you may place by each plate all the knives, forks, and teaspoons which will be required during a meal. These will be used one by one, always beginning with that on the outside, farthest from the plate, and as the maid changes the plates for each course she will remove the knives and forks which belong to that.

FLOWERS should form a point of beauty for the eye, and decorate every home table. You do not need many; a single rose or cluster of lilies, three or four pinks with a few sprays of mignonette, a few stalks of salvia, a half-dozen asters, with geranium leaves or lemon verbena, or sweet-peas in the season, nasturtiums, golden and glowing as flame, are very ornamental. A cut glass bowl, or a clear bowl of pressed glass, if bright and free from lint, a china vase, or any pretty bouquet-holder will answer for the purpose of holding the flowers, which must be removed and replaced by others the moment they become withered and faded; never keep dying or dead flowers in any living-room, and, above all, never let them re-

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

main an hour on your table. Wild flowers are the loveliest things for ornamenting the table, and you may have as many of them as you can mass effectively.

It is optional—that is, you may do as you like about the placing of food on the table. But I think the prettier way, when it can be done, is to set the roast on the table for the father to carve, and serve the vegetables from a side table. Salad, with thin wafer crackers and cream cheese, is a course by itself. Dessert follows this; coffee comes last at dinner, and you may ask people if you choose to step from the table to the library, or the porch, if it be in the summer-time, and sip their after-dinner coffee there.

PRETTY bread-and-butter plates, with knives of their own, are a great convenience, and if you are saving up your money as a family to give mother a particularly acceptable Christmas gift, why not buy her a set of these?

Margaret E. Langster.



This Department is conducted in the interest of Amateur Photographers, and the Editor will be pleased to accept any picture of the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Camera Club Department.

MARINES.

LAST year many of the pictures sent in labelled "Marines" were really landscapes showing, perhaps, a tiny bit of water. A marine, strictly speaking, means a sea picture, but when prizes are offered for marines, views on lakes and rivers are always admitted, so that one need not necessarily send in a picture taken at the sea-shore.

Among the most attractive of marine views are those showing a view of rugged cliffs with the surf beating against them, where wave after wave "breaks on the rocks, which, stern and gray, shoulders the broken tide away." To obtain the most successful picture of such a scene one should use a tripod, and get as clear a focus as possible. Get the plate ready, set the shutter, and then wait till a big wave comes rolling in, and, breaking against the rocks, sends the spray high in air. At the very instant that it strikes the rock snap the shutter, and if the exposure has been all right, the picture will be everything to be desired of the breaking waves. Use a small diaphragm ($\frac{f}{16}$ being a good size), and make a quick exposure. If the day is rather dull use a size larger diaphragm and a trifle slower exposure.

A stretch of sandy beach with the tide coming in makes a good marine, especially if there are plenty of clouds in the sky. Such a picture must have some object in the foreground in order to secure the effect of distance and perspective. A piece of drift-wood, an old wreck, or any object of suitable size that one finds along the shore, will do to break the level of the sand.

Marine views also include pictures of water-craft. Yachts are the most graceful of water-craft, but the old dory is not to be despised. One of the marines which took a prize last year was entitled, "Stranded." It was the picture of a once handsome yacht, which had been driven ashore by a storm, and was lying partly on its side on the beach. The cloud effects in this picture were very good, and added much to the beauty of the picture. The picture was well taken, and the subject a rather uncommon one for a photograph.

Another marine sent in last year was a picture of a light-house, built on jagged-looking rocks, taken when the tide

was just coming in. Still another, which was not strictly a marine, was a view of a long line of vessels drawn up at the dock. The picture had the effect of a street of ships instead of houses.

The prizes offered for marine and landscape views are less than those offered for figure studies, as marines or landscapes are usually much easier pictures to make than figures.

The entry for "Marines" closes on October 15th, for after that date there is usually little opportunity for making successful water pictures. Be sure and get your pictures in at least a week before this date. Take special pains with the finishing and mounting, as technical excellence is one of the points for which the pictures are to be marked.

SIR KNIGHT JOHN H. CHAMBERS says that his last batch of negatives were so black that he could get no prints, and asks if there is any way to remedy them. The plates were developed too long and are too dense. This can be reduced by the following process: Cyanide of potassium, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; water, 10 oz. Dissolve and add 2 drachms of bromine water. Soak the plate in clear water for a few minutes till the film is softened, and then immerse in this solution for a few seconds. Take out and wash, and if the negative is still too dense immerse it again. Repeat the process till the film is reduced sufficiently. Label the bottle "Poison," and keep it carefully locked up when not in use. One should have a plate lifter, or use rubber finger-tips when handling the plates with this solution. Sir John also says that the gelatine gets black first on the side next to the plate when developing. If the tray is kept gently rocking during development the development should be from the top downward. When the image is seen from the back of the plate it is supposed that development has proceeded as far as it will, and the plate is left in the developer simply to acquire the proper density. This can be judged by looking through the plate toward the light, holding it rather near the light. Sir John says he would like to start a Camera Club or Chapter, and wants members of the club to write and send suggestions and also to join the Chapter. We have several successful Chapters already, and would like to have more among our members.

SIR KNIGHT OCTAVE DE MERVILLE, P. O. Box 596, Middletown, Connecticut, would like correspondence from Sir Knights or Chapters interested in photography. Will answer all letters, and would also like to exchange photographic prints.

SIR KNIGHT HARRY H. LEVINE, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, says he would like to become a member of the Camera Club. We are very glad to add the name of Sir Harry to our club list. As he writes from Nantucket, Massachusetts, we shall expect some fine marine pictures from him for the coming contest. Sir Harry asks for papers on retouching, special toning, formulas, etc. These papers are ready for publication and will soon appear.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ex-Pirate very good-naturedly put his head under the table and pulled the Gopher out from the pile of debris and broken crockery. The little beast did not appear to have suffered any injury beyond tearing a gash in his pink sun-bonnet, and as soon as he had resumed his place at the table he looked about him and smiled just as if nothing had happened.

"You don't seem to mind your fall a bit," remarked the Sheep, somewhat surprised.

"Oh, I don't mind it at all," answered the Gopher, complacently.

"I thought you would be dreadfully cut up," put in the ex-Pirate.

"So did I, at first," continued the Gopher; "but only my sun-bonnet got cut, and that was badly cut in the beginning anyway, so that this extra slash does not make any particular difference. And what do you suppose I saw under the table?"

"Feet," said the ex-Pirate, at a venture.

"That's pretty good for a first guess," retorted the Gopher; "but I saw something else."

"What did you see?" quickly asked Tommy, who was beginning to feel that he had been out of the conversation quite long enough.

"I saw It," answered the Gopher.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the Sheep.

"Indeed I did. Do you want to play a game?"

"Certainly. I'm getting awfully tired of sitting here. Let's play a game."



"MY LIFE IS ONE LONG PURSUIT OF THE UNATTAINABLE."

"I wish you would explain," broke in Tommy. "You are talking about all sorts of things, and I can't understand a word. What is this all about? What is it the Gopher saw under the table?"

"Why, he saw It," answered the ex-Pirate.

"Well, what is that?" asked Tommy.

"Don't you know what It is?" exclaimed the ex-Pirate, his eyes opening very wide with surprise.

"No, I don't," replied the little boy, bluntly, "and I wish you would explain."

"Goodness!" gasped the Gopher. "Where did you come from? Did not you ever play any games?"

"Certainly," said the little boy; "but what has that to do with it?"

"You could not very well play any games without It," insisted the Gopher.

"It," declared the ex-Pirate very slowly and impressively, "is the one that runs after you when you are playing tag, and the one that hides his face and shuts his eyes when you play hide-and-go-seek."

"Oh, I've played those games lots of times," said Tommy.

"Then you must have seen It," put in the Sheep.

"Never," said Tommy.

"How did you play, then?" asked the ex-Pirate.

"One of us was it, of course," explained Tommy; "and when he caught another, the other was it."

"How funny," said the Gopher. "Why, with us It is always It. That's the fun of the game."

"Of course it is," added the ex-Pirate. "I don't see how you could play without It. We had an It on board the *Black Avenger*, and we used to play tag for exercise when we were becalmed. But one day, in a storm, It was washed overboard, and we had to go without playing games all the rest of the voyage."

"How stupid of you!" remarked Tommy. "Why did not you take turns being it?"

"Never thought of such a thing," admitted the ex-Pirate, frankly. "You will explain to us how it is done, some time, won't you?"

"Why, of course," replied Tommy. "I'm sure it's very simple."

"Is it simpler than dominoes?" inquired the Gopher. "I never could understand dominoes. You see, there's no It in that, and that makes it so complicated."

"Yes, the lack of an It complicates games very much,"

said the ex-Pirate. "But let us play an easy game now. Go down and butt him out from under the table," he added, turning to the Sheep.

The latter obligingly jumped to the floor and disappeared under the table. A few moments later Tommy heard a thump, followed by a whizzing sound, and then a queer-looking something sped out from under the table and slid along the floor as though it had been shot out of a catapult.

"That's It," said the Gopher, unconcerned. And then they all got up and walked over to where a new sort of a queer creature, such as Tommy had never seen before, was getting itself together after its encounter with the Sheep's head. Tommy took in the peculiar features of the new-comer as carefully and completely as he had taken in the other unusual events of the day.

It was an undersized being that walked on two legs, and corresponded somewhat to the little boy's idea of what a dwarf ought to be, except that Tommy had always thought of dwarfs as being round and fat, whereas this creature was exceedingly thin, almost bony, "by reason of his constantly playing games," explained the ex-Pirate. Its head went up almost to a point, on top of which grew a little tuft of hair, which Tommy at first took to be a small fur cap; and the utter lack of expression in his pallid face betokened that It had no understanding whatever beyond his own sphere of utility.

"Perhaps that's why he is willing to be it all the time," thought Tommy. "I'm sure he does not look as if he knew enough to object."

By this time the Sheep had rejoined the group and was ready to play.

"I don't want to play any game of chance," said the ex-Pirate when the Gopher asked what it should be.

"No; we won't have any game of chance," agreed the Sheep.

"I don't see how you could," ventured Tommy, "if It is in the game. It strikes me that if It is always It, there is no chance for him."

"Of course not," answered the ex-Pirate; "there's no chance for him ever. But we don't consider him. We take all the chances."

Tommy did not understand, but this was nothing new to him, and he consented to play anything that would please the rest.

They decided to have a game of Bumpolump. It took the ex-Pirate fully fifteen minutes to explain to the little boy how Bumpolump was played, and even then Tommy never got a clear idea of it, and was unable to give his Uncle Dick the slightest explanation of how it was done, except that It had an inordinate amount of running about to do, while the others seemed to get all the fun. And at the end everybody got a prize except It.

"I should not think you would like this," said Tommy to It, sympathetically.

"I don't," answered It. "I've gotten quite beyond that. My life is one long pursuit of the unattainable. How does it feel to succeed?"

Tommy, not knowing just what to say under the circumstances, hesitated; but before he could reply It continued: "You see, I always apparently succeed in all I do—just as in Bumpolump—but I never enjoy the fruits of success. The others always get the prizes, and I have to start all over again. Some day . . ."

But just then an Ibex came along, and saying "Excuse me" to Tommy, he butted It up to the other end of the room, where a lot of little Ibexes and Zebras immediately began to hump about, apparently playing some game with It, who was laboring with his utmost energy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

THERE WILL BE TWO SETS OF FOOTBALL RULES in use by the college teams this fall. Yale and Princeton will be governed by one code, while Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Cornell will play their games according to another. The official rules of last year will also stand, to be adopted by the smaller colleges, the athletic clubs, and possibly by the schools, although I should advise the schools to accept the amendments made by the universities, and adopt either the Harvard or Yale code, with a preference in favor of the latter.

THE FIRST IMPORTANT CHANGE is found in Rule 8, and relates to the fair catch. Yale and Princeton have it that a fair catch is a catch made directly from a kick by an opponent, or from a punt-out by a player on the side having the ball, provided the man making the catch does not advance beyond a mark which he must make with his heel, and provided also no other player on his side has touched the ball. The player is not required to raise his hand as a sign that he intends to make a catch, and if he is interfered with, or thrown by an opponent, he will receive fifteen yards, unless that would carry him across the goal-line, in which case he receives only half the distance. In the Harvard regulations the definition of a fair catch is the same as the one just given, but the player catching the ball cannot run with it, although he may pass it back to one of his own side, who may then run with it or kick it. If this is not done the ball must be put in play where the catch was made. In case the player fails in his attempt at making the catch, the opponents have an equal chance at the ball.

THE MOST RADICAL CHANGE made by Yale and Princeton (and an excellent one) is in regard to mass plays. The rule covering this point states that in scrimmages not more than one man shall start forward before the ball is in play, and not more than three men shall group themselves at a point behind the line of scrimmage before the ball is put in play, although the man playing the position of either end rush may drop back, provided he does not pass inside the position occupied by the man playing adjacent tackle before the ball is put in play.

AS TO THE OFFICIALS OF THE GAME, Yale also makes an innovation. This year there will be an umpire, a referee, a linesman, and an assistant linesman, any one of whom may disqualify a player under the rules, subject, of course, to the approval of the umpire, who alone may be appealed to by the captains regarding fouls and unfair tactics. These officials are also empowered to formulate ground rules prior to each game, governing the disposition of the ball in case it touch or be obstructed by some person or object surrounding the field of play, but the referee must announce the rules as made to the captains before calling play.

IN THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE there are to be two umpires, a referee, and a linesman, the umpires being judges of the conduct of the players, the referee being judge of the position and progress of the ball, and the linesman being judge of time, and of the distance gained and lost by each play. The umpires shall also see that no coaching is done while the game is in progress, and they have the power to send behind the ropes any substitute or other person who attempts to advise the players while the ball is in play.

OFF-SIDE PLAY WILL BE PUNISHED by Yale and Princeton by the enforcement of the rule that says that if a player when off side touches the ball inside the opponent's ten-yard line the ball shall go as a touch-back to the opponents.

These colleges further legislate that seven men or more must be in the rush line until the ball has been put in play, except in the case I have already cited, where the ends may drop back.

IT IS HARDLY NECESSARY for me to say to every man who is playing football this year that the first thing for him to do is to secure one of the new books of rules and study all the changes that have been made. Space permits me to make but a very brief mention here of a few of the innovations. The man who is playing on the field, however, must have every clause at his finger-tips, and know the spirit and the letter of the law by heart. Every scholastic league should decide at once which code it will use this year, so that the captains of the teams may begin to train their men in the new methods that some of the changes require.

THE TEAMS OF THE CONNECTICUT LEAGUE have been at work for two weeks or more now, and several unimportant practice games have been played. The Hartford High School players started in with preliminary unlimbering at Crescent Beach early in September. Only five men of last year's team are back again, although Captain Bryant confidently counted on six. Smith, who played centre last fall, shot himself in the foot recently, and will be laid up for some time. Bryant, therefore, will try it between the guards for a while, and if Smith comes back later, he will be put in at tackle. Goodell will be the other tackle, while Ingalls, the hammer-thrower, and Lyman will go in at guards. The ends are much in doubt, but Monahan, Ralvey, and Garvan stand good chances. Sturtevant will probably make quarter-back, while Chapman and Jenkins will no doubt be found at half at the end of the season. Luce, who did good work on the quarter-mile track last spring, is the strongest candidate for full-back. On the whole, the team is a light one.

THE PROSPECTS FOR A GOOD TEAM at Exeter are bright this year, although so far no game has been arranged with Andover. The old feud seems to be still on deck. (But I hope to devote some space to that bit of childishness later. Now we are talking football.) Five of last year's players are back at P.E.A.—Seannell, Kasson, Breen, Gibbons, and Hawkins. Seannell is Captain, and besides being a good player himself, he is able to put life into his men. He graduated from the Newmarket High-School in '89, and entered the academy in the fall of '92. That season he made the second eleven, and played a good game. In the spring term he made the baseball team, and filled the position of centre-field with credit to himself and honor to the academy. He is a hard worker. He is a little heavy for tackle, but his quickness overcomes this handicap, and by the end of the season he will doubtless train down.

CENTRE RUSH WILL BE taken care of by Kasson, who did good work on the '94 eleven, and he will have a veteran in Breen as his right guard, unless Connor proves a better man. A candidate for tackle is Higley, who held that position last year for Andover. Another is Evans from Lowell, who was Captain of his High-School team last year. During the season the school had a long string of victories and retrieved its reputation, which was fast dwindling in the defeats of the five previous years. Evans appears to be a brilliant man, but he does not know the game well enough to play at Phillips Exeter without a great deal of coaching. He stands 5 feet 10 inches, and weighs 170 pounds. For ends Gibbons, Shaw, and Robinson are the most likely candidates. Hawkins, Martin, and Botcher

will try for quarter-back. Hawkins did good work last year, and is plucky. That he will not give up his position without a tussle is very evident from his practice-work. Martin, formerly of Andover, will press him hard. When at Andover he played quarter on the second eleven, and did good work: He is active and cool-headed.

FOR HALF-BACKS, J. B. Gibbons is sure of one position. He played an excellent game last year, and will undoubtedly develop further this fall. McLane will probably take care of the other side. Whitcomb and Headden are trying for full-back. Whitcomb is a swift runner, and distinguished himself last spring, when he smashed the school record in the quarter-mile race. He is showing up well, and plays a good game. Headden is not so sure a man as Whitcomb, and will require a great deal of coaching. The Exeter team's first game of the season was played against South Berwick on September 17th, and resulted in a victory for the crimson and gray by a score of 6-0.

IN THE NEW ENGLAND LEAGUE it looks as if there would be a hot contest again this year for the championship. Cambridge High and Latin has nearly all of last year's team back. There will be only three vacant places in the line, Baldwin, right end, Stearns, right guard, and Columbus, left end, not having returned to school. Among the new men with the squad are Hawes, Seaver, and Barnes. The backs will probably be the same as last year, Campbell, Curry, and Parker, with Saul for quarter-back.

LAST FRIDAY the Newton High-School eleven played the Brookline High-School team at Brookline to determine which one should be taken into the Senior League, the former having been the tail-end in the Senior League last year, while Brookline was an easy winner in its own class. The contest occurred too late in the week for me to be able to comment on it here, but I hope to say something of the game next time.

AS TO THE TWO ELEVENS, Brookline had a good nucleus to build up on. Morse, Hutchins, Aechter, Gillespie, North, Lewis, and Cook are on deck, the latter as Captain. Hutchins, who was one of the best centres in the Junior League last fall, will play the same position this year. He is quick on his feet, snaps back quickly, and breaks through well. Gillespie, at right tackle, is another good man. He is quick in breaking through and smashing up the opponent's interference. North, who played end last year, has been moved up to left half-back, where he is winning new laurels by his fine running and dodging. For the position of full-back, Boyce, substitute on last year's eleven, has the best chance. He hits the line hard and low, and is good at punting. Two new men, both named Talbot, have secured the position of right and left guards. They are brothers, and know little about football, but since the beginning of hard practice they have developed wonderfully under careful coaching. Seaver and Parker are both trying to make quarter-back. Parker, though handicapped by his light weight, 118 pounds, has proved himself the best man for the place so far.

NEWTON'S TEAM, on the other hand, is badly handicapped by the loss of most of last season's players, and the new men do not seem to be built of the stuff that grabs championships. Captain Lee is beyond question the best man on the team. He is a veteran in his position of centre rush, and is an earnest and conscientious worker. He has been obtaining a lot of good coaching as a candidate for the Newton Athletic Club's eleven, and the points he has thus picked up he has taught his men. He is 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 180 pounds. He is an aggressive player, and quick to take advantage of an opponent's weakness.

OF THE NEW-COMERS he has got to lick into shape, Howard is the most promising candidate. He is trying for the position of right guard, the place left vacant by Paul, who was the star player of last year's team, and who is trying

for a place in the line of the Newton Athletic Club this season. Howard, while rather slow on his feet, has the making of a good player. Van Voorhees will be found at left guard, and Brigham, who gained much experience on the Newton Athletic second eleven last year, will prove a formidable man at left tackle. He is quick in getting through the interference, and tackles hard and low.

THE OTHER TACKLE will probably be Johnson, who is pretty light for such a place, but his activity may make up for other deficiencies. Colbing will make right end a hard place to get a gain. Forsen, a new man, will go in at quarter, while the halves will be Chase and Burdon. Chase is the surest ground-gainer, and can be depended on to advance the ball every time it is given to him. Burdon is good for around-the-end plays, as he is a fast runner, good dodger, and uses his blockers to the best advantage. His chief fault is in not starting the second the ball is snapped. Bryant is pretty sure of full-back, as he is the best punter on the team. He runs low and hard, but is apt to fumble.

WHAT HAS WEAKENED the Newton team more than the lack of old material, however, is the preference the candidates for positions on the eleven have been showing for tennis. For the past ten days a tennis tournament has been in progress, and many of the football-players have been trying for the prizes there in preference to practicing with the eleven on the school grounds.

THE INTEREST IN FOOTBALL and baseball has always been greater in the New England schools than in almost any other, as I have frequently found occasion to mention in these columns. An additional proof of this fact, if any such proof were needed, is that the Boston English High-School, besides putting a strong school team into the field, is supporting class teams. The class of '98 especially is doing good work in that direction, and intends to arrange games, if possible, with all the first-year classes in Boston. Such teams are bound to be a good thing for the institutions that have them, as there is no better way of developing material which will eventually prove of vast benefit to the first team.

THE KICKING GAME of the present will be taken advantage of by the Cambridge M.T.S. eleven, for Captain Murphy has among his new men as good a punter as there is on any team. This man is Yeager. Last year he made some reputation by returning for Brewer and Fairchild of the Harvard eleven in their practice before the Springfield game. After catching the longest punts he would return the ball by a punt of the entire distance. As a rusher Yeager has not such a good reputation, but with White and Thompson as side partners he will easily be brought up to the standard. Another good man that Captain Murphy may rely upon is Seaver, who used to go to Brown and Nichols'. He has of late been practising with C. H. and L., and will try for an end on the C.M.T.S. team. Last year he broke his arm at the first of the season, but his play improves daily. Brown, who tried for an end in '94, is out again for the same position. Francis and Young are other candidates for end. All these men are light, wiry fellows, but seem to have ability, which needs only careful coaching to bring it out.

THE OTHER MEN BEHIND THE LINE give promise of developing into clever players—Savin especially. He did well at quarter-back a season ago, but his light weight makes him practically useless in interference, and easily stopped when running with the ball. But he is plucky, and that counts for much. White and Thompson will be the halves, the latter coming in from full-back, where Yeager's punting makes it necessary to keep him. White developed into a speedy rusher last year, and was always in place in the interference. He has a peculiar style of running, and when he strikes the line whirls around; but nevertheless he proved a ground-gainer in last season's games. Thompson is a veteran. He gains the most ground

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

when figuring in centre plays, but this year he will be trained for runs around the end.

THE PLAYERS for the vacancies are an enterprising lot, who, with proper training, can be moulded into shape. The men for the forward positions are Hazen, Hayman, and Burns for centre, and Frye, Gray, and Whitney for guards. Hazen is a big fellow, but has never played much, while Burns, though eight pounds lighter, has played off and on for the last two years. Frye played full-back on the Salem High-School team last year, but is better qualified for a line position. He is a strongly built fellow, and weighs 168 pounds. Gray, a substitute in '94, will try for guard again this year. Whitney, another candidate, tips the scales at 162 pounds. This is a light team, take it all in all, but there are lots of good stuff in it, and with good coaching ought to carry the C.M.T.S. colors pretty well to the top by November. THE GRADUATE.

RASPBERRY AND COCOANUT CREAMS.

HERE are two receipts for delicious candies that you will like to make, but they will require, as many candies do, confectioner's sugar for kneading purposes. A pound of this will be enough to buy at first. Add to a dessert-spoonful of raspberry jam enough confectioner's sugar to make a paste. If the flavor is not acid enough add a tiny bit of tartaric acid, crushed very fine. Roll the sugar and jam into small balls with the palms of your hands. Then take some of the hardest fondant that you have and melt it in a cup in boiling water, just as you did in making chocolate creams. Add a drop or two of cochineal coloring to make it a pale pink. Now dip your balls in this exactly as in the chocolate creams. If the little balls are not smoothly or neatly covered they can be dipped twice, allowing time enough for the first coat to harden. For cocoanut creams take two table-spoonfuls of grated cocoanut and dry it in a cool oven, or you can use desiccated cocoanut instead. Work the cocoanut well into half as much fondant candy, and then shape into balls, using confectioner's sugar to stiffen the mass sufficiently for handling. Melt some fondant, flavor it with vanilla, and dip the balls in it, as directed in the other receipts. Dipping the candies twice will probably be the rule, as they will rarely look smooth enough after the first coating.

A CLEVER SUGGESTION.

THE book-agent who really means to make his way in the world has to be a person of an inventive turn of mind. People rarely want to buy the books he has to sell, and it is his hard fate often to have to argue long and strongly in favor of his wares. The most ingenious of these hard-working people that has yet come to notice is the one told about by one of the London papers. The agent in question had a volume to sell that did not go off exactly like hot cakes, and at one particular house he was met with a most decided rebuff.

"It's no use to me. I never read," said the householder.

"But there's your family," said the canvasser.

"Haven't any family—nothing but a cat."

"Well, you may want something to throw at the cat," suggested the agent.

The book was purchased.

A NOVEL FLY-CATCHER.

EVERY year some new scheme is brought forth for the purpose of catching flies and relieving housekeepers of the buzzing little nuisances. But up to date nobody has ever thought of employing a mouse in that capacity, until a certain ambitious mouse proved his talents for that sort of thing. It is not known positively whether all mice have a taste for flies, but it is certain that one particular little representative of the mouse family has gained great fame by the able manner in which he has disposed of all the insects within reach. The *Shepherdstown* (West Virginia) *Register* has sung his praises, and he is quite a noted character in that town. This mouse made a

hole for himself inside the show window of a drug-store in Shepherdstown, and when a number of flies were about as near as appeared from his rooming place. It mattered not how many people stood outside the store or blocked the pavement outside. He seemed to know that he would not be molested, and devoted himself exclusively to the fly-catching business. Standing on his hind-legs, with his forepaws resting against the glass, he would grab a fly and then retreat behind some boxes and eat it. Again he would catch the insect while on the wing, jumping into the air and dealing it a blow with one tiny paw, but quick as thought in securing his prey. He would eat all of the fly except the wings with the greatest relish, and after one of his raids the window would be covered with the discarded wings of his victims. It would be quite interesting to get the opinions of this little hunter in regard to his unusual diet, and find out whether he looked upon flies in the light of ordinary beefsteak, or regarded them as delicacies, such as quail on toast or terrapin.

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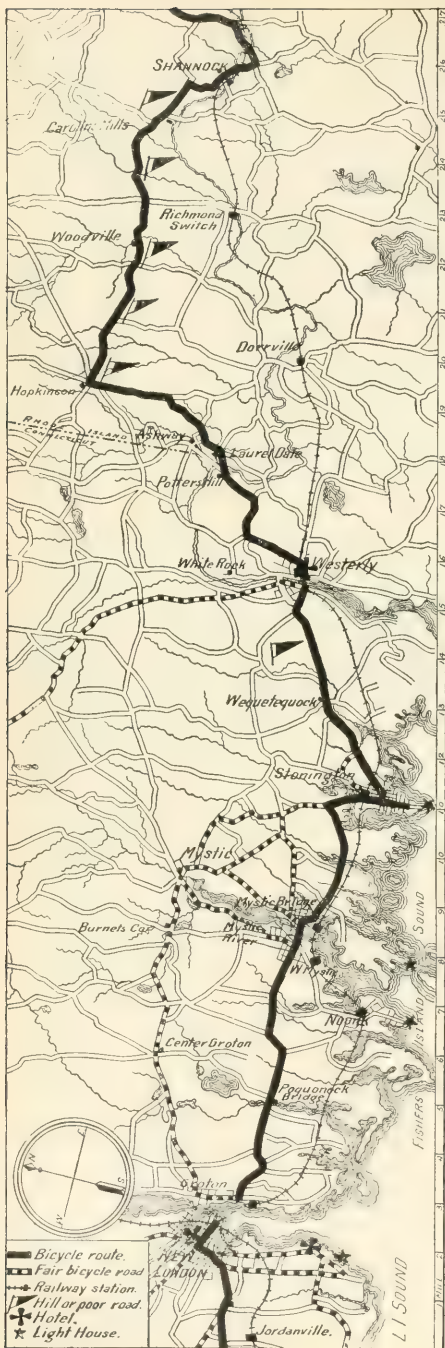
This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. For notes and correspondence send to the Editor, 15 West 42nd Street, New York City. The Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THE fourth stage of the shore-line trip from New York to Boston is a short one, of not more than twenty-eight miles, extending from New London to Shannock. Leaving the Pequot House, if that is the point where you have put up at New London, you should proceed into the city of New London along the trolley-car route, go at once to the ferry near the railway station, and cross to Groton. There are two routes from here eastward. It is possible for you to either turn to the left immediately on arriving on the Groton side of the Thames, and proceed some distance up the river (less than a mile altogether), turn to the right, and run over through Centre Groton, Burnets Corner, and so on, following the secondary route marked on the map through Mystic, and joining the main bicycle road again at Stonington. This route is, however, not only more hilly, but the road is in a poorer condition, and passes through a less-picturesque country.

THE rider should therefore proceed direct from the ferry along the turnpike-road to Mystic Bridge, passing over Poquonock Bridge. Crossing the Mystic River at Mystic Bridge, the road continues direct to Stonington, a distance of about ten miles from New London. If you are making the journey to Shannock in one run—in a morning, for example—and if you have determined to reach Providence before night, you can make a short-cut, after crossing the bridge leading into Stonington and before crossing the railroad, by turning to the left and joining the turnpike-road again a mile or more out from Stonington. From here on the road through Wequetequoek is in fair condition, though it is not of the best. In case you run into Stonington and make a stop, you should run out onto the main road by Matthews Street. The road from Groton to Stonington is in parts remarkably good, and, especially at this time of year, the whole route as far as Westerly will be found to be a good bicycle run, if the side path is occasionally resorted to between villages. Crossing the river at Westerly you are now in the State of Rhode Island. Thence proceed through Potters Hill, Laurel Dale, Ashway, to Hopkinson. From Hopkinson on to Shannock, a distance of between seven and eight miles, the road is hilly in parts, and by the time the rider has passed through Woodville and Caroline Mills, and run into Shannock, he will be ready for a rest, at least for some time, especially if he has ridden all the hills at a good speed.

It should be remembered, as was said last week, that this run, which is not more than twenty-eight or twenty-nine miles at the most, can be made half a day's run, and the journey thence continued to Providence. Shannock would be about half-way, and the two routes might be done in one day, and can easily be so done by any rider who cares to do between fifty-five and sixty miles. It is by no means a long ride, and probably you will be much more comfortable in Providence overnight than in Shannock. At the same time, following out our plan of making short, easy trips, and taking it for granted, as we have done, that the average rider goes for pleasure, with time enough at his disposal, we shall divide this distance into two stages.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 609. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Fine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Torrville to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 823. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 824; Second Stage in No. 825. Philadelphia to Vineland—First Stage in No. 826; Second Stage in No. 827. New York to Boston—Second Stage in No. 828; Third Stage in No. 829.



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SOME DON'TS FOR BICYCLERS.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

DON'T try to do too much. Ambition to slune as a "scorcher" has seriously injured the health of many a good, strong rider. Probably no form of exercise is so full of temptation to over-indulgence as is wheeling. Except during the moments of hill-climbing, it is so easy to send the machine spinning along.

How often you hear riders say: "I'm feeling languid and draggy to-day. Can't imagine what's the matter. Had a splendid ride of sixty miles yesterday." Isn't that explanation enough? The effects of too great fatigue often last as long as life itself. If the muscles alone were concerned it wouldn't matter so much, but the great trouble lies in another quarter. There is always danger of injuring the heart. One can recover from a strained muscle or sprained joint or broken bone, but let the heart be once badly strained, and you may be sure that the evil effects will last a lifetime.

Is there a way of knowing when one has ridden enough? Yes. Whenever you feel that you couldn't dismount and run a quarter-mile at good speed, it is time to stop wheeling. Better get off and take a rest. Better still, put away the wheel for the day. There will be many other days, and you can enjoy them all the more if you have a sound heart.

Don't wheel up a steep hill. Leave that sort of thing to fellows who haven't enough sense to use in when it rains. What gain is there in it, anyhow? You can walk up and push your wheel just as fast, and with one-quarter of the exertion. If too much wheeling on the level road is bad, too much hill-climbing is ten times worse. If you could look into the minds of the smart hill-climbers, you would find that they half kill themselves to make bystanders think they are wonderful riders. Really, that sort of thing is too silly to talk about with patience.

Don't coast too much. If you feel that life without coasting is a mockery, then go to some hill that you are thoroughly familiar with, where there are no crossings, where you can watch the road for at least one hundred miles ahead, and then take care. No matter whether you have coasted down the hill a hundred times before or not, the danger is always just as great. Perhaps we are never in so great peril as when we think we know it all.

Don't "scorch" in the streets. At any crossing you are liable to run over some pedestrian or to collide with a big truck or carriage. Either one may mean a life lost, or at least broken bones. You wouldn't drive a horse at a 2.40 gait through the streets. Remember a bicycle in quite as dangerous.

Don't ride on the left side of the street. Your place is on the right side, because a bicycle is a vehicle in the eyes of the law, having the same rights and subject to the same rules as any other vehicle. If anything happens to you because you are on the wrong side of the street you cannot recover damages.

Don't think, because somebody you know

has wheeled a "century," that you must do it too. There is really very little satisfaction in riding one hundred miles merely for the sake of saying that you have done it. If any other wheelman chooses to tire his muscles and overstrain his heart for a mere bit of boasting, let him do it. I know that most of us are sorely tempted by the "century" folly. But think a moment. If you owned a fine thoroughbred horse, would you run the risk of ruining him forever by speeding him to the utmost limit of his strength for a whole day? Yet is not your own health more valuable to you than all the horses in the world?

Don't let your cyclometer be your master. Make it your servant. Don't think, "I have wheeled thirty-seven miles to-day, now I'll run a mile and a half up the road and back so as to make an even forty." Use the cyclometer to find out how soon you must stop, not how much further you must go.


Don't neglect your wheel. Because it doesn't eat is no reason why it should be starved. It needs oil. It should be cleaned regularly after every ride. Be sure that all the bearings are oiled at least once for every one hundred miles travelled. In hot weather the oil runs off faster. Lubricate your chain every time you go out for a spin. See to it that the dust-caps are all in perfect order. Dust wears out bearings much faster than ordinary use.

Don't go out in the late afternoon without a well-filled lamp, especially if you live in New York. Think of the scores of wheelmen who have been fined for riding at night without lights, to say nothing of the danger of going unlighted.

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is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. —[Life.]

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FREE — 25 diff. Japan, Mexico, etc. Send 2c. stamp. **J. A. WILSON, 1108 Fairmount, Phila., Pa.**

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Clever Camping Hints.

The Round Table has interested me greatly. Therefore I venture to offer the suggestions which follow:

When camping on beach or in the mountains, on prairie or in forest, it is a good plan to have in the outfit a number of iron pins or stakes about half an inch thick and twelve or fifteen inches in length. Three of these should be driven into the ground and deep enough to ensure their staying upright, and so near together that pot, kettle, or pan, and perhaps the coffee-pot, will stand safely on the ends of the pins when the coals are glowing or the sticks are blazing beneath. It will be found that this simple kitchen range is for several reasons better than any pole on forked stakes can be, and is incomparably better than a camp-fire without some device for ensuring the uprightness of pot or pan.

Many campers make their camp-fires by laying the sticks with the middle on the coals or on the blaze. The better way is to put the ends to the fire. The fire can be managed much more easily in that way, by withdrawing a few sticks if the heat is too great, or by pushing a stick or more in between the pins and under the cooking-vessel if the heat is not enough. Camp-fires are often made too big for the needs and for the comfort of the campers.

I have seen a camp-fire made on the surface of a broad lake, and far from the nearest land, yet not in the canoe. If there had been a couple of shovelfuls of sand or earth, the fire might have been made in the canoe. As it was, the Indian gathered a few armfuls of green sedges and grasses and threw them on the water, then made the fire on the top of the heap, and soon had roast duck for dinner.

An axe is a clumsy and a dangerous tool in canoe and in camp. It is awkward in shape, and heavy. It can be used for many purposes, but the machete can be used for all the purposes for which an axe is used, except for heavy pounding, and is admirably adapted for many other uses. Millions of people from Texas to Patagonia have long found the machete an ever-ready tool.

Machetes are of many shapes and sizes. The laborer who clears trees and bush from land uses a broad and heavy blade. The hunter who kills a few birds and small mammals uses a lighter blade, and may be three inches wide at its widest. The traveller will carry a machete which is like a heavy sword, and may be straight like a rapier, or curved somewhat, like a cavalry sword. This blade may be two feet or even twenty-six inches in length. For camp uses I should choose one like those the laborers use. A leathern sheath with belt go with some classes of machetes. With one of these an effective blow can be struck for cutting brush, trees of moderate size, or the flesh and bones of game. It will be useful in skinning animals or in cleaning fish. In short, there is scarcely any cutting about a camp which cannot be done far better with a machete than with the best of axes, and the price is the same as that of an axe.

I have found no better bed than is made by having a wide hem turned along the edges of very strong canvas. Through these hem run slender poles, that may be used during the day in pushing a canoe over shallow waters. The ends of the poles may rest in notches in two logs, to hold them apart, or in crooked stakes driven into the ground, and stayed apart by sticks lashed to them. When not in service as a bed this cot may be used as a tarpaulin to cover the baggage in the canoe.

SOUTHERNBOURNE, MASS.

E. W. FERRY.

The Music Rack.

SOME ANECDOTES OF PAGANINI.

Nicolo Paganini was a typical violinist. He obtained a permanent position at the court of Luca in his twenty-first year, after remarkable success as a boy, and there composed such powerful concertos forthrightly that Napoleon's sister, Eliza Bacciochi, was each time overcome when Paganini reached the harmonic sounds. One day Paganini announced to the court that he would shortly play a novel love-song. He accordingly played a wonderful sonata on two strings. G and E. G represented the lady, E the man. The court was car-

ried away with the beauty of the piece. At the end the Princess Eliza remarked to Paganini, "Since you have done so finely a thing on two chords, can you make us hear something marvelous on one?" Paganini smilingly agreed; and after some weeks, on the day of St. Napoleon, executed a brilliant piece on the chord C, which he entitled "Napoleone."

Paganini, the elder, was an avaricious and unnatural father. When Nicolo's gains had amounted to twenty thousand francs the father threatened to kill him if the whole was not given over. But the mother was faithful, and after the father had passed away Paganini said, "I took care of my mother—a sweet duty."

Though loaded with honors given by the Pope, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and others, yet the latter part of Paganini's life was a constant struggle. He was of a delicate make-up, and his whole being was wracked, as it were, in his violin. He met much opposition in his last years. A favorite saying of his was, "One must suffer to make others feel." Schottky affirmed that Paganini possessed a musical secret by means of which a pupil could obtain a conception of the capacities of the violin in three years. This secret, which Paganini himself declared he possessed, was never given to the world.

Many compositions have been ascribed to Paganini which are mere imitations. The few genuine ones contain many grotesque turns which make them all the more fascinating. Whatever may have been the faults and weaknesses of the man, as a composer Paganini was a star above his contemporaries. As a composer Paganini stands very high.

His works are rich in invention, genial, and show a mastery of the scientific part of the art."

VINCENT V. M. BREDE.

Prizes for Short Stories.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE offers five prizes for the best stories of adventure written by a Knight or Lady of the Round Table. Stories must contain at least five hundred and not over fifteen hundred words, actual count. The incident must be a probable one, and the story well told, both in sequence of events and language employed.

Each story must be written on one sheet of paper, double the size of the story, but this is not made a condition. At the top of the first page place your name, age, and address in full, the number of words in your story, and say where you saw this offer. Do not roll your manuscript. Use paper about 5 by 8 inches in size, fold it or send flat.

Prepay postage and enclose return postage. Address it not later than December 25, 1895, to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, NEW YORK, and put in the envelope the words "The Round Table," and "Story Competition." No story may be sent by you that is not wholly original with you, and none may be submitted that has ever been submitted in any other contest. One person may not submit more than one story. Criticism by grown persons is permissible. The prizes are \$25 each to the three best, provided there are three good stories. If there are not three good stories, the prizes will not be awarded. We shall not award a prize to and print a poor story, even if it chance to be the best received by us in this competition. One of the stories, either a prize one or otherwise, as we may elect, is to be used in the Pen-drawing Contest, and printed, if good, with its prize illustration.

* * *

Prizes for Nonsense Verses

Nonsense verses are ridiculous jingles—the more ridiculous the better. They may be four, six, or eight lines. Five prizes are offered by HARPER'S ROUND TABLE for the best—that is, for the most ridiculous. Each prize is Fifty engraved visiting-cards in a neat box, with copper plate for future use. Of course the cards bear the winner's name. Competition open only to those who have not passed their eighteenth birthday. Forward not later than December 1, 1895.

* * *

About the Patents.

The new Patents and also the Prospectuses to those who have asked for them, in order that they may earn prizes by placing them in the hands of families likely to be interested in them, will be

mailed to all applicants about October 1st. There has been a little delay in publishing the ROUND TABLE Handy Book, but it will be ready October 1st, and forwarded to all who have applied for it. The Handy Book contains thirty-six pages filled with much useful information. Those who want Patents should ask for them, and in doing so send the names of friends who may wish to belong to the Order. Ask for a Patron Patent for your teacher. The Patents will be handsomely illuminated, four pages, and bear on the last page full information about the Order.

* * *

Amateur Journalism.

The Easton, Pa., venture, which we spoke of as *Leisure Hour*, came out at last as the *Scribbler*. The September issue is most creditable. It is small, but hopes to grow. We hope it will. Address Norman Hart, Robert E. James, Jun., or George F. Wilson, 203 Northampton Street. The *Eclipse*, a bright little paper published by F. H. Lovejoy, Weldon, Pa., is larger now than ever—and better. The following-named want to receive copies of amateur papers. Harry H. Luther, Hotel Gordon, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.; Charles E. Abbey, Chester, N. J.; J. F. Barksdale, Hardy, Miss.; and Harry R. Whitcomb, Umattila, Fla.

Walter S. Beattie, 651 Madison Avenue, New York city, writes:

"We desire original contributions for our paper, *Sports and Science*, and offer a handsome book, monthly, to the person writing the best short story, poem, or sketch. All should join the *Sports and Science Club*, and receive this paper free. Send two-cent stamp for postage to the editor for all particulars and copy of paper.

W. S. BEATTIE.

* * *

A Visit to Robbers' Cave.

Several summers ago, when I was spending my vacation at Leon Springs, we were sitting on the porch toward evening when some one suggested a visit to Robbers' Cave for the next day. In a few minutes all those idle loungers had dispersed, some to see about a guide and horses, others to make arrangements for a lunch.

After an early breakfast we mounted our horses and rode off, leaving the lunch to be brought in the surrey. When we reached the mouth of the cave we were a rather jolted-up crowd, for riding over hills in Texas is not, like riding along a road in San Antonio. But by the time the surrey, with the rope-ladder and torches arrived, we were squabbling over who should go down first. To settle that we drew straws, and it fell to my lot to go down third. The entrance to the cave was not more than six feet round, and the bottom was reached after a descent of twenty-five feet. Just half-way down there was a landing that leads off to the upper part of the cave.

We were first taken to the room that looks as if it were full of statuary that had been slightly defaced. The most natural of these is a bust of a veiled woman. Climbing over some rocks we came to the spring, which is about five feet in circumference. In the centre is a miniature castle, with its towers, turrets, and chimneys. The light from our torches made it glisten like diamonds. If you stand in the centre of the main cave and whisper, you can be heard in all parts. We threw pebbles down in a shallow pit where we could see frogs hopping about. May I write and tell how the cave came to be called by this name?

SAW ANTONIO.

P. V. R. LOCKWOOD.

Yes.

* * *

Questions and Answers.

Julius L. Steele: One competitor in the poem contest may send only one poem. The rule is so made because it is better for competitors to put their efforts upon one production than to attempt to pen two or more. Harry H. Luther thinks the Order should hold a reunion every year. Other members say they think the same way.

A. F. McCr.: You may send only one poem in the poem competition. It may be the one mentioned as having been printed in a local paper. Send it in manuscript, however.



This Department is devoted to the interest of stamp-collectors, and the Editor will use pleasure to answer any questions that come to his notice. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

INTEREST in the newly discovered varieties of the U. S. stamps continues, and has led to the closer examination of all other U. S. stamps, resulting in the discovery of still other varieties. The latest is the 10c. green of 1861, a stamp catalogued at 5c. only, as it is to be found in large quantities, and almost every collector has or has had many duplicates.

The first die was made with the five stars at the top of the stamp, in white on a background composed of fine perpendicular lines. It seems the plate soon showed signs of wear at the top, and a new die was made in which the perpendicular lines ran into a solid curved line, something like this.

The stamps printed from the original plates are quite rare, one dealer finding three only out of a lot of nearly five hundred. The new variety is selling at various prices, from \$5 upward. A curious result of the new discovery has been the find of some copies with the 1868 grill. Of course the grill is counterfeit.

NEW RECRUITS are made daily to the ranks of those who are devoting themselves to the collection of unused U. S. stamps in blocks showing the imprint and plate numbers on the margin. Some of the scarcer 1890 and 1894 plate numbers are to be sold at auction in New York within a few weeks. This branch of collecting offers special facilities to those living in the smaller towns, as the post-offices in such towns frequently have sheets of stamps issued many years ago, whereas in the large cities the stamps on hand are usually of the very latest printing only.

THE DUKE OF YORK is reported to have sold his collection of postage-stamps to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild for \$300,000.

F. L. POTTS.—Dealers offer 1857 half-dime at 10c.
E. V. G.—Oiled paper, or paraffine paper, will prevent stamps from sticking to each other. But the ordinary "hinges" or "stickers" will not adhere to such paper.

A. L. EVANS.—U. S. cents are quoted as follows: 1857 10c., the variety with fifteen stars at 50c. The other cents mentioned from 5c. to 15c. each. Half-cent, 1851, 10c. Half-dollar, 1890, 15c.

W. F. T.—There are three varieties of the 1799 silver dollar, worth \$2, \$3, \$4 respectively.

RAM.—1842 dimes are quoted at 20c. The 1857 and 1858 cents at 5c. each.

C. E. STEELE.—See answer to "RAM."

B. MAGLSEN.—Perforated stamps from the centre margin of a sheet, thus showing one side without perforations, are not so desirable as stamps having all four sides perforated. As a rule stamps should have all paper soaked off the back. The only exception is in the case of valuable stamps, when the entire envelope should be kept.

PHILATUS.



CARD PRINTER FREE

Sets any name in one minute; prints 500 cards an hour. YOU can make money with it. A font of pretty type, also Indelible Ink, Type Holder, Pads and Trazers, Best Litho Marker, worth \$10. Sample mailed FREE, for 10c. stamps for postage and packing on outfit and large catalogue of 1,000 Bargains in household articles and novelties.

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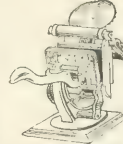


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Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York



HOP LEE AND HIS FAITHFUL MULE—AN EXCITING SCENE AT THE HOANG-HO FERRY.

JOHNNY'S IDEA OF A JOKE.

"PA," said Johnny, as he watched his father filling cartridges for his shot-gun, "wouldn't it be a joke to load one of those cartridges with quinine pills and shoot a bear with 'em."

AN ERROR SOMEWHERE.

My pa says if I don't keep still
Some time, I won't get strong;
But when I watch the moving sea,
And think how strong the waters be,
I sort of think he's wrong.

EXPLAINED.

"WHY, Howard, child, how did you cut your lip that way?" cried Mrs. B.
"Playing," said Howard. "I was playing I was a goat, au' I tried to eat a tomattoer can."

BOBBIE'S COMPLIMENT.

My sister screws her face up
At all times when she cries;
But she can't make it ngly
However hard she tries.

BOBBY. "If you fell overboard while on an ocean steamer, what would you do?"

JACK (*four years old*). "I'd go to sleep on one of the ocean's pillows."

church yesterday I heard him tell mauma that you was a *mighty poor preacher*."

TEACHER. "Astronomy is a wonderful science, Harry. Men have learned through it not only how far off the stars are from the earth, but what they are made of."

HARRY. "It seems to me a great deal more wonderful how they found out their names."

PAPA. "Are you sorry you hit Wilbur?"

BOBBY. "Yes, papa, and he is sorry too."

A GENEROUS LAD.

"TOMMY!"

No answer.

"Tom-mee!"

"Well?"

"What are you doing to your brother Willie?"

"Nothin'."

"Yes, you are. You are making him cry."

"No, I ain't—I'm bein' generous. I'm givin' him half o' my codliver-oil."

A VERY GOOD REASON.

"WISHT I was a codfish," said Jack.

"Why do you wish that?" asked his mother.

"They don't have to take codliver-oil. They're born with all they need already inside o' 'em," said Jack.

NOT A QUESTION OF POVERTY.

"SPEAKING about little folks," remarked the B shop, after the dry-goods man had gotten through with his story of the bright thing which his little four-year-old daughter had said at dinner that day—"speaking of smart little folks, I had an experience with one quite a good many years ago. It was when I was candidating for my first parish that I preached at a little village down in Pennsylvania. I was entertained at the home of one of the wardens. As I look back at that sermon now it must have been pretty vealy, but I was well pleased with it then, and my host praised it so enthusiastically on the way home that I felt tolerably snre of an invitation to occupy the rectory.

"My host had a bright little five-year-old daughter, and she and I got to be pretty good friends. While I was waiting for the depot wagon to come and bear me away from the scene of my triumph, the next morning, the little girl suddenly ran up to me with her little tin savings-bank. The dear little thing wanted me to open the bank and take one-half of the money for myself. I thanked her and declined.

"What makes you think I need the money, dear?" I asked.

"Why, nuffin much, only when papa came home from tell mauma that you was a



HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE COPPERTOWN "STAR" ROUTE.

BY W. G. VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.

THE Happy Thought, as will be remembered by those who have read "The Longmeadow Toll-Gate," was a new departure in bicycle construction. Although provided with pedals that could be used in an emergency, its real motive-power was derived from naphtha applied through a pair of cylinders built upon a modification of the hot-air principle, and working directly upon the rear wheel. The oil was admitted drop by drop to the cylinders, mixed with air, and then exploded by a spark from an electric storage battery. The speed was regulated by the flow of oil, and the operator had only to touch a hand-lever to get any rate he wanted from one up to thirty miles an hour. The power could be instantly shut down either by closing the oil valve or by cutting off the electric current. Finally, the machinery had but few working parts, and was therefore not

liable to get out of order, and in its operation it was absolutely safe, there being no boiler, and consequently no possibility of an explosion.

The Happy Thought, which had been built by Mr. March for his son Fred, was a double machine, the steersman occupying the front saddle and the engineer sitting behind. In general appearance the Happy Thought resembled the ordinary "tandem," the only noticeable difference being in its huge pneumatic tires, which were fully four inches in diameter. The idea was that they would ride more easily over rough roads, would not slip in mud nor sink in sand, and would be less liable to puncture.

It was nearly a year since that memorable night when Fred March and his partner, Jack Howard, had run down the bank robbers, and the Happy Thought had saved the

Jefferson Court-House Bank \$20,000 in hand cash. Within the last six months copper of fine quality had been discovered in the hills west of Fairacre, capital had been attracted, a smelting plant was in process of erection, and business was booming. The works of the Copper Company were situated some thirty miles away, and a large force of men were working night and day to get the plant in running order. The company were building a branch road to connect with the railway that ran ten miles to the east of Fairacre, but at present the only means of communication with the outside world was the wagon-road, which had been constructed over Razor-Back Ridge. The government had been persuaded to establish a "Star" mail route from Fairacre to the copper camp, and Fred, with the assistance of his father, had succeeded in obtaining the contract for himself and Jack. It was a semi-weekly route, the trip days being Tuesdays and Fridays, and for two months the Happy Thought had run regularly between the two places, leaving Fairacre at one o'clock in the afternoon and returning the same night.

It was shortly before one o'clock on Friday, the 31st of August, and the Happy Thought was standing in front of the Fairacre Post-office, ready for her regular run. Jack, oil-can in hand, was giving a last look to the bearings, while Fred, with the mail-bag strapped to his shoulders, stood by occasionally glancing at his watch. It was almost time to start, but the boys were also agents for the express company, and Mr. Simmons, the Fairacre agent, seemed to be in no hurry about making up his consignment.

"One o'clock," growled Fred. "I don't believe he has anything for us to-day;" and then catching sight of a beckoning finger through the dusty window-pane, "Come on, Jack, he wants to see us both."

"This way," said Mr. Simmons, briefly, leading the boys to the back room. The room looked into an enclosed yard, but Mr. Simmons drew the curtains carefully. Then going to his safe, he unlocked it, and took out a thick square package. "To-morrow is pay-day at the works," he said, slowly, "and there's wages for three months coming to the men. The company always has it sent up by express from the city, and \$10,000 is a tidy little sum," he concluded, tapping the package gently with his knuckles.

"Of course we'll be careful," began Fred.

"In course you mean to be," interrupted Mr. Simmons, gravely; "but I know what boys are, and you're awful careless about your receipts."

Fred blushed as he remembered an entry on the Tuesday book for which they had somehow neglected to obtain the necessary signature that acknowledged delivery.

Mr. Simmons slipped the package in the express bag, locked it, and handed it to Jack. "Good-by and good luck," he added, "and be sure you get your receipt."

The bag with its precious freight was quickly strapped to Jack's back, and a few moments later the Happy Thought was ploughing down the dusty road at twenty miles an hour.

The distance to the copper-works was a trifle over thirty miles, but at least twelve miles of it was steady up-hill work. Once across Razor-Back Ridge, it was better travelling, and the Happy Thought generally made the whole trip in a few minutes over two hours. The road was reasonably smooth and hard, but the afternoon sun was hot, and the boys thought longingly of the cool woods that covered the further side of the ridge. However, the Happy Thought pushed steadily along, and they had nothing to do but to keep her on her course.

"Fifteen minutes late," said Fred, as they slid gently over the summit, and slowed down to oil the working parts. "But it's an easy run, now, and we'll be in Coppertown by half past three—that is, if nobody stops us on the way," he added, with a short laugh.

"But you don't think—" exclaimed Jack, looking up.

"Of course I don't; but there may be more persons than one who know of the money that's going through to-day. There isn't a house between here and Coppertown, and you know that 'Smooth Jim' broke jail ten days ago, and is with his gang again."

Jack looked disturbed.

"But I don't expect to see the gentleman, and anyway we can run if we can't fight—eh, old girl!" and Fred gave the Happy Thought an affectionate pat as he sprang into his saddle.

"I suppose it's what we're carrying that makes me feel nervous," thought Fred, as they rolled smoothly along in the cool dense shadow of the beech-wood. "There's half-way," he muttered a few moments later, as a blasted pine-tree flashed past. "We are doing better now, and the machinery is working like a watch. That was a great improvement to muffle the sound of the exhaust; we run along as quietly as a cat walking on velvet."

There was a touch on his shoulder, and the Happy Thought came to a dead stop.

"Against orders, I know," said Jack, leaning forward and speaking under his breath, "but look back there."

The dead pine-tree was still visible some four hundred yards away, but there was something fluttering from one of its branches—a piece of red flannel rag.

"A signal," said Fred, shortly, "and it means that somebody is after us—after *that*," and he pointed to the express bag. "We've got to go on, for some one is certainly behind us. We can't stay here and be gobbled up, and a rabbit could hardly get through that laurel scrub. Besides, there's just a chance that it doesn't mean anything, after all. We'll run ahead carefully, and if it comes to the worst, we'll cut everything loose and make a dash for it. There's nothing short of a rifle-bullet that can catch us."

"Let her go," returned Jack, briefly.

A quarter of a mile further, and the boys began to breathe easier. They were on Breakneck Hill now, and there was nothing suspicious in the look ahead. Half-way down, and as they swung around a curve Fred's heart suddenly seemed to leap up into his mouth. His eye had caught the momentary gleam of something moving in the thick foliage that bordered the road at the bottom of the hill. He recognized it in an instant—the silver mounting of a pistol. He turned and shouted to Jack.

"Crack! crack!" and Fred felt the wind of a bullet as it swept past. "Crack! crack!" but that was wider of the mark. The Happy Thought under full speed had bounded down the hill, and the danger-point was passed. He could hear faint shouts behind him and the short quick tramp of horses' hoofs. Was it possible that they had escaped?

With fingers tightly clutched on the handle-bars Fred kept the Happy Thought in the middle of the road. The road-bed was smooth and hard, but the front wheel was acting oddly. There was something that looked like a white patch on the tire, and, yes, there could be no doubt about it, it was leaking badly. Evidently the tire had been cut by a bullet, and in a few seconds more the air would be out of it. Just ahead was a curve which for the moment would put them out of sight; they must stop in time to take to the woods. In his excitement Fred put his hand behind him and shut off the oil. The Happy Thought stopped just around the curve, and Fred jumped off and looked around.

Jack and the express bag had disappeared.

In his bewilderment and dismay Fred hardly knew how he managed to get himself and the Happy Thought under cover before the pursuing horsemen swept by at a slashing gallop. There were four of them in all, heavily armed, and with their faces half concealed by clumsy masks. Fred recognized "Smooth Jim" in the leader of the party, and the sight was not reassuring, even though he was now looking at that gentleman's back. Half mechanically he got out his repair kit, and began to patch the leaking tire. "Where was Jack?" was the question that seemed to dance in letters of fire before his eyes. Could he be lying back there in the road with a bullet in his head? Was he a prisoner?

But wait a moment. If Jack was in their hands, why had he been chased? The money was in the bag strapped to Jack's back, and the money was what they were after. But wait again. Was he sure that the horsemen were pursuing him? Might they not have been making their own escape, having secured their booty? In that case Jack had

been left behind, wounded or dead. There was but one thing to do, and that was to steal cautiously back and find out.

It had taken Fred some ten minutes to mend the tire and come to this conclusion. At the point where he had made his way into the thicket a small brook, locally called a "branch," crossed the road, and he had been sitting on its bank. As he rose to his feet he happened to glance upstream. There was something floating down with the current. Only a piece of bark. But stop! The little craft carried a miniature mast made from a hazel twig, and in the cleft at its top there was something white—a bit of folded paper.

A signal! A message! Fred watched it eagerly as it came nearer. Twice it grounded against an overhanging branch, but the current swung it clear again. A moment more, and it was in his grasp. A note, and in Jack's handwriting. Fred tore it open.

"Make no noise. Don't go out on road. There is a scout on each side of you. I am a hundred yards upstream with a sprained ankle. Can you get the H. T. up here without noise? Have a plan. JACK."

A few minutes later and Jack was telling his story. He had been pitched off his seat by a sudden lurch just as the Happy Thought began her headlong rush down the hill, but had alighted unhurt in a clump of laurel. Seeing that Fred had safely run the gauntlet, he had made his way into the scrub and worked cautiously down the hill, keeping parallel with the road. On coming to a little bluff that overhung the stream he had caught sight of Fred in his covert by the road-side, and also of the horsemen who had started in to beat the bushes. A shout would have betrayed them both. He must creep down and give Fred warning. Unfortunately, in descending the bluff he slipped and sprained his ankle. Capture seemed certain. And then came a brilliant thought. The water that flowed past him also ran by Fred. Might it not carry the warning message? The rest you know.

Jack had spent the time in making for himself a rough pair of crutches, and was now able to hobble along.

"A quarter of a mile further upstream there's an old wood-road," he went on, in answer to Fred's eager query. "I can manage to take care of myself if you can get the machine up there. The road will take us straight into Coppertown, and we'll save the money yet."

It was difficult work up the stony bed of the branch, but it was finally accomplished, and the Happy Thought was again under way, though at a reduced speed, for the wood road was not in very good repair. Three, five, ten miles, and the boys began to breathe freely. It looked as though fortune had turned in their favor at last.

"It seems to have grown hazy," said Fred, a few moments later, "and the sky and the sun are as yellow as gold."

"My eyes are smarting," returned Jack, with a cough. "I believe it's smoke; and look there!"

A number of birds were flying over their heads, chattering and squawking wildly.

"They fly as though they were frightened," said Fred, soberly. "Why, there are all kinds—quail, blue-jays, woodcock, and even a couple of crows."

A deer burst from the thicket and came galloping past them, with eyes starting in terror and dilated nostrils. The woods seemed suddenly alive with rabbits and other small game, all fleeing as though for their lives.

"The woods," gasped Fred—"they are on fire!"

From their position of the moment they could get an extended view around. To their dismay the fire was already on three sides of them and rapidly closing in. They could not go back, the wind was driving the flames directly across the road behind them. The only chance was ahead, and it was full two miles to the open. In any event they would have to make a final dash through the flames.

It was little that Fred could afterwards recall of that wild ride. The smoke came in thick eddying, blinding, suffocating gusts, and cinders, first black and then redly alive, fell thick about them.

"Another half-mile," thought Fred, desperately, as the Happy Thought bounced along over the rough road, now lurching to one side and now to another, but keeping her feet like a circus acrobat.

A turn in the road and he could see the open, but it was a flaming curtain that hung between; the fire was across the road. And what was that that lay directly athwart their path, and in the very centre of the fiery furnace? It was a log some eight or ten inches in diameter.

It was a snap decision, but Fred recognized that it meant certain death to stop. To put the Happy Thought straight at the obstruction, like a steeple-chaser at a hurdle—it was a slim chance, but the only one. He could feel the hot breath of the fire on his cheeks, the pungent smoke was gripping his throat like a vise. "Hold hard!" and at thirty miles an hour Fred felt the Happy Thought strike the rounded surface of the log fair and square. The slightest possible shock, and they seemed to be sailing on, on, on, into endless space.

When he opened his eyes he was lying on the counter in the Copper Company's office, with the superintendent bending over him.

"All right, my boy?"

"Where's Jack—and the Happy Thought?"

"Safe and sound. Your partner could steer the machine from his seat, you know, and you were so wedged in that you could not fall. And I was driving past and saw you."

"And the money—it's safe?" Fred sat up and pointed to the package lying on the counter.

"That! Why, that's some porous plasters I ordered from the city. Glad you brought them up for me."

"Porous plasters?"

The superintendent laughed. "My dear boy, you brought the money with you on your Tuesday trip. I thought you didn't know it, for you forgot to take my receipt. I've just signed for it now."

"That's what Mr. Simmons meant by being careful," put in Jack. "He never actually said that the money was in *this* package."

"Well," said Fred, after a pause, "there were some other people that got fooled too—'Smooth Jim,' for instance."

"And we've got him," returned the superintendent, grimly. "We were looking for a job of this kind, and that is why the money was sent up Tuesday. The fire drove them out of the woods plump into the sheriff's arms."

"Tell me," said Fred to Jack, when they were alone, "how in the world did the Happy Thought ever jump that big log?"

"Big log! Why, Fred, you're dreaming. Wait a minute; I do remember going over a bean-pole just before you fainted."

"Oh," said Fred, shortly.

"I declare," grumbled Mr. Simmons the next day, as he looked at the express-book, "you boys are awful careless. You never got a receipt for them porous plasters."

FRIENDS.

NEVER a flower so debonair,
And full of a gallant grace,
As the golden-rod that on ledge or sod
Seeks but a foothold's space.
Asking not for the garden's bed,
Shelter or care at all,
Standing with pride by the highway side,
Or climbing the mountain wall.
Ever beside her own true knight
The dear little aster lifts
Her purple bloom, in light or gloom,
Clothing ravines and rifts
With a royal robe that is fair to see,
While she answers back the nod,
Queenly and bright, on vale and height,
Of her lover, the golden-rod.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

PATRIOTISM, that powerful and ennobling sentiment, has always in America taken a deep hold upon the hearts of its people, and to-day the love of home and country is as strong and permanent there as in the early colonial period or the thrilling times of '76.



MRS. D. LOTHROP.

Within the past few years the formation of the many patriotic orders of men and women has done much to rouse afresh and to extend the feeling of national pride and devotion, and now the children of America are to have this same impetus, for the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution is already founded, and rapidly gathering within its hospitable doors the children and youth from all over the land. And the best part of it is

that although only lineal descendants of colonial and Revolutionary ancestors may become regular members, an invitation and warm welcome are extended to all children of no matter what ancestry or nationality, to join in the public gatherings of the society, and to enjoy its pleasures and benefits. In this way the true spirit of patriotism may reach every boy and girl, and there is no limit to the society's scope or influence. This movement may thus be said to be one of the broadest and most beneficent yet started, and one that will tend to popularize the work of the public schools toward patriotism and good government.

At the age of eighteen years the girls may pass into the ranks of the Daughters of the American Revolution, while their brothers at twenty-one enter the Sons of the American Revolution.

The idea of having a young folks' organization first originated with Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, known in every house-

for her warm heart and fertile brain have always been busy in helping boys and girls.

At the last Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held in Washington in February, Mrs. Lothrop, who is Regent of the Old Concord Chapter of that society, laid her plan before the feminine representatives gathered from all parts of the Union, and they unanimously voted that such an organization should be formed, with Mrs. Lothrop at its head. Later she was elected its president for four years, with power to organize the society in accordance with her own judgment and regulations.

Thus on April 5, 1895, the new association was founded in Washington, its permanent headquarters, and six days later was incorporated under the Laws of Congress. It will soon be in full swing, for a vast number of big and little boys and girls all over the country are enrolling themselves as its members. And what a delightful vista opens before these juvenile representatives!

They say in their constitution: "We, the children and youth of America, in order to know more about our country from its formation, and thus to grow up into good citizens, with a love for and an understanding of the principles and institutions of our ancestors, do unite under the guidance and government of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the society to be called the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution. All children and youth of America, of both sexes, from birth to the age of eighteen years for the girls and twenty-one for the boys, may join this society, provided they descend



THE MCKEE CHILDREN.

in direct line from patriotic ancestors who helped to plant or to perpetuate this country in the Colonies or in the Revolutionary War, or in any other way. We take for objects in this society the acquisition of knowledge of American history, so that we may understand and love our country better, and then any patriotic work that will help us to that end, keeping a constant endeavor to influence all other children and youth to the same purpose. To help to save the places made sacred by the American men and women who forwarded American independence; to find out and to honor the lives of children and youth of the Colonies and of the American Revolution; to promote the celebration of all patriotic anniversaries; to place a copy of the Declaration of Independence and other patriotic documents in every place appropriate for them; and to hold our American flag sacred above every other flag. In short, to follow the injunctions of Washington, who in his youth served his country, till we can perform the duties of good citizens. And to love, uphold, and extend the institutions of American liberty, and the principles that made and saved our country."

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THE ROOM AT "WAYSIDE" WHERE THE FIRST CHAPTER WAS ORGANIZED.

hold numbering children as "Margaret Sidney," author of that much-loved book *Five Little Peppers*, and a score of others. Such a happy and far-reaching scheme was sure to be the thought of just such a woman as Mrs. Lothrop,

junctions of Washington, who in his youth served his country, till we can perform the duties of good citizens. And to love, uphold, and extend the institutions of American liberty, and the principles that made and saved our country."

The membership fees are fifty cents the first year, and twenty-five cents each succeeding year.

The young members are forming into many local societies or chapters, under their own control, but each one guided by a president chosen from among the Daughters of the American Revolution, who has only the good of her young charges at heart. In this way the latter will learn how to rule a body of individuals, old or young, according to parliamentary law, just as the United States Senate and House of Representatives are ruled. It will also teach them to be just and logical in their words and actions. Then they are going to strive above all else to be God-fearing young citizens, to reverence and uphold the fundamental truths of their country, and to respect each other's rights.

After these first sober considerations will come the amusements. One of the society's vice-presidents, Mrs. James R. McKee, daughter of ex-President Benjamin Harrison, has proposed the idea that the members be regularly taught by a professional musician to correctly sing by heart all the national hymns. Such a training in childhood would inspire the young heads and hearts for a lifetime with a profound love and loyalty for the spot which is home to them all, whether by inheritance or adoption.

Perhaps the best way to gain an insight into the future work and recreation of the society is to glance at the doings of the first local society, founded May 11th, at Concord, Massachusetts, the town of the "Old North Bridge," by Mrs. Lothrop herself. On the 15th of June a reading circle was formed on the grounds of "The Wayside," Mrs. Lothrop's home, and the former abiding-place of Hawthorne

and Louisa M. Alcott, where the latter lived "Little Women" with her sisters, and wrote it. Three or four young ladies and gentlemen lent their services, and read history to the children. They all meet every fortnight for a couple of hours in the afternoon and read the *Life of Washington*, John Fiske's *American Revolution*, or any appropriate historical book or sketches connected with the early history of the nation. A committee of boys and girls is elected to select the readers for each meeting, and also the games to be played. Then excursions are made to different historical spots; one was to Sudbury, where Longfellow's Wayside Inn stands. The children had the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* read to them before starting, and spent

several hours on the spot, taking luncheon along, and going over the old house leisurely. This fall a party of the children under Mrs. Lothrop's care are to make a series of historical trips to Old Boston and its vicinity. Sometimes the Concord Chapter draws up a plan as if going on one of these journeys, and then with maps and books and little speeches the children have an hour or two of pleasant travelling without actually taking the tour.

In each local society the youthful members may put their heads together and originate all sorts of delightful and enterprising ways of promoting their serious aims, while leaving time for pleasant diversions.

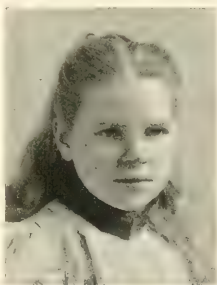
The nation's worthiest and most distinguished men and women are lending their personal aid and encouragement to the young society. In each State the Governor and his wife with other leaders along various lines stand as its sponsors.

Already many youthful descendants of America's early heroes have flocked to the society's standard, among them the grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Foster, little Mary Lodge and Benjamin Harrison (Baby) McKee, and Robert John Walker, great-great-great-great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin.

It is hoped and believed by all interested in the organization that its aims and endeavors will tend to indelibly impress on the minds of youthful Americans the great lessons of national importance that have made the country what it is, and that before the society stretches away a future of usefulness almost incalculable in the possibility of its issues.



LUCY H. BRECKENRIDGE,
SEC. CAPITAL SOCIETY.



MARGARET L. MANN,
DAUGHTER OF SEC. N.S.C.A.R.

KING KALAKAU'S ARMY.

OLD King Kalakau I., of the Sandwich Islands, had an army that numbered by actual count thirty men, and was so proud of his formidable battalion that he obliged it to go through its drill twice daily under the palace windows. On every possible occasion he had his phalanx parade, and was supremely happy when visited by commanding officers of the different cruisers in the Pacific, for it gave him an opportunity to receive them at the landing-place with all his military force drawn up in honor of his guests. One day an English man-o'-war entered the harbor, and the flag-officer on board sent word to his coffee-colored majesty that he would pay him a visit. Instead of waiting in his palace to receive the officer, the King sent to the barracks, had his army hunted up, and at their head marched down to the quay, where he formed his legion in line, then sat down on the edge of the dock to await his coming guest.

Now in some way the old King had just obtained a number of blue cloth army overcoats, together with a lot of spurs, flint-lock muskets, and big bear-skin hats, such as are worn by drum-majors. Under the broiling tropical sun his warlike host stood, two ranks deep, the heavy overcoats about them, spurs strapped on bare feet, and their heads supporting the enormous hats, while their muskets were pointed in every conceivable direction.

At last the Commodore's barge was seen to leave the ship and make for the landing. The King hastily took his position in front of his army, and as the English officer stood up in his boat to leave it, the King called out to "fire and present arms."

Then the funniest thing of all happened.

The men in the rear rank did not elevate their muskets sufficiently, and the consequence was that the next minute the air was full of fur and remnants of bear-skin hats blown away from the heads of the soldiers in front. In another moment the disgruntled and angry King was chasing his demoralized and paucified army up the dock, belaboring every one of them that he overtook with his royal mace.

The scene was too much for the dignity of the English Commodore, who fell back in the stern-sheets of his boat almost strangled with laughter.



MARGARET M. LOTHROP,
SEC. "OLD NORTH BRIDGE SOCIETY."

SEA RANGERS.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "ROAD RANGERS," THE "MATE" SERIES,
"SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

ADMIRAL MARLIN BECOMES A RANGER.



ESIDES being a Ranger, Tom Burgess had recently joined a canoe club, and, like all young members of such associations, was most enthusiastic over the new sport thus opened to him. His club was to camp on an uninhabited island near the eastern end of Long Island Sound for two weeks during the summer, and the plan that he now unfolded to Will Rogers

was that the Rangers should also go into camp on the island at the same time.

When, according to his custom, Captain Will called a meeting of the band, and laid this proposition before them, it was received with such an outburst of enthusiasm as left no doubt of its popularity.

Although these inland boys were totally ignorant of the sea and all that pertains to it, save for such knowledge as they had gleaned from books, and the very queer ideas of a seafaring life acquired from the extraordinary drama in which most of them had recently taken part, they believed themselves to be pretty well posted in nautical matters, and were most anxious to test their theories by practical experience. So the motion to become "Sea Rangers," and participate in the proposed "salt-water range," as Captain Will called it, was unanimously carried. Then the meeting was hastily adjourned that the members might at once lay the gorgeous scheme, just unfolded to them, before their parents, and strive to gain their consent to its being undertaken.

Alas, that such enthusiasm should be dampened! But true it is that, on the following morning, in spite of bicycles and many other blessings, the Ready Rangers were the most disconsolate-looking boys to be seen in all Berks. Not one of them had succeeded in persuading the senior members of his family that the plan, which appeared to him so simple and easy of accomplishment, was either wise or practicable.

"She wanted to know how we thought of going, and how we expected to raise money for the trip, and who was going to take care of us, and all sorts of things like that," remarked little Cal Moody, sadly, in reference to his interview with his mother. "She said she never heard of anything more foolish, even from the Rangers, and that there was no use in even thinking about it, for it couldn't be considered for a minute."

"As if a fellow could help thinking about a chance that may not be offered again in a lifetime," said Cracker Bob Jones. "But my folks talked just that same way."

"Mine too," added boy after boy, mournfully.

"I don't see," argued Sam Ray, "why parents are never willing to own up that some boys at least are perfectly well able to take care of themselves."

"They might give us just one chance to prove whether we are not," broke in Mif Bowers; "but they won't even do that. They just say, 'No, and that's the end of it.' I declare it's enough to destroy all a fellow's ambition," he added, bitterly.

The canoe club to which Tom Burgess belonged had chartered a small steamer, that was to take them from New York to the island selected for their encampment, leave them there, and call for them again at the end of two weeks. As the Berks boys contrasted their own prospects with those thus outlined for their city friends, they felt more and more sorry for themselves, and longed for the time

when, with advancing years, they should throw off the shackles of boyhood.

So the summer wore on, school closed, the first month of vacation was passed, and as the time arrived for the canoe club to go into its sea-side camp, the Rangers, to whom the topic was still one of constant conversation, became more and more depressed and inclined to take gloomy views of life in general.

Suddenly, as though by magic, everything was changed, and in a twinkling the darkness of disappointment was dissipated by the golden light of realized hopes. All opposition to their cherished scheme was swept away in the space of a few hours; and while they could still hardly credit their good-fortune, the Rangers found themselves working like beavers to make ready for their salt-water cruise. They were to do the thing up in a style that would beat that of the canoe boys out of sight, too. Oh! it seemed incredible, and they had to reassure each other of their wonderful good-fortune every time they met in order to believe in its reality.

It all came about through their friend Admiral Marlin, who, according to promise, visited Berks to determine its desirability as a place of summer residence. Of course he renewed his acquaintance with Will Rogers, and was taken to the engine-house, where he admired the "Ranger," and met the rest of the band. Of course, too, the bluff old sailor at once won their hearts and their confidence to such an extent that they unfolded to him all their longings for a seafaring life, and their recently shattered hopes in that direction.

The Admiral took their part at once, and said it was too bad; that every boy in the country ought to know something of the sea, and that the more he knew in that line the better it would be both for him and the country. Then he went to call on his old shipmate, Mr. Redmond Cuddeback, who, through his invention, had now become a large stockholder in the Berks Mills.

From that visit the big-hearted old sailor returned with a beaming face and the air of one who is charged with an urgent mission. That afternoon, in company with Squire Bacon, he drove from house to house until he had held a personal interview with the parents of every Ranger in Berks. Then he desired Will Rogers to call a special meeting of the band for that very evening, as he wished to make them a communication of the greatest importance.

Never had the Rangers found their parents so smiling and also so reticent as at supper-time. The very air seemed filled with a pleasant mystery, and when the members of the band reached Range Hall they were fully impressed with the idea that something big was about to happen. Nor were they disappointed, for they found Admiral Marlin occupying Pop Miller's one particular chair, and so impatient to address them that he could hardly wait for the formal preliminaries with which their meetings were always opened.

As soon, therefore, as he was invited to speak he plunged at once into his subject as eagerly as though he were a boy himself, by saying:

"It's all right, lads, and you can go on that salt-water cruise just as quick as ever you have a mind."

"Hurrah!" shouted Will Rogers, who was the first to grasp the full meaning of this astonishing statement.

Then how all the others did cheer, and clap their hands, and give utterance to various expressive though unintelligible exclamations of joy! During this demonstration the Admiral smiled and bowed, and beamed upon them as though his happiness were fully equal to theirs.

When quiet was at length restored, he continued: "Yes, boys, it's all arranged. I've applied to the several heads of department, and obtained leave of absence for every one of you, with permission to cross the sea. But it's to be a regular cruise instead of a mere camping frolic, and although you will visit the canoe club island, and have a chance to join in all that is going on, you will live on board ship, which is to my mind a much more sensible arrangement."

"Of course it is!" shouted Jack Jackstraw and the "midshipmite" both together.

"The ship," continued the Admiral, only smiling at this

interruption, "is the good sloop *Millgirl* that recently came up the river with supplies for Berks Mills, and is now lying about five miles down-stream, at the head of navigation, waiting for a return charter. She has been pressed into the service by my old friend Mr. Redmond Cuddeback, who, through me, tenders her to the Rangers for this cruise."

"Three cheers for Mr. Cuddeback!" cried Si Carey, and they were given with such heartiness as to be heard more than a mile away.

"I have examined Captain Crotty, her commander," added the speaker, "and find him to be a good seaman. He is therefore well fitted to take charge of a lot of reckless young landlubbers like you, and will keep an eye on you all the time you are away. He has orders to maintain strict discipline, and to give you such instruction in seamanship as the length of the cruise will allow. So now, lads, what do you say? Are you prepared to ship for the voyage, sign the articles of war, become Sea Rangers, and show these New York lads the difference between sailing under canvas and travelling in a tea-kettle, betwixt living aboard a ship that will rock you to sleep like a cradle every night and camping on a 'dull, unchanging shore'—as the poet chap rightly calls it—between handling a sea-boat and paddling about in a toy canoe? I'm waiting for an expression of your sentiments."

"Hi-ho, Ranger! Hi-ho, Ranger! Hi-ho, Ranger! Berks! Berks!" answered the boys, springing to their feet in uncontrollable enthusiasm, waving their hats, and delivering the Ready Ranger cheer with such unanimity and vehemence as left not the slightest doubt of their willingness to become Sea Rangers then and there.

"I move that Admiral Richard Marlin be elected to honorable membership," said Hal Bacon.

"Second the motion!" shouted every member present.

"All in favor—" began Captain Will.

"Aye!" came the unanimous response, as though from a single voice, even before the question was wholly presented.

"Carried without dissent," announced Will, who was becoming very expert in the use of parliamentary terms.

In thus adding a retired Admiral to their ranks that already held an Annapolis cadet, the Rangers felt that their organization and the United States navy were about as good as one and the same thing.

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE CAL AND HIS MERMAID.

Two days after that on which the gloom of the Rangers was so miraculously changed to extravagant joy, the keel sloop *Millgirl* hoisted her well-patched sails, and began to drop down with the current of the river. From her tall topmast-head fluttered the red-axe flag of the Ready Rangers, while on her deck was gathered the most remarkable-looking crew ever seen off the stage of a theatre. Without a doubt as to its being the correct thing, every boy who had borne a part in *Blue Billows* now appeared in the costume he had worn in that realistic sea-drama: while those who had not been thus fortunate had made such alterations in their every-day garments as seemed to them most nautical and appropriate. Thus Cracker Bob Jones's tall figure was arrayed in the white duck trousers, short blue flannel jacket, patent-leather pumps, and straw hat with long ribbon ends of Jack Jackstraw. The effect of little Cal Moody's midshipmantic costume of blue jacket and trousers, ornamented with gilt buttons, was somewhat marred by the big rubber boots that his mother had insisted on his wearing for this trip. Abe Cruger, still sustaining his character as Bill Bullseye, also wore rubber boots, a rubber coat, and an old sou'wester hat that was several sizes too large for him. Will Rogers wore his bicycle uniform, except that the knee-breeches were replaced by white duck trousers, similar to those worn by the others. The remaining members were coatless; but all were arrayed in gaudy flannel shirts with leather belts and sheath-knife attachments. The gorgeous uniform of Sir Birch Beer, which part had been taken by Reddy Cuddeback, did not figure on this occasion, as the newest active member was

prevented by his duties at the mills from taking part in the present expedition.

"Waal, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Captain Jabez Crotty, as the Sea Rangers tumbled out of Squire Bacon's big wagon that had brought them down to where the *Millgirl* was moored, and boarded the sloop with a rush.

"Good-morning, noble skipper. I trust that you are all ready for skipping!" cried Will Rogers, at the same time making a profound bow, and scraping his foot in front of the master of the sloop.

"For he is the skipper, and we are the shippers,

Our ship is the bold *Skippere*.

And we ship with no skipper

Who'll not skip with his shippers,

Whenever the wind blows free!"

sang the Sea Rangers in chorus, at the same time joining hands and dancing in a circle about the bewildered sailor-man.

"Waal, I *will* be blowed!" he gasped for the second time.

"They're as crazy as flounders, every last one of 'em. An' I've got 'em on my hands for two hull weeks."

"We're ready for duty, sir," announced Will at the conclusion of the song and dance, with another scrape and a pull at his forelock. "You'll find us brave and able seamen, and if you'll only issue your orders we'll gladly obey them."

"Oh, ye will, will ye? Waal, then you can break out the chain-cable and polish it till it shines, clean the barnacles off the ship's bottom, keep a lookout aloft for the *Flying Dutchman*, and another over the bows for mermaids, practise all hands at boxing the compass backwards, get eight bells from the sun, and keep out of my sight till we're away for fear I'll murder some of ye."

"Ay, ay, most gallant skipper," answered Will, with a grin; and then, hitching their trousers as they went, the whole boisterous crowd tumbled down below to examine the interior of the strange home they expected to occupy for the next two weeks.

As soon as they had disappeared, Captain Crotty and Jabez his son, commonly called "young Jabe," a lad of seventeen, who represented the sloop's crew, cast off the mooring-lines, and got their clumsy craft under way.

The Rangers were delighted with the accommodations prepared for them in the hold, which was fitted up with temporary bunks for their use. Each boy made a rush for the bunk that seemed to him most desirable, and scrambled into it to test its comfort as well as to make good his claim by possession.

"But I thought sailors always slept in hammocks," remarked Mif Bowers, in a disappointed tone.

"Oh, pshaw!" replied Abe Cruger. "They're no good, for I tried it at home and nearly broke my neck tumbling out the minute I got to sleep. I expect hammock is only a sailor's name for bed, for no one could really sleep in one; and then, you know, they always call things different at sea. But I say, Will, isn't old Crotty a daisy? And didn't he seem surprised to find us looking so much like regular sailors? What did he mean, though, by the things he told us to do?"

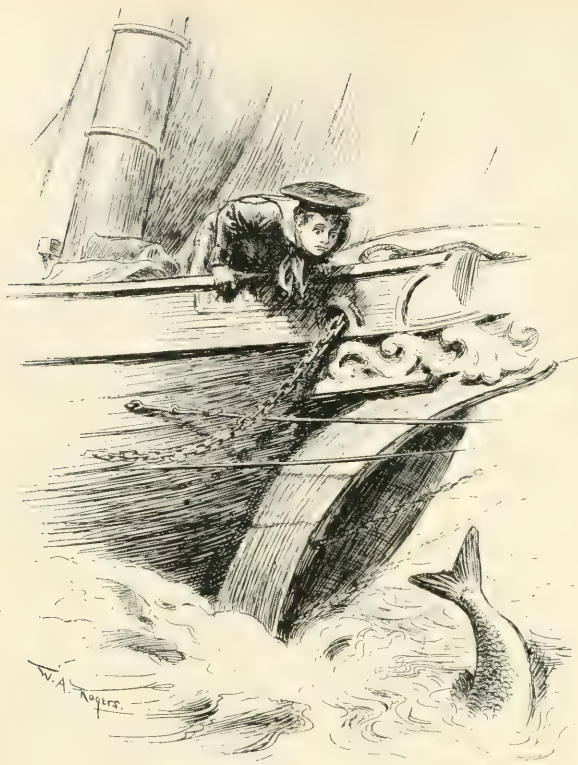
"I don't exactly understand myself," replied the Rauger Captain. "I suppose, though, we've got to try and do them, because if I'll be mutiny if we don't."

"And in a mutiny everybody gets hung, don't they?" asked Cracker Bob Jones.

"He said he'd murder us, anyhow, if we didn't keep out of his sight until he got away, though I don't see how we're going to do it," chimed in little Cal Moody, upon whom this threat had made a deep impression.

"That's all right, Cal," laughed Hal Bacon. "He won't murder you if he don't see you, so just lie low and you'll be safe. I say, though, I saw a compass in the cabin as we came through. And we might begin work right off by boxing it. I suppose he wants to send it off somewhere. I don't know what he meant by 'backwards,' but I guess up-side down will do."

So the boys got the compass and began to make a box for it from some bits of board left over when the bunks



CAL MOODY'S MERMAID.

were built and what few nails they could pick up. They got an axe out of the "kitchen," as Sam Ray called the galley, and made such a racket pounding with it that young Jabe hurried below to see what was up. The moment he appeared they pounced on him and demanded the bells.

"What ever do you fellers mean?" he queried, at the same time trying to shake himself loose.

"The eight bells that Skipper Crotty said we were to get from his son," they shouted; "and if you don't give 'em to us we'll report you, and you'll be cat-o-nine-tailed for neglect of duty."

"Cat-o-nothing," retorted young Jabe, in a disgusted tone. "You can report all you want to. Same time I'll do some reporting myself; and when the old man hears what you're a-doing to his best compass I rather guess there'll be somebody besides me in danger of the cat."

"He told us to box it."

"We're only obeying orders."

"Guess we know what we're doing."

So shouted the Rangers; and when young Jabe started to report to his father the state of affairs in the hold, they all sprang after him, determined to present their side of the question, and utterly forgetting that they had just decided to keep out of the skipper's sight for a time at least.

The sloop was running dead before a light breeze, with its big mainsail away out on the starboard side, and Captain Crotty was just then doing some very fine steering in trying to clear a sharp bend in the river without gybing.

The sudden rush of young Jabe and the excited boys, all shouting at the top of their voices, and bearing down on him with frantic gestures, so startled the skipper that for a single moment his attention was drawn away from the big sail.

"They're stealing the compass!"

"He won't give us the bells!"

As the opposing factions uttered these cries there came a mighty sweep of something over their heads. The next moment young Jabe and Cracker Bob Jones were overboard and struggling in the river, the skipper, Will Rogers, and several more of the Rangers were flung to the deck, and the sloop, left to her own devices, was rounding into the wind with such a slatting of sails, sheets, and blocks, as caused those boys who were still below to imagine that she had been struck by a cyclone. The mainsail had gybed over, and though the boom was, fortunately, so lifted, that it cleared the heads of those who stood on deck, the sheet had tripped them, and flung two of the number overboard.

Mercifully no one was injured by the mishap; and as the vessel lost her headway, the two who were overboard managed to clamber into the small boat towing astern. They had hardly gained this place of safety when Cracker Bob again sprang into the water after his be-ribboned straw hat which was jauntily floating away. Glad as he was to recover this bit of property, he was heavy-hearted at the loss of his highly prized patent-leather pumps, which had been kicked off and lost in his first plunge.

By the time these two had clambered aboard, with river water running from them in streams, the others had regained their feet, and were examining their bruises, while the skipper, after assuring himself that no serious damage was done, was jamming the helm hard down, and getting the sloop once more on her course. He did not utter a word until this was accomplished, when, with a mournful shake of his head, he exclaimed, "And this is only the beginning of the cruise!"

Then, as though remembering that authority must be maintained at all hazards, he sung out:

"You Jabe, go forward and bring yourself. As for you other young pirates, you stay on deck and don't get out of my sight for a single minute, or I'll murder ye all."

At this awful threat little Cal Moody sincerely wished himself once more safely at home, though the others minded it so little, that it in no wise lessened the interest with which they watched the sleeves of Cracker Bob's flannel jacket shrink as they slowly dried in the hot sun.

Finally, bethinking himself of a duty that he might perform, and perhaps thereby win his way into the skipper's good graces, Cal slipped away forward, and hung over the blunt bows of the sloop to watch for the mermaids, in whose existence he believed as firmly as in his own. As he gazed down at the parted waters swiftly streaming backward, the little chap became so oblivious of his surroundings, that when a great fish rushing up from the green depths leaped into the air directly beneath him, he uttered a startled cry, made a sudden move, and took a header into the very waters that were closing above the fish.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XVI.

BUT Neal would not "give in." Cynthia's renewed entreaties were of no more avail than they had been before.

"I will not come," he repeated again and again, and at last Cynthia gave up asking.

He got out of the canoe just below the Oakleigh landing, and where he was hidden from the house.

"I hope you won't be ill, Cynthia," he said. "I am sorry I made you come out such a day; it will be my fault if you take cold. One more bad thing I have done. My life isn't a bit of good, anyhow; I've a good mind to go and drown myself. I'm half-drowned now."

He laughed somewhat bitterly, as he looked down at his drenched clothes.

"Cynthia, I'm a brute. Hurry in and change your things. I'm off to Pelham; I'll take a train there for Boston. I'll let you know where I go; and I say, Cynthia, won't you write to a fellow now and then? I don't deserve it, I know, but I'd like to hear from you, and I'll want to know how Edith gets along."

"Yes, if you will let me know your address. Good-by, Neal," she said, sadly.

"Good-by."

He stood and watched her. She rounded the curve where the boat-house was, and waved her hand as she disappeared. She was only a few yards away, and yet he could no longer see her. He could easily imagine how it would all be.

A man would come down from the barn and help her with the canoe. She would go up the hill and follow the path to the side door behind the conservatory. There would be exclamations of dismay when she came in, all dripping wet. Hester and the servants would hurry to help her, and she would be thoroughly dried and warmed; his sister would see to that—his sister, who thought him no better than a common thief!

And then Cynthia would tell how she had met him, and that he would not come home. How astonished Hester would be to hear that he was so near! He turned abruptly when he thought of this, and sprang up the bank to the road that lay between Brenton and Pelham. He crossed the bridge, and with one more look at the dark river, struck out at a good pace for Pelham, the nearest railway station.

He glanced back once at the chimneys and white walls of Oakleigh when he reached the spot from which they could be seen for the last time on the Pelham road. Then, bidding good-by to his past life, he hastened on.

The road that runs from Brenton to Pelham is very straight after one has passed Oakleigh. There are but few houses—nothing but meadows, trees, and bushes on either side. Neal, tramping over the broad expanse of gray mud, had nothing to distract his mind from the thoughts that filled it. At first they were very desperate ones.

"Cynthia had no right to come and rant the way she did. The idea of calling me a coward, and telling me I was like a boy in a dime novel because I ran away! It was the only thing to do. They had no business to suspect me. They—Confound it! I won't put up with such treatment. I'll stick to my resolution and drop the whole concern. What a long, straight road this is, and how I hate the rain!"

At last he reached the end of it and entered the little town of Pelham, uninteresting at the best of times, and doubly so on such a day as this. The inhabitants were all within doors; not even a dog was stirring.

"Every one is dry and comfortable but me," thought Neal, miserably, as he went into the station.

Fortunately, the next train for Boston was soon due, and it did not take long for him to reach the friend's house in one of the suburbs at which he had left his possessions.



"I HOPE THERE IS NEITHER EXTRAVAGANT NOR LAZY?"

A merry party was staying there for the Easter holidays, and Neal was the subject of much speculation and concern when he appeared, weary and wet, in their midst. Every one supposed that he had gone to Brenton to visit his sister, and they wondered why he had come back on such a stormy day.

Though the story of Neal was well known in Brenton, oddly enough it had not yet reached his friends in Boston, and he did not enlighten them. He went to his room and staid there for several hours. With dry clothes he came into a better frame of mind.

Poor little Cynthia! How good she was to come to meet him such a day, when she must have wanted to stay with Edith. And how badly she felt about him; much more so than he deserved. He was not worth it. How she had fired up when she told him that he was a coward! He must prove to her that he was not. He would never give in and go back there, never! But there were other ways of proving it; he could go to work and show her that he was made of good stuff after all. He should not have frightened Cynthia by saying that he would "go to the bad." But, then, he had been abominably treated. He could not go to college now, for he would never accept it from Hesse, who had been willing to believe he took the money. He lashed himself into a fury again as he thought of it. He was utterly unreasonable, but of course he was quite unconscious of being so.

Finally the better thoughts came uppermost again, and he decided what to do. He would go to Philadelphia and ask his guardian to put him in the way of getting some work. He would tell him the whole story. Fortunately, he did not remember that Cynthia had said her father went to Philadelphia; if he had he would not have gone, thinking that his guardian would have been prejudiced against him by his brother-in-law.

He packed his valise and started that night, though his friends urged him to stay longer. He felt a feverish impatience to be off and have things settled. With it was a feeling of excitement; he was going to seek his fortune. Thrown upon a cold world by the unkind and unjust suspicions of his nearest relatives, he would rise above adverse circumstances and "unmolested fate by nobly bearing it."

It was a very heroic martyr that bought a ticket for Philadelphia that night.

He did not engage a berth in the sleeping-car; he was a poor man now and must begin to economize. Besides, upon counting his money he found that he had but just enough with which to reach his destination.

He was very tired with the adventures of the last two days, and the night before, spent in a shed, had not been comfortable, so he slept well, notwithstanding the fact that he was not in a Pullman sleeper. He did not wake until it was broad daylight, and the train was speeding along through New Jersey. The storm was over, the sun was shining down upon a bright and rain-washed world, and Neal Gordon was entering upon a new life.

"So this is the 'Quaker City,'" he thought, as the train glided over the bridges and into the huge station. "I wonder if every one is in a broad-brimmed hat! And now to find cousin William Carpenter. He's a Quaker of the Quakers, I suppose; I can never get into the habit of saying 'thee' and 'thou.'"

He did not see much of the Quaker element in the busy station, nor when he went down stairs and out on to Broad Street. He was on the point of jumping into a hansom to be driven to his cousin's house, when he remembered that he had not a cent in his pocket with which to pay for it. It was a novel experience for Neal.

He inquired the way to Arch Street, and found that it was not very far from where he was, and he soon reached the designated number.

"Not a broad-brimmer have I seen yet," he said to himself, as he pulled the bell-handle. He looked up and down the street while he waited. It was wider than some that he had passed through, and rather quiet except for the jingling horse-cars. It was very straight, and lined with red brick houses with white marble steps and heavy wooden shutters.

He looked down, as he stood on the dazzling steps, at his boots splashed with Boston mud, and he shuddered at the effect they might have on his cousins. He should have had them cleaned at the station; but then he did not have five cents to spend.

The door was opened, and he walked into the parlor and sent up his card. It was a large room with very little furniture in it, and the few chairs and sofas that there were stood stiffly apart. Not an ornament was to be seen but a large clock that ticked slowly and sedately on the marble mantel-piece. There were no curtains, but "Venetian blinds," formed of green slats, hung at the windows. It all looked very neat and very bare, and extremely stiff.

It was not long before Neal heard a step in the hall, and an elderly man entered the room. He was very tall, and wore a long, quaint-looking coat that flapped as he walked. His face was smooth, and of a calm, benign expression that Neal afterwards found was never known to vary. He came in with outstretched hand.

"Thee is Neal Gordon. I am pleased to meet thee again, cousin. Come up stairs to breakfast; Rachel will be glad to see thee."

Who Rachel was Neal could not imagine, as he followed his host up a short flight of stairs to the breakfast-room. He supposed she must be a young daughter of the house, for although William Carpenter was both his kinsman and his guardian, the relationship had until now been merely nominal, and Neal knew very little about him or his family.

Sitting at the table, behind the tall silver urn and the cups and saucers, was an old lady in a close white cap and spectacles. A snowy kerchief of some fine white material was folded about her shoulders over a gray dress. Her face, also, was calm and sweet, and wore the same expression as did her husband's.

"Rachel," said he, "this is our cousin, Neal Gordon. Neal, this is my wife, Rachel."

"I am glad to see thee, Neal," she said, extending her hand without rising; "sit down. Thee'll be glad to have a cup of coffee, doubtless, if thee's just arrived from the train, as thee has the look of doing." This with a glance at his travel-stained clothes.

Neal, very conscious of his muddy boots, thanked her, and sat down at the table, where a neat-looking servant had made ready a place for him. It seemed funny that they took his arrival as a matter of course, but he supposed that was the Quaker way. At any rate, they were very kind, and it was the best breakfast he ever ate. Even if he had not been so hungry, the coffee would have been delicious, and all the rest of it, too.

His cousins asked him no questions, but after breakfast he was shown to a room and told to make himself comfortable.

"But I would like to speak to you, sir," he said to his host—"that is, if you don't mind. I came on to Philadelphia on business." This with a rather grand air.

"Verily," said William Carpenter; "but I have no time now. I go to my office every day at this hour. Thee can come with me if thee wishes, and we will converse there."

Neal agreed, and hastily brushing his clothes and giving a dab to his boots he set out, much amused at the new company in which he found himself. Mr. Carpenter wore a tall beaver hat, of wide brim and ancient shape, which he never removed from his head, even though he met one or two ladies who bowed to him.

"They don't all seem to be Quakers, though," thought Neal, as, leaving Arch Street, they took their way across the city, and met and passed many people of as worldly an aspect as any to be seen in Boston—in fact, his companion's broad-brimmed hat seemed sadly out of place.

The houses too were different in this locality. Easter flowers bloomed in the windows between handsome curtains, and there were not so many white shutters and marble steps—in fact, with a street band playing on the corner and the merry peal of chimes that rang from a neighboring steeple it seemed quite a gay little town, thought Neal, with condescension.

His cousin pointed out the sights as they walked.

"There are the public buildings," he said, "and beyond is the great store of John Wanamaker. This is Chestnut Street, and yonder is the Mint. Thee will go there and to Independence Hall while thee is here, and to Girard College, that is, if thee has a proper amount of public spirit, as I hope to be the case."

Neal humbly acquiesced, and then remarked upon the distance of his cousin's place of business from his house.

"Do you always walk?" he asked.

"Always. I have found that exercise is good, and the car fare worth saving. 'A penny saved is a penny gained,' I have made my motto through life, and for that reason I have never known want. I hope thee is neither extravagant nor lazy."

This with a keen, shrewd, not unkindly glance from beneath the level gray eyebrows.

Neal colored and hoped he was not, knowing all the time that these were two serious faults of his.

They had passed through the fashionable part of the city, and were walking down a narrow, low-built street. In the distance was a huge space filled with great piles of boards that came far up above the high fence which surrounded the whole square.

"This is my office," said Mr. Carpenter, as he opened the door of a small low building in the corner of the great yard. "I am in the lumber business."

It was some time before he could say any more to his cousin. There were letters to be opened, his head clerk to be interviewed, men to be directed.

Neal sat at a window that looked out on the yard, and watched some men that were loading a huge drey. There were boards, boards, boards everywhere. How tired he should get of lumber if he had to stay here! He hoped that his business, whatever it might prove to be, would be more exciting and more in the heart of things than this remote lumber-yard. He thought from what he had heard that he would like to be a stock-broker, as long as he was barred out of the professions by not going through college.

He was just imagining himself on 'Change, in the midst of an eager crowd of other successful brokers, a panic imminent, and he alone cool and self-possessed, when his cousin's voice rudely interrupted his reverie. It sounded calmer than ever in contrast to Neal's day-dream.

"Cousin, if thee will come into my private office I will listen to thee for fifteen or twenty minutes."

Neal obeyed, but found it difficult to begin his story. It is a very hard thing to tell a man that you are suspected of being a thief.

"I don't know whether you know," he began, rather haltingly, "that I—that—in fact, I've left Hester for good and all. You are my guardian, so you must know all about that conf— that abom— that—er—well, that will of my grandmother's. Hester didn't give me a large enough allowance—at least, I didn't think it was enough—and I got into debt at school. It was not very much of a debt for a fellow with such a rich sister."

He paused, rather taken aback by the quick glance that was shot at him from the mild blue eyes of his Quaker cousin.

"What does thee call 'not much'?"

"A hundred dollars. I knew they would think it a lot, so I only told Hester and John fifty, and she gave it to me. Afterwards the fellow I owed it to came down on me for the rest, and wrote to John, Hester's husband. In the mean time I had got hold of some money in a perfectly fair, honorable way, and sent it to the fellow, and he wrote again to John Franklin and said I had paid up. Then, just because a present one of the Franklin children expected at that time didn't come, they accused me of taking it. They had no earthly reason for supposing it except that I paid fifty dollars in gold for the money-order I sent, and the child's present was fifty dollars in gold."

"And where did thee get the money?"

The question came so quietly and naturally that Neal was taken unawares, and answered before he thought.

"Cynthia Franklin lent it to me. I hated to borrow of a girl, and I made her promise not to tell; afterwards I was

glad I had. If they choose to suspect me, I'm not going to lower myself by explaining. And I will ask you, as a particular favor, Cousin William, not to tell any one. I didn't mean to mention it."

His cousin merely bowed, and asked him to continue.

"Well, there's not much more, except that I was suspended from school before that for a scrape I wasn't in, and it put every body against me, and now I want to get something to do. I am going to support myself, and I thought I'd come to you, as you're my guardian and a cousin, and perhaps you would help me."

"Did thee know that thy brother-in-law, John Franklin, was here within a few days?"

Neal sprang to his feet.

"He was! Then he told you all this. I might have known it!"

"Thee may as well remain calm, Neal. Thee will gain nothing in this world by giving vent to undue excitement. John Franklin told me nothing, except that thee had left his home, and he had supposed thee was with me. He did not tell me of the gold, but he did say he feared thee was extravagant, in which I agreed with him. Thee has nothing to find fault with in what he said."

Neal felt rather ashamed of himself. After all, it had been generous in his brother-in-law not to prejudice his guardian against him.

"And now what does thee wish to do?" asked the old man, as he looked at his large gold-faced watch.

"I want to get some work," replied Neal.

"Is thee willing to take anything thee can get?"

"Yes, almost anything," with a hasty glance at the piles of lumber without.

"Does thee know that times are hard, and it is almost impossible for even young men of experience to get a situation, while thee is but a boy?"

"Ye-es. I suppose so."

"Thee need not expect much salary."

"No, only enough to live on. I'm going to be very economical."

William Carpenter smiled, and looked at the boy kindly. He was silent for a few minutes, and then he said:

"Neal, as thee is my ward and also my cousin, I am willing to make a place for thee here. We can give thee but a small stipend, but it is better than nothing for one who is anxious for work, as thee says thee is. Thee will not have board and lodging to pay for, however, as thee can make thy home with Rachel and myself. Our boy, had he lived, would have been about thy age."

This was said calmly, with no suspicion of emotion. It was simply the statement of a fact.

"Oh, thank you, cousin William, you are very kind! But—do you think I could ever learn the lumber business? It seems so—well, I don't exactly see what there is to do."

"Thee is too hasty, by far. Thee could not be expected to know the business before thee has set foot in the yard. But thee must learn first that it is well to make the most of every opportunity that comes to hand. Will thee, or will thee not, come into my home and my employ? It is the best I can do for thee."

And after a moment's hesitation, and one wild regret for the lost pleasures of the Stock Exchange, Neal agreed to do it.

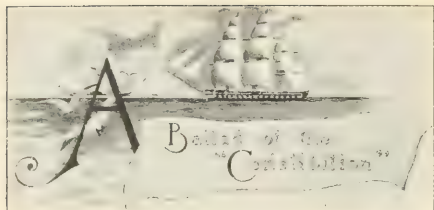
It was thus he began his business life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is enjoyable to read a good story of the biter being bitten, and the following one may not be amiss:

A class of students, holding a grudge against one of the professors, tied a live goose to his chair. Upon entering the room the professor saw the goose, and calmly walking up to the desk, addressed the class as follows:

"Gentlemen, as you have succeeded in getting an instructor so much better qualified to direct the ~~conduct~~ of your ideas, I beg you will pardon me for resigning the chair."



BY ROWAN STEVENS.

*THIS is the tale that was told to me
By a man with a tarry gene,
Who sat with a spy-glass in his hand,
And gazed on the waters blue;
His hair was white, but his eye was bright,
And straight was his ancient form,
And his brown old face bore many a trace
Of the battle and the storm.*

I.

Ay, she was a ship! She showed her heels
To the swiftest of them all;
She weathered many a raging gale
And many a roaring squall.
And he—our Captain—of all the men
That ever sailed the sea,
There was never a one like Isaac Hull
To handle a ship, said we.
It was in one pleasant summer-time
That the *Constitution* lay
A cable's length from an English ship
In the light of Lisbon Bay.
Between that British crew and us
The looks were grim and glum,
For we thought of the war a few years back,
And hoped for a war to come.
The officers, though, were friendly still;
They'd meet some day in war,
And they knew they'd show their mettle then
As they'd shown it well before.
Yes, even the Captains, they were chums—
Our own old Do-and-Dare
And Dacres of that royal ship,
The saucy *Guerrière*.
And many and many a time I've seen
The two walk down the quay
With their yard-arms locked and their chapeaus
cocked,
To gaze on the ships at sea.
But Dacres turned to Hull one day
And said: "They'd make a rare
And even stand-up single fight,
Those two ships lying there.
Now what say you—if the war does
come,
As I think right well it may,
And the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*
Should meet in single fray,
I'll bet you a hundred pounds or so—
A thousand, if you like—
The *Constitution* that blessed day
Will run or sink or strike."
But Hull said: "I am too poor a man
To bet a sum like that,
Yet just for the sake of the stand
you take
I'll wager, say, a hat."
The Captains laughed as the bet was made,
And the ships soon sailed away
From their peaceful, pleasant anchorage
In the light of Lisbon Bay.

II.

The trouble came, as we knew it would,
And a joyous crew were we

When we said good-by to the old home port
And weighed for a cruise at sea,
For the Press Gang and the Search Right
We had vowed to bear no more,
And we bade farewell to parley,
And welcome we bade to war.
Along the grim New England coast
For many a mile we sailed,
And ever a sharp lookout we kept,
But never a ship we hailed,
Till five days out, in the first dog-watch,
We sighted a fleet of four
Big fighting ships that made quick sail,
And down upon us bore.
From their lofty yards and bending masts
The bellying canvas blew,
And at the mizzen-peak of each
The English ensign flew.
"We can't fight too many odds," said Hull,
"But ere the day be done
We'll show how a well-manned Yankee ship
Can lift up her heels and run."
Then we called all hands
and we made all sail,
And slowly drew away
From the English vessels
that followed us
So sure of an easy prey.

But the winds
were light
and variable,
Calm fell and
all moved
slow,
The crowd-
ed boats of
the English
fleet
Took the
leading ship
in tow.
I stood by the
wheel with
a glass and
saw



AND WE KEPT THOSE FELLOWS ALEE, ASTERN

That ship come creeping on,
And my heart was in my throat a while,
For I thought that we were gone.
And the leading ship full well I knew,
The saucy *Guerrière*,
And Dacres stood in her port fore chains
With a confident, eager air.
And I felt despair for our gallant crew,
And woe for our gallant bark,
When a long cry came from the leadman's lip—
"Thirty fathom, by the mark!"
Then a smile there came to the Captain's face,
And a light to the Captain's eye,
And he sent his kedges out ahead,
And we made the capstan fly;
We wet the sails down, fore and aft,
We jumped at the bo's'n's call,
We pumped out water for lightness's sake,
And stood by davit and fall;
As every little catspaw came
We worked for the weather-gage,
And we kept those fellows alee, astern,
And in an awful rage.
For three long days and three long nights
They held us well, and then
A squall came up in a thunder-cloud,
And we fooled those Englishmen.
For they, as its ominous frown they saw,
Stripped down to the bare, bare mast,
While we held on with our topsails full
To the teeth of the rising blast;
And, as it struck us, we shortened sail



FOR MANY A MILE WE SAILED.



HER DECKS ARE RED WITH HER GALLANT DEAD.

At the Captain's quick command,
But as soon as the full of its weight we felt
We gave her all she'd stand;
And merrily, merrily off we ran,
And ere the day was done
We had left them all clean out of sight
In the wake of the setting sun.
And Hull looked 'round the quarter-deck,
And forward he looked, and aft,
And he looked astern at the blank blue sea,
And he looked at the sky—and laughed.

III.

And on through the summer seas we bore,
Until off stern Cape Clear
Our ship fell in with a sloop-o'-war,
A Yankee privateer.
We hailed for news, and the sloop hove to,
And off her skipper came
And boarded us in a leaky yawl,
With his wrathful cheek aflame;
For "Down to the south'ard he'd been chased
By a powerful English ship
That was just too slow for his flying heels,
And just too big to whip."
We sent him back with a cheerful heart,
And down to the south we swept,
And a sharp lookout o'er the vacant sea
Aloft and aloft we kept.

One August evening we bowled along
In a fresh nor'wester breeze,
The rigging sung as along we swung,
And rough were the tumbling seas.
And I was sitting with pipe in hand
Enjoying my watch below,
When the mast-head lookout hailed the deck
With a loud and long, "Sail, ho!"
"Now, where away?" the Captain cried,
And into the shrouds sprang we
To gaze at a speck in the distance dim,
Clear white on the blue, blue sea.
She stood along under easy sail,
She made us out and tacked,
She waited there with her headsails full,
And her big maintopsail backed.

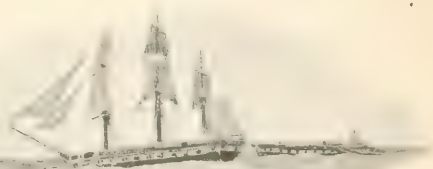
We picked her up hand over hand,
We made her colors out—
That proud St. George's Cross we knew,
And we longed for the coming bout.
And Hull sang out, "To quarters, men,
For the foe we seek is there,
By the look of her lines and the cut of her jib
I know the *Guerrière*!"
We shortened sail and for action cleared,
The flags to the breeze we threw,
And at each masthead and the mizzen-peak
The Yankee colors flew.
Up in the tops the topmen lay
With musket and grenade,

But down in the gloomy holds below
The battle-lanterns played.
Stripped to the waist each sailor stood,
His cutlass in his hand,
His long dirk loosened in its sheath,
His feet in the scattered sand;
The gunners stood beside the guns,
Their matches all aglow,
With their ears bent back to the quarter-deck,
And their eyes upon the foe.

As onward to the *Guerrière*
The *Constitution* swept,
Between the lines of brawny tars
Our first Lieutenant stepped:
"To save you all from the press, my lads,
For that we make the war,
And each must fight for the flag to-day
As he never fought before."
Then up spoke one of the gunner's mates,
A grim old man was he,
Who'd met the French and the Algerines
In many a fight at sea,
Whose cheek was rough with a hundred storms,
And brown with a hundred suns:
"If the quarter-deck will mind the flag,
Why, we will mind the guns."

Oh, sweet to see was the English ship,
As up in the wind she came,
With her rigging silhouetted out
Against the skies aflame.
Sudden she yawed, and from her bows
A puff of smoke there blew,
And, hurrying over their lofty arch,
The plunging missiles flew,
And each of us gripped his cutlass tight,
And each his muscles set,
And each looked hard at the long bow-guns,
But the Captain said, "Not yet."

Closer and closer drew the foe,
Her shot flew thick and fast,
And, singing around our heads, a storm
Of musket-bullets passed.
We drew well up on her weather-beam,
And the roar of her guns rose higher,
And we saw her gunner's matches gleam,
And the Captain shouted, "Fire!"
With flash on flash, with a thunder crash,
Rang out our red broadside,
And the splinters broke from her sides of oak,
And scattered far and wide.
The smoke rose up to the high dim trucks,
As the battle fury spread,
But the men stood true, and the flags still flew,
In the mist at each masthead.
Deadly and fierce was the fire we poured
Upon our sturdy foe,
And a cheer we roared as by the board
We saw her mizzen go.
Then around in the dying breeze she swung,



THE FIGHT IS DONE AND THE BAY IS SILENT.

And her bowsprit loomed o'erhead,
And fouled in our mizzen shrouds she hung,
And the battle lightning spread;
We heard the splinters fly below,
Where her 32-pounders played.
And the cabin was filled with smoke and flame
From her furious cannonade.
Then, long dirk ready and cutlass keen,
Up, up to her side we start,
But a breeze blows over the darkening sea
And swings the ships apart;
But readily 'round in the wind we go,
And steadily on we fall,
With grape and shrapnel and solid shot,
And pattering musket-ball.
And over her bows in the dusk we draw,
While our terrible broadsides peal,
And her lingering rolls the gaping holes
In her shattered hull reveal.
Her sides we rend, our shot we send
Through shroud and spar and stay,
Till her main and fore with a crashing roar
Plunge down to the spouting spray.

The fight is done and the day is won,
For a burning wreck is she,
But her decks are red with her gallant dead,
And never a cheer cheer we.
And over our side comes Dacres then,
Our brave but conquered foe;
He passes on by the silent men,
And his head is hanging low.
He gains the deck, and he holds to Hall
The hilt of his gallant brand,
But the Captain waves the sword aside
And takes him by the hand:
"The true, true sword of a true, true man
Shall stay his own for ay,
But a bat I'll take when the land we make,
For the bet at Lisbon Bay."

And up in the quiet sky the stars
Came twinkling one by one,
And over the quiet sea the moon
In silver sweetness shone.
Our sails were white in the peaceful light
As westward did we bear,
And a fiery shine on the dim sea-line
Was the last of the *Guerrière*.
And here's to the skipper!—of all the men
That ever sailed the sea
There was never a one like Isaac Hull
To handle a ship, said we.

*And that is the tale that was told to me
By the man with the tarry quon,
Who sat with a spy-glass in his hand,
And gazed on the waters blue;
His hair was white, but his eye was bright,
And straight was his ancient form,
And his brown old face bore many a trace
Of the battle and the storm.*

TODDLETUMS HAS A DREAM.

"OH, papa, I had a bully dream last night. Want to hear about it?"

"Why, yes, Toddletums. Let's hear what it was."

"Dreamt I was dead, and playing baseball among the stars."

"Well, Toddletums, I am sorry to hear you speak of that as a 'bully dream.'"

"But it was, papa. I was no more than dead when I got among a lot of spirits, big fellows all dressed in white, and they knoved right away 'bout my being the best catcher on the Rangtown nine, so the first thing they said was, 'Hurray! here's our great catcher at last,' and before I knew it I was catching back of one of those big white fellows, and, what do you think, he was using the tail of a

comet for a bat. 'Way off in the distance (say, they have awful big diamonds up there) was another fellow pitching, and all he did was to pluck one of the stars out of the Milky Way and throw it at me for a baseball. Say, papa, you've seen those falling stars? Well, they say they're meteors. Now that's nonsense, 'cause they're the balls the catchers up there misses.

"By-and-by our side (that's the Comets, you know) got in, and the score stood 16 to 0 in favor of the Milky Ways. By-and-by it was my turn at the bat, and I felt kind of afraid, 'cause the comet's tail looked awful bright, but I seized it and swung it round two or three times, and it didn't burn a bit. 'One ball!' cried the umpire as the pitcher sent a star singing past me (and it wasn't fair, either, 'cause they pitched it when I was trying the bat). I braced myself for the next one, and then that pitcher thought he'd fool me. Making out to snatch a ball from the Milky Way, he turned around, and, reaching 'way out, what do you think he did? Why, he grabbed our world, that we're living on, and threw it at me with all his might. Well, they couldn't knock out the Rangtown catcher that way, for I just swung the bat around, and hit the old world an awful crack. I bursted that comet bat all to pieces and hit a foul. I looked up, and there was the world a-comin' right down into my hands. It was a fine chance, and I couldn't let it pass, and I just caught it.

"All those fellows began yelling 'foul!' and then I woke up. And, papa, what do you think? I had fallen out of bed, but I had a bully time, though."



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

"DO write a Pudding Stick about table manners." Why, of course, dear Molly, I will, if you wish it, especially as you say you speak for the girls of your Round Table Chapter. I wish you would imitate Molly, and often suggest the topics you like best—you young people of the Round Table Order.

There is nothing very puzzling about the etiquette of the table. One who knows how to behave elsewhere knows how to behave at the table. The chief thing to be remembered is that good manners everywhere rest on a strong foundation of common-sense and kind feeling, and that nobody is clumsy or awkward who is free from self-consciousness. If one is thinking of herself and of the sort of impression she is making, she will be likely to blunder. You must dismiss yourself from your mind.

"BUT what bothers me," says Ruth, "is the fact that there is no fixed rule about what to do, and what not to do. Which is right, to take my soup-plate from the waitress, or to let her take my empty plate and set the filled plate in its place herself? And in some houses you are helped to salad, and in others you have to help yourself when it is handed to you. Is it rude to ask for a second helping of something you like? or, when you decline a thing, is it proper to explain that you like it, but it does not agree with you?"

As to the last of these little worries, my dear child, never do that. Never tell your hostess or your friends that lobster gives you cramps, and stuffed olives produce heartburn, and pastry causes dyspepsia. It is in the worst taste imaginable to speak of these effects, and wholly needless. You may always pass over or decline a dish of which you are not desirous of partaking. It is usually right to ask for a second helping of some viand which pleases you, and your hostess will consider herself complimented by your doing this; but the exception is, when the meal is a formal

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

one of numerous courses, and when you are doing so would retard the orderly progress of the meal. In doubt about any little detail, look to your hostess and follow her example. The waitress is trained to certain ways, and she will do as she is accustomed to; you have therefore no responsibility.

In talking at the table, if the company is large, you will usually converse more with your neighbor than with the circle as a whole. But at home and in the family, or at the house of an intimate friend, you must do your share of the entertainment. Save up the bright little story and the witty speech, the funny sayings of a child, the scrap of news in your Aunt Mary's last letter, and when a good opportunity offers, add your mite to the general fund of amusement.

THERE are dear old gentlemen—and old ladies too—who have favorite stories which they are rather fond of telling. People in their own families, or among their very intimate acquaintances, hear these stories more than once—indeed, they sometimes hear them till they become very familiar. Good manners forbid any showing of this, any look of impatience or appearance of boredom on the part of the listener. The really well-bred woman or girl listens to the thrice-told tale, the well-worn anecdote, says a pleasant word, smiles, forgets that she has heard it before, and does not allow the dear *raconteur* to fancy that the story is being brought out too often. Good manners at the table are inflexible on this point. You must appear pleased. You must give pleasure to others. You must make up your mind to receive gratification by imparting it.

ONCE in a while an accident happens at a meal. A cup is overturned; some unhappy person swallows "the wrong way"; somebody makes a mistake. Look at your plate at such a moment, and nowhere else, unless you can sufficiently control your face and appear entirely unconscious that anything has occurred out of the usual routine. Take no notice, and go on with the conversation, and in a second the incident will have been forgotten by every one.

Margaret E. Langster.

ON BOARD THE ARK.

BY ALBERT LEE.
CHAPTER X.

TOMMY stared for some minutes at the antics of the Ibexes, and then turned to the ex-Pirate.

"How very odd!" he remarked.

"Very," assented the other. "Aren't you beginning to feel sort of queer?"

"I don't notice any motion at all," replied Tommy.

"I don't mean *that*," said the ex-Pirate, looking reproachfully at the little boy. "But, personally, I am beginning to become affected by all these animals. I almost feel as though I could become a second Abou-Ben-Din."

"A second Abou-Ben-Din?"

"Yes," continued the ex-Pirate, scarcely noticing the interruption. "But I hardly think it would pay. I doubt if there are any other craft hereabouts."

"What are you mumbling about, anyway?" asked Tommy.

"I was not mumbling at all. I was thinking of Abou-Ben-Din. There was a pirate for you!"

"I never heard of Abou-Ben-Din," said Tommy. "I've read about Captain Kidd and the Day of Algiers, and lots of others—but that's all."

"Well, if you had allowed me to read the first sixteen chapters of my autobiography," exclaimed the ex-Pirate, becoming somewhat excited, as he always did when the subject of his autobiography came up, "you would have

known all about Abou-Ben-Din by this time. He was a Hindoo."

"But can't you tell me about him now, just as well?" pleaded the little boy, anxious to get another pirate story.

"I might," answered the ex-Pirate, meditatively. "I might. It is a favorite story of mine, but I don't think this is very good company to tell it in."

"Why is not it?"

But before the ex-Pirate could answer, the Lion arose and roared so fiercely that the rafters shook, and many of the birds fell from their perches.

"What does this mean?" he growled. "What does all this skylarking signify?"

"I'm not doing anything," put in the Skylark.

"Shut up," continued the Lion, even more fiercely. "This banquet has not been adjourned yet. Why are so many of you standing and running about? Everybody sit down! I want you to understand that this is a continuous performance—booked for forty days and forty nights—and if some one does not perform pretty soon, I'll take a hand in the entertainment myself!"

Everybody knew what that meant. There was only one kind of entertainment that the Lion knew anything about, and that was eating. He was very good at that, and he cast his eyes about on the smaller animals gathered at the board. But the warning was sufficient; there was a grand rush for seats again, and a general inclination to be entertaining was displayed by all. Tommy and his companions got their old places, but the Gopher was so frightened that he retained his seat with difficulty, and he trembled so that he was unable to keep his sun-bonnet on straight.

In the mean time the Lion was scowling and waiting for some one to volunteer. His eyes fell on the shaking Gopher, and he said, grimly,

"Don't you know another joke?"

The poor little animal almost fainted with fright, and for lack of a better inspiration he pointed at the ex-Pirate and gasped,

"He knows lots of things!"

And so the King of Beasts, who was rapidly losing patience, glared at the ex-Pirate and roared,

"Do something!"

The ex-Pirate hesitated; but Tommy, who was not feeling at all comfortable, whispered:

"Give them Abou-Ben-Din!"

"That's a pretty risky thing to do," answered his neighbor; "but I guess I shall have to. I can't think of anything else." And so he arose in his customary way, and bowing to all, announced that he would recite another selection from his autobiography entitled,

THE BALLAD OF ABOU-BEN-DIN.

*Oh, there's many a tale that I like to tell,
And many a yarn to spin,
But there's none I love one-half so well
As the story of Abou-Ben-Din.*

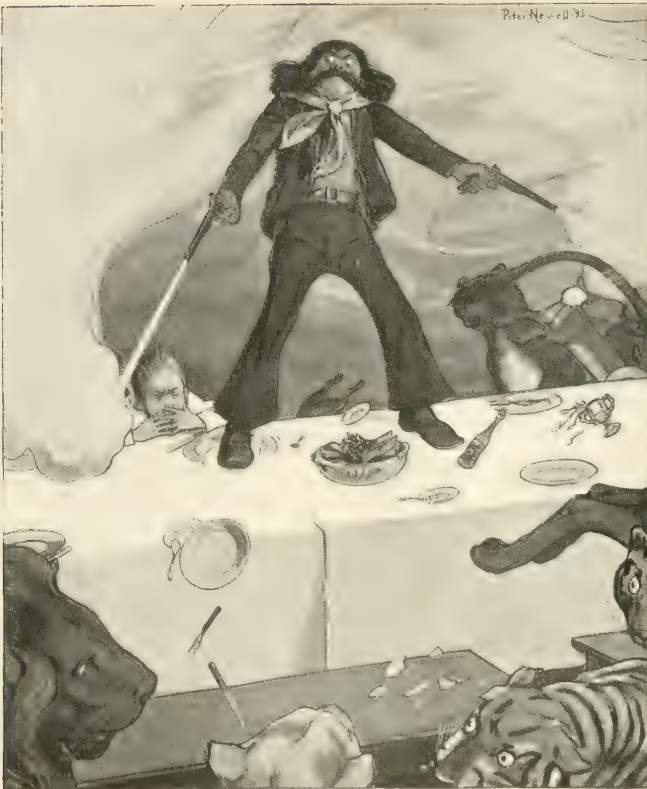
For Abou-Ben-Din was a terrible man,
A blood-thirsty wretch through and through;
A pirate on quite an original plan,
And he captained a terrible crew.

Not a man did he have on his swift-sailing craft,
But a hundred and ten wild beasts,
That snarled on the deck while Abou stood aft,
And steered them toward movable feasts.

For all day the brutes, with eyes opened wide,
Would eagerly watch for a sail,
And as soon as their vessel was brought alongside
They would swarm like rats o'er the rail.

Then after the lions and tigers had dined,
Old Abou would visit the ship,
To collect all the booty and goods he could find
Then drive his beasts back with a whip.

Thus it soon came to pass that the sailors were few
Who would sail in the India seas,
Where Abou-Ben-Din and his man-eating crew
Were eager and ready to seize.



THE EX-PIRATE JUMPED UPON THE TABLE AND FIRED

But I was no coward, and none of my crew
Had ever been known to show fear;
So I said, "We will capture this nautical Zoo;
Toward Abou-Ben-Din let us steer!"

The men all agreed, and we started that day
With cheering and waving of caps;
And down in the hold I had hidden away
A hundred and fifty steel traps.

These were brought up on deck as soon as we spied
Old Abou-Ben-Din and his ship,
And were set and all covered with sawdust to hide
The teeth that were ready to grip.

Then the men went below and closed down the hatch,
While I clambered up on the mast,
Where, safe from the lions, 'twas easy to watch
What happened from first to the last.

Well, the pirate approached. He came alongside.
And the beasts all scrambled aboard;
And I never have heard such cries as they cried,
Or such terrible roars as they roared.

Each lion was caught, and he couldn't get free,
Each trap held an animal fast;
And the way that they struggled was fearful to see—
And I saw it all from the mast.

But Abou-Ben-Din merely gazed in dismay,
And when he knew what had occurred,

He plunged in the sea, and
sank straightaway,
Without ever speaking a
word.

*Ay, there's many a tale that
I like to tell,
And many a yarn to spin,
But there's none I love one
half so well
As the story of Abou-Ben-
Din!*

There was a dead silence
when the ex-Pirate finish-
ed his recital, and Tommy
noticed that the lions and
tigers were shifting about
restlessly in their chairs.
He turned quickly to the
Gopher, and said in low
tones,

"They don't seem to like
it."

"I'm afraid it was a
trifle personal," answered
the Gopher.

"Perhaps we had better
retire," suggested the ex-
Pirate, prudently.

"Where can we go?"
asked Tommy.

"You can go to the
dogs," said the Gopher.

"You must not talk like
that," observed Tommy,
sharply. He had heard
his Uncle Dick use that
expression before, and it
shocked him a little.

"Why not?" exclaimed
the Gopher. "The dogs
are all right, even if they
are down below. They
might be of some assist-
ance to us if the lions get
ugly."

"Oh!" exclaimed the
little boy, but before he
could say any more the
Lion coughed very fiercely,
and spoke to the ex-Pirate.

"How many lions and tigers did you say there were on
board of that ship?"

"About a hundred and ten, I reckon," answered the ex-
Pirate.

"One hundred and ten," repeated the Lion, slowly.
"And you gathered them all in?"

"We did. Every single one," The ex-Pirate's reckless-
ness staggered Tommy and the Gopher. Then the Lion
growled:

"That being the case, I think I shall have to gather you
in." And he arose, followed by the tigers, and began to ap-
proach the ex-Pirate and the little boy. The Gopher be-
came so alarmed that he dropped under the table and was
never seen again. Tommy was so scared that he could not
move. But the ex-Pirate jumped upon the table, and
drawing both his pistols from his belt, aimed them at the
approaching beasts and fired.

The flash, the bang, and the smoke caused Tommy to
close his eyes tightly for a second, and he felt as though
his heart had leaped into his throat.

When he opened them again he was sitting on the win-
dow-seat in his own room, and his mother was standing in
the doorway.

"You must not leave the door and the windows open at
the same time, Tommy," she was saying. "That causes a
draught and makes the door slam. Get ready for supper;
it is nearly tea-time."

THE END.

get into practice, and learn to play the game that is to be required of them later.

THE ABSURDITY OF HAVING three different sets of rules has already manifested itself among the colleges. Before the game between Harvard and Dartmouth, which was played ten days ago, the Captains of the respective teams had to meet and powwow over what methods should hold good in the contest. Of course, Captain Brewer wanted to play according to the Harvard-Cornell-Pennsylvania scheme, but Dartmouth, having a Yale coach, preferred the Yale-Princeton system. This difficulty will doubtless crop up previous to every game played by one of the five law-making colleges with the other colleges who had no say about the revision. It is impossible, of course, for all the scholastic leagues of this section of the United States to get together and agree on uniformity of rules, and this is unnecessary; but I strongly urge neighboring schools to reach some sort of an understanding, or there will be no end of squabbles as the season advances.

OF EARLY GAMES IN NEW ENGLAND, Exeter was badly defeated by Dartmouth College, Andover succumbed to the Boston Latin School, and a few days afterward the B.L.S. players disposed of the Charlestown High-School to the tune of 16-4. B.L.S. has a strong team this year, beyond question. The Charlestown players were confident of winning before the contest began, but at no stage of the game did they stand the slightest chance of success. Captain Maguire, of B.L.S., did excellent work all through the two halves. He made several long runs by good dodging and fast sprinting, punted finely, and tackled hard. Teevens found the centre weak, and banged away at it for a number of good gains. Lowe and Nagle, too, showed up well by breaking through on the runner repeatedly, and making holes large enough for the entire team to get through. Ramsey was easily the best man on the Charlestown High, making all the large gains, and being pushed over the line for the only touch-down. Carley put up a good game at quarter, making some fine tackles, and running the team in good shape. Better arrangements should be made in the future to keep enthusiastic spectators off the field. This is an old-time fault of games between schools. The management of the home team should always consider itself responsible for the policing of the field.

THE MOST IMPORTANT GAME of the New England series, next to the final championship contest, was played at Brookline, Friday, to determine whether Brookline High or Newton High should be the sixth member of the Senior League. As was partially anticipated in these columns last week, victory went to Brookline; but Newton High's defeat was much worse than I had supposed it would be. The score was 22-0, and this showing was due much more to Brookline's steady preliminary work than to any great discrepancy in the make-up of the two elevens. As a spectacle the game was well worth watching, and the manager of the B.H.-S.F.B.A. saw to it that the field was kept clear.

THE WEAKEST POINT in the B.H.-S. line was at right guard, and the Newton Captain soon discovered this, and sent his men cavorting into Talbot with good effect. Almost all of Newton's gains were made through here. Brookline, on the other hand, did not play much for centre, but managed to get around the opposing ends pretty frequently, the last two touch-downs being made in this way. Good individual plays were made by Cook, Aechtler, Seaver, and Morse for B.H.-S., the first-named doing some especially brilliant punting. For Newton the best work was done by Cotting, Lee, and Forsen.

NEWTON FUMBLER A GOOD DEAL during the game, and many of their losses were due to this inability to keep their hands on the ball. At times, however, Lee's men seemed to be able to brace, making strong resistance at critical moments. B.H.-S.'s second touch-down was only secured after a stubborn fight. The ball had been rushed down to

Newton's five-yard line, when the N.H.-S. men gathered themselves well together and held their opponents for four downs. But this did them small service eventually, because of their woeful fumbling. In the very first rush following the four downs the Newton runner dropped the ball, and Seaver fell on it. In a few moments the second touch-down was scored. If Newton had only persisted a little longer in backing the centre during the second half, I feel confident they could have scored.

THE CAMBRIDGE MANUAL TRAINING-SCHOOL defeated Somerville High again last week, and put up some good football. Somerville was unable to score, although they played hard at times, especially in the second half, when they got the ball within four yards of the opponents' goal. The best ground-gainer for Cambridge was White, who also did some hard tackling. Thompson got around the ends well and interfered effectively, and Captain Murphy did some excellent rush-line work, making most of the holes through which he shot his men. Savin showed himself a level-headed quarter-back, and will doubtless fill that position for the rest of the year.

SOMERVILLE HIGH'S PLAY was very loose at times, and the men seemed to choose the most critical moments of the game to do their fumbling. There was a noticeable lack of team play, which must be remedied at once if Somerville hopes to do anything in the championship series later on. The backs did not interfere for each other, except on rare occasions, and the C.M.T.-S. forwards had an easy time of it bringing down the runner. It looks to me as if there was too much of a desire on the part of these Somerville backs to shine by brilliant individual work. That is a fatal ambition, and if it exists should be killed by the captain at once. Football to-day is a game for team-work, and the star player is a very rare bird indeed. In the first half S.H.-S. had the ball only at the kick-off and after touch-downs. They did not seem able to hold it. In the second half they did better, and, as I said, at one time were within threatening proximity to the C.M.T.-S. line; but there is much room for improvement with the Somerville men. Good coaching is what they need.

IT WAS A HOT GAME that was played September 28th between Groton and the Boston English High-School. For the first time in the history of the sport, Groton met defeat at the hands of a Boston Preparatory School. The Boston team played a great game throughout, and won by their strength of line, which was impregnable for the Groton backs. In the first half E.H.-S. had the ball most of the time. Groton got it but twice, only to lose it immediately on downs. The E.H.-S. players were lighter, but their team-work was much superior to that of Groton. Callahan, Whittemore, Ellsworth, Higgins, and Murphy played an extremely hard game, and the others' work was very steady. The touch-down was made in the first half. In the second E.H.-S. had the ball most of the time, but could not score.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP SCHEDULE for the Senior League of the New England Interscholastic Football Association was made out last week at a meeting of the Captains held at the B.A.A., and the games will be played as follows:

English High—Oct. 29, Brookline High at South End grounds; Nov. 12, Hopkinson at South End grounds; Nov. 15, Cambridge High and Latin at South End; Nov. 22, C.M.T.S. (grounds undecided); Nov. 25, Boston Latin at South End.

Brookline High—Oct. 29, English High at South End; Nov. 4, Cambridge High and Latin at Brookline Common; Nov. 8, Cambridge Manual at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 22, Boston Latin at Brookline Common; Nov. 27, Hopkinson at Brookline Common.

Hopkinson—Nov. 1, Cambridge Manual at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 8, Cambridge High and Latin at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 12, English High at South End; Nov. 15, Boston Latin at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 27, Brookline High at Brookline Common.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Cambridge High and Latin—Oct. 29, Cambridge Manual at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 4, Brookline High at Brookline Common; Nov. 8, Hopkinson at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 12, Boston Latin (grounds undecided); Nov. 15, English High at South End.

Cambridge Manual—Oct. 29, Cambridge High and Latin at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 1, Hopkinson at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 8, Brookline High at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 15, Boston Latin at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 22, English High (grounds undecided).

Boston Latin—Nov. 12, Cambridge High and Latin at South End grounds; Nov. 15, Cambridge Manual at Soldiers' Field; Nov. 18, Hopkinson at South End grounds; Nov. 22, Brookline at Brookline Common; Nov. 28, English High at South End grounds.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE SCHEDULE was not made up, because of absences among the representatives, but it has doubtless been arranged by this time. The number of games will be greater this year than before, and as a matter of interesting record this table of matches played since the organization of the League is here given:

Team.	Games Won	Games Lost	Games Tied	Points Won	Points Lost	Points Tied
1888.						
Cambridge H. and L.	20	4	136	6	0	
Boston Latin	12	17	149	5	1	
Roxbury Latin	10	1	66	56	4	2
English High	2	2	20	78	2	3
Nichols, Nichols, and Hales	4	5	1	46	52	1
Hopkinson	1	3	18	126	1	9
Nobles	1	1	9	108	0	5
1889.						
Cambridge H. and L.	11	3	6	105	16	3
English High	3	7	4	46	32	2
Boston Latin	7	4	4	58	20	1
Roxbury Latin	1	1	24	68	2	2
Hopkinson	1	1	6	103	0	4
1890.						
Cambridge H. and L.	10	1	8	91	35	5
English High	10	7	8	85	26	4
Hopkinson	7	8	8	74	52	3
Manual Training	6	1	4	57	48	1
Roxbury Latin	5	5	1	52	80	1
Boston Latin	5	1	1	122	0	4
1891.						
Hopkinson	17	7	7	130	4	0
Manual Training	9	1	5	79	56	2
English High	2	12	6	48	2	2
Boston Latin	4	2	2	32	5	3
Cambridge H. and L.	1	1	1	135	0	4
1892.						
Hopkinson	12	4	8	88	8	0
Manual Training	2	3	3	24	34	1
English High	5	4	4	46	52	2
Cambridge H. and L.	1	1	1	10	34	1
Boston Latin	2	1	1	16	56	0
1893.						
English High	11	3	7	78	56	4
Manual Training	19	5	1	134	28	4
Boston Latin	3	3	3	30	68	2
Newton High	10	3	7	72	88	2
Cambridge H. and L.	5	1	1	34	78	1
Hopkinson	5	6	54	4	0	4
1894.						
Manual Training	9	5	7	74	26	4
English High	11	2	1	16	98	2
Cambridge H. and L.	3	3	2	42	16	2
Hopkinson	5	3	2	22	32	3
Boston Latin	3	1	2	22	32	3
Newton High	1	2	14	8	1	3

* One tied. † Two tied. ‡ Forfeited.

ST. MARK'S HAS SIX of last year's men back in school, and a number of promising candidates. Several minor games have been

played, but the chief matches will be with Andover next week, and with Groton, November 9th. At the present writing Groton has the better eleven, but the St. Mark's players are working hard under good coaching and will improve. THE GRADUATE.

A JOKE ON THE MARINES.

AN old but a true story goes the rounds in the navy concerning an unintentional slur that was made upon a body of sea-soldiers known as the marines, by a venerable chaplain attached to the frigate *Hartford*, at the time that vessel was Admiral Farragut's flag-ship. It was the Sunday just after the terrible passage of the Mississippi River forts, and in his sermon the chaplain sought to impress his large congregation gathered on the gun-deck of the vessel the fact of each one being responsible for his own salvation. In concluding his appeal, and with his face flushed from the warmth of his argument, he

turned to the gallant old Admiral, and exclaimed,

"Yes, Admiral, you as well as the lowliest of the seamen who are listening to me this morning, cannot escape that individual responsibility; and you, my dear associates of the ward-room, and other officers, you also must take this lesson to yourselves." Then addressing the sailors, he said, "There is no man among you who can shift this question to another's shoulders. Admiral, Captain, officers, and seamen, you all have souls to save." Remembering that in his summing up he had omitted all references to the soldiers of the ship, he hastened to include them also by adding, "Yes, even a marine has a soul to save."

The joke, although perfectly innocent, was too rich not to tickle the congregation, and a titter followed the chaplain's closing sentence. From that day the poor marines have been the butt of the sailors, who occasionally find the greatest satisfaction in reminding them that "Even a marine has a soul to save."

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A., C. & C. O. would invite attention to the changes made in this department.

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NEW YORK.

Webster's International Dictionary



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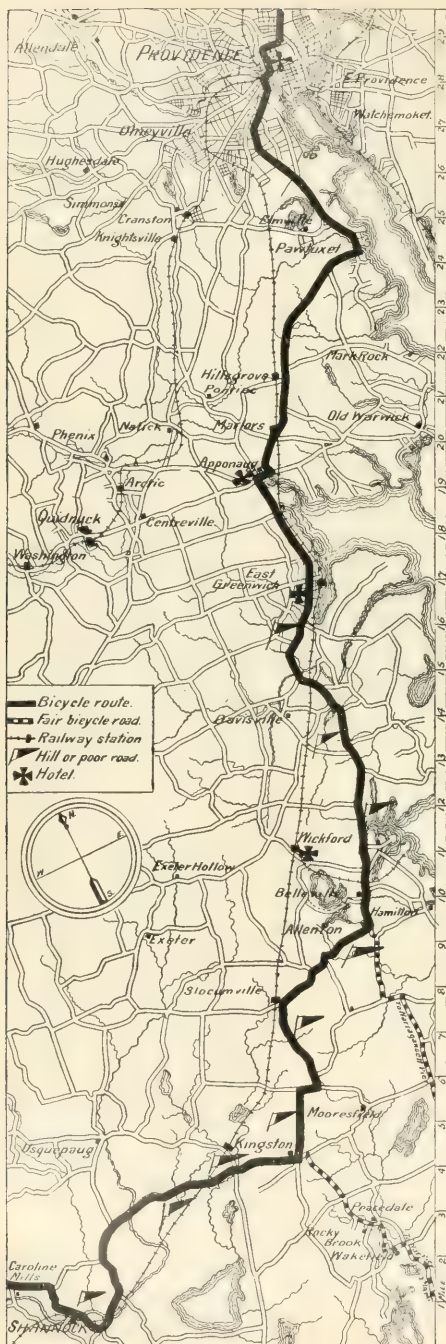


This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclers, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THE JOURNEY FROM SHANNOCK TO PROVIDENCE, which is the fifth stage of the run from New York to Boston, is another short trip. On leaving Shannock the rider runs out of the village from the southeast, and then at the crossing of roads keeps always to the left, moving northward, and soon crossing a small stream. The run from this point is unmistakable. A little more than three miles out he crosses the stream again, passes over a bit of hilly country, and after crossing the railroad runs directly into Kingston. Here a sharp turn is made to the north and left again, and passing Moorsfield the rider runs on to Sloucmville over a moderately good road-bed, but through some pretty hilly country. In fact there are several good hills between Shannock and East Greenwich, all of which are designated on the map. From Sloucmville to Belleville through Alenton is a clear course over a good road, bad in spots; and thence the route skirts along the inlets of the bay direct to Wickford. Wickford station and hotel are some distance off the bicycle route, but it is hardly necessary to stop here, and the rider would better keep on direct to East Greenwich, where a stop can be made for lunch or dinner, with a little under twenty-five miles done for the morning's run. The road from Wickford to East Greenwich is easily followed if you take care to keep to the main road and do not swerve to right or left. It becomes better as you proceed northward as to road-bed and hills. From East Greenwich, the rider follows the shore of Narragansett Bay up to Apponaug, and if he happens to run through East Greenwich without stopping for dinner he can find a reasonably good meal at this place, though on the whole East Greenwich is a much more satisfactory spot. Side paths can be used along this part of the road to great advantage at times, though that goes without saying anywhere outside of villages or towns. On entering Apponaug the rider turns sharply to the right into the village, and on leaving he keeps on the same road, running eastward, until just before crossing the track. At this point he turns sharply to the left and runs up to Marlors, crossing the railroad there. The road now runs along not far from the track, passing Hillsgrove. Thence the rider should keep straight on to Pawtuxet. On entering the main street turn to the left and pass directly through the town, leaving Elmville on the left, and soon afterwards, perhaps three miles further on, running into the most distant suburbs of Providence. It is some distance to the centre of the city, where the Narragansett House is a good place to stop. Indeed the journey winds about so that it is thirty-seven or thirty-eight miles before you have made the run from Shannock to Providence.

IF THE RIDER IS ONE who can easily do seventy or eighty miles in a day he can make a short detour near the beginning of the journey and spend part of the morning at Narragansett Pier. On leaving Kingston, instead of turning sharply to the left at the junction of the roads, go eastward on the Moorsfield road, and take the first right-hand turn. This will carry you to Narragansett Pier in short order, as it is not many miles away. In like manner the main road to Providence may be joined again at Alenton by following the secondary bicycle route designated.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Totteville to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia—Wissahickon Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825; Second Stage in No. 826. Philadelphia to Vineland—First Stage in No. 827. Second Stage in No. 828. New York to Boston—Second Stage in No. 829; Third Stage in No. 830; Fourth Stage in No. 831.



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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE



Any questions in regard to photograph matters will be willingly answered by the Editor of this column, and we should be glad to hear from any of our club who can make helpful suggestions.

PAPERS FOR BEGINNERS, No. 14.

MOUNTING PRINTS.

AS a rule all prints should be trimmed before toning. This is not only economy, but it simplifies the mounting process. Aristo prints can be mounted direct from the ferrotype plate or the ground-glass to which they have been squeegeed to dry. When thoroughly dry, paste the back of a print, lift the corner from the plate with the point of a knife, and peel off the picture. Place the upper edge of the picture on a line with the top of the card, and let the print drop into place. Lay a piece of tissue-paper over the face of the print, and roll the squeegee over it very lightly and evenly, taking care that no air-blisters are left between the print and the card-mount. By mounting aristo prints in this way one avoids getting paste on the face of the picture, and it will retain much of the gloss imparted to it by the ferrotype plate.

Instead of drying the prints before mounting they can be taken from the water one at a time, and placed face down on a pane of glass, or the bottom of the toning tray. After all are placed, absorb as much of the water as possible with a piece of blotting-paper. Apply the paste to the top print, being particular to have the edges well covered. Lift the print and lay it on the card-mount, and rub down with squeegee as directed. When the pictures are dry they can be burnished if desired. Card-mounts come in all sizes, and the beginner usually selects a mount the size of the print to be mounted. Now a picture to look its best should be mounted on a card large enough to show at least an inch margin all round. A 6x8 card is a good size for a 4x5 print. Plain card-mounts of creamy white or soft gray are much less expensive than the small mounts with gilt or fancy edges, and are much more artistic.

Before mounting a print it is a good idea to lay it on the card and see what best accords with the color. After the prints are mounted write the name of the picture on each. If written on the back, which is usually to be preferred to the face of the print, any item of interest about the picture can be added. Do not mount a print unless it has some claim to merit. An amateur is always being asked to show his pictures, and it does not add to one's reputation as a photographer to exhibit dismal failures and dignify them with the name of pictures. There is no use in perpetuating a failure.

When visitors ask to see your pictures do not bring out every one you happen to have mounted. A dozen well-taken and well-mounted pictures are more appreciated and more enjoyed than a large collection of which one tires before he gets to the end. Always have a few good pictures reserved for yourself. One so often hears the excuse, "Oh, I haven't any good prints," that it becomes tiresome. Make at least a dozen as

fine prints as you can, and keep them for halation, adding fresh ones as the old ones become soiled.

CLARA ANDREWS wants to know what is meant by halation. Halation is the term used to denote the spreading of light beyond its proper place on the negative. In photographing an interior where the camera is pointed toward a window the light from the window is reflected from the back of the negative, and makes a sort of halo or fog round the picture of the window. Plates called non-halation plates are now made for the purpose of photographing clouds, windows, lights, etc., without having this fog appear.

E. A. D. asks if there is a way to take a photograph from an engraving, and how it is done. Copying photographs and engravings is very easily done. Place the picture on a board, holding it in place with clamps or letter-clips, and set the board upright. Arrange the camera, and focus on the principal object in the picture. The picture must be at exactly the same angle as the camera. If the camera is exactly horizontal the picture must also be placed in the same position. It is best to take the pictures out-of-doors, as the light is more even than in the house. Expose a little longer than for ordinary landscapes or figures.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

HIS got a pretty pinky cheek;
He's fat and fair as Cupid;
But if I said things baby says,
They'd think me very stupid.

And yet when'er he says those things,
For twenty minutes after
The rooms and hallways loud resound
With pop's and mamma's laughter.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, N. Y. City.—[Adv.]

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Boys,

You must not expect to have a watch build fires in the morning, or milk cows for you, but the

"Rugby" Watches

are the handsomest watches ever made, are perfect time-keepers, and

Are Warranted Every Way.

To thoroughly post yourself, send for the "Rugby" Catalogue—you will get a few points about watches that will surprise you.

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AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being the grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect." (Signed) **FRANZ VOGT.**

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(Afflicted with **SORE EYES**) **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

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of the Choicest Old and New Songs and Hymns in the Wide World.

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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

A Jamaica Sky Fleeting.

I shall try and tell you about a Jamaica sky meeting, given by the Garrison Gymkhana Club. It went on about a week ago. The drive down there is eight miles, and is very pretty. The hard white road winds along, some of the way, beside a deep, lovely, tropical valley with a narrow musical little river leaping and tumbling among big gray rocks, half the time hidden by the dense green foliage, and then springing out in a silver waterfall. On the other side of the road the tall brown mountains rise up almost straight, with jagged rocks sticking out of them. A little beyond this are broad fields, some planted in sugar-cane, and of a brilliant green, others with tall golden-brown grass sweeping to the foot of the mountains.

As we swing around corners we come upon occasional squads of negro women peasants with the customary baskets of miscellaneous products, fruit and vegetable, on their heads, and some driving donkeys similarly loaded in panniers. They scatter in all directions as our coachman cracks his whip without deigning to slow up. At last we reached our destination and took our places on the grand stand. In front of us was a big square plain. To the left, Long Mountain, while to the right lay the Caribbean, its shores fringed with coco-palms. The centre of the field contained the resurrection tent.

The grand stand now began to fill up, and soon the first race was called. While they were preparing for this we saw about a score of musicians in zouave uniform marching up from the barracks. These constituted the West India band. They were all negroes, and some had brilliant-colored turbans on, and some little caps with tassels. Lots of the Newcastle soldiers were there, and their scarlet coats and white helmets made a vivid bit of color. Officers on horseback galloped about with white and red flags shouting out directions. The zouaves were now in position, and the band-master, who was, white, with a uniform to match, and a huge moustache, soon started the music. We watched him with delight as he kept time with his wand, making the delicious gestures that only a band-leader can make.

The racers were mostly polo ponies, mostly of thirteen hands. I won two of the races; one on a little gray, and the other on a slender black with a graceful head. We left after the sixth race, while the band played with as much vim as if for the first time. "God save the Queen!"

GORDON TOWN, JAMAICA.

BETRIE HAWTHORNE.

From a Knight in Japan.

In answer to your request, I will try to give you a few ideas about Japan. Japan is an ancient island empire; but after the restoration the empire was entirely governed by the Emperor Mustu-Hito, until he gave to the people a constitution, in 1889. The Emperor is assisted in the government by a Prime Minister, a cabinet, and two houses of Parliament. Tokyo, the capital, is a very beautiful city, one reason being its numerous moats, walls, and stone embankments, on which grow the odd-shaped Japanese pines.

The parks are beautiful and very large, and have many grand old trees hundreds of years old. The population of Tokyo is nearly a million and a half, and it contains a hundred square miles. It is very hot in summer and very cold in winter. Our rainy season is in summer, while our dry season is in winter. We rarely have more than two or three light snow-storms a winter.

The persimmon and orange are natives of Japan, while there are grapes and figs in plenty, plums, strawberries in season, a few apples, and tasteless pears. Yokohama is the principal seaport, and has 100,000 inhabitants. It looks very much like a foreign city except for the roofs. The streets of all the cities of Japan are macadamized and beautifully clean. Yokohama contains 5000 foreigners, 300 only of which are Americans. The people of Japan are so exceedingly polite and courteous that they rival the French in that respect. They are very industrious, and, as the late war has proved, are patriotic and brave. I suppose you are all as glad as I am that Japan has been victorious, as I think that Americans take the side of the

Japanese. I have lived here six years, but was born in San Francisco and lived there seven years.

TOKYO, JAPAN.

CHARLES H. THORN, R.T.K.

Query for the Natural History Society.

Does any botanical member know the modern classification (whether as animal or vegetable) of the Tremella (*Conferia gelatinosa*), a green water-plant? It forms in stagnant pools, and consists of a number of filaments interwoven through each other. According to the description, if one of these is moistened and placed under a microscope, the extremities rise and fall alternately, and move to the right or to the left, twisting in various directions. Sometimes it forms itself into an oval or irregular curve. If two are placed side by side, they become twisted together by a peculiar motion. If we are to believe the author the plant has the nine lives of a cat, for if a filament or mass of tremella is dried and laid away for several months it will, on being moistened, revive and multiply as before.

The plant was also known under the names of *Osmunda cinnamomum* and *Aquarium limnoscens*. Can any member give me further information on this subject?

VINCENT V. M. BEEDE, R.T.F.

HACKETT-TOWN, N. J.

Prizes for Entertainment Programmes.

Two prizes of \$10 each will be given by HARPER'S ROUND TABLE for the best programme for evening entertainments. Of course the programmes must be new. The performance should consume at least one hour, and be open to both sexes, any age, and from four to an unlimited number of people. Use your ingenuity, and devise something funny and interesting. Write the particulars of it in full, and mail them to HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, New York, not later than December 15, 1895. Competition is open to everybody.

A full list of all prizes will be sent to all who ask for it.

* * *

Prizes for Music Compositions.

Four prizes are offered by HARPER'S ROUND TABLE for music compositions, competition open to everybody. The two first prizes are \$5 each, in money; the two second, fifty engraved visiting-cards, winners' names, with copper plate for future use. Compositions must be plainly written on music paper, and forwarded not later than December 15, 1895.

The following, "A Thanksgiving Song," requires a hymn composition, with the four parts—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. Here is the first verse:

"For sowing and reaping, for cold and for heat,
For sweets of the flowers, and gold of the wheat.

For ships in the harbors, for sails on the sea,
O Father in heaven, our songs rise to Thee."

The other one requires the soprano, or tune, and piano accompaniment. Here is the first verse:

"We have an echo in our house,

An echo three years old,
With dimpled cheeks and wistful eyes,
And hair of sunny gold."

The concluding verses of both these poems will be found in *Little Knights and Ladies*, by Margaret E. Sangster. Verses here given are sufficient for this competition. Those who may want the concluding verses can procure the book from any bookseller; price, \$1. Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS are the publishers, and will send the volume, postpaid, on receipt of the price. Put your name and address on the back of the competition, and say whether you are over or under eighteen years of age. There are no other conditions.

* * *

Stinks.

NO 106.—A STUDY IN FLOWERS.

Tell me the name of the fatherly flower (1),
And of that which expresses permission, not power (2),
Of the flower you'd wish, had you broken your arm (3),
Of the one coming fresh from the dairy and farm (4),

Of the church-going flower, in gorgeous attire (5),
And the plant you may use if the cow runs drier (6);

The darling Billy (7), and the reverend John (8),
The grass beloved by every one (9),
The flower that bids you for money to wed (10),
And that which you often put on your head (11),
The flower composed entirely of hair (12),
And that both a dude and a beast somewhat rare (13),

The dark-eyed maid (14), and the tattered rat (15),
The pilgrim of Israel come from afar (16),
The plant full of money (17), and that full of legs (18),

The one for which many a poor beggar begs (19),
The flower pretending to be a large stone (20),
And those worn by a man who lives all alone (21).
What flowers are for kissing considered the best (22)?

And which doth a dear darky mammy suggest (23)?

Which does old Reynard wear on his paw (24)?
And what does a lady oft place on the floor (25)?
In what flower are various vegetables planted (26)?

And what weed is by fishermen oftentimes wanted (27)?

In what flower do many animals go (28)?
And which did the old Indian cast at his foe (29)?
G.V.B.

* * *

Where is the Richest Gold-Mine?

The Black Hills are in the western part of South Dakota, and they extend a little distance into Wyoming. The largest gold-mines in the world are up in Lead City, a small town about four miles from here. Silver is also found in some places. There are some high rocks here in this city called "White Rocks," because they are of a white color. When visitors come and learn the height (6000 feet), they are filled with a desire to climb them. People often give up other trips to have a climb up the highest rock. Even invalids attempt the journey. You pass the cemetery about half-way up.

We have firemen's tournaments here about once a year. At these, firemen take the hose-carts (we don't have fire-engines here, for our water-tank is up on a high hill), and run races with other towns, the prizes being money, of course. The tournaments usually last two or three days. They have coupling contests, too, where they see who can get water first, and have nozzle on far enough to hold the strain of the water. This is called the "novelty coupling contest." The plain coupling contest is without water. They have to "break hose," which means to detach the nozzle from one end of the hose and attach the nozzle to the other end.

DRAWOOD, S. D.

ETHEL VAN CISE.

* * *

The Helping Hand.

There have been a number of contributions to the Fund since our last acknowledgment. The amounts have been small, but every little helps. Here are names of contributors to date—two weeks in advance of the date of this issue:

Dorothy and Pinneo, 5 cents; Victor R. Gage, \$3; W. Stowell Wooster, 10 cents; George Tempel, 10 cents; William W. Mursick, 10 cents; Rose, Louise, and Mrs. P. B. Levy, Mignonette Karelsen, Hattie M. Reidell, and Johanna Girvins, \$1; Edwin J. Roberts, 10 cents; Christine, Ada, and Harry Norris, 30 cents; Paul Barnhart, 10 cents; Ursula Minor, \$5; Vincent V. M. Beede, 10 cents; Eileen M. Weidon, 10 cents; Florence E. Cowan, 10 cents; Maud I. Wigfield, 10 cents; Jessie Alexander, \$1; Kate Sanborn, 10 cents; Two Friends, 30 cents; Allie and Julia Russell, 20 cents; Thacher H. Guild, 10 cents; Frederick G. Clapp, 10 cents; a member, 10 cents; the Winslow family, 50 cents; Mary D. and Belle A. Barr, 30 cents; Edwin F. Wilson, 10 cents; Charles E. Abbey, 10 cents; Tom R. Robinson, 10 cents; Chauncey T. Driscoll, \$1; John C. Failing, 10 cents; Tracy French, 10 cents; J. Crispin Bebb, 25 cents; Christina R. Horton, 25 cents; Adella Hooper, 10 cents; John H. Campbell, Jun., 10 cents; Lyle, Frances, and H. W. Selby, \$1; Evelyn, Marianne, and Lyle Tate, \$1; Helen F. Little, 10 cents; Nellie Hazeltine, 25 cents; and Addie Brown, 25 cents. Total, \$17.65.



This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects in far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

SEVERAL correspondents have asked me about plate numbers on English stamps, and also the meaning of the letters in the corners of the same stamps. First, as to plate numbers. For many years the plate numbers on English adhesive stamps were printed on the margin only, hence they were cut off the imperforated sheets, and torn off the perforated sheets, and are as scarce to-day as the early U.S. numbers. By reference to the one shilling, 1865, illustrated below, the figure 1 is found on either side of the portrait. This signifies that the stamp was printed on plate No. 1 of the one shilling. Of the higher values few plates were required, but of the one-penny stamp about 150 plates were necessary. I hope to



1840



1855



1862



1865

ENGLAND

give in an early number of the ROUND TABLE a fairly complete list of the English one-penny stamp varieties, as now collected in England. It will be very interesting to see how scientific stamp-collecting has become.

As to the letters in the angles. The one penny and twopenny English issued in 1840 had letters in the lower corners only, the fourpenny, sixpenny, and one shilling had no letters. In 1865 all the stamps were issued with letters in all four corners. The lower values were printed in sheets of 240 stamps, the first stamp bearing the letters A B in the upper corners, the next A C, the next A D, etc. In the lower corners the letters were reversed; thus a stamp marked F D in the upper corners was marked D F in the lower corners. In the rooms of the Philatelic Society, New York, complete sheets of the one-penny English stamp are to be seen, each plate made up of 240 separate stamps. The labor involved in making up these sheets was enormous, necessitating the examination of many thousands of stamps.

B. MAGUIRES.—I hope shortly to print an article on one of the stamps of Great Britain, which will give a fair answer to your questions.

PHILATUS.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 PURE

At all grocery stores east of the Rocky Mountains two sizes of Ivory Soap are sold; one that costs five cents a cake, and a larger size. The larger cake is the more convenient and economical for laundry and general household use. If your Grocer is out of it, insist on his getting it for you.

THE PROCTOR & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.



"Napoleon"

Handsome,

Instructive.

One of the new

Parker

Games

For Boys and

Girls.

"Innocence

Abroad."

"Waterloo,"

"Chivalry,"

"Yankee

Doodle."

ASK FOR THEM.



GYROGRAPH,

THE ARTISTIC TOP,

makes beautiful circles, also shows the motions of

the earth. Sent by mail, postage prepaid, for 35c.

Wm. D. Henkel, 1214 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Request.—Readers of Harper's

Round Table will please mention the paper when

answering advertisements contained therein.

Solely with

SORE EYES USE DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

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Road Home," etc. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, \$1 25.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York



THE BABY ELEPHANT ON RETURNING FROM HIS OUTING DESIRES TO LEARN HOW MUCH HE HAS GAINED IN WEIGHT.



THE INDEX OF THE MACHINE REVOLVES SO RAPIDLY, OWING TO THE UNUSUAL STRAIN, THAT HE IS UNABLE TO KEEP SATISFACTORY TALLY, AND

NOT PLEASANT.
I'm glad I'm not a Hollander;
I shouldn't like it much
To have to learn when I
would speak
To say it all in Dutch.

ANECDOTES OF THE ABSENT-MINDED.

ANOTHER "absent-minded man" item has been received. This one refers to Ampère, the famous mathematician, who was noted for his absent-mindedness. On one occasion, it is stated that while walking along the street he mistook the back of a cab for a blackboard, and as a blackboard was just the thing he needed at the time, to solve a problem which had been vexing his mind for some moments during his walk, he made use of it. Taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket he proceeded to trace out a number of algebraical formulæ on the cab's back, and followed the moving "board" for the space of a quarter of an hour without noticing the progress of the conveyance. As to whether the cabman charged him by the course or by the hour, or even at all, the item does not inform us.

From the same source we have the following item: They have a good joke just at present on a well-known lawyer who is noted for his absent-mindedness. He went up his own stairs the other day, and seeing a notice on his own door, "Back at two," sat down to wait for himself.



THE MECHANISM BECOMES SO HEATED AS TO CAUSE THE MACHINE TO BURST,



WHICH LEADS TO HIS BEING SUSPECTED OF AN ATTEMPT TO LOOT IT.

A VERY UNSATISFACTORY WEIGH.

UNDER HEAVY EXPENSE.

"I GET an allowance now of twenty-five cents a week," said Jimmieboy.

"Good! Do you save it?" said the visitor.

"No," said Jimmieboy. "I pay it out in fines for being naughty."

ILL LUCK.

"I'm always having bad luck," said little Reuben. "Now just because I knew all my lessons by heart to-day, the teacher went and got sick, and wouldn't hear them."

CERTITUDE.

WHEN I hang up the racket,
The paddle, and bat,
When my red Tam o' Shanter
Supplants my straw hat;
When the cranberry's ripe and
The turkey is fat,
Thanksgiving is coming,
I'm certain of that!

WALTER. "Papa, how do you pronounce W-o-r-c-e-s-t-e-r?"

PAPA. "Wooster."

WALTER. "Well, if Worcester is pronounced Wooster, why isn't Rochester pronounced Rooster?"

his own stairs the other day, and seeing a notice on his own door, "Back at two," sat down to wait for himself.

TEACHER. "Can any one explain how the earth is divided?"

WILLIE (with very important air). "Between them that's got it and them that would like to have it."

"No, Willie dear," said mamma, "no more cakes to-night. Don't you know you cannot sleep on a full stomach?"

"Well," replied Willie, "I can sleep on my back."

FRED. "What does the grocer do with the things he sells?"

BEN. "Ties them up."

FRED. "No; gives them a weigh."

THE ICE CART

I LOVE to drink a glass of milk,
Or cider from the flagon,
But best of all I like to munch
Cracked ice behind the wagon.

TEACHER (to class in geography). "Can any one tell me the principal products of the Sandwich Islands?"

JOHNIE (confidently). "Sandwiches."



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



HARRY BORDEN'S NAVAL MONSTER.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT was a bright and beautiful morning in June, 1927.

The war between Venezuela and England had been in progress just three weeks, and every one was wondering why the big monarchy had not whipped the little republic off the face of the earth. But the resources of the South American country had been underestimated, and so had the immense difficulties which confronted England in her endeavor to carry on an offensive war at an almost inaccessible distance from her most trustworthy sources of supplies, and in a climate which was formidable to her men.

She had succeeded in landing a small force of trained soldiers, fresh from her latest campaign against the Ameer of Afghanistan, who had set up a new boundary-line beyond Herat, and was consequently in hot water with both England and Russia.

These trained Indian curry-eaters had penetrated a vast forest in the interior and had never come out, and it was currently reported that half of them had perished in a swamp, and the other half had been destroyed by fevers and cobras. A strong fleet, under command of Vice-Ad-

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

miral Sir Wallace Bruce, had been scattered by adverse winds, and two of the ships had fallen in with powerful Venezuelan armor-clads, and had been most impetuously sent to the bottom. Others had sunk three Venezuelan war-ships, but the little republic had three better ones afloat inside of a week, and experts said that they looked very French.

The war had broken out over England's high-handed occupation of an insignificant island off the Venezuelan coast. The Venezuelans had been amazed by the proceeding, but the Marquis of Wintergreen, the Foreign Secretary, had at once declared that the island had been conquered and attached to England by Sir Francis Drake in the course of his first voyage to the West Indies. As Mr. Froude and other English historians had proved that Drake was little better than a pirate, this made every one laugh, except the Venezuelans, who said they were going to fight; and they did. As soon as war was declared, President Roosevelt, of the United States, on the advice of Secretary of State George B. McClellan, Jun., called an extra session of Congress, and the legislative halls at Washington so rang with patriotic speeches about the Monroe Doctrine that the New York *Sun* got out extras every two hours, day and night, and had illuminated bulletins covering the entire front of the building. Congress at length declared that the United States must act as an ally of Venezuela, whereupon the *Sun* printed itself in red, white, and blue, and the *World* despatched correspondents by special balloon to South America. The President ordered the entire National Guard into the service of the United States, and the various regiments at once repaired to their camps of instruction and began field drills. It was expected that they would be fully equipped and prepared for service at the front in about two months. The naval militia was also ordered out, and immediately began a series of cruises alongshore in open boats, landing and sending signals in every direction every four hours. The officers clamored for coast-defense vessels to man, but there were only four such ships, and they were all in dry docks undergoing repairs that would take three months to complete. The Secretary of the Navy issued orders to Rear-Admiral Ward to get the North and South Atlantic squadrons to the Venezuelan coast as quickly as possible, and the Rear-Admiral answered that he would be ready to sail by the end of August.

As soon as the action of Congress had been taken, Harry Borden, of Tickle River, went by express train to Washington. In the obscure sea-coast village of Tickle River Harry was called a genius, and it was said that he had invented things which would be worth millions to the government in such an emergency as that which had now arisen. It was to lay before the Secretary of War one of these inventions that the young man had gone to the capital. He had exhibited a small working model of his contrivance to several wealthy men of his native State, and they had forthwith invested enough money in it to enable the young inventor to build a full-fledged machine, and to go to see the Secretary about its employment in the impending conflict. Harry Borden was a good talker, but he could not talk the government of the United States into prompt action.

"My dear young friend," said the Secretary, "I am sure that your invention will prove of inestimable value to the United States in time of war."

"It's the time of war now, isn't it?" said Harry.

"Yes, yes, to be sure; but this is a matter which must be laid before Congress, and a bill must be introduced regarding it. I should advise you to see the Congressman from your district about that. I will give you a letter to him saying that I heartily approve of your machine."

"But, sir, while all this is going on we are losing valuable time. My machine ought to be down there damaging the enemy."

"Really, my dear young friend, you must allow things to take their course."

"Why can't you give me permission to go ahead on my own hook?"

"Embark in private warfare? Privateering is out of

date, my young friend. But, ah—um I may say that ah—if you should go down there and succeed in inflicting serious damage on the British fleet, I think—mind, I say only that I think—the government would ignore the irregularity of the proceeding."

"That's enough for me," said Harry, springing to his feet. "If my backers will consent, I'll be there in less than a week; and, mark my word, sir, you'll hear of my machine down there, sir."

And before the astonished Secretary could say more, Harry Borden had bounded from the room.

The British cruiser *Ajar III*, was steaming at a speed of ten knots through the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea. She had been carrying certain despatches of grave importance from Vice-Admiral Sir Wallace Bruce to the Governor of Jamaica, and was now returning in a leisurely manner, which told of economy in the coal department. The *Ajar III*, was an armored cruiser of about 6000 tons. She carried armor eight inches thick on her sides, and had a steel protective deck four inches thick. Her main battery consisted of four improved Smith-Dodge-Hopkins 8-inch rapid-firing breech-loaders, capable of discharging four of the new steel-iridium conical projectiles every minute, with a point-blank range of two miles, and an initial velocity of 3000 feet per second. Her secondary battery consisted of six 4-inch revolving guns, discharging seventy shells a minute when operated by electricity. The cruiser had the new compound quadruple engines, capable of driving her twenty-six knots an hour under forced draught. On the whole, she was regarded as a fairly efficient vessel, though some of the leading British critics declared that she belonged to a type that was fast becoming obsolete.

She was moving gently and steadily through the water. The sun was shining brightly, and his gleaming rays made sparkling light along the cruiser's polished brass-work and on the brown chases of her long slender guns. Captain Dudley Fawkes was pacing the after-bridge in conversation with his Executive Officer, Commander Bilton-Brooks, and Lieutenant Sir Edward Avon was the officer of the watch on the main bridge.

"I don't believe," said Captain Fawkes, "that the United States means seriously to take a hand in this fight."

"I don't know about that," responded Commander Bilton-Brooks. "Congress has taken action, and the President has called out troops."

"True enough," rejoined the Captain, "but that does not necessarily mean anything. You know the navy must be the aggressive force, and we have yet to see an American ship afloat in these waters."

"That is quite true," said the Executive Officer; "yet, for the life of me, I can't help feeling that there is mischief of some sort in the air."

The Executive Officer's words were more nearly correct than even he suspected, for at that very instant the two lookouts in the foretop were puzzling their eyes and brains to make out a strange object which had appeared on the lee beam. While they were watching it, it dropped from the air, where it had seemed to be floating, and rested on the bottom of the sea, where it presently resolved itself into a cutter-yacht some sixty feet in length.

"It were a bloomin' mirage, Bill," said one lookout to the other, as he lifted his voice and bawled, "Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" came the quick demand from the bridge.

"On our lee beam, sir," answered the man. "Looks like a cutter-yacht, sir."

Now in the year 1927 a cutter-yacht was something of a curiosity, for electricity had supplanted sail-power for small craft, and vessels propelled by canvas were rare indeed. The cutter-yacht seen from the decks of the *Ajar III*, was on the port tack, close hauled and heading so as to intercept the cruiser's course, provided she had speed enough, which was wholly unlikely. She was under full canvas, and though the breeze was very light, she slipped through the smooth water at an amazing speed. This fact dawned on the minds of the Captain and his Executive Officer at the same time.

"She must have an auxiliary electric screw," said Commander Bilton-Brooks.

"I fancy so," said the Captain. "Owned by some fellow who likes to think he's sailing, but has no patience with light breezes. It's rather curious, though, that he should be cruising in these waters at a time like this, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," answered the Executive Officer. "I don't see any flag—do you, sir?"

"No. I rather fancy I shall have to overhaul this yacht, and make her skipper give an account of her. There's a mysterious air about her that I don't half like."

But it was a good deal easier to talk about overhauling the cutter than it was to do it. The yacht's sails, which were made of some extremely light material, like Chinese silk in appearance, were drawing powerfully, and her electric motor—if it really was electric—was doing astounding work. The yacht flashed through the water like some great fish, and so fine were her lines that she left hardly a bubble in her wake. The Captain of the *Ajax III* gave orders to increase the speed of the cruiser, and presently the quick throbbing of her engines and the vibrations of her hull told that she was tearing across the long swells at a 25-knot speed. But still the cutter-yacht flew along, and it was evident that she would pass across the cruiser's bow if both held their courses.

"We must stop her lively skipping," said Captain Dudley Fawkes, and he gave orders to sound the call to quarters. The bugle rang out, and the hearty British tars jumped to their stations.

"Cast loose and provide!" ordered Commander Bilton-Brooks.

The ammunition hoists slipped noiselessly upward bearing the steel-iridium shells for the 8-inch guns, and the electric chains hauled up the 70-pounders for the secondary battery. In forty-five seconds the ship was ready to fight, and the order was given to train all forward guns on the cutter and stand by for orders. Then the Captain and his Executive Officer turned their glasses once more on the cutter.

"What on earth is she up to now?" exclaimed the Captain.

"Taking in sail and spars, too!" cried Commander Bilton-Brooks.

It was true. Not only had the strange cutter let all her thin sails run down, but she seemed to have folded up her mast, boom, gaff, and bowsprit in some strange way and stowed them out of sight.

"Has she shown any flag yet?" asked the Captain.

"None that I have seen," answered the Executive Officer.

"Then I'll wager a month's pay that she's some Yankee invention," declared Captain Dudley Fawkes.

"What in the world are they doing now?" said the Executive Officer.

A strange misshapen mass was rising above the bulwarks of the cutter with surprising swiftness.

"It's a balloon!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Haden't we better open fire on her?" asked the Executive Officer.

"Not yet. I think we'd better get close enough to hail her first," answered the Captain. "She may not be anything more than a pleasure craft, you know."

The balloon was inflated by this time, and was tugging at the heavy steel hawsers by which it was attached to the cutter's hull. A cry of surprise broke from the crew of the British cruiser.

"Look! look! She's going up!"

The great balloon, inflated with the newly discovered gas, mercurite, the lightest and most powerful of all known gases, was lifting the cutter bodily into the air. Her curiously shaped hull, modelled after a shark's body, and equipped with a fin-keel for sailing on the wind, was now fully revealed. At the same instant a United States ensign was waved over her stern by a young man.

"Mr. Cortis," called the Captain, who had not thought it necessary yet to enter the conning-tower, "give him a taste of your metal."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the Lieutenant in command of the forward 8-inch guns.

The next instant there was a terrific concussion, and one of the big shells went screaming toward the cutter; but she was rising so fast that the projectile passed under her, and plunged foaming into the sea a mile away.

"More elevation, sir," cried the Executive Officer.

"Impossible!" answered Lieutenant Cortis: "we're too close to her, and the angle is too high."

"Look at her now!" exclaimed the Captain. "She's rushing toward us!"

"Sailing against the wind with a balloon!" cried Commander Bilton-Brooks.

The shark-bodied cutter, with her fin-keel below and her balloon above, was indeed now moving toward a position above the cruiser.

"Call away the riflemen!" cried the Captain.

The red-coated marines assembled on the superstructures, and began a rapid fire at the balloon, hoping to burst it. But their bullets simply glanced off the fine steel netting with which it was protected. Now the head of the young man once again appeared above the bulwarks of the strange machine, and he took a rapid glance at the British ship. The next instant a small port in the cutter's side opened, and from it dropped a glass globe about half the size of a football. The globe fell upon the forward deck of the cruiser. There was an appalling explosion, and the whole fore-castle of the *Ajax III* became a hopeless wreck. Another globe was hurled with such fatal accuracy that it fell down one of the smoke-stacks of the now helpless vessel. There was a roar as of thunder away down in her engine-room, and pale-faced men poured on deck.

"We're sinking! The ship's bottom is blown out!" they cried. There was a wild rush to lower away the boats. A few minutes later the *Ajax III* sank out of sight under the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea, and Harry Borden, with his balloon stowed and his canvas spread again, was sailing away with a few survivors of the ill-fated cruiser in his strange invention in search of more British cruisers. A month later the war was over.

THE BILBERRY SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

SIMPSON JUDKINS was to "speak a piece," and Viola S. Treddick to read an original composition; there was to be a glee sung by picked voices from the first class—it was all about the deep blue sky, and "the sky, the sky, the sky," was repeated in a very thrilling and effective manner; and Tom Burtis was to display his powers as a lightning-calculator. The exhibition was to be given in the new Town-hall, and not only would all Bilberry be there, but a crowd of people from the adjacent towns as well, to say nothing of teachers and pupils from the Normal School at Cochecho; for the Bilberry Hill School exhibitions had acquired a reputation.

In the Treddick family the girls had been obliged to take the family burden upon their shoulders. When Father Treddick died, somewhat less than a month after Mother Treddick, turning his face to the wall, and saying that she had been his backbone and his underpinnin', and he couldn't live without her (it sometimes happens that way in spite of Mother Nature), the rocks still had the upper hands on the little farm, and Amasa, the only boy, was but eleven. Lizette, who was fifteen, went to work in the stocking factory. Every one thought it was a pity, because Lizette was fond of books and had meant to be a teacher; she was slight and delicate, too, and work in the stocking factory was hard. But Lizette believed in doing "not what ye would, but what you may," with just as good a will as if it were the former. Some people said she had taken warning by her father's example; he had always been trying to invent something in his queer little workshop that was the wood-shed chamber; that was why the rocks had not been gotten out of the farm.

It was Viola who was now spoken of as a remarkably fine scholar, just as Lizette had been before she went into the factory; she was not yet sixteen, but she hoped to get the Pine Bank School to teach in September. There were

several other candidates, all older than she, but Viola was at the head of her class, and that original composition which she was to read at the exhibition was expected to make an impression upon the committee-men. The teacher had said to several people that it was really a remarkable production for a girl of Viola's age, and they thought a great deal of literary gifts in Bilberry.

Lizette was very proud of Viola, and so, indeed, was Amasa, who was fourteen now, but whose name was not on the programme at all. To tell the painful truth at once, although Amasa keenly felt the especial need there was that he should be "smart," although he tried his best to be the man of the family in a satisfactory sense, yet he was at the very foot of his class; fractions floored him, and he had a lazy idea that Timbuctoo was out West, and that Captain John Smith discovered America. When it came to chopping wood, Amasa was pretty sure to cut his toe, and if he went fishing he tumbled into the pond. And he couldn't get "jobs," like Cosy Pringle, the boy in the next house, who had money in the bank.

Cosy Pringle boasted that he always "came out top of the heap"; but some people thought he was too "smart."

When the exhibition day came, although Simpsy Judkins had been announced to "speak a piece," it was Cosy Pringle who spoke it; there was a report that he had hired Simpsy to have a sore throat. Simpsy had oratorical gifts, but he did not feel the advantages of appearing in public and having his name in the paper, as Cosy did. Cosy held the second rank in declamation, so Simpsy's sore throat gave him an opportunity to be heard. He wasn't second in his class; he came sympathizingly near to Amasa there; but he had carefully weighed opinions—which he sometimes confided to Amasa—concerning the amount of study that "paid."

Mother Nature provided one of her loveliest days, as she is apt to do for school exhibitions in June. The girls, in fleecy muslin clouds, were so much in evidence that the boys, in the background, were only a little hampered by the embarrassment of full dress. Cosy Pringle wasn't hampered at all; he wore his grandfather's large gold chain and his sister Amanda's moonstone ring, and felt that he ought to attract as much attention as the girls.

Cosy's voice was a little thin and sharp, but he recited one of Macaulay's lays with a great deal of "r-r-rolling drum" very well indeed, having been thoroughly coached by his sister Amanda and the young minister to whom Amanda was going to be married.

But beyond a little mild clapping, the recitation received no attention whatever, while Viola Treddick's composition was, as the Bilberry *Beacon* reported, received with the greatest enthusiasm. It was on "School-girl Friendships," and there was some real fun in it; and once in a while it was pathetic, or, at all events, the audience laughed and cried, and they couldn't really do that, as Cosy averred they did, because they liked Viola. It closed with a verse of original poetry, and Bilberry began to feel sure that a great poet was to arise in its midst.

Lizette stopped and hugged Amasa behind a juniper-tree on the way home from the exhibition. Viola had staid to a spread that was given to the pupils and their friends; Lizette had to hurry back to her work in the factory; and Amasa had felt that he did not shine in society. Amasa could not remember ever to have seen Lizette cry for joy before; she was not one of the crying kind, anyway.

"She'll have a chance! Viola will have a chance! She'll get the Pine Bank School," she said, rapturously. "I've been so afraid she would have to go into the factory."

Amasa realized suddenly how hard life was for Lizette. Her delicate hands were calloused and knobby, and her shoulders bent; she looked wistfully at the library books, and never had time to read; she knew that she wasn't strong, and she was anxious about their future—Viola's and his.

It was the very next night, as Amasa was going to bed, that Cosy Pringle came under his window and called to him. Amasa went down and unfastened the door, and Cosy followed him up stairs.

He seemed excited and nervous, and kept saying "Sh!"

though there was no one stirring in the house. But it was like Cosy to have some mysterious scheme on foot. Amasa thought that he had at last discovered how Pember Tibbetts made his musk-rat traps, or guessed the conundrum in the *County Clarion*, for which intellectual feat a prize of five dollars was offered. Or perhaps he had secured the job of weeding Mr. Luke Mellon's onion bed and hoeing his string-beans; last year he was paid three dollars for the job, and hired Amasa to do the work for seventy-five cents. Amasa stoutly resolved not to be the victim of Cosy's sharp business methods this year.

But Cosy's shrewd gray eyes had a twinkle that meant more than onion-weeding or any "jobs."

"That was an awful nice composition that your sister wrote," he said, in an easy, complimentary manner.

Amasa nodded, brightening; it was more like Cosy to make a fellow feel small about his sisters and all his possessions.

"Folks are saying that she'll get the Pine Bank School, if Elkanah Rice, that's school committee, *does* want it for his niece. A good thing, too, for Lizette is pretty well worn out taking care of you all." Cosy wagged his head with great solemnity. "Aunt Lucretia said she shouldn't be surprised if she got consumptive, like her mother, if she worked too hard."

Amasa's heart seemed to stop beating, and a choking lump came into his throat.

"But Viola 'll get the school fast enough," continued Cosy, "if—if folks don't find out that she copied the composition."

"Copied the composition?" Amasa's brows came together in a fierce scowl, and he arose from the side of the bed where he was sitting, and advanced upon Cosy with a threatening gesture.

"Now just look here before you go to making a turkey-cock of yourself," said Cosy, drawing a newspaper from his pocket. "I happened to go down to Gilead this afternoon to swap roosters with Uncle Hiram—made him throw in a pullet and a watering-pot because my rooster had a bigger top-knot than his. There was a pile of newspapers in the wood-shed, and I went to get one to wrap up some things that Aunt M'Issy was sendin' to mother, and I came across this. 'School-girl Friendships' caught my eye. See! it's signed 'Lilla Carryl.' Aunt M'Issy said she believed 'twas a girl over to Gilead Ridge. That paper is two years old now, and Gilead being ten miles away, I suppose Viola thought nobody would ever find her out!"

"She never did such a thing! Don't you dare say she did!" cried Amasa, hoarsely.

But there it was in black and white; there it was word for word. Amasa knew every word of Viola's composition, he had been so proud of it. Cosy whistled softly, with his hands in his pockets, as Amasa ran his eye over "School-girl Friendships."

"There's some mistake," faltered Amasa. "Viola is the honestest girl."

Cosy's whistling ended in a sharp, expressive, little crescendo squeak. "There's no telling what girls will do," he said, sagely. "When folks know it, why, Elkanah Rice's niece will be pretty apt to get the Pine Bank School, and I'm kind of 'fraid Viola 'll have to take a back seat altogether. It'll come hard on Lizette."

Cosy folded the Gilead *Gleaner*, and thrust it firmly and impressively into his pocket. Amasa had been acquainted with Cosy Pringle since they were both in long clothes, and he understood that that paper had its price. If he could pay the price, why, even Lizette need never know!

"I suppose it's my duty to show this paper," said Cosy, with an air of unflinching virtue, "but still, amongst old friends, and if you'll do a little good turn for me that you can do as well as not, why, I'll just chuck the paper into the fire, and agree not to tell anybody, and we'll call it square. I ain't a mean feller."

Amasa's heart thrilled with hope. What was the good turn that he would not do for Cosy on those terms? He thought of his fan-tailed pigeons, and of his dog Trip on whom Cosy had always had his eye because he could go so many tricks; it would be an awful wrench to part with

Trip, but to save Viola from disgrace he would not hesitate.

"I only want to go into your wood-shed chamber for a few minutes. There's—there's something there that I want to see. If you'll let me, why, nobody shall ever know about Viola's cheating."

"It's father's old workshop; there's nothing there," Amasa said. "Nobody ever goes near it but Lizette."

Cosy hesitated a little, then he decided that it would be as well to be more frank; Amasa was so stupid. "She's up to something, Lizette is," he said, in an impressive whisper. "I've seen a light burning in that workshop half the night! She's trying to make an improvement on the knitting-machine that they use in the factory. Of course she can't do it—a girl!—but you'd better look out or it will kill her, just as it killed your father. How do I

Amasa spent three miserable days, filling the wood-box so assiduously that Viola asked him if he thought she was going to bake for the County Conference, and hoeing the string-beans, until Lizette was tenderly sure that his back ached, and advised him to go fishing.

But a boy may have troubles of the mind which even fishing cannot cure.

Lizette came home from her work with a radiant face on the third day. "Amasa, how came you to let Cosy Pringle go into the work-shop?" she exclaimed. "But I can't scold you, it has turned out so beautifully! I have been trying a little invention—oh, for a long time! I never thought it could really succeed!" Lizette looked as fresh and bright as if all the work and care had been a dream. "Cosy saw it and told Thad Norcross. It seems he and Thad had been trying to do the same sort of thing



"VIOLA! AMASA! HE SAYS IT MAY BE WORTH A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY!"

know what she's doing? She told Emily Norcross"—Emily Norcross was the daughter of the owner of the factory—"and Emily told Thad. Thad and I been trying too. We've got things fixed now so'st we expect to get a patent. What I want to see is whether she's got anything that's likely to interfere with us; of course she hasn't really, but then girls think they can."

Amasa felt desperately that this was too great a problem to suddenly confront a fellow like him whom every one knew to be stupid. It seemed a trifle, but Cosy Pringle would want nothing but a good bargain. Still, there was no other way; disgrace to Viola would mean heart-break to Lizette.

"Give me the paper," he said, gruffly, and thrusting it into his pocket, he led the way softly through the corridor to the wood-shed chamber.

Cosy was breathlessly eager over some queer bits of machinery which Amasa could not understand. He staid but a few minutes, as he had promised, but he stammered with excitement when he went away.

—mere boys' play, of course—and Thad told his father. Mr. Norcross will help me to get a patent! Viola! Amasa! He says it may be worth a great deal of money!"

Lizette and Viola were crying for joy; but Amasa could think only of the horror of Viola's disgrace, for now, of course, Cosy Pringle would tell.

"You won't think anything now of my little triumph," said Viola, when they had calmed down a little and sat down to supper. "'School-girl Friendships' is to be published in full in the *Bilberry Beacon* next Saturday, with my own name signed it—not Lilla Carryl, as I signed it two years ago, when I sent it to the *Gilead Gleaner*. Oh, what a flutter I was in then! and I never dared to let a soul know it! The editor of the *Beacon* made me write a footnote, telling all about it."

"I'm an awful jackass," said Amasa, his voice gruff with joy and shame.

"You're the dearest boy in the world," said Lizette.

"But I don't want you to associate with Cosy Pringle."

SEA RANGERS.

BY KIRK MUNKOE.

AUTHOR OF "ROAD RANGERS," THE "MATE" SERIES,
"SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

OVERBOARD GO THE RANGERS.

"GREAT SCOTT! Cal's overboard!" cried Will Rogers, as he caught a twinkling glimpse of a pair of rubber-boots disappearing over the sloop's bow. With the young Captain of the Rangers to think was also to act. Thus, even as he spoke he tore off his jacket, sprang to the vessel's side, and dove into the shining waters. He knew that Cal could swim a little, under ordinary circumstances, but he dreaded the dragging weight of those rubber boots, and also feared that the boy might be struck and injured by the vessel as she passed over him.

Apparently every other Ranger on board thought the same thoughts, and was actuated by the belief that it was his duty to rescue Cal Moody; for, even as Will Rogers sprang overboard, all of them but one followed him like a flock of sheep, and in another moment the river behind the now swiftly moving sloop was dotted with the heads of swimming boys. The one Ranger who had not leaped into the water was Abe Cruger, who, realizing the impossibility of swimming in his "Bill Bulseye" garments, contented himself with tumbling into the boat that towed astern and casting her loose. As this boat contained but a single long oar, being only fitted for sculling, and as Abe had never acquired that style of navigation, he found himself about as helpless in his new position as he would have been in the water, and could only shout impracticable advice to the swimmers about him.

All these things happened with such bewildering rapidity as to completely paralyze poor Captain Crotty, and the sloop shot ahead several hundred feet before he recovered his senses sufficiently to again throw her head into the wind, and thus check her progress. Young Jabe was below starting a fire in the galley stove, and knew nothing of what was taking place until summoned on deck by his father's shouts.

"Trim in the jib! Trim in quick! Now bear a hand with this mainsail! Haul her flat! There, steady!" ordered Captain Crotty, and as, close hauled on the wind, the sloop began slowly to work her way back toward the drifting boat, young Jabe for the first time realized that, save for his father and himself, there was not a soul aboard the vessel.

"What's happened?" he almost gasped.

"Don't ask me," replied the other, "for I don't know. All I do know is that them boys is stark raving lunatics every last one of 'em, and if I get 'em back here again I'll head 'em for their homes quick as ever the good Lord 'll let me. I never knowed what a fool I could be till I undertook the managing of a passel of crazy boys off on a lark. Now I don't expect nothing else but that the half of 'em 'll be drowned, and I'll be held responsible. Sarve me right too!"

By this time all the swimmers had collected about the boat containing Abe Cruger, and, holding on to its gunwales, were pushing it slowly in the direction of the sloop. Its sole occupant stood on a thwart, gazing anxiously over the rippling waters.

"Don't you see anything? Not a sign?" inquired one and another, anxiously.

"No, fellows; I can't make out so much as a bubble," was the hopeless reply.

"Oh, it's awful!" groaned Will Rogers. "Poor little Cal! And his mother! How can we tell her?"

As the boat drifted near the now anchored sloop Abe Cruger mechanically caught the line flung to him by young Jabe, and she was drawn alongside. One by one the swimmers were hauled up from the water by Captain Crotty's strong hands, and when at length they all stood on deck

he inquired in a trembling voice, "How many's missing? Where's the little one?"

"I don't know," answered Will Rogers, with something very like a sob choking his speech. "He is the only one missing; but I'm awfully afraid we'll never see him alive again."

"Waal," said Captain Crotty, hoarsely, "I might have knowed something of the kind would happen, and I'm only thankful there's as many of you left as there is. Of course this ends the cruise, and I shall head back for Berks just as quick as I get a fair wind up the river. Till then we'll lie here and do what we can towards recovering the body. Now, you lads, go below, get out of your wet clothes, give 'em to Jabe to dry, tumble into your bunks and stay there. Stay there, d'y'e hear, till I give you permission to leave 'em. Yes, you too," he added to Abe Cruger, who was beginning to explain that he had not been in the water. "I don't want to risk having one of ye on deck. Your supper 'll be brought to you when it's ready, so there won't be no occasion to stir out of your bunks before morning."

The skipper so evidently meant what he said that the boys saw it would be useless to argue with him. Moreover they were too shocked by what had happened, and too heavy-hearted for the attempt. So they silently and sadly went below, and Captain Crotty followed them to see that his orders were obeyed to the letter. Not until every Ranger had deposited a little heap of wet clothing on the floor, and crawled in between the blankets of his bunk, did the skipper leave them. Then he returned to the deck for a soothing pipe-smoke and a quiet consideration of the situation. He had hardly got his old black brier-wood well alight before it dropped unheeded from his mouth, while the man stood pale and nervous, as though he had seen a ghost. Of course he had not; but he thought he heard one, which was almost the same thing. From somewhere, though he could not at first locate it, a voice was calling, and it sounded like that of the boy whom all on board were mourning as dead.

"Help! help! Will! Hal! help!" This cry had been repeated over and over again for some minutes; but, owing to the confusion on board, and the noise made by the boys, it had not been heard until now.

The skipper glanced along the deck, cast an eye aloft, and then over both sides of the vessel into the darkening waters. No one was to be seen, and the strong man began to tremble with superstitious fear. He made his way forward and peered over the bows, but saw nothing nor heard anything, save the ripple of the current against the anchor chain. Walking aft he again heard the voice, and, as he leaned over the stern, it seemed to come from directly beneath him. It sounded so close that he instinctively started back.

The small boat had all this time been kept alongside where young Jabe had fastened it. Now hastening to it, filled with hope and dread, and at the same time almost beside himself with excitement, the skipper dropped astern, where he could look under the overhanging counter. There, from out the dark shadow where swung the ponderous rudder, a white face peered at him, and a weak voice uttered an exclamation of thankfulness.

Two minutes later Captain Crotty descended the companion-ladder and entered the sloop's hold. In his arms he bore the dripping, shivering, bareheaded, and barefooted form of little Cal Moody, the well-loved comrade whose tragic fate the Rangers were discussing in subdued tones.

The lad's face and hands were covered with scratches from which blood was oozing; but he could still smile, and still had voice enough to say, "I'm awfully sorry, Will, but the mermaid startled me so that—"

Just here the Rangers, who had been paralyzed into momentary silence, regained their senses, and realizing that he whom they had mourned as dead was restored to them alive and well, broke into such a storm of cheers, shouts, laughter, and questions, that young Jabe, with terrified face, came rushing in from the galley filled with the belief that they had gone sure enough crazy.

Regardless of appearances they leaped from their bunks and crowded forward, eager to shake Cal by the hand, or

even to feel of him, and so assure themselves that he was real.

"Where did you find him?"

"Where has he been all this time?"

"How did he get so scratched up?"

"Oh, Cal, it's so good to see you!"

"Now we won't have to go home after all, will we?"

These were some of the questions and exclamations poured forth by the excited boys. But before Cal could reply to one of them, Captain Crotty, striving to conceal his joy beneath a stern exterior, roared out, "Let him alone, ye lubbers, and get back to your bunks after I murder half a dozen of ye!" Then as the boys meekly obeyed this savage order, he began with clumsy but gentle fingers to strip little Cal of his wet clothing. Not until the lad was rubbed into a glow, and snugly tucked away between warm blankets, was he allowed to explain what had happened to him. Then he said:

"I was looking for mermaids, because the Captain told us to, you know, and, besides, I wanted awfully to see a real truly one. When it came, though, it jumped out of the water so kinder sudden that I tumbled right overboard almost into its arms, and didn't get a good look at it, either. I must have gone down a thousand feet before I got off my rubber boots and began to come up. First I struck something hard and scratchy."

"Barnacles on the vessel's bottom," explained the skipper.

"Yes, and we never cleaned them off, as you told us to," said Cracker Bob Jones, remorsefully.

"Then," continued Cal, "I caught hold of something, and my head came out of water, and as soon as I could I began to holler. I guess I hollered more'n an hour before Captain Crotty came, and I was afraid nobody ever would come; but now it's all right, only I don't want to have anything more to do with mermaids—never!"

"I found the poor little chap sitting straddle of the rudder," commented the skipper, "and pretty nigh ready to drop off from exhaustion; but, thank God, I was in time."

"Oh!" cried Will Rogers. "Isn't it splendid to have him safe back again, and aren't we just the happiest fellows in the world at this minute? But I say, Captain, we won't have to go back to Berks, after all—that is, not until our cruise is finished—will we?"

"Humph!" answered the skipper, as he turned to go on deck; "I don't know about that."

CHAPTER VI.

MUTINY AND SHIPWRECK.

THE Rangers ate supper in their bunks, which they thought great fun, and then in their overflowing joy they skylarked and threw pillows at one another, until an unlucky shot brought the lantern down with a crash. As this disaster not only came near to setting the sloop on fire, but left them in total darkness, it also had the effect of so quieting them that several actually dropped asleep, while the others discussed their prospects in low tones, and wondered if they really would have to go back without finishing the cruise as planned.

By this time young Jabe, with a sailor's happy facility for taking a nap at any time, was sound asleep on deck forward, while the skipper sat aft in a big chair, leaning against the tiller, thoughtfully puffing at his pipe, and so affected by the soothing influences of the night that he was wondering if, after all, he should have the heart to disappoint the boys of their cruise.

Although a capital sailor and, under most conditions, a very sensible man, the skipper of the *Millgirl* was inclined to be superstitious. So when, a little later, by the swinging gleam of the sloop's riding light, he saw a dim white figure gliding noiselessly along the deck towards him, he gazed at it in speechless apprehension. To his dismay it was followed by another, and still others, until the deck seemed crowded with the phantom forms. All the stories of ghostly crews that he had ever heard flashed into the skipper's mind, and, as the formless figures silently ap-

proached him, his face was bathed in a cold perspiration. He sat motionless until they were about to surround him, when, with a mighty effort and a hoarse shout, he sprang to his feet.

At this the startled ghosts, who were only so many boys enveloped in white blankets, fell backward so precipitately that they tumbled over each other, and rolled on deck with stifled exclamations that at once proclaimed their humanity and identity.

"Oh, you villains!" roared the relieved skipper. "You young pirates! You, you—what do you mean by playing tricks like this on your grandfather, eh? Tell me that afore I murder ye."

"Please, sir, we didn't mean to play any trick," answered one of the blanketed figures meekly. "Only we thought, perhaps, you were asleep, and wouldn't like to be disturbed. You see, we were afraid you might sail back up the river to-night, and thought we'd better explain what we'd decided to do before it was too late; for, you see, we've talked it all over, and made up our minds not to go back until our cruise is finished."

"Oh, ye have, have you?" remarked the skipper, in an interested tone, at the same time throwing a protecting arm about Cal Moody, and drawing the little chap close to him for fear lest he should get cold.

"Yes, sir," answered the voice, which was now recognizable as that of Will Rogers; "but we don't want you to be blamed for anything that may happen, or to have any responsibility unless you want to."

"I don't exactly see how that is to be avoided so long as I'm in charge of the vessel," interposed the skipper.

"Oh, we've settled all that," replied Will, cheerfully.

"We'll simply seize the sloop and sail her ourselves, and so take all the risk as well as all the responsibility."

"You'll simply seize the vessel," repeated the skipper, slowly, and in a bewildered tone, as though failing to comprehend what he had just heard. "In that case, what's to become of me?"

"Why, we'll put you in irons, or lock you into your state-room, or let you walk a plank, that is, if you know how walking a plank is done, or set you ashore on a desolate island, or perhaps let you go adrift in the small boat without oars or sail. Of course we'd give you plenty of provisions and water, and you'd probably be picked up, 'cause you know they always are. Anyhow, we'd let you take your choice of all those ways."

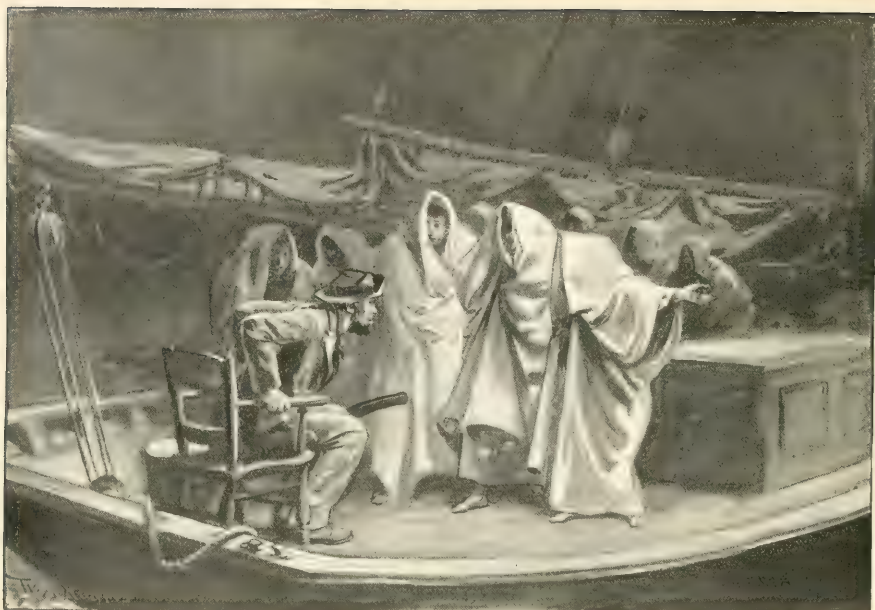
"Waal, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed the skipper. "If these young pirates hain't planned out a regular high-sea mutiny, with all the fixin's and trimmings, then I'm a farmer."

"Of course," Will hastened to add, "we would rather have you choose to be put in irons, and so stay on board, because when we get to sea if we should strike a typhoon or anything we might want you to help navigate the ship."

"That's so," reflected the skipper, gravely. "And on the whole, I think I'd better stay aboard anyway. But now I'll tell you what I'll do. If you mutineers will turn in, and promise not to leave your bunks again before sunrise, I'll promise not to make any move toward going back before that time, and not even then till we've talked the whole matter over again by daylight."

This proposition seemed to the Rangers so satisfactory, and they were becoming so shivery in the chill night air, as well as sleepy, that it was promptly accepted; and, without further parley, the young mutineers left the deck and hastened below. Little Cal Moody, cuddling close to the big skipper, was already nodding, so the latter lifted him in his strong arms, and carrying him into the hold again, tucked him snugly into his bunk. Then, after bidding the mutineers a polite good-night, and promising to carefully consider their proposition, the skipper returned to the deck. Here for an hour or more he nearly choked with suppressed laughter, which refused to be stifled, and ever broke out afresh as he contemplated the novel aspects of the proposed mutiny.

"Bless their honest hearts," he finally said, half aloud, "I couldn't no more disappoint them boys by carrying of 'em back than a fish could swim on a railroad track. So I



THE GHOSTS OF THE "MILLGIRL."

suppose I might as well make a virtue of necessity, and surrender at once."

Thus resolved, Captain Crotty turned in for a few hours' sleep; but he was on deck again by daylight, when, with young Jabe's assistance, he quietly got up the anchor, set the jib, and was merrily dropping down stream long before a single Ranger even thought of opening his eyes.

When the sleepers were at length awakened by young Jabe's lusty shout of "Breakfast!" they tumbled out of their bunks in a hurry, but sought in vain for their clothing. It was not in cabin, hold, or galley; but the mystery of its disappearance was speedily explained by Captain Crotty, who, thrusting his head down the hatch, informed them that the cook, learning of their mutiny, had inaugurated one of his own. "He says," continued the skipper, "that he's going to keep up his mutiny, which is for the purpose of hiding your clothes, just as long as you keep up yours, but that as soon as you'll give in he'll give in. Now I'm going to set down to breakfast, and only wish you were properly dressed to set down with me, for it's an uncommon good one, I can tell you—corn muffins and flapjacks with maple syrup an—"

Here the speaker was interrupted by a howl from the Rangers, who had just realized how very hungry they were, and how impossible it would be to carry on a mutiny unless properly clad for such an undertaking. Most of them were willing to give in at once, but several held out, until, overcome by a fragrant whiff of coffee that came floating in from the cabin, human nature could resist no longer; so an unconditional surrender was declared, and their clothing, all nicely dried, was restored to them by the grinning Jabe. Five minutes later the recent mutineers were gathered about the smoking breakfast table. As they satisfied their ravenous appetites they also found occasion to rejoice that their mutiny had effected its purpose, for they learned that the skipper had surrendered even before they did, and that the sloop was already headed toward their desired destination.

All that day they sailed down the beautiful river, and at

night the sloop was anchored at its mouth, where they were cooled by a sea-breeze and rocked by a gentle swell rolling in from the Sound. The next day they crossed the Sound, and finally drew near the lonely island on which they anticipated such glorious times.

During these two days of sailing the skipper kept the boys from mischief by interesting them in various simple problems of seamanship. He gave them lessons in boxing the compass, splicing, tying knots, naming the various sails, spars, and ropes, and in steering, that caused them to realize with amazement the extent of their former ignorance concerning such matters. Will Rogers was especially interested in all this, and became so expert in steering that the skipper allowed him to hold the tiller for an hour at a time.

"I tell you what, fellows," he said to a group of his comrades, after being relieved from his trick at the helm, "we've learned such a lot on this trip that I feel ashamed to think how little we really knew when we started."

"Yes," replied Cracker Bob Jones, "but we know more now than we even thought we did when we left Berks."

Early in the afternoon the sloop reached the island, on which the excited boys had already distinguished the tops of tents and a number of gayly fluttering flags. There was a good harbor around a point, but the channel to it was very narrow, and so beset with reefs that the skipper was proceeding with unusual caution. Suddenly, as they were close to the point, a fleet of canoes, under full sail and evidently racing, swept out from behind it. So excited were their occupants that they took no notice of the on-coming sloop, and a collision was imminent. To avert it the skipper jammed his helm hard down. The sloop luffed sharply into the wind, and in another moment brought up with a crash that threw every Ranger to the deck. She heeled so far over that they thought she was surely going to capsize, then slowly slid off into deep water and righted. As she did so young Jabe rushed up from below and reported that a torrent of water was pouring into the hold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XVII.

WITH dripping clothes and a sad heart Cynthia went up to the house after Neal had left her. She was bitterly disappointed and extremely uncomfortable. Her hair, never very securely fastened, had fallen down and lay in a wet mass about her face and neck; her hat felt heavy as lead, and water oozed from her shoes as she walked.

"Nothing will ever be right again," she thought, as she gave a depressed glance at all the familiar objects on the place. "I feel as if it were going to rain forever, and the sun would never shine again. It would have been so different if Neal had only come home!"

Mrs. Franklin was thankful to see her appear, and refrained from reproaching her until she had been thoroughly dried and warmed. Then all she said was:

"I thought you would never come, Cynthia! Was it worth while to go on the river such a morning as this?"

"No, mamma; but you will forgive me when you hear why I went," said Cynthia, setting down the cup of ginger tea which Mary Ann had made so hot and so strong that she could scarcely swallow it. "But tell me how Edith is, first."

"She is about the same. She seems anxious about something. She is restless and uneasy, but it is difficult for her to speak. Perhaps she wants you. I think that is it, for you know I do not satisfy her," added Mrs. Franklin, with a sigh.

Cynthia knelt beside her, and put her arms around her. "Dear mamma!" she said, lovingly.

Mrs. Franklin rested her head on her step-daughter's shoulder. "Cynthia darling, you are a great comfort to me! Are you sure you feel perfectly warm? You must not take cold."

"I'm as warm as toast. It won't hurt me a bit; you know I never take cold. But let me tell you something—the reason I went. You could never guess! I went to see some one."

Mrs. Franklin raised her head and looked at Cynthia.

"You can't mean—"

"Yes, I do. Neal!"

"Child, where is he? Is he here? Has he come back?"

"No, mamma," said Cynthia, shaking her head sadly, "he wouldn't come. I begged and implored him to, but he wouldn't."

"Oh, Cynthia, why didn't you tell me? I could have made him come; I would have gone down on my knees to him! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because he said I mustn't. He sent me a note yesterday. I knew he would never forgive me if I told."

"Yesterday! You knew he was coming yesterday? Cynthia, you ought to have told!"

"But, mamma, he told me not to, and I didn't have time to think it over, for we were so frightened with Edith's accident. It all came at once. But you could not have made him come."

"Where is he now?"

"He has gone to Pelham to take the train, and he is going to write to me, mamma. He says he—he is going to work."

"My poor boy!" said Mrs. Franklin, going to the window.

"Tramping about the country such a day as this without a home! I wonder if he has any money, Cynthia?"

"I don't know, mamma."

Neither of them remembered that Neal had wilfully deserted his home, and that it was entirely his own fault if he had no money in his pockets.



"I CAN'T HEAR YOU," SHE SAID. "DON'T TRY TO SPEAK."

"Cynthia," said Mrs. Franklin, turning abruptly and facing her daughter, "I want you to understand that I don't think Neal took that money. I cannot believe it. I am sure he got it in some other way. Why do you look so odd, Cynthia?"

"There was no answer."

"I believe you know something about it. Tell me!"

"Still no answer."

"Could you have helped him in any way? Where would you get it? Why, of course! How stupid we have all been! You had Aunt Betsey's present; you never spent it, you would not buy the watch. Cynthia, you cannot deny it; I have guessed it!"

The next moment Mrs. Franklin was enveloped in a vigorous hug.

"You dear darling, I'm so thankful you have! He wouldn't let me tell, but I said this morning I wouldn't deny it if you happened to guess."

"Oh, Cynthia, though I said I didn't believe the other, this has taken a thousand-pound weight from my heart!"

They were interrupted by the entrance of the nurse, who came to say that her patient was growing more uneasy, and she thought some one had better come to her. At the same moment Mr. Franklin arrived, so Cynthia went alone to her sister.

She found her perfectly conscious, with large, wide-open eyes, watching for her. Edith's head was bound up, and the pretty hands, of which she had always been somewhat vain, moved restlessly. Cynthia took one of them in her warm, firm grasp, and leaned over the bed.

"Dearest, you wanted me," she said, in a low voice; "I am going to stay with you now."

But Edith was not satisfied. She tried to say something, but in so faint a voice that Cynthia could not hear.

"I can't hear you," she said, in distress. "Don't try to speak; it will tire you."

But still Edith persisted. Cynthia put her ear close to her sister.

"Did you say 'mamma'?" she asked.

The great brown eyes said "Yes."

"Do you want her?"

No, that was not it. Cynthia thought a moment.

"Oh, I know!" she exclaimed. "You are sorry about the drive, Edith; is that it? You want mamma to forgive you?"

"Yes."

Cynthia flew down stairs.

"Mamma, mamma!" she cried, scarcely heeding her father, whom she had not seen before, "come quickly! I have found out what Edith wants. She wants you to forgive her for going to drive, and you will, won't you?"

And in a few minutes, satisfied, Edith fell asleep with her hand in that of her mother's.

Many people came to inquire for Edith, for the news of her accident spread like wildfire. Cynthia was obliged to see them all, as Edith would scarcely let her mother go out of her sight. Now that her pride had given way, she showed how completely her step-mother had won her heart, entirely against her own will.

Among others came Gertrude Morgan.

"And how is your dear friend Tony Bronson?" asked Cynthia. "He nearly killed Edith; what did he do to himself?"

"Oh, he didn't get very much hurt—at least he didn't show it much. He went home right away. He thought he had better."

"Well, I should think he might have had the grace to come and inquire for Edith, after upsetting her in that style, and almost breaking her neck."

"He seemed to think he ought to get home. He thought he might be a good deal hurt, only it didn't come out just at first. He said there were inward bruises."

"Inward bruises!" repeated Cynthia, scornfully. "I guess the inward bruise was that he was ashamed of himself for letting the horse run away. Now don't you really think so, Gertrude? Don't you think yourself that it was outrageous of him not to find out more about Edith before he went?"

Gertrude was forced to acknowledge that she did think so; and, furthermore, she confessed that her brother Dennis was so enraged at Bronson's conduct that he declared he should never be asked there again.

"I'm glad of it!" declared Cynthia, emphatically. "It's about time you all found out what a cad that Bronson is. If you knew as much as I know about him you would have come to that conclusion long ago."

"Oh, of course you are prejudiced by Neal Gordon! I wouldn't take his word for anything. By-the-way, have you seen him lately?"

"Yes, very lately. He came out to Brenton the other day."

"Did he, really?" cried Gertrude, curiously. "I thought he was never coming back. The last story was that your father had turned him out-of-doors."

"How perfectly absurd! I should think you knew enough about us to contradict that, Gertrude! Will you please tell every one there is no truth in it at all?"

"But where is he now? Is he here? Why has nobody seen him? Wasn't any of it true?"

"Dear me, Gertrude, you are nothing but a big interrogation point!" laughed Cynthia, who had no intention of replying to any of these questions; and Gertrude, baffled and somewhat ashamed of herself, soon took her departure without having learned anything beyond the fact that Neal had lately been in town and, as she supposed, at his sister's.

Aunt Betsey came from Wayborough as soon as she heard of what happened. It was her first visit there since the death of Silas Green, and naturally she was much affected.

"Cynthia, my dear," she said, after talking about him for some time to her nieces, "let me give you a word of warning: Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day! It is a good proverb, and worth remembrance. If I hadn't put off and put off, and been so unwilling to give up my view, I might have made Silas's last years happier. Perhaps he'd have been here yet if I'd been with him to take care of him. Oh, one has to give up—one has to give up in this world!"

They were in Edith's room, and Edith, listening, felt that Aunt Betsey was right. She, too, had learned—many, many years earlier in life than did her aunt—that one must learn to give up.

Miss Betsey did not look the same. The gay dress that she once wore was discarded, and she was soberly clad in black. She really was not unlike other people now, but her speech was as quaint as ever.

She brought Willy's present with her, and was shocked to find that Janet's had never been received.

"Well, now, I want to know!" she exclaimed, rocking violently.

"I did it up with my own hands. I remember it exactly, for it was a few days after the funeral, and I was that flustered I could scarcely tie the cord or hold the pen. It was a large rag doll I had made for the child, just about life size, and a face as natural as a baby's. And I made a nice little satchel to hang at the side, and in the satchel was the money. Too bad she didn't get it! I remember I gave it to old Mr. Peters to mail. He was going down Tottenham way, and he said he'd take it to the post-office there. He'd stopped to see if there was anything he could do for me just as I was tying it up, so I let him take it along. He's half blind, and just as likely as not he went to the meeting-house instead of the post-office. He wouldn't know them apart. You may depend upon it, it wasn't Government's fault you didn't get it. Of that I'm very sure."

And, true to her principles, the patriotic little lady rocked again. No one told her of the suspicion which had rested upon Neal. It would have distressed her too deeply, and nothing would be gained by it.

"And now, Jack, I must see those little orphans," she said to her great-nephew, when he came home that afternoon. "Poor little things, are they at all happy?"

Jack led her in triumph to the poultry-yard.

"Well, I want to know!" she exclaimed, throwing up her mitted hands when she saw six or seven hundred very

contented-looking fowls of all sizes, kinds, and ages, each brood in its allotted habitation, pecking, running, crowing, and clucking, and enjoying life generally.

"You don't mean to say, Jackie, that not one of these hens ever had any mother but that heartless box in the cellar? Well, I want to know! They do look real contented. Do tell!"

Her nephew proudly assured her that they appeared to be exceedingly happy, and that he also was happy; for they paid well, and he would soon be able to return the money that he had borrowed of her.

And indeed in a few weeks Jack travelled out to Wayborough, and with his own hands gave back to his aunt the seventy-five dollars which she so kindly had advanced to him, and which he had earned with his own hard work.

The best part of it all was when his father spoke to him with unqualified praise.

"I am really proud of my son, Jack," he said. "You have done well. I have watched you carefully, and I saw the plucky way in which you met your discouragements. It makes me feel that I have a son worth having. Keep at it, my boy. If you put the same pluck and perseverance into everything you undertake you will make a name some day."

And when Jack remembered how his father had frowned down the idea of the incubator he felt more pleased than ever.

One day a letter came to Cynthia from Neal. It was the first they had received. Mr. Carpenter had written to Mrs. Franklin, telling her that Neal was with him, and that he had taken him into his office; and Hester wrote to her brother at once, but he answered neither that letter nor the many that followed. He was still obdurate. It was an exciting moment, therefore, when Cynthia recognized the bold, boyish handwriting on the envelope.

"DEAR CYNTH [he wrote], -I promised to write to you, so here goes. I am living with Cousin William Carpenter, and probably shall for the rest of my days. He is in the lumber business, and lumber is awfully poky. However, I'm earning my living. Did you ever see a Quaker? They are a queer lot. I would not do for you to be one, for they never get excited. If the house got on fire Cousin William and Cousin Rachel would walk calmly about and 'thee' and 'thou' each other as quietly as ever. They don't say 'thou,' though. Cousin William says it has become obsolete."

"I do nothing but measure boards and write down figures. Boards are tiresome things. I go to Quaker meeting sometimes, though I should say Friends' meeting. They call themselves Friends. All the men sit on one side and all the women on the other, and the men keep their hats on all through. Sometimes there isn't any sermon and sometimes there are five or six, just as it happens. The women preach too, if they feel like it. One day it was terribly still, and I was just beginning to think I should blow up and bust if somebody didn't say something—had serious thoughts of giving a sermon myself—when I heard a familiar voice, and I looked over, and there was Cousin Rachel preaching away for dear life. And a mighty good sermon it was, too—better than any of the men's."

"Cousin William takes me to see the sights on Saturday (or, rather, Seventh day, as he would say) afternoon, and I have been about myself a good deal. I would like to get to know the people, but have no chance. I wish you would write to a fellow, Cynth. I would like to see you pretty awfully much. How you did give it to me that day on the river! You were a brick, though, to come. I have not forgotten what you said. I am going to show you I am no coward, though you said I was. I'll stick at the lumber trade until I die in the harness, and here's my hand and seal!

Yours,

NEAL GOLDON.

"P.S.—Give my love to Hessie. I hope Edith is coming round all right."

It was better than nothing, though Mrs. Franklin wished that the letter had been to her. Still, it was far, far better than if it had not been written at all. And then he had sent his love to her. It was in a postscript, and was probably an after-thought, but she was glad he did it. He seemed well and moderately happy, and for that his sister was very grateful. Fortunately Hester could not read between the lines, and learn that the boy was eating his heart out with homesickness and a longing to see his only sister.

Neal found this quiet life, so far from his family and friends, very different from that to which he had been accustomed, and sometimes it seemed very dreary and hard to bear. Then, again, he was quite unused to steady occupation, and his cousin demanded unflinching attention to business. It was good for the boy, just what he needed; but that made it none the less irksome.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WATER LIFE AROUND NEW YORK.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

WHAT an odd thing a boatman's dream of the water life around New York would be if all the vessels and craft of every kind should take to themselves grotesque shapes and characters, as familiar objects are apt to do in human dreams! We have had some great and notable water parades in our harbor—the last and greatest being that queer hoisting and tooting procession of many kinds of craft that swept around the war-ships of ten or a dozen great nations at our Columbus celebration in the early summer of 1893. But the boatman's dream of which I was thinking would be far stranger than that, because the Columbian naval review included only the handy, easily manageable steam-craft of New York, like the steamships and steamboats and tugs and tow-boats. It left out all the really queer floating things that have such shapes as to almost turn a dream into a nightmare.

The dreaming boatman of whom I am thinking would see great water-giraffes, which would really be our floating grain-elevators; and a myriad sea-spiders transformed from our darning tug-boats, and great groaning mother-gulls dragging large coveys of helpless babies in their wake. Those would be the tow-boats with their long trains of canal-boats. Turtles he would see by the score—huge flat, almost round turtles—some red, some white, some brown. Those would be the ferry-boats, which really do look just like great sea-turtles when you are looking down upon their flat backs from a high place like the Brooklyn Bridge. Like fearful black ocean sharks would be the Atlantic steamers—long and thin—out of whose way every other moving thing flies when they approach. Our huge and towering palace boats of the Sound would turn into great white elephants, trumpeting as if they had all caught cold in their long snouts. And we shall see that many another animal and creature would easily appear to the troubled dreamer without greatly altering the shapes of the queer craft that have grown out of nearly three hundred years of needs and developments in the water-life around New York.

I suppose that the reader has heard that almost every Chinaman in this country comes from the water population near Canton. That must be a wonderful phase of life, where so many hundreds of thousands of persons are actually born upon the water, to live out their lives upon the water, and to die upon the water. They form a river population housed in boats that make up a city far more peculiar than Venice—a floating city of stores and workshops, boarding-houses, amusement places, saloons, and all the rest. We have nothing of the sort around New York. The nearest approach to that condition is to be seen in the large docks on the East River near the Battery, and one at Communipaw on the New Jersey shore, where the canal-boats collect with the boatmen and their wives and children aboard them. There one sees by the kitchen smoke-stacks above the cabin roofs, by the lines of drying linen

on the decks, by the sight of women sewing and knitting under cooling awnings, and by the views of children and cats and dogs playing upon the boats—by all these things one sees how truly the canal-boats are floating homes as well as merchant vessels. At night the sounds of singing and fiddling—sometimes the nasal notes of house organs—tell more of this strange water life. Some of the cabins of these canal-boats are quite attractive. They show dainty white lace curtains in the tiny square windows, carpets on the floors, boxes of flowers upon the cabin roofs, and cleanly, neatly clad mothers and little children. This is not the rule, however, and we see enough, whenever we visit the canallers, to show that there is at least some reason for their being generally regarded as a rude and rough class.

Yet, apart from these canallers, we have enough persons who live on the water to form what would be called a city out West. They are mainly men who sleep in bunks and eat in the cabins of tug-boats, steam passenger boats,

locomotive would look beside a house. But our queer, snorting, fussy little tug-boats march away with every floating thing to which they are hitched—even dragging huge Atlantic steamships at their sides—because they reach deep down into the water, where their big screws, driven by very powerful engines, obtain a mighty hold. Because our tug-boats are so small, and yet so strong, they are able to move swiftly when they have no burdens to carry. In the boatman's dream that I spoke of they would seem like those water-spiders that many of us have seen darting hither and thither on the top of placid pools. But there is one reason why they are not at all alike—that is, that the water-spiders are as silent as death, while the tug-boats are the most noisy, saucy, boisterous of make-believe animals—always gasping, and snorting, and whistling, and thrashing about as very little people are often apt to do.

The "floats" that carry passengers around New York so that they can go to Boston from Philadelphia or Chicago without changing cars (and even without getting out of bed on the sleeping cars), are not floats at all. They are very powerful and large steamboats, with decks covered with iron plates, with car tracks on those decks, and with arrangements for locking the car wheels fast to the tracks, so that no matter how boisterous the water may be on stormy days, the cars cannot break loose and roll overboard. We have several queer sorts of boats and other floating objects that look like floating houses.



ICE-BARGES IN TOW.

freighters, and the like. A few women are among them—stewardesses of passenger boats and the wives of the captains of the other sorts of vessels. Of course I do not include here the men on the ships that sail the ocean. Their homes are really at sea. I only refer to the scores of thousands of persons who live upon boats that may be called the horses of the harbor, because they tie up regularly every night at certain piers, and every morning are sent to work, here and there, at this place or that, to carry goods or passengers, or to haul other boats. It is doubtful whether many children are born in these shifting homes, but there is no doubt that very many girls and boys sleep upon them, and are sent from them to the city's schools, and, later, to the factories and shops to earn their living.

Of all the uncommon forms that boats take, the newest, instead of being strange and complicated like most nineteenth-century inventions, are almost as simple as anything that floats. Only rafts of logs are more simple than what we call "car-floats." They are the newest type of boats we know, and have come into being because New York city is on an island, with only a few railroads crossing to it from the mainland. The other great and little railways, which bring and take goods and people to and from New York, all stop on the opposite shores of our harbor, in New Jersey, Staten Island, and Long Island. Since the cars of one railroad often have to go past the city upon the other roads, these "floats" are used to transport them around our island, so that goods from Boston or Sag Harbor, for instance, can be sent around New York to the tracks of the roads that will carry them to San Francisco without unloading or reloading. The floats that carry these cars are merely boxes, the shape of great dominoes, with railroad tracks laid upon them. Some carry six freight-cars, some carry eight, and some carry ten cars. Tiny little propellers that we call "tug-boats" are warped or hitched alongside of these clumsy floating boxes, where they look as a little kitten would appear beside a big St. Bernard dog, or as a

Among them are what we call our floating baths, and our floating docks, and our cattle and ice barges. But there is one kind of floating building that looks like a tower or a steeple riding the waters and steering itself around. That strange thing—and we employ many such—is a floating grain-elevator. It is a tall four-sided tower built upon a squat snub-nosed boat. It has a great proboscis, that it sticks down into canal-boats full of grain, which it sucks or dips out so that it can load the grain into the holds of ships that are to carry it to Europe. Our floating baths are square one-story houses, hollow in the middle, where the bathers swim, with lattice-work or perforated boards under them to let in the water without letting out the bathers. They are decorated with little towers and flag-staffs, and look very strange indeed when they are being towed to the city in the early summer to be moored beside a wharf, or when, after the bathing season is over, they are dragged away to be laid up for the winter. Our floating docks, upon which all but the very large ships and steamboats are lifted out of the water to have their hulls painted, cleaned, or repaired, are made of many boxes joined together. These boxes sink when full of water, and thus it is possible to steer a vessel right over them. Then the water is pumped out of the boxes, and the dock (in reality a cradle rather than a dock) rises, and lifts the vessel up high and dry so that workmen can walk all around and under her to scrape off the barnacles that have grown fast to her, or to paint her bottom, or to sheathe it with copper.

The barges for carrying cattle and those for carrying ice are just like the toys that are made for children and called "Noah's Arks." They are houses built upon strong boat hulls. The ice-barges are always white, and canvas windmill wheels are forever whirling above them, just as if they were some new kind of boats made to go by air propellers instead of wheels or screws in the water. The truth is, of course, that these canvas wheels work the pumps that pump out the water made by the constant melting of the ice. But of all the kinds of barges that work in the New

York waters the hay-barges are surely the most interesting. They are very large, and the houses built upon their hulls are open at the sides, with only a railing where the walls should be. These are two-storied houses, and the floors that support hay in the winter are dancing platforms in the summer. These hay-barges are our picnic boats also. All winter long, or as long as the waters are unfrozen, they bring down hay from the Hudson River landings, but in the summer they go out of that business, and are hired out to Sunday-schools, political clubs, secret societies, church societies, and the like, to carry picnickers to what are called the excursion parks that are found along the Hudson River and the Sound at several hours' distance from the metropolis. Tug-boats drag these barges to the excursion parks, and the holiday crowds upon the two open decks of the barges dance all the time to the music of the band that they hire for the occasion. The stop at the excursion park is a short one—just long enough for luncheon and a little strolling under the trees, or bathing on the beach. Then the homeward journey is begun, and the dancing on the barge is recommenced and kept up until the city is reached, just before bedtime. Our great excursion steamboats, that run to Coney Island and Rockaway, are built on the same plan—wide open—and carry such great crowds of pleasure-seekers that they are black with passengers. These are sometimes hired by richer and more numerous bodies than those that hire the hay-barges, but I can assure my readers that the real jubilant fun is on the common barges, where the people are apt to be simple and democratic, and ready to surrender themselves to those pleasures of which they enjoy too little.

Our pilot-boats which go out to sea with many brave



THE CANALLERS ON THE EAST RIVER.

men, and leave them one by one on the steamships that they meet—in order that those great vessels may be safely steered into port—are very romantic boats, but they look like mere sail-boats or yachts. Some splendid yachts become pilot-boats when they grow too old-fashioned to keep pace with the faster and faster boats that we are forever building. Other such yachts become oyster-boats, and lie beside Fulton Fish Market in company with the tank-steamers that bring fish into New York. These tank-steamers go to Nantucket, or wherever the fishing-smacks are at work, and lie there while sail-boat after sail-boat fill up with fish and bring their loads to be kept in the refrigerated-tanks of the steamer, until she, also, is filled and ready to come to the city.

Of the "whalebacks," or cigar-shaped iron ships that were first made to traverse the great lakes, I will say very little, because they belong to no place in particular, and excite as much curiosity here as anywhere. Our floating pile-drivers, which look like ladders set upon boxes, are very curious-looking vessels, but are familiar at all ports. Perhaps our immigrant barges, which carry the immigrants from Ellis Island (where they are landed) to the wharves of the railways by which they are to seek homes in the West, are peculiar to New York, but they are mere hay-barges like the excursion boats I have already described. The busy craft that carry fresh drinking-water to the sailing-ships are usually very ordinary tug-boats, and are only peculiar because each one carries a great sign bearing the word "WATER" painted upon it. To see such a vessel all by itself upon a great expanse of salt water suggests Coleridge's line in *The Ancient Mariner*.

"Water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

If it were not for those water-bearers—serving the same purpose as the camels laden with water-bags upon the desert of Sahara—there truly would not be a drop to drink.

I fancy that what we call our "lighters" are the only descendants that recall the old days of the Dutch on Manhattan Island. They are sail-boats that are used to carry goods from or to vessels that do not come to the wharves, but lie out in the open water. They are very old-fashioned and foreign-looking, built almost solidly of heavy wood, and of a shape very like a turtle and quite as clumsy. Each one carries a short thick mast that looks as if it had been broken off, and a little narrow sail, absurdly disproportioned to the vessel. Everything these lighters carry is put upon their decks, and they are so slow and so hard to steer and so strong that all other craft give them a wide berth. It is only a fancy of mine, yet I never see one without thinking that this style of boat surely descended to us from the Dutch.



FLOATING GRAIN ELEVATOR.

A FREE ENTERTAINMENT IN THE SAILARA.

THE learned Professor Ducardano, and his assistant, Bouchardy, had been toiling along the desert's edge all day. They had hoped to reach the Algerian settlement of Nouvelle Saar-Louis before night, but the sun was getting near the blank western horizon of yellow sand, and the low mountain upon which Nouvelle Saar-Louis was built, the last southern foot-hill of the Atlas, was still some twenty miles away to the east.

"We shall have to camp here in the sand, and push on in the morning," said the learned Ducardano, who was, as all his contemporaries knew, the most renowned living chiropodist.

"I fear we shall," said the assistant, Bouchardy, who was not, it must be understood, an assistant in Ducardano's surgery, but merely an unscientific fellow who managed the magic-lantern, ate wool, and breathed fire, and did the other things which constituted the grand free entertainment preceding Ducardano's evening lectures on the science of chiropody, in the course of which he was accustomed to perform a few gratuitous operations with Ducardano's Corn Cure to prove its efficacy. "I fear we shall," said Bouchardy; "but what is that building a mile or so to the south? Perhaps we had better go there."

"Ah! ha!" said Ducardano, looking through a field-glass; "it is an old Roman tower. Undoubtedly it is, for there is nothing Moorish about it, and the Romans and French are the only people who have erected anything more substantial than tents in this part of Algeria."

"I think we had better go there," said Bouchardy, "and go rapidly, too. Look behind you."

Away off to the west, galloping along in the track of the setting sun, was a cavalcade of horsemen.

"Spahis," said Ducardano, calmly.

"Perhaps so," said Bouchardy. "Perhaps French cavalry, and perhaps Arab robbers. Who knows? It is best to be prepared. If you choose you may stay here to sleep in the sand to-night, and perhaps for all the nights thereafter forever; but as for me, I am going to the Roman castle," and he spurred on his horse and arrived at the tower some minutes after the learned Ducardano, who was better mounted than he, and moreover, was not burdened with a magic-lantern and other appliances used in the free entertainment. They found the tower to be nothing more than a plain round edifice with a single upper chamber in it, reached by a flight of narrow winding stairs ascending in a gentle incline. Up these stairs they led their horses, as the Roman frontier guards had done centuries before, and then looked out of the loop-holes for the approaching enemy.

"We can easily keep any of them from coming up the stairs," said Bouchardy.

"And they can easily keep us from coming down," said Ducardano. "But perhaps they have not seen us."

They were soon satisfied on that score, for the cavalcade of horsemen—thirty-five wild desert Arabs—halted before the tower, and in broken French commanded the chiropodist and his assistant to surrender. This command was not obeyed. The Arabs laughed and picketed their horses, and after a little a caravan of camels bearing tents and women and children arrived, and the Arabs went into camp for the night.

"If they kill us, the French government will wipe them from the face of the earth," said Ducardano, along toward the middle of the night.

"If the French government finds it out. But the death of those scoundrels will not bring me to life," said Bouchardy. "I think it will be well to make a sortie."

"They would hear us taking the horses down; and if we start on foot we can't get so far away before daylight that they could not soon discover us by making scouts into the desert. Besides, I imagine that the entrance to the tower is guarded."

"When morning comes, I will eat wool and breathe fire and scare them away," said Bouchardy.

"To do that you must show yourself," said Ducardano.

"And they will fill you full of lead while you are filling yourself with wool. But if we can scare them, it will be the only way we can get rid of them."

"I have it," said Bouchardy.

A moment later the sentinel at the foot of the tower gave an exclamation of surprise, for there, opposite him, against the white walls of the Sheikh's tent, in the midst of a blaze of light, stood a French soldier bowing to him. Promptly he sighted his ancient flint-lock, and sent a bullet between the soldier's eyes.

"Mashallah," said the sentinel, for the soldier kept on bowing, and the hole in his head moved from his nose to the roots of his hair and back again as he did so.

"The devil himself," said the sentinel; and even before he finished saying it, the soldier had vanished, and there stood the devil—a huge black fellow grinning and bowing.

Bang! went the sentinel's gun again, and by this time the whole camp was aroused and staring at the Sheikh's tent, muttering and moaning the while. The tent flap opened and the Sheikh himself stepped out, and immediately there appeared on the white robes across his broad chest a great bloody splash, in the midst of which shone a hideous death's head. A cry of terror arose, and the Arabs began scurrying about in the darkness, saddling their horses and camels, the women and children screaming, and in the midst of the confusion there appeared in a loop-hole of the tower the face of a man illuminated by the glow of the fire he was breathing. Picket-ropes and saddle-girths were dropped, and those who were not already mounted rushed away on foot.

"We took in more money from that entertainment than we ever did in a year from the sales of corn medicine after our ordinary entertainments," said Bouchardy. "They have left behind them forty camels, ten horses, twelve Damascus swords, six silver pipes, eighteen bales of silk, thirty-five gold bracelets, six dozen rings, eight gold inlaid bridles, and we haven't looked in the Sheikh's treasure-chest yet. Let us abandon the profession of chiropody, and buy estates at Nouvelle Saar-Louis. It is a pleasant place to live in, and will be convenient for us in case we start out on other expeditions to be robbed by Arab tribes."

W. A. CURTIS.

KENNIBOY'S CIRCUS.

I'D like to own a circus show. A splendid one 'twould be:

Unlike the circus shows that in these days boys go to see. I wouldn't have a leopard or a lion in the place, Nor would I let a monkey show his ugly little face.

But I would fill it up with things like fairies, elves, and gnomes,

Such as we read about in books of fairy tales and "pomes." I'd have a big volcano throwing flames up to the sky, And real cold icy icebergs, with great whales a-swimming by.

And in a little side-show I would have a burning lake, And in another there would be a fearful big earthquake, And 'stead o' camels, 'rang-o-tangs, and other stupid things, I'd have a lot o' cages chock up full o' Queens and Kings.

And then I'd have a pair o' huge big ogres with one eye, And four-and-twenty puppy-dogs all baked into a pie, For them to eat at show-time, so that little boys could see How really awful terrible those ogre-men can be.

I'd have a hen to lay gold eggs, and harps that play themselves,

And bugs and bags o' bean-stalk beans a-climbing over shelves;

And Jacks and Hopmythumbs to fight the giants every day, Just as those splendid fairy-story books of mine all say.

I wouldn't charge a penny for admittance to my show. Of course, 'twould be a most expensive thing to run, I know.

But I could well afford it. I could make that circus pay By selling off the golden eggs the gold egg hen would lay.

JOHN KENNEDY BAXES.

JOAN OF ARC.

EVERY one knows the story of Joan of Arc, and it never fails to be interesting from whatever point you look at it or study it. But a good many boys and girls think of the story, as they do of many another read in school histories, as being nothing more than one of many lessons learned and to be learned. There is a great deal in the history of Joan's short life that is interesting as a practical story, to say nothing of any other interest.

The little Joan of Arc was born in the southern central part of France, in a little village called Domremy, partly in Lorraine and partly in Champagne, 484 years ago, and though she led armies in some of the most famous battles ever fought in France, and crowned a king, she never reached the age of twenty, and never learned to read or write. Her father and mother were peasants in Domremy and were poor, as peasants in France always have been—so poor that little Joan had to begin early to do her part of the work, which meant three meals a day to the family.

When she was old enough her father used to send her to watch over the sheep all day long in the fields and woods near their home, and all through these long hours, in the heat of summer or the cold of fall or spring, she had nothing to do but think and watch sheep grazing. It was a strange age in France four centuries and a half ago. People generally believed in visions, in miracles, in supernatural powers, and were easily influenced by fanaticism and enthusiasm in religious and every-day matters. A huge crowd of men, women, and children would become possessed with some idea, and would leave their daily work, their shops, their house-keeping, and their games, and rush to market-place or field to carry out this idea. In many towns the whole inhabitants would give their labor to build an enormous cathedral. Hundreds of people would catch hold of a long rope, and drag one of the big blocks of stone through a city's streets to be placed on the cathedral walls, and hundreds of unfortunate people and children were killed by different kinds of accidents while working in this fanatical way.

Then it was common, too, for some one to say that he or she was inspired by visions and voices to do or say one thing or another, and the people would rush after the inspired one to hear or to do whatever was ordered, or to try and be healed by touching the inspired person. Some were rank fakirs, who every now and then grew rich before they were discovered. Others really believed in all they said and did, and their confidence in themselves made hundreds of people follow them.

It is a mistake to think this is all gone by nowadays, for as a matter of fact it is not. Only a few years ago hundreds of people in all the stages of consumption travelled to Berlin to be treated by Dr. Koch, because he gave out, and no doubt believed, that he had found a cure for it. At Lourdes, a city in France, there is to-day a grotto where people go for miles and miles around to be cured of all sorts of incurable diseases. And if these things attract people to-day, when nobody really believes much in such matters, you can begin to realize what fearful enthusiasm there must have been in a day when every one was only too glad to believe such things, and when most persons felt more or less strongly that they were some day going to have visions or missions of some kind.

It is not so surprising, then, that Joan, after spending several years day after day alone in the fields, occasionally hearing about all the troubles and wars in France, and having hours and hours when she could do nothing but think, should have thought she was inspired with a mission to save her country from the English invaders, and that, once perfectly persuaded of this, she should have quickly had a lot of people running after her and spreading her fame abroad.

Another thing was not so unusual as it seems to-day. Joan, when she finally saw Charles VII. of France, and persuaded him that he was the real King of France, and that all they had to do was to march to Rheims and crown him—Joan wore a suit of man's armor. She was only eighteen

years old, and a delicate girl of middle height. It was unusual, of course, for so young a girl to go to war, but in those days women led bodies of men, and some of them wore armor. Women, who by birth and the absence of male relatives had been left in charge of large feudal estates, had to keep little armies to protect their lands and fields from attack, and when such attacks did come they had to go out in many cases and lead their men themselves.

So that while her visions, her calm confidence, and her male dress were enough to attract attention, they did not seem so impossible to the people of her time by a great deal as they would to the people of to-day. And then, also, everybody was ready to follow any "inspired" person who foretold anything which really happened, or who carried out what he or she started to do. Joan, after going to the King and telling him that if he followed her he would become the crowned King of France, began to find every one following her, believing in her just as calmly as she believed in herself. The Englishmen had invaded the north of France and held the city of Paris, and the great Duke of Burgundy was in league with them. They wanted to crown Henry VI. of England, King of France also, and they marched southward and captured Orleans, which practically opened southern France to them.

Joan told King Charles VII. that she could recapture Orleans, and crown him King at Rheims, and in a little while he gave her five or six thousand men. Mounted on her white horse, in full armor, she led these men on, and, by her confidence and vigor and good common-sense, persuaded the generals to attack Orleans in a certain way. Half a dozen times the besiegers were practically defeated, and would have gone back, but Joan staid before the city gates, and no one could make her turn back. Such perfectly fearless conduct acted just as it has always acted, just as it acted a thousand times in the civil war, in the Revolution, and everywhere else. The men grew crazy with enthusiasm, and rushed again and again after Joan at the defenses of the city, with the result that they finally captured it.

Then any one was ready to follow the young girl, except her enemies at court; and when she ordered King, court, army, and all to go quickly northward into the part of France within the English control, they followed. The result was that Charles VII. was crowned King, and a little first man crowned meant a great deal then. It was all done by a combination of shrewd common-sense, and the extraordinary willingness to believe absolutely in inspired people and follow them with religious enthusiasm, which always has been in history an irresistible force.

Afterward Paris was attacked, but as soon as Joan was wounded the attack was dropped. Experienced generals could not make men fight the way this girl could, though she knew nothing of military tactics, and had never led anything but sheep before.

All this time the English were trying to capture Joan, and then prove her to be a sorceress, in order to show that any person crowned through her agency must of course be the wrong man. Hence Henry VI. could be crowned and recognized as the real King of France. They did finally buy her of one of the Duke of Burgundy's vassals; and then began a bogus trial to prove she was a sorceress, since merely putting her to death without proving some evil agency in her work would only make her a martyr. Charles VII., once being King, did not know exactly what to do with Joan, so he took no steps to rescue her from the English, and they spent many weary days in trying to make her say something which could be used to prove she was a sorceress. Failing in this, for she believed too strongly in herself and in her visions to alter her statements, they killed her by burning her alive in the streets of Rouen, in 1431, with the result that she became a martyr at once, and her work for France became the sacred belief of all French people. And in all the sad and fascinating story, the most interesting and wonderful point is the courage, the bravery, and the wonderful brain which a young girl of nineteen or twenty had to sway men and capture cities and crown Kings.



THE LITTLE JOAN.
SEE "JOAN OF ARC," PAGE 1039.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

TWO IMPORTANT MATTERS were attended to at the meeting of the New York Interscholastic Athletic Association last Tuesday. One was the question which football rules shall govern the contests held under the supervision of the association this fall, and the other was in regard to the formation of a National Interscholastic Amateur Athletic Association.

THERE WAS SO MUCH BUSINESS of immediate local importance for the association to transact that it was not until late in the afternoon that the question of organizing the National I.S.A.A.A. could be brought up. But when it was brought up the representatives of the schools were unanimous in their opinion that the scheme should be put through, and it was immediately voted that the matter be taken up by the association, sitting as a committee of the whole, at their next meeting. The first step in the matter has now been taken, and we may consequently look forward confidently to a new and brilliant era in the history of school sports.

AS TO THE FOOTBALL RULES, but little discussion was necessary. The constitution of the N.Y.I.S.A.A. specifies that all games of the N.Y.I.S.F.B.A. shall be played under the rules of the Inter-collegiate F.B.A., and as that association this year consists merely of Yale and Princeton, the New York school games will be conducted according to the newly made Yale-Princeton or Inter-collegiate regulations. As this code is, beyond any doubt, the best one of the three at present in use, it is fortunate that the constitution of the N.Y.I.S.A.A. was so worded as to provide for their adoption.

THERE IS NO DOUBT that if a National Interscholastic A.A.A. be formed, a team of athletes from the Oakland High-School in California will come on to compete at the first meeting. They are thoroughly in earnest out there. A couple of weeks ago I quoted from the San Francisco papers, which contained more or less accurate reports of these young sportsmen's intentions, but since then I have received a copy of the *High-School Egis*, Oakland High-School's paper in which there is an article entitled "The Prospective Eastern Trip." It is too long to quote entire in these columns, but a few paragraphs from it cannot fail to be of interest. The article begins by saying that,

"Through the efforts of HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, a United States Interscholastic Athletic Association bids fair to be formed, and if the consolidation takes place, the first field day will be held at New York city in June, 1896. The association will consist of all academies, preparatory and high schools in the United States which are of enough prominence in athletics to be eligible. It will be a far greater organization in point of numbers than the Inter-collegiate Association. New England will have thirty schools represented, New York eighteen, Long Island five, and Pennsylvania twelve, besides many other schools in different parts of the country."

The *Egis* is certainly correct in saying that, in point of numbers, the National I.S.A.A.A. would be greater than the I.C.A.A.A. New England would certainly have more than thirty schools represented, for there are thirty schools in the N.E.I.S.A.A. alone, and many important institutions outside the organization that would certainly join. There are also the Maine, the Connecticut, the Western Massachusetts, the New York State, the Pittsburg, the Cook County (Illinois) the Dartmouth, and many other associations, which, by joining, would bring the membership, reckoned in schools, up to the hundreds.

IN VIEW OF SUCH A REPRESENTATIVE gathering of the schools of this country, the *Egis* is perfectly justified in remarking that "the school which wins the meet at Mott Haven next June will be the champion academic school of the world; truly a great distinction." And continuing, it asks: "Why should not the Oakland High-School be this school? We have good athletes, who are capable of upholding the honor of the school in any kind of company and on any field." With such a spirit as this the Oakland athletes cannot fail to be prominent in any contest they may enter.

THE GENERAL PLAN OF THE TRIP EAST, to be made by the O.H.-S. team, is to come directly to New York *via* Denver and Chicago. The present idea is to reach here early in June, and to arrange a series of dual games with some of the larger schools. Says the *Egis*:

"The track schools of the East, with which the O.H.-S. team would compete, are Andover and Worcester academies in New England, and Barnard School of New York. A comparison of their records with the records of those athletes now in school, in addition to the probable records of the next field day, shows that we do not suffer by the contrast. The fact must be also taken into consideration, that we have nearly a year to improve in, which the Eastern schools do not have, their track athletics ending with the spring term, while ours continue into winter. The time in the 220-yard dash and 220-yard hurdle race is made straightaway, while our records are made on a curved track, and a very poor one at that. The difference in time is nearly a second and a half, which brings our record in the 220-yard dash down to about 23½ seconds, which is very good."

The return trip might be made over the Northern route, if the O.H.-S. team can arrange for games with the Multnomah A.C. of Portland, Oregon.

THE AMOUNT OF MONEY NECESSARY to defray all the expenses that would be incurred in coming East is estimated by the California athletes at \$2500. They propose to collect this sum from the members and *alumni* of the school, from an entertainment to be given, and from contributions by the business men of Oakland. They also count on making some profit from their share of the gate receipts at the various games in which the team will compete. Again, I cannot urge too strongly upon the leaders of athletics in our Eastern schools the desirability and advisability of encouraging these California sportsmen to come East. It will give interscholastic sport a great boom in every way, and raise the standard and importance of school contests. I have no doubt whatever that, as soon as the Eastern trip of the O.H.-S. team is definitely decided upon, Andover, Worcester, Hartford H.-S., Barnard, Cutler, and many other schools will be eager to arrange dates for dual games.

THERE IS SUCH A GREAT NUMBER of school football teams in and about Boston, that it is impossible, of course, to include them all in one association. Even the original I.S.F.B.A. has found it necessary to divide itself into a Senior and a Junior League, so great was its membership. And so, as rapidly as new teams crop up and find there is no room for them in existing associations, they will form new organizations themselves, and eventually, no doubt, the great scholastic games of the year will be between the winning elevens of different associations, just as the principal scholastic football game hereabouts is that between the teams representing the New York I.S.F.B.A. and the Long Island I.S.F.B.A.

THE SUBURBAN HIGH-SCHOOL LEAGUE is second in importance, in the neighborhood of Boston, only to the old association made up of the Boston and Cambridge schools. It is only a year old, but it is in a thriving condition, the principal schools of its membership being the Medford, Malden, Melrose, and Winchester High-Schools. The championship last year, the first of the League's existence, was won by Malden H.-S., whose team defeated Medford H.-S., 10-0, in the final game of the season. This fall the Suburban League teams will start playing their championship games on November 2d, when Medford and Winchester meet at Medford, and Malden and Melrose come together at Melrose. The two winning teams will decide the championship on the 9th.

THE MALDEN H.-S. TEAM is in better condition at this early date than any of its rivals in the League. Captain Flanders, who has been a member of the team for three years, is putting his men through a course of training that is developing all there is in them. He is a capable player himself, having held almost every position on the team. In his first year he was used in the rush line, and finally occupied one end. The next year he went in at right half-back, and this season he will play full-back. He is a strong runner, and is better at half than anywhere else; although at full he will probably do a good deal of running with the ball, and play close up as a sort of third half-back most of the time. Swain at left guard has also played three years on the team. He is the heaviest man in the aggregation, and there is no better man in the League at breaking through or making holes. Priest will leave end and go to right half-back, and Atwood will be taken from the line, too, to go in as Priest's partner. Both men will require considerable coaching, but Atwood is a fast sprinter, and ought to turn out well in his new position.

THE MEDFORD H.-S. TEAM is made up mostly of new men, but it is full of good material. Captain McPherson has had experience on the team for two years, and will have good control over his men, his position being at quarter. But he has a hard row to hoe, and will deserve no end of credit if he moulds all this awkward and green energy into a team of players by November 2d. At Melrose the prospects are but little better. The new men are light, and most of them are inexperienced, only two ever having played on school teams before. These two, Harris and Libby, will no doubt take care of the ends, as they seem best fitted for those positions. If necessary, Libby can go in at quarter. The material back of the line is unusually light, even for a school team. Bemis, however, is a hard runner, and tackles well, and will no doubt be the regular full-back. The other candidates are a little slow in their work, and are much in need of vigorous coaching. They could well spend an hour of every morning in passing and falling on the ball.

THERE IS GOOD MATERIAL at Winchester, although only three of last year's eleven are again in school. The lack of old players, however, is amply compensated for by the enthusiasm of the new, and I shall expect to see Winchester well up toward the top of the ladder at the end of the season. Ordway, the Captain and full-back, has played on the team two years, and is a good man to give the ball to. He gets around the ends in good style, and is not afraid of bucking the centre. Thus far the candidates are playing well together, although they are a little slow at breaking up interference, and sometimes fail to follow the ball as closely as they should. In a word, their aggressive play is better than their defensive work. The latter should receive attention.

ANDOVER'S PLAY IN THE RECENT GAME against Boston College was quick and snappy, and of a kind that may well give Lawrenceville some anxiety. P. A. rolled up 22 points in two fifteen-minute halves, and came pretty near scoring four more as time was called. The Boston men were heavier, but lacked the training which clearly characterized Andover's work. Douglass was put in at half in place of

Goodwin, who is temporarily laid up, and made the star play of the game. It occurred at the opening of the second half. Andover kicked off, and Boston returned it. Douglass caught the ball about in the centre of the field, and ran. He dodged half the Boston team, and crossed the line for a touch-down. Butterfield did good work likewise, making several gains through the line. The Andover men seemed to have no trouble in making holes in the Boston College line, and after each play the forwards were noticeably quick in lining up. Andover is going to have a good team.

THE EXETER ELEVEN is pretty well knocked out. Half the men who were in good shape two weeks ago are more or less seriously injured now, and it is probable that the P.E.A. team this year will be as poor a one as has represented the school for some time. This condition of affairs is due not so much to poor material as to bad judgment on the part of the captain and the manager. Before the team was in any condition to perform such hard work, games were arranged with Tufts College, Boston A. A., M.I.T., and Dartmouth. Each one of these teams was heavier than the Exeter eleven, and as a result several P. E. A. men are limping about the Academy grounds, and one or two men will not play football again this fall. The game against Dartmouth, especially, was hard for Exeter. In bucking the Hanover rush-line five of P.E.A.'s best men were hurt.

THE MOST SERIOUS LOSS was Hawkins, the quarter-back. The other men behind the line had come to depend considerably upon him, and when Martin was put in his place they went to pieces. Perhaps they should be not too severely blamed for this, for Martin is a wretched player and ought never to be allowed at quarter-back again until he learns a good deal more about the game. In the Tufts game Martin passed the ball on more than one occasion to his opponents. When Thomas took his place in the second half there was a slight recovery from the previous demoralization, but P.E.A. did no scoring. If Exeter had arranged her games against lighter and weaker teams in the early part of the season, and had fixed the dates with these older men for now and the following weeks, her players would have been better able to stand the hard work required of them.

IT IS JUST THIS SORT OF THING that brings football into disrepute with people who don't know anything about the game. They see in the papers that Brown, Jones, and Robinson are hurt as a result of playing football. They do not stop to reflect that possibly Brown, Jones, and Robinson had no business playing the game, but at once decry football. Possibly if Brown, Jones, and Robinson had been put on horseback and trotted around a field they would have been much lamer, and certainly they would have been much more liable to get their necks broken. Take two elevens in training and let them play a game; there will be no one hurt in all probability. Take twenty-two men who are not in any kind of training and set them loose on a gridiron for two fifteen-minute halves and see how many doctors you will need at the end of the game. That's the secret of most of the outcry against football. Half the men who get hurt would not have gotten hurt if they had gone at it properly, and it is almost always of these fellows that the general public gets reports. There is a good deal for the general public to learn about football.

THERE IS ONE GOOD THING I notice in the methods of the Chicago High-School teams. They play only fifteen-minute halves in their football matches, and that is a very proper arrangement for the early part of the season. Young players cannot stand the strain of full-time play at first, and it is the height of folly to try to play two thirty-five-minute halves at present. Even the big college teams do not attempt such severe work, playing usually twenty or twenty-five minute halves until the 1st of November, by which time the men have become seasoned, and are able to stand the exertion of full-time play. School teams should begin by playing short halves, gradually lengthen-

ing them until the full time is reached two or three weeks before the important game. At first it is even better to play three periods of ten minutes, with a short rest between each, than two fifteen-minute halves with only one rest. It all depends on the size and strength of the men who are playing, and the Captain must be the judge in these matters. His idea should be to get the greatest development with the smallest possible strain on his men.

THE JUNIOR LEAGUE SCHEDULE OF the New England F. B. A. has been arranged, and several matches have already been played. The dates are as follows:

Roxbury High—October 11th, Newton High at Newton; October 19th, Chelsea at Franklin Park; November 2d, Roxbury Latin at South End Grounds; November 9th, Dedham at Dedham; November 20th, Somerville at Somerville; November 23d, Hyde Park at Franklin Park.
Chelsea High—October 19th, Roxbury High at Franklin Park; October 23d, Somerville at Somerville; October 26th, Roxbury Latin at Brookline Common; November 1st, Newton at Chelsea; November 7th, Hyde Park at Chelsea; November 16th, Dedham at Dedham.

Roxbury Latin—October 18th, Hyde Park at Hyde Park; October 26th, Chelsea High at Brookline Common; October 30th, Somerville High at Somerville; November 2d, Roxbury High at South End; November 8th, Newton High at Newton; November 13th, Dedham High at Dedham.

Dedham High—October 14th, Somerville at Somerville; October 25th, Newton at Newton; November 1st, Hyde Park at Dedham; November 9th, Roxbury High at Dedham; November 18th, Roxbury Latin at Dedham; November 16th, Chelsea at Dedham.

Somerville High—October 14th, Dedham at Somerville; October 23d, Chelsea; October 30th, Roxbury Latin; November 12th, Hyde Park; November 20th, Roxbury High; November 22d, Newton High.

Hyde Park High—October 18th, Roxbury Latin at Hyde Park; November 1st, Dedham High at Dedham; November 7th, Chelsea High at Chelsea; November 12th, Somerville High at Somerville; November 15th, Newton High at Newton; November 23d, Roxbury High at Franklin Park.

Newton High—October 11th, Roxbury High at Newton; October 25th, Dedham High at Newton; November 1st, Chelsea High at Chelsea; November 8th, Roxbury Latin at Newton; November 15th, Hyde Park at Newton; November 23d, Somerville High at Somerville.

The winner of the series meets the tail-end of the Senior League to determine whether or not they shall exchange places next season.

THE GRADUATE.



This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

THE DULL SEASON just ended has been extremely interesting from the fact that a large number of stamps have been advancing in value by leaps and bounds. So many new collectors have come into the field that the supply of scarce and rare stamps has been much smaller than the demand. This has been the case especially in unused U.S. stamps to such a degree that dealers have refused to sell, calculating that they would make more money by holding off. The Department stamps have scored the greatest advance. The Executives, sold a few years ago for \$4 or \$5 per set, command \$25 to \$30 to-day. The Justice set, which could be bought for \$8 or \$10 a set, are difficult to find at \$80 or \$90. Even the despised Interior, worth formerly 75c. to \$1 per set, now bring \$5 to \$6. A fine set

of State formerly owned by the writer, and sold for \$40 in 1891, changed hands the other day at \$250.

In a word collectors with money—bankers, merchants, noblemen, and even royalties—have greatly increased in numbers during the past three years, whereas there are no more unused U.S. stamps to-day than formerly. Indeed, there are fewer stamps on the market, as there is a constant destruction of old albums and collections, through fire, water, and carelessness.

Used stamps are not appreciated to as great an extent as unused, as the great demand has led to the looking over of every lot of old letters within the reach and knowledge of collectors. Consequently the common varieties of U.S. stamps and envelopes are somewhat of a drug in the market, and are bought by dealers to-day chiefly on the chance of finding one or more of the scarcer kinds in the lot of "cheap trash."

I WAS MISTAKEN in my opinion that the recent find of a big lot of St. Louis stamps

would bring down their price. The exact contrary has been the effect. Two or three of our largest collectors are ready to buy these stamps at an increased valuation, as they are now "plating." That is, they are making up sheets of these stamps as originally issued. As there were two papers and three plates, and each plate contained six stamps, to make up a complete set would require thirty-six stamps in all. The cost of such a set of six plates of six stamps each would probably be at least \$15,000, possibly \$20,000.

THE NEW CATALOGUES are appearing. The first in the field was Senf's, then Stanley Gibbon's; the next to appear will probably be Scott's. Meanwhile J. W. Scott has issued a circular of the new prices of the U. S. issues, and probably will soon issue a new edition of "Our Catalogue," which was the first ever made in the handy pocket form.

Miss C. A.—The New Jersey cents are worth from 25c. to \$3 each, according to condition, etc.

P. HILLIAMS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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This Department is conducted in the interest of Bicyclists, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pained to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

FROM Benefit Street and Olney Street, Providence, to the Boston Common is forty-seven miles, and this is the distance to be run on the sixth and last stage of the two-hundred-and-fifty-eight-mile trip from New York to Boston. Wherever you may put up in Providence, it is well to make for Benefit Street first on starting for Boston. Thence proceed, and turn into Olney Street, following this to East Avenue, when the run to Pawtucket is direct, and it is a capital four-mile run at that. The rider will do well, after crossing the river, to bear to the right, and, crossing the Massachusetts border, run into Lebanon Mills, just on the Massachusetts side. Or to be more explicit, after leaving Pawtucket turn to the left, cross a stone bridge, bear to the left immediately after crossing, then take the next left fork, and finally bear to the right at the third fork, and make for Lebanon Mills direct. Take Cottage Street out of Lebanon, and turn to the right at the cemetery, and follow the main road to Hebronville. Thence the road is clear through Dodgeville across the track to Attleborough. From Attleborough, crossing the river, you take the left turn at Fourth Street, and run direct, though by a somewhat round-about road, to West Mansfield, which is a good twenty miles from Providence. From West Mansfield run northward, keep to the right, cross the track, and run into Mansfield Junction. Crossing tracks, run on to East Foxborough, and thence leaving Sharon on the westward, proceed to East Sharon. The rider should take care to turn to the right at the railroad round-house near Massapoag Pond, and avoid running on into Sharon. From Cobb's Tavern at East Sharon the run to Canton is direct and very good, as is also the road from Canton to Ponkapog, though you should take care to take the right fork a mile and a half out from Cobb's Tavern, and a mile and a half further on to turn sharp left at a crossroads. From Ponkapog the rider runs up by Blue Hill on Blue Hill Avenue, passing down through Mattapan to Warren Street, and on this to Harrison Avenue, to Chester Park, to Columbus, to Boston Common. The following are the directions by the road from Boston. The reverse trip to Providence is given, because it is one of the good runs out of Boston.

STARTING AT COPLEY SQUARE, leave Public Library on the right, and go out Huntington Avenue to Parker Street; there turn to the left, following Parker to Tremont, there turn to the left onto Tremont, and at New Heath Street turn to right, at Parker Street turn to left, and follow it to Centre Street, turn to right onto Centre, and take direct road to Jamaica Plain, continue till monument is reached, then take South Street to the left of monument, and, or reaching water-trough turn to the left, cross over the rail road tracks, and turn to the right onto Walkhill Street to the fork, where keep to right onto Hyde Park Avenue, which follow till it joins Central Park Avenue. Continue on last-named avenue to River Street, and then turn to right. Ride across the square, and go, via Centre Street and River Street, to Milton Street, turn to the right. Turn to left at High Street, on reaching Washington Street take that past Memorial Hall, Dedham, to Norwood, past Public Library, and at fork of roads keep to right into Walpole, where, at the Common near Town Hall, turn to the left, and after a run of a quarter of a mile turn to the right, and from the turnpike-road turn to the right to South Walpole.

New York to Albany, New York City and laid streets in No. 801. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Pine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn to Staten Island in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tarrytown to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia to New York in No. 822. Philadelphia to Washington in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlanta City. First Stage in No. 825; Second Stage in No. 826. Philadelphia to New York. First Stage in No. 827; Second Stage in No. 828. New York to London in No. 829. London to New York. Third Stage in No. 829; Fourth Stage in No. 831; Fifth Stage in No. 832.

Conditions for the "Word Hunt."

Following is a list of answers to some questions which have been put to us concerning the \$50 Word Hunt." Many asked the same questions, but we endeavor to answer all the different ones in the following:

No other authorities than Webster or Worcester may be used. Words that are marked "obsolete" in the Dictionary may not be used, neither may compound words. One letter may not be used unless it appears twice in the Puzzle Words. "A" or "an" is a word. By proper names is meant not only given names of persons, but any words that must be commenced with a capital letter.

Prefixes and suffixes may not be used except when they form part of a simple word. Words of the same meaning but spelled differently are allowable, but words of different meanings and spelled alike are not. The possessive case, diphthongs, slang words, abbreviations, and contractions are not allowable. Degrees of comparison, the different forms of the verb, and plurals that are formed otherwise than by adding "s" are allowable, also words in the Appendix.

Words derived from the Latin or Greek may be used, but words commonly used, yet purely foreign, may not. All the letters contained in the Puzzle Words need not be used; each word may contain any number of letters, no matter how few, so long as they form a word. One person may try for only one prize—senior or junior.

All are invited to compete, whether subscribers or not. If you are not a member of the Order of the Round Table, write to the publishers for a Membership Patent. We request that answers be written on one side of the paper only, and that the words be numbered. Write the words in alphabetical order, as far as possible, and do not fill the sheets, but send them either flat or folded.

* *

A Delightful Morsel from South Africa.

Winter is almost over. We have had a very warm one. Spring is not supposed to come until September, but already the trees are getting quite green, and birds and butterflies are coming back. It's very seldom we see snow at Royston, and have had none this winter, but we are having a fearful drought. It is over a year since we had rain. The farmers are looking very anxious about their crops. On October the "shearing" begins. You meet everywhere bands of Kafirs in their red blankets, knob-herries (sticks with a huge knob at one end, usually carried by natives) in their hands, and one containing a pot, tin beaker, shears, and sometimes boots, slung over their shoulders; these are "shearers." The farmers hire them at the rate of about sixpence (twelve cents) for ten sheep. In fact much, is it? but the Kafirs are easily satisfied. The sheep are put into an enclosure. Each Kafir, stripped to the waist, seizes one and commences to shear the wool off. Sometimes they are careless and cut the flesh. Then a man standing by dips a brush in tar and rubs the place over. This not only heals it, but keeps the flies off. As soon as a shearer has finished a sheep he receives "ilokee" (bean or something of that sort). At the end of the day he receives payment according to the amount of ilokees in his possession.

The wool is packed into large bales and is sold by the pound. Dealers send the bales by rail to the seaports, where they are shipped to England, and come back to us in the shape of clothes. It is just as well to keep to windward of the shearing-house. Not being addicted to water, the Kafirs are an odor peculiarly their own. As I once heard it remarked, "It is enough to knock a fellow down, if you go too near."

We sell a great deal of fruit in the summer. Our fruit ripens then, not in autumn. Early in the morning the men begin to pick and pack the fruit. In 1893 we sold 9100 apricots, 10,718 plums—which includes New Orleans, Golden Drop, Magnum Bonum, Damsons, Greengages, and the common blue plum—and 16,242 peaches and nectarines, besides hundreds of apples, pears, and figs. In the winter we have oranges, lemons, shadocks, and citrons. Our winter fruit was a failure this year on account of the drought.

We send most of our fruit to East London, where there is a ready sale. In their season we have lo-

quats, granadillas, and walnuts. We almost live on fruit in the summer. The weather is unbearably hot. Last Christmas day was very hot, and all we felt inclined to do was to lie about in the shade and drink cooling drinks. As evening approaches we get merry again. It is cool almost as soon as the sun sets. We have no twilight to speak of. It is lovely out-of-doors in the evening. We promenade up and down and watch the stars.

My friend, Douglas Ritchie, who is thirteen years of age, has started a stamp collection. He would like to exchange South African stamps for those of other countries. He is also very anxious to join the Round Table. Will you send him a Patent, please? His address is The Manse, Queenstown, Cape Colony, South Africa. My letter is getting so long that I must conclude. Will you please give my love to dear Mrs. Sangster, and tell her I do enjoy the "Pudding Stick" so much.

ISMA FISCHAM, R.T.L.

ROSTON, QUEENSTOWN, CAPE COLONY, SOUTH AFRICA.

Of course we'll send the Patent. Mrs. Sangster that you really, and is much gratified to learn that you so greatly enjoy her Pudding Stick. She gives you, her distant but not less dear reader, her most cordial greeting. Won't you write another just as good morsel as this one?

* *

Directions for Playing "Newcomb."

I have had so much fun from the following game that I am induced to give it to the Table. We boys of Trinity School, N. Y., were the first to play it in this vicinity. I think it was originated by a lady gymnastic teacher in New Orleans, who wished to devise some good healthful game requiring not too much exertion.

Two lines are drawn, one on each side of the gymnasium, about ten or twelve feet from the wall. Two sides are chosen. Each takes its place inside the line. A referee and score-keeper are appointed. The referee tosses a football (a Rugby is the best) to one of the teams. The man on the team receiving the ball throws it to the opposing team, his object being to throw the ball so that it will fall behind the other team's line. If he scores a touch-down—that is, if it goes inside the line, it counts three points to the side throwing the ball. If the ball does not fall inside, but outside the line, it counts a foul, and scores a point against the side throwing it.

If a member of either team, whether he is receiving or throwing the ball, steps over or on the line, it constitutes a foul, and scores one point against his side. Of course the swifter the ball is thrown the more unlikely any member of the opposing team is to catch it. A certain length of time to play had better be agreed upon. I nearly forgot to mention that two lines must be drawn at right angles to the principal ones—that is, a line at each end. Should the ball go outside these lines it is a foul. These rules can be perfected and enlarged according to any one's desire.

I give a diagram showing how the lines should be drawn, and how the men could be arranged, if desired. This diagram is for a team of ten men. The game is called Newcomb.

NEW YORK.

ROSE MCGURU, R.T.K.

* *

Entertainments for the Fair.

Not a few fairs and entertainments are planned for the near future in aid of the School Fund. There are to be fairs at Newton, N. J.; Upper Nyack, N. Y.; and Edgecombe Road, New York city; and stereoscopic entertainments in Washington, Louisville, Dayton, and Piqua, O.; Easton, Pa.; Somerville, North Amboy, and East Orange, N. J.; Brooklyn and Elton, N. Y.; Newport, R. I.; and, a little later on, Cincinnati, O. Besides, Mr. Kirk Munroe is to give a reading and reception in New York city.

Why may not there be held, at or near the hol-

days this year, say early in December, a great number of fairs? Mr. Munroe's letter describing his visit to Good Will Farm has aroused much interest. It explains all about the work there. If you are interested, send to us for a copy. It will be sent you free. Write us about any proposed effort in your town. Suppose we hear from three or four persons in one town? We immediately bring you together and there is a working force all ready to hand. Besides, we can help you with suggestions—possibly with an entertainment all ready to your hand. How many can we hear from?

* *

The Helping Hand.

The truth of the Table's adage that "everything comes to those who try" was strikingly illustrated recently. Some Ladies of Newton, N. J., planned a fair in aid of the School Fund. Of course it was a delightful occasion. There was much work, and there were some disappointments, but the splendid sum of \$30 was netted. Those who had the great pleasure of giving this amount to the Fund were:

Helen Leyton, Mabel T. Roof, Eleanor Hayward, Mollie Morford, Katherine Atwood, Emma Howard, Edna L. Roof, Mary S. Roof, Harry Howard, Waldemar Howard, Louis Layton, Harry Lubbs, Clarence Howard, Thomas S. Woodruff.

At about the same time some other Ladies in the upper part of New York city held a fair. They, too, had hard work and some discouragements, but then, like the Ladies of Newton, they enjoyed a great deal of satisfaction in the end, for they were able to send to the Fund \$71.50. The Table most heartily thanks all who helped at these two fairs. It also urges other Ladies, Chapters, and all readers to try to hold fairs for the same purpose. Let us have one hundred fairs and entertainments this autumn and winter. Then we shall surely lay the corner-stone of the building early in the spring. Write the Table for suggestions, or see the Handy Book.

* *

More Chutes to Shoot.

An interesting article appeared in the ROUND TABLE on "Shooting the Chutes." The writer mentioned that there were four "Chutes" in different parts of the country. There are two more, which have probably been erected since the article was written, one at Washington Park, Philadelphia, and the other at Atlantic City. They were both erected this year. The one at Atlantic City was the attraction of the season and a wonderful financial success. It earned the whole cost of its construction, \$35,000. There will doubtless be another one next year, for people do not seem to tire of the exhilarating sport.

ATLANTIC CITY.

IRWIN SHIFF, JUN., R.T.K.

* *

An Appeal from Australia.

We live on Red Hill, a suburb of Brisbane. We have a very nice view from our place, and in summer a nice breeze springs up which mitigates the intense heat of the day, while in winter it is rather cool. We go to a state school, called the "Normal." We would like to correspond with some girl of our own age (thirteen years) from any foreign country. Here is the address for any girl who would like to write, Venie Lawson and Annette Wilson, Normal School, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

* *

Let's have Some Explanations.

After Jotaphat had been captured by the Romans, Josephus, the historian, fled to a cavern with forty other Jews. His companions resolved to kill each other rather than surrender. Josephus pretended to agree, but claimed that, being leader, it was his privilege to arrange them in good order for death, and that, beginning to count from one end to a certain number, they should put to death the person on whom that number should fall, until only one man should remain, who should kill himself. The men agreed, and Josephus so arranged himself and the forty others that at the end of the slaughter he remained, with one other, whom he persuaded to live. How did Josephus arrange his men?



The pudding stick is a delicious treat, and is sold in all the best confectionery shops. It is a good idea to keep a few in the house for company.

TAKE it for granted that it is a class prophecy which my correspondent, who is puzzled on this score, asks for. Here is one way which she may like. Write your prophecy as though seen by the Lady of Shalott, and illustrate by tableaux-vivants. The prophet costumed herself like the Lady of Shalott. She should wear a gauzy white gown, and have a netting wheel around her, assimilating a spider's web. Her hair should flow loosely about the shoulders, and she should be seated before a spinning-wheel.

"And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she."

Arrange the platform to represent a prettily furnished room, and on the wall hang conspicuously a large mirror.

"And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear."

The Lady of Shalott as she weaves recites in slow, distinct tones the prophecy, and as the destiny of each one is told, have the person referred to pass across the stage before the mirror, and so on, out of sight. The person will be costumed and will act exactly as the prophecy foretells. The awesome effect will be heightened by an accompaniment of slow music.

A VERY little girl asks what easy thing she may find to do for her mother's birthday. Make a set of table-mats, dear, of coarse white cotton, crocheting them in simple close work, and finishing with a scalloped edge. I saw a very pretty set the other day, and the lady who owned them was proud that her youngest daughter, aged eight, had made them herself.

What do you think of this as a hint for a useful little gift? A Portia pen-wiper is practical, unique, new, and easy of construction. Buy a china doll—one that stands firmly. Make for her several chamois-skin skirts of different lengths, putting on the shortest one first. Pink the edges. The costume should be a red or black student's gown and cap, and put a tiny roll of parchment in her hand. If you have to tie the roll in the hand, use fine silk of the same color as the parchment, and it will scarcely show. The gown should be long and full. The material may be silk, velvet, or cashmere. The cap should have a square top, fastened to a narrow band fitting close to the head. The doll should have the appearance of stateliness. Whenever the chamois is soiled, replace the skirts, and thus the pen-wiper is always clean.

No, Susie and Rowana. I do not care for crystallized grasses. They are old-fashioned, and not in the least pretty. Do not put anything in your vases which simply gathers dust, and is not a thing of beauty. A few growing plants are a great attraction in the house, and you can have geraniums and mignonette all winter if you will begin to care for them now.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



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—Lancet, Nov. 11, 1880.

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ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL, Associate Editor of The Ladies Home Journal, and a Hospital Superintendent of experience, in her book, "The Care of Children," recommends the use of Ivory Soap for bathing infants, and says: "There is no particular virtue in Castile Soap which has long been consecrated to this purpose."

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are made purposely for you? Is there one of you who has not sent for the "Rugby" Catalogue?

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HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, N.Y.

PRYING MARY.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



Out, curious, prying Mary,
Why was it you would try
To peep in every bundle,
In every box to pry?

Mamma had often warned her,
But still she pried about,
And nothing could be hidden
But Mary found it out.



It chanced mamma had shopping
Brought in some things one day,
"Pray do not touch them, Mary," she said,
"While I'm away."

But scarce mamma had left her,
She scarce had closed the door,
Ere Mary stole on tiptoes
With haste across the floor.



She tears the paper open,
And stoops with eager eyes,
Puff! In her mouth and up her nose
The biting pepper flies.

"Hatchew! hatchew!" she sneezes;
The tears stream from her eyes,
"Who would have thought the bundle
Was pepper!" Mary cries.



"Hatchew! hatchew!" she sneezes,
The tears drip from her chin,
And while she still is sneezing
Mamma comes softly in.

She lifts her hands in wonder,
And Mary hears her cry,
"Some ill-luck always happens
To children who will pry."

A PROMOTION.

"How are you getting on with your music lessons, Harold?"

"Bin promoted."

"Indeed?"

"Yeth; I play three-finger exercises now, 'stead o' two."

EXACTLY IT.

"WELL, Jack, I suppose you keep your desk in apple-pie order."

"Yes. That's just about it: everything's all tumbled up together inside of it just like the inside of a pie."

"HULLO, Fatty," said the Copy-book to the Dictionary.

"Hullo, Thinnny!" retorted the Dictionary.

"You're a wordy person, Fatty," said the Copy-book.

"You're an empty thing, Thinnny," said the Dictionary.

"Bound to have the last word, eh, Fatty!" sneered the Copy-book.

"Need it in my business, Thinnny," said the Dictionary, and the Umbrella in the library corner laughed so hard that it bent one of its ribs.

NOT A WEATHER INDICATOR.

AN amusing story is told by a sea-captain in relation to the ignorance of his steward, whom he had directed to wind the chronometer in the cabin every morning regularly during his contemplated absence from the ship.

Now a chronometer is nothing but a finely regulated timepiece used by navigators. On its face is a small circle having a hand, and at two points on this circle are the words "Up" and "Wind." When the instrument is wound the little arrow-hand points to "Up," and after the chronometer has run twenty-four hours the arrow stands against "Wind," meaning that it is time for it to be wound.

When the Captain returned to his ship, the steward reported to him that he had obeyed orders, and wound the chronometer faithfully every day, and then added that he, personally, did not think much of its ability to foretell weather.

"What do you mean?" asked the puzzled Captain. "What has a chronometer got to do with the weather?"

"Why," replied the manipulator of sailors' hash and plum-duff, "every morning the arrow would say that we were going to have wind, and half the time it was a flat calm."

A TERRIBLE THREAT.

"I DON'T yike you, Aunt Jennie," said Wilbur, after his aunt had interfered with some cherished idea he had in mind. "An' if you don't let me alone I'll save up my pottet-money an' buy a tapir."

"A what?" asked his aunt.

"A tapir," said Wilbur. "An' tapirs they eats ants!"

JUST THE OTHER WAY.

JIMMIEBOY has a very unbreakable habit of getting up at night and running in to his father's room and jumping into bed with him. He was once chided for this.

"I'm glad to have you come in the morning, but don't come too early," was the end of the lecture. The next night, however, Jimmieboy came bounding in at one o'clock.

"Didn't I tell you not to do this, Jimmieboy?" he was asked.

"No," replied Jimmieboy. "You told me not to come early. This isn't early—it's awful late. After one o'clock."

A MISTAKE.

"It's a great mistake," said Bobbie Tompkins, "to say that we Americans are born free."

"Why, Bobbie?"

"Look at that baby of ours. Was he born free? I guess not. He ain't allowed to do nothin' he wants ter."

"THAT was a great game of ball the Nomeals and Hungerfoods played the other day."

"Was it? What was the score?"

"Nothing to eight."



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



SEA RANGERS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "ROAD RANGERS," THE "MATE" SERIES, "SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES," "FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

LEFT ON A DESOLATE ISLAND.

THE damage to the *Millgirl* was of so serious a nature that Captain Crotty instantly realized the necessity for prompt action if he wished to save his vessel. So, while shouting to the Rangers to get their bedding, provisions, and everything else movable up from the hold, and so place them beyond reach of the in-rushing waters, he headed the sloop for the nearest beach. As she grounded in about eight feet of water, and while still at some distance from the shore, her sails were lowered, and preparations were made for transferring the passengers and their belongings to land. Of course this disaster put a sudden end to the canoe-race that had caused it, and as the sloop's headway was checked, the entire fleet of dainty craft flocked about her. The canoe-boys were loud in their expressions of sorrow over the sad plight of the vessel, and profuse in their offers of such assistance as they could render.

The very first to make his canoe fast and scramble aboard

was Tom Burgess, whose appearance was received with a shout by his fellow Rangers. But they were too busy rescuing their belongings from the impending water for any more extended greeting just then. Besides, they were too greatly excited in trying to realize the astounding fact that they were actually shipwrecked, a situation they had never dared hope for even in their wildest dreams of what might happen during this cruise. So Tom and his canoe friends turned in and worked with the others, while all introductions and explanations were left for some future time.

Young Jabe made trip after trip in the small boat between sloop and shore, carrying a big load every time, and in this work he was assisted by such of the canoes as had cockpits of any size. Thus provisions, bedding, a huge tarpaulin, several casks of fresh water, pots, pans, and a certain amount of table-ware were soon conveyed to the beach, and there piled in a promiscuous heap. Last of all, the shipwrecked Rangers, to whom the whole affair was a delightful novelty, were transferred to the island. There,

no longer restrained by a polite sympathy for Captain Crotty, they gave vent to their feelings in a series of whoops and howls, combined with antics that would have done credit to a band of young monkeys.

"Whoop-pee!" shouted Si Carew. "Here we are shipwrecked, and east away on a desolate island. It's the real thing too, and not a bit of make-believe about it."

"Just like *Robinson Crusoe* or *Swiss Family Robinson*," chimed in little Cal Moody, joyously kicking up the warm sand with his bare feet; "only I hope there won't be any savages or pirates."

"More like the mutineers of the *Bounty*," suggested Hal Bacon, "for we're really mutinying you know, and came out ahead, too."

"You did!" exclaimed Tom Burgess, in open-eyed amazement. "How did it happen? Tell us about it."

So the story of the cruise and its double mutiny had to be told then and there to Tom and the other canoe-boys, who listened with envious interest.

"Well!" declared Tom, when from the confused recital of half a dozen Rangers at once he had gleaned the main points of the story. "It beats anything I ever heard of outside of a book, and I only wish I'd waited in Berks so as to come with you. But look here! You fellows haven't been over to our camp yet. So come on, and see what you think of the New York style of doing things."

The Rangers, only too ready to see or do anything new, sprang up, and would have followed him in a body, had they not been restrained by practical Will Rogers, who called out:

"Hold on, fellows! We've got our own camp to fix first. It's most sundown now, and it wouldn't be much fun working in the dark. Besides, we've got supper to think of."

"I'm thinking of it now," laughed Mif Bowers, "and wondering what we are going to do about it."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said Tom Burgess, hospitably. "You'll all come over and eat supper with us to-night, and we'll help you rig up your tent. Just wait till I run over and tell the cook."

The canoe-boys, who knew nothing of the Rangers' previous training as firemen and other things, under Will Rogers' leadership, were surprised to see the businesslike manner with which these country lads set to work to make themselves comfortable. While some cut tent-poles or gathered firewood, others overhauled the big tarpaulin that was to form their tent, and provided it with stout cords at corners and sides. When it was finally raised and stretched into position, it formed a serviceable and roomy shelter, which, though lacking the whiteness of the New York tents, was decidedly more picturesque and in keeping with the Rangers' present character of shipwrecked mariners. Beneath its dingy spread all the provisions and camp equipments were neatly piled on one side, while the blankets, spread on the ground above some bits of old canvas, were so arranged on the other as to make one long bed.

All this was hardly completed when the loud banging of an iron spoon against a tin pan sounded a welcome supper call from the other camp, while at the same moment Tom Burgess appeared to act as host and escort.

The canoe-boys had brought along a regular cook, and their camp consisted of a kitchen tent, a mess tent, and a big living or sleeping tent, in which, however, very few of them ever slept. It was lots more fun to lie in their canoes under the little striped canoe tents hung from the masts, and making enclosures so charmingly snug, that the Berks boys declared them even superior to the bicycle shelter tents that had so excited their admiration when they were Road Rangers.

As the sloop's galley was flooded with water, Captain Crotty and young Jabe had also accepted a supper invitation from the hospitable New-Yorkers, and while they ate, the skipper outlined his plans for the future. As the tide had already turned ebb when the wreck occurred, he had at once carried an anchor on to the side opposite to that through which the water was pouring. From this anchor a cable was extended to the sloop's mast-head, and thence led down to the deck. Here it was subjected to a heavy strain, that, as the tide fell, would carren the vessel to that

side. By this means the skipper hoped to get at the hole on the opposite side and plug it. As he could only expect to do this in the crudest manner with the appliances at hand, and as he knew the leak would merely be checked without being stopped, he further proposed to leave his passengers where they were for a few days, sail for the nearest port, where he could haul out for repairs, and return for them as quickly as possible, which proposition was hailed with delight by both the Rangers and their newly made friends.

This programme was carried out as arranged. That very evening the stranded vessel was careened by the aid of many willing hands, so that a temporary patch of tarred canvas and boards could be rudely secured over the jagged fracture that appeared in her planking just under the bend of the bilge. It was midnight before this job was finished, and the hold was pumped comparatively free of water. At daylight next morning, as the tide served and the wind was fair, the *Millgirl*, after being re-ictualled from the tent, sailed away with Captain Crotty at the helm, and young Jabe working wearily at the pump. Work as he might he could not gain an inch on the leak, and, in spite of the skipper's cheery assurance that he would be back again within three or four days, Will Rogers, who of all the tired Rangers was sole spectator of the departure, could not repress a feeling of anxiety as the sloop slowly rounded the point and disappeared.

He was aroused from the reverie into which he had fallen by loud shouts from the canoe camp, and looking that way saw a line of naked figures tearing down the beach and dashing into the sparkling waters. The New-Yorkers were taking the morning plunge, without which no yachtsman nor canoe-man, who is after all only a yachtsman in a small way, fails to begin the day when he is on a cruise. This sight at once altered the current of Will's thoughts, and with a yell that effectually startled his own camp into wakefulness he tore off his clothing and took a splendid header from a jutting rock. Two minutes later every Ranger had followed him, and with the gambols of a school of young porpoises the boys from Berks were revelling in their first salt water swim.

"Isn't it glorious!" sputtered Si Carew, as the dripping lads finally emerged from their bath. "It beats river swimming all to nothing."

"Yes, and doesn't it make a fellow feel fresh and salty?" cried Cracker Bob Jones.

"And shivery," chattered little Cal Moody.

"And hungry," added Mif Bowers. "What are we going to do for breakfast, Will?"

Sure enough! No one had thought of that, and the Rangers had not even started a fire, while in the other camp the cook was already beating lustily on his big tin pan.

In this emergency the canoe-boys again extended the hospitality of their mess. Moreover, they offered to do this so long as they remained on the island if the Rangers would furnish the provisions, as their own were nearly exhausted.

Of course the Berks boys readily entered into this arrangement, though Will Rogers remarked to Hal Bacon that he wished they had brought along a larger supply of provisions, and wondered how the New York boys had expected to hold out for ten days longer on the scanty allowance of food remaining in their mess-tent.

"They didn't," answered Lieutenant Hal. "They've only got to live on 'em for two days more. This is Thursday, and they are going back on Saturday, you know."

"What?" exclaimed Will.

"Yes, didn't you know? Cousin Tom asked me last night why we didn't come sooner, and then I found out that we had made a mistake in the date, and got here during the second week of their camp instead of the first. It'll be all right, though, for Captain Crotty is sure to be back in a few days. In fact, I think it's a lucky thing he had to leave, for he'd been certain to want us to go back when the other fellows broke camp, while now, perhaps, we can stay a whole week longer."

"Yes," replied Will, dubiously. "I suppose it's all right; at the same time I shall be mighty glad to see him coming back."

CHAPTER VIII.

WAR CANOES, CRUISERS, AND RACERS.

NEVER in their lives had the Sea Rangers enjoyed themselves more than they did during the two days following that of their shipwreck. They swam, and fished, and paddled, and watched the most exciting of match races between rival canoes, and at night gathered about the roaring camp-fires for songs, stories, and high jinks, until it seemed to them that no other form of life was half so well worth living as this. They looked back with disdain upon the quiet humdrum of Berks, with its houses and beds and school and chores, and regular hours for meals, and all such things. Even their fire-engine and their bicycles no longer seemed to possess the attractions that had once caused them to appear so desirable, and when Sam Ray hoped Captain Crotty would not be able to come for them in less than a month, he voiced the sentiment of every Ranger on the island.

Their sole present ambition was to become canoe-men, and all their interest was centred in the fascinating craft of their New York friends. At the same time they found it impossible to decide which of the several types of canoe represented at the meet was the most admirable. There was the big war canoe *Kosh-Kosh*, that required a dozen paddlers to urge it over the water, and could carry as many more passengers as well. As they dashed about the bay in this great craft, chanting what they believed to be war-songs, and uttering blood-curdling yells, they could easily fancy themselves South-Sea warriors bound on a foray, against the cannibals of some adjacent island.

Besides this huge vessel there were other paddling canoes, light open affairs in each of which two boys, transformed for the time being into Indian hunters, could glide swiftly and silently in and out of sheltered coves, or close under overhanging banks, in search of game or scalps, they cared not which.

Then there were sailing canoes of two kinds—cruisers and racers—dainty bits of cabinet-work built of cedar and mahogany, varnished and polished until they glistened in the sunlight, fitted with spars not much heavier than fishing-rods, silken or linen sails, delicate-looking but unbreakable, cordage, and cunning little blocks of boxwood or aluminum that would answer equally well for watch-charms. The cruisers had open cockpits long enough to lie down in at full length. At night these, covered by tents of striped awning cloth, and lighted by little swinging lanterns, formed the coziest of cabins. Thus housed, the cruising canoe-man could cook a meal over an alcohol lamp, eat it from a hatch-cover table, lie at his ease and read, or turn in and sleep through rain and storm as snug and dry and thoroughly comfortable as though in his own home. "Besides having a thousand times more fun," as Tom Burgess said, while all the Rangers well agreed that he spoke the truth.

Tom owned a cruiser, and to him, of course, she was the most perfect craft in the world. "She can go anywhere that a yacht can, except, of course, across the ocean, or on voyages like that," he explained, "and into lots of places that a yacht can't, besides, such as up small streams and down rapids. You can either sail or paddle in her, and if a storm comes, all you have to do is to run your ship ashore, step out, haul her beyond reach of the tide, and there you are, just as comfortable and well fixed as if you owned the biggest hotel in New York city."

Attractive as they found the cruisers, some of the Rangers thought the racers even more so. They too were decked over, but their cockpits were only little wells, just big enough for one's feet. All else was water-tight compartment, so that, even if the canoe were rolled over and over in the water, she could not fill or sink, but would float on the surface like a bubble. The sails of a racer were twice as large as those of a cruiser, and to keep her right side up under her great spread of silk or linen the crew would "hike" himself out on the end of a long sliding deck-seat, and there, poised in mid-air, would skim above the crests of the waves with the speed and safety of a seabird. The racer's sails cannot be lowered, and are never reefed; but if the squall blows so heavy that the outboard

weight of the crew can no longer hold the canoe up to it, he allows her to gracefully capsize, and the outspread sails lie flat on the water, while he clings to the air-tight hull, or stands on the brass centre-plate until the blow moderates. Then, using his sliding-seat as a lever, he pulls his craft once more into an upright position, scrambles aboard, and speeds away as though nothing had happened. This sort of work is like circus-riding, and only through much practice may one attain perfection at it; but as the Sea Rangers watched the movements of the swift-darting racers, it seemed to them not only the most fascinating sport in the world, but also the perfection of sailing.

They were even ready to admit that all their previous knowledge of seamanship and sailing was but ignorance when compared with that they were now acquiring.

As Cracker Bob Jones said: "What chumps we were to think we knew how to handle a boat before we came here. Now, though, we have got the whole thing down so fine that if ever we get a chance to sail all by ourselves, I rather guess somebody'll be surprised."

In spite of this self-confidence, all that Cracker Bob or any others of the Rangers really knew of canoe-sailing was what they learned by looking on; for while the canoe-men were perfectly willing to take them out paddling, not one of them cared to trust his fragile craft to inexperienced hands when under sail.

If the Sea Rangers were pleased with the New York boys and their belongings, the latter were no less so with the lads from Berks, and when, on the last evening of the meet, the latter enlivened the camp-fire gathering with several scenes from *Blue Billows* they fairly "brought down the house."

In one way it is sad that all such good times must come to an end, though if they did not they would soon cease to be good times, and we should long for anything in the way of a change. The Rangers had not wearied of this good time, though, by Saturday morning, and when the steamer appeared that was to take the canoe-boys back to the big city they openly rejoiced that their own hour for departure had not yet arrived. In vain did Tom Burgess and his comrades urge them to take advantage of this opportunity for leaving the island, and so return to Berks by way of New York. They declared that they were bound to await Captain Crotty's return in the very place where he had left them, and found a dozen other reasons for declining the invitation. So the canoe-men reluctantly boarded their steamer, and with much cheering and blowing of the steam-whistle, and dipping of flags, and waving of hats, sailed away, leaving the island to the undisturbed possession of our young Sea Rangers.

No sooner, however, was the steamer lost to view and the boys from Berks realized that their sole means of communication with the world was thus cut off, than they began to experience a complete change of feeling. Will Rogers was struggling bravely against it as he shouted:

"Hurrah, fellows! Now we are really and truly cast away on a desolate island, and thrown on our own resources. Isn't it fun, though! And aren't we in great luck?"

"Yes, I suppose so," admitted one or two of the others, hesitatingly; but Cal Moody spoke right out, and said he thought it was awful, and he wished Captain Crotty would come, or that they were safe at home in Berks, or anywhere except on that horrid island. The little chap was about ready to cry; but was prevented by Will Rogers, who, realizing the effect of such despondency on the others, sang out:

"Oh, cheer up, Cal! What's the matter with you? The skipper's sure to be here in a day or two, and is probably on his way to us at this very minute. And we've got lots to do before he comes, I can tell you. We must hoist a signal of distress on the very highest place we can find, and explore the island so as to discover its resources, and fortify our camp against—well, against anything, you know, and all sorts of things. Besides, we've got to cook dinner, and I think we'd better start in on that the very first thing."

With their gloom a little brightened by the prospect of immediate action, the Rangers set to work to prepare the first meal that they had ever undertaken all by themselves.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

They were somewhat dismayed to discover what serious inroads had been made in their stock of provisions; for only a portion of what was originally placed on board the sloop had been rescued from the inflowing water when she was wrecked, and in anticipation of her speedy return this had been used with the utmost freedom, not to say recklessness. But this was a trifling cause for anxiety when compared with the startling announcement that the contents of their largest water-barrel had leaked away until it was empty. Only one small cask of water remained to them; and, upon learning this, every Ranger immediately imagined that he was suffering from a burning thirst.

About cooking they really knew very little, though each member thought he knew enough to prepare a pretty fair meal for people who were not particular. So they all tried their hands at getting up that dinner, and a sadder culinary failure was never made. Everything was smoked, burned, underdone, or in some other way made uneatable, and they finally partook of a most unsatisfactory meal of dry crackers and smoked herring, which made them so very thirsty that but for the firmness of their young captain they would have drained the small cask then and there.

The cooking of succeeding meals was equally unsatis-

factory, and by nightfall of the second day after the departure of their friends our Rangers had not only expended most of their provisions and drunk up all their water, but were thoroughly alarmed at their situation. The whole of that day had been spent on the highest point of the island, gazing with strained eyes over the surrounding waters in the hope of sighting some approaching sail. With the coming of darkness they sadly returned to camp, and flinging themselves gloomily down on their blankets, sought forgetfulness of their unhappy situation in troubled sleep.

Some hours later Will Rogers was awakened by little Cal Moody, who said, in a terrified whisper: "Oh, Will, there are pirates on the island, and they are swearing dreadfully, and I know we're all going to be murdered. I've been listening and watching them for a long time. See their lights down there?"

Sure enough, Will could see lights, like moving lanterns, down on the beach and out on the water, where they seemed to be passing to and fro between the land and a vessel that was dimly visible in the little harbor. He could also hear loud rough voices, and, as Cal had said, some of them were swearing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BUILDING OF MODERN WONDERS.

AN ELECTRIC TROLLEY-CAR.

BY HERBERT LAWS WEBB.

ONE day, not very long ago, when electric cars were something of a novelty, a city official was talking about them to one of the electrical engineers in charge of a certain electric railway.

"It seems to me," said he, "that those trolley-poles on top of the cars ought to be very much stronger than they are."

"Why so?" asked the electrical man. "We very seldom have any accident with them. They almost never break."

"Don't they?" queried the other, with some astonishment. "Well, they don't look to me half strong enough to push those heavy cars along."

I suppose very few readers of the ROUND TABLE have such very foggy ideas about electric cars as that man had. But still it is something of a mystery to many people how the slender wire stretched along the street takes the place of the hundreds of tugging horses or of the rattling, whirling cable that glides ceaselessly through the long iron trough under the pavement.

Many years ago one of those famous scientific men who were always making experiments to discover new things about electricity, so as to enable practical men in these days to invent machines to do useful work, discovered that when he moved a wire about in front of a magnet an electric current appeared in the wire. This was a great discovery, because it brought to light the wonderful sympathy between magnetism and electricity. It made no difference whether the wire or the magnet were moved; as long as they were close enough together any movement of either caused a current to appear in the wire.

Then another famous discoverer found that by winding a wire round a bar of iron and sending a current of electricity through the wire he turned the bar of iron into a

magnet. As long as the current was passing through the wire the iron bar acted just like a permanent steel magnet; it would attract pieces of iron and hold up nails, but the moment the current was stopped the bar lost its magnetism, the nails or pieces of iron dropped off, and it became just an ordinary bar of iron again. This invention is called the electro-magnet, and the electro-magnet is used in some form or other in every electrical industry.

The electric dynamo owes its being to those two discoveries. It consists of coils of copper wire wound on a shaft, and that shaft is revolved close to a powerful magnet. The influence of the magnet causes electric currents to be produced in the coils of copper wire, and these currents are delivered by the coils into suitable conductors or wires by means of which the currents are led to the place where they have to do their work. One very interesting thing about the modern dynamo machine is that it is what electrical men call "self-exciting." That does not mean that it gets into a state of excitement about itself. It means that the dynamo provides its own magnetism. At first dynamos were made with great big steel magnets, but those were very expensive and unsatisfactory. Then a clever inventor hit upon the plan of using electro-magnets, and sending part of the current of the dynamo through their coils to give them magnetism. This is the action of the self-exciting dynamo. When the collection of coils wound on the revolving shaft first begins to turn, very little current is produced, because there is very little magnetism in the iron magnets. Part of this current goes through the magnet coils and increases the magnetism; this strengthens the current in the coils, and this process goes on until, after a few minutes, the magnets are fully magnetized and the coils are giving their full strength of current.

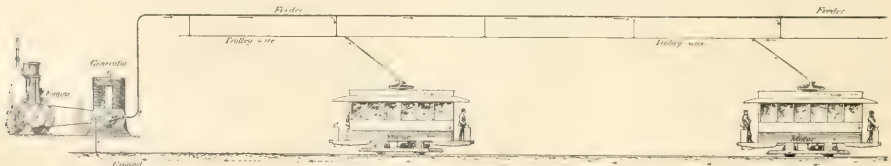


Diagram showing the electric circuit through each car, and illustrating the method of sending more than one car along the same wire.

Some time after this was discovered, it became known that if the two wires from a dynamo were joined to a second dynamo instead of to an electric lamp, this second dynamo would revolve, and could be used to drive a machine, such as a sewing-machine or a printing-press.

At first this electric motor, as it was called, was used only for turning wheels that were stationary, but it was soon seen that there was good work for it to do in turning wheels that should travel along over the ground. Then began the electric railway.

Having got your electric motor it would seem a comparatively easy job to mount it on a car, to fix up a moving connection with an electric wire, and to make the motor turn the car-wheels. It looks easy enough to-day in places where hundreds of horseless cars are running about in all directions as if by magic. In the beginning it was no such an easy job, and those who led the way in the building and running of electric cars had many difficulties to contend with and many obstacles to overcome before they made the electric street-car the practical every-day affair that it is now.

Just look first at your electric motor. It is, like all electrical instruments and machines, a pretty delicate affair, very likely to suffer serious injury from hard usage or exposure to bad weather.

To place such a machine underneath a jolting car close to the surface of the street, and make it work properly at all times and in all weathers, is no small feat. One great difficulty was to keep the wire coils of the motor properly insulated. If two neighboring coils got connected with each other the motor goes wrong, and as water is a powerful conductor of electricity such accidents often happened at first through parts of the motor getting wet from splashing from the street. Now motors are made water-proof, and the cars go along merrily, even though there may be an inch or two of water in the streets, or several inches of snow or slush.

The motor is attached to the frame of the car-truck, and the power is transmitted to the axle of the car by means of gearing. In some electric locomotives that have been made the armature of the motor is wound on the axle itself, but for ordinary street cars it is found best to keep the motor separate from the axle, and to transmit the power by geared wheels.

The current reaches the motor under the car by means of the trolley-wheel and pole. The trolley-wheel is a solid copper wheel, deeply grooved, which is pressed upward against the bare copper wire stretched over the middle of the track; the long flexible pole which carries the trolley-wheel has a strong spring which tends to press it forward, and so keeps the wheel always firmly pressed against the wire however much the car may jump about in rough



THE TROLLEY-CAR.

places. An insulated wire connected with the trolley-wheel is led down the pole and through the car to the switches and regulating boxes placed at either end of the car, just against the dash-board. No current can reach the motor without passing through the switch and regulating box under control of the motorman. With the switch the motorman can turn the current on or off completely, he can regulate the amount of current that reaches the motor so as to start gradually or go slowly in crowded places, or fast in quiet ones, and he can even reverse the motor and make the car go backwards, a thing that neither the driver of the horse-car nor the gripman of the cable-car can do.

Perhaps it is not quite clear how so many motors can work from a single line. As a rule electric railways are provided with but a single wire from which the motors obtain their supply of current, and this system has come to be called the single trolley system in distinction to the double trolley, or double wire system, which was tried in the early days but has been abandoned in all but one or two places. The single wire hung over the centre of the track carries the current out from the station where the dynamos are placed, and the rails and the earth carry it back to the dynamos after it has passed through the motors and has done its work. The trolley wire is kept constantly charged with electricity, which the dynamos at the power station pump into it, much as if they were pumping-engines forcing water into a long pipe. If any connection is made, by means of an electrical conductor, between the trolley-wire and the ground, the current will flow down into the ground. The only connections made with it are those made by the cars, and then the current has to pass through the motors and turn the wheels.

The trolley-wire has to be carefully put up so as to be just the right height, and exactly in the middle of the track. It must be properly insulated so as to prevent the escape of the current down the poles or along the suspension wires, so at every point where it is attached to a pole or a suspension wire it is hung from an insulator of some material that will not conduct electricity. Every here

and there you will notice that heavy electric wires or cables are connected with the trolley-wires. These wires are called "feeders"; they are run out from the dynamos at the power-house, and connect on to the trolley-wire to force fresh supplies of current into it. When an electric current travels along a wire it loses a certain amount of power by reason of the resistance or electrical friction of the wire itself, so in order to keep the supply of current up to the proper pitch required for working the motors at all points of the line, these "feeders" are run out from the power-house, and they literally feed the trolley-wire with the current that the cars are always demanding from it.

It is often said in the newspapers that the trolley-wire is very dangerous to human life. This is not really so. Nobody has ever been killed by a shock from a trolley-wire. The current used for electric railways, although great power is conveyed by it, has not the property of giving a fatal shock to the human system. There are just as great differences between the electric currents used for different purposes as there are between streams of water. Some streams have great volume, but very slow flow, others fly out of a half-inch nozzle with sufficient velocity to drill a hole through a man's body as cleanly as a rifle bullet. It is the same with an electric current. You may have a current capable of fusing bars of iron, yet you could not feel it pass through your body, and another kind of current that can be carried by a fine wire will give a shock strong enough to kill. Therefore, believe me, there is a great deal of nonsense written in the newspapers about the "deadly trolley."

Where the "deadliness" of the trolley certainly comes in is in the extreme handiness of the cars. The horse-car driver has hard work to get much speed out of his team; the gripman of the cable-car can go no faster than the cable will drag him; but the motorman of the trolley-car can with a twirl of his wrist send his heavy car bounding on like a thing of life. The temptation to "speed up" when it is so easily done is too much for human nature. This accounts for the many accidents that occur, though it is only fair to say that the fault is partly with the mothers who allow their little ones to play in streets where there are car tracks, for the victims of the trolley-cars seem to be nearly always young children.

A PARTNERSHIP ARRANGEMENT.

BY WALTER CLARKE NICHOLS.

A PARTNERSHIP once, as some historians state, Was formed on the banks of the slow-flowing Nile By a young Cheshire cat, an elephant straight From the jungle, and, thirdly, an old crocodile.

"For surely," the elephant plausibly said,
"We can all of us turn in the forth-coming years,
When sad, to the crocodile, whom we've been led
To believe an exceptional expert in tears."

"Quite right," quoth the latter. "We cannot begin
Too early, and when we need mutual mirth
We can look to our pussie, whose broad Cheshire grin
Excels in duration all others on earth."

"And then, when we're travelling," chimed in the cat,
Who had been for some moments in solemn thought sunk,
"We can carry conveniently coat, shoes, and hat,
Since we'll always have with us the elephant's trunk."

MANY boys and girls have seen the famous actor Joe Jefferson in his great play *Rip Van Winkle*, that delightful story of the Catskill fairies, and in it that weird scene where he partakes of the spirits that the elves give him, making him sleep for twenty years. Well, there is a good story told about Jefferson in that particular scene. Once being near some good fishing-grounds, he spent the day drawing in the gamy trout, and was thoroughly tired when the curtain rolled up for the evening performance. Things moved smoothly enough until he is supposed to fall

asleep. Now that sleep in fiction lasts twenty years, but on the stage about two minutes. This time, however, the two minutes were lengthened out into ten, much to the amusement of the audience and provocation of the stage-manager. Jefferson had really fallen asleep, and his snores, it is said, were quite audible beyond the footlight. Several remarks were fired at him by the audience, and, finally, the stage-manager had to go beneath the stage and open a trap near where Jefferson was lying to try and wake him up.

He called and called, but it was no use, and in desperation he succeeded in jabbing a pin into him, which made Jefferson jump up with a sharp cry, and quickly realize where he was.

"A PIECE OF WORK."

BY JAMES BARNES.

THE train-despatcher's window at the Jintown crossing commanded a good view of the yards. It was a wet night, with a penetrating drizzle so fine that it almost led one to believe that the earth was steaming from the heat of the forenoon. The ray of light that shot over the train-despatcher's shoulder as he looked out into the darkness showed, however, that it was rain drifting downwards in the minutest drops.

It was almost time for the night despatcher, Rollins, to put in an appearance, and Mr. Mingle looked at his watch and drummed with his fingers on the pane of glass.

The light of the switchmen's lanterns occasionally gleamed from the shining slippery rails. A noisy little engine that had been drilling freight cars about the yard stopped on the siding just beneath the window, and commenced to roar angrily with a burst of feathery vapor. The despatcher watched the fireman open the door of the furnace and stand for an instant silhouetted against the red glare that was reflected by the dampness all around. Suddenly as he glanced up he saw a man on the top of a freight car across the yards swing his lantern about his head and make a jump clear to the ground into a pile of cinders.

"That was a foolish thing to do," said Mr. Mingle to himself. "He might have broken his legs; then he'd have sued the company."

The man was not injured, however, for he skipped across the tracks and approached the tower-house on a run. He stopped and shouted to the fireman of the engine that was raising such a row beneath the window. The glow from the rosy coals made everything quite plain.

Never in his life had Mr. Mingle seen a face wear such a look as that.

The fireman closed the furnace door with a slam, and the engineer, who had been out on the foot-board, hurried back at a gesture. Two words, and he dropped the bundle of waste in his hand and pulled wide the throttle. At the same time the engine shrieked for open switches. What could it mean? As the despatcher turned to the door of the staircase he ran into the man whose face he had seen in the glare from the fire-box. It was the assistant yard-master.

"Lord, Mr. Mingle!" he exclaimed, "is No. 44 on time? Hurry and find out! Has she passed the junction yet?" The despatcher in one stride stepped to the instrument on the desk. With his fingers on the key-board, he paused. "Tell me quickly," he said, "what has happened. Talk, man!"

"The one train!" exclaimed the yard-master, sinking back into the worn arm-chair and dropping his hands helplessly to either side of him. "Some one left the switch open, and the brakes slipped or something. She pulled out by herself down the grade on the main track. I saw her going from the top of the freight. How she started, Lord knows. She slipped out like a ghost, sir."

Mr. Mingle had caught only the first few words. His nervous hand was jumping as he sounded the call for the operator at Selma Junction, twenty-five miles down the road. At last he stopped, and suddenly switched off for the return.

"Tick! Tick! Tick-a-tick!" the answer came; the yard-master watched the despatcher's face as a condemned man might look at the face of a judge—and Mr. Mingle had grown paler.

"Forty-four has just passed the junction," he said, in a high strained voice. Then his teeth chattered as if he had felt a blast of icy wind. There was nothing to do.

Fifteen of that twenty-five miles was all down grade on a single track—a bad grade that necessitated an extra engine to help its brother puff and tug the heavy trains up out of the valley. Between Jintown and the junction there was no station, and only one siding that ran out to the Fetterolf quarries, ten miles below.

"The switch engine has gone after her," said the yard-master. "If she can catch up before they reach the steep grade near the pine woods they may be able to make a flying couple."

"She will never catch them now," said Mr. Mingle. "Heaven help all in 44!" A great sob like a shiver shook him. "Quick, hurry, Tomes!" he said, shaking the yard-master violently. "Make up a wrecking train, and send one of the boys to gather all the doctors. There are three of them up near the hotel. I'll telegraph headquarters. They will be safe for twenty minutes yet. Hurry, man. Don't sit there like a fool!"

The yard-master slipped his hat on his head and plunged down the steep stairway.

The despatcher rubbed his forehead.

It was a hard thing to do! Sixty miles away they would know of the accident before it occurred, simply by his touching the little instrument that his trembling hand reached forward for. How could he begin the message? The idea of that load of ore gathering frightful headway every minute, whirling along through the darkness toward that slowly approaching train, made him sick and faint. There was going to be a wreck, and nothing in the whole world could stop it. In his mind's eye he could see the crash. He could see what that fireman and engineer of 44 would see through the rain-drops in the glare from the head-light. Old Jack Lane, he knew him well. It would be Jack's last trip. There would not be time to think; no time to press the throttle. It would be on them all at once.

The despatcher called up headquarters. Would they never answer? It seemed already half an hour since the yard-master had left him.

Somebody thumped up the stairway.

"Hello, Mixer!" said a cheerful voice. "Fine night for ducks, eh?" The speaker, a young man with a slight athletic frame, dashed his hat on the table. "What's up, cully?" he asked; as Mr. Mingle turned from the instrument, and the other caught a glimpse of his scared white face.

Mr. Mingle's voice was hoarse, as if he had been shouting, but he spoke slowly and distinctly. The young man he had been addressing had thrown off his rubber coat. The tails had been pinned up, and his back was covered with a streak of mud. When the despatcher had finished, his companion reached the head of the stairs in a jump.

"I'll try for it!" he said. "There's just one chance. I'll try to make the quarries!"

Despite the fact that headquarters was now calling back, Mingle ran to the door. He was just in time to see the night despatcher lifting something down the steps outside.

"Try for it, Rollie!" he shouted, and ran out into the rain. As he stood there he caught a glimpse of a figure fast leaving the yards. It was a man bent low over the handle-bars of a bicycle, his feet rising and falling with the quickness and ease of the trained racer. Mingle caught a flash of the steel spokes as the night despatcher turned the corner under the lamp-post into the road. Then he pulled himself up the stairs as if his feet were made of lead, and telegraphed the message to headquarters as slowly as if he had been a beginner, and not one of the best operators on the line.

The road that led outside of Jintown stretched along through a bit of woods, and then plunged down the side

of the mountain so steeply that loaded teams would halt every hundred feet or so to rest in the ascent.

A year before Rollins had coasted down Coon Hill, on a wager, but that was in broad daylight, with his club-mates stationed at every curve, and the roadway was cleared for him as far as the sandy stretch before the railroad crossing. Every stone had been picked out, and the water-bars evened up at the left-hand side. At one place, he remembered, his speed had been reckoned, in a measured one hundred yards, at forty miles an hour.

The railroad, to avoid the grade, followed the course of the Coponic, and circled about to the northward. Rollins had only to ride forty miles to the ore-cars eleven—but such a night for coasting!

The rain made it hard for him to follow the little circle of light that his lantern threw before him as he scorched along the level stretch.

Before he reached the hill-top it seemed to him that he was standing still, and the road coming up at him like the surface of a great wheel.

At last he felt that he had reached down-grade. How he longed now for the brake that he had so disdained! He determined to keep his feet going as long as he safely could, and he back-pedalled gently to keep them in place.

Thud! he struck the first water-bar, and his cap came forward over his eyes. He threw it off with a backward toss of his head.

Another jolt! He was too much in the middle of the road. He must keep more to the left. He was flying now. The rain poured down his face and stung him in a thousand prickling points.

The wind roared frightfully in his ears, and he straightened up as far as his crooked racing-handles would allow. He was at the first turn. He swirled about it, and his feet came off the ratchets. He lifted up his knees, and placed his legs on the rests. He was riding a runaway.

"Hard to the left!" he kept saying to himself, with his arms braced straight like iron rods. The front wheel wriggled, and he knew he had struck the bit of sandy road above the second angle, and the worst. It warned him just in time. He remembered the huge rock with the advertisements on it, and a ray from the lantern caught it as he flashed by and then swooped off to the right. A sharp jingle as a stone flew up against the spokes; he was once more in the straight shoot for the last turn of all.

With wide-staring eyes he prayed; his tongue formed the words behind his closely shut teeth. "Bear to the left now!" He knew the path was better on that side.

Again the front wheel wriggled fiercely. It was by nothing but luck this time that he had chosen the right moment. There was a hollow thump as he crossed a wooden culvert and bounded for a moment clear into the air. The greatest danger was passed. Below him stretched a straight decline, and then the sandy patch before he reached the crossing.

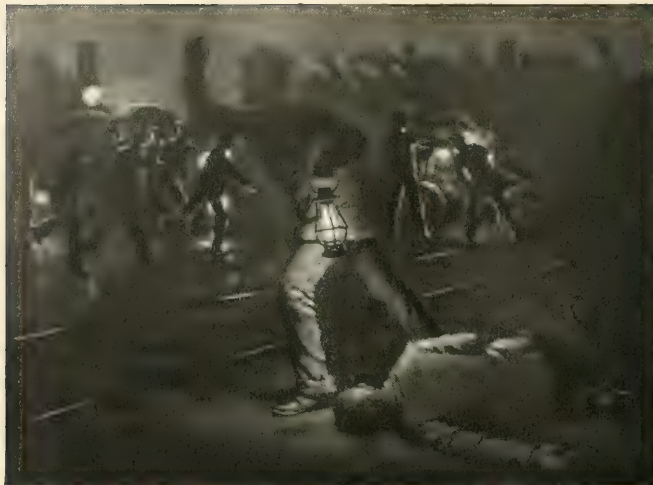
How could he stop? He could never catch those flying pedals. But stop he must or he would overshoot his mark a half-mile before he found the level.

It was no easy thing to do to hold that struggling front wheel steady. He straightened up, and bending his right knee, placed the sole of his foot against the tire of the front wheel. He could feel it warming through the leather, but he had partly checked the speed. Then there was a ringing sound, a twist of both his arms, and over he went with a sickening momentary cry of fear.

He rolled up on his hands and knees. To save his life he could not help that choking, whimpering sound. His mouth was full of sand, and he felt as though his breast had been crushed in against his lungs. A sharp pain ran through his left leg; but at last he caught his breath.

There was the track within thirty feet of where he had fallen. He could only tell this by seeing the ghostlike danger-post that stretched above the roadway like a white warning gallows. There, a few rods down the track, was the switch that turned through the sharp cut to the quarries.

Rollins gave a cry. "The key!" The switch was locked. Would he have to stand there and see the ore-cars rush by



"I SAY, YOU PEOPLE, THERE'S A DEAD MAN OR SOMETHING HERE IN THE ROAD."

him? He twisted with both hands at the guard chain to the lock. It wouldn't move. But what was that standing close on the siding?

A hand-car is a good lift for two men at any time, but it seemed as if made of pine wood instead of heavy iron wheels and bars. He rolled it to the track, and up-ended it as easily as a laborer would throw over a wheel-barrow.

Then he heard a roaring sound above him along the grade. The sharp staccato tooting of the drilling engine he heard also. Then far below him, four miles away, the long confident whistle of No. 44 at a grade crossing. The rails were slippery, and he knew that the train was coming slowly up the grade. As the hand-car toppled across the track he threw upon the heap two heavy ties, and scrambled up the opposite bank. Now the roaring was upon him! Crash! A snap and a whirl, and the wheels of the foremost ore-car caught the obstruction. The load piled forward, and the flats behind reared up and threw their heavy freight in all directions. He had wrecked her just in time.

He hurried back to the crossing. A tangle of wire and frame-work, the bicycle lay at the road-side. He must have missed striking that huge rock by nothing short of a miracle. The lamp, twisted and broken, was attached to the front fork. He could smell the oil, and he sopped it with his handkerchief. His hands were sticky, and the match refused to light. At last he struck a handful of them; they flashed feebly, then sputtered and went out. In the brief space Rollins had seen that his hands were dripping red.

A great white eye and the tinkling of the rails told that the little switch engine would strike the obstruction first.

It was alongside now! The young man saw that the wheels were reversing furiously. Then he heard a second crash and a screeching, long continued, that went through and through his dizzy brain.

"Safe! safe!" he said, and fell limp in the sand.

"Are you hurt, Bill, lad?" said the engineer of the switch engine, rubbing his bruised sides and letting up for a minute his pull on the whistle rope. "Them ore-cars jumped the track."

"No; all O K," came the answer from the opposite side of the cab. "Jest bumped a bit. Listen! There's old Jack whistling for brakes."

The shrieking of the switch engine was warning No. 44

in time. They could make out her head-light through the leaves of the trees just at the tangent of the curve a quarter of a mile below. Some figures were running up the track, for they could see a lantern bobbing up and down, and soon the voices were quite close.

"What has happened here?" inquired a man with brass buttons, as he caught a glimpse of the engineer swinging himself painfully off the step to the ground behind the wreckage.

"The Lord's finger, I reckon," said the engineer. "I swear I saw a light!" and in a few words he told the story.

A group of passengers had surrounded the heap of boards, ore, iron wheels, and axles. The head-light of the switch engine had gone out in the jar, and there was not a face shown in the dim rays from the lantern that did not pale.

A drummer in a silk travelling-cap struck a match to light a paper cigarette, but his hand trembled so that he gave up, and sat down on the ties, and mechanically brushed off his shoes with his pocket-handkerchief as if it were dusty and broad daylight.

Another whistle sounded up the grade.

"There's no train due," said the early-headed young brakeman who had come up with another lantern on his arm. A large crowd of the passengers of No. 44 accompanied him.

"I presume likely that's the wrecking-train," said the engineer, "come down to pick you fellows up."

"Get up the track and flag her, Billy! Jump quick!" ordered the conductor.

The brakeman started on a run. As he passed the grade crossing he shouted back,

"I say, you people, there's a dead man or something here in the road," and, without a pause, he hurried on.

Rollins opened his eyes and felt the familiar motion of a moving train, but for an instant he could not call back his wits to think. He was lying on a mattress on the floor, and his head and shoulders were propped up comfortably. There was a crowd standing about him.

"You're all right, my lad," said a voice. "There are four of us here to look out for you." The doctor arose from his knees and laughed.

Rollins faintly smiled. "Oh, I'm kind of comfortable," he said.

"The company ought to give him a gold bicycle set with diamonds," said the conductor.

"I'd rather have a trip to Europe," said Rollins.

A quiet-looking man standing in a corner of the car heard this remark and made a note of it.

The whistle hallooed exultantly at the entrance of the Jimtown yards.

The sound reached the ears of Mr. Mingle as he sat with his forehead resting on the edge of his desk. The three sharp toots that were being given so often in succession could be nothing else than cheers.

"Headquarters there! O K. My side partner saved the train. Hurray! Forty-four is safe!"

He twitched the dots and dashes out with his nervous fingers. Then he drew his sleeve across his eyes and dashed down the steps to meet the train.

"Rollie's a piece of work," he said to himself.

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EDITH recovered slowly; but the shock had told upon her, and it was thought she needed a change of air. "Take her to a city," suggested the doctor. "She requires diversion."

And very hurriedly and unexpectedly they decided to go to Washington for a week or two, stopping in Philadelphia on their way back for a glimpse of Neal.

The party consisted of Mrs. Franklin, Edith, and Cynthia, with the addition at the last moment of Aunt Betsey. Each of the three Franklins felt a slight pang of disappointment when they heard that Miss Trinkett intended to join them; it would have been just a little nicer to go alone. But the old lady never suspected this, and she met them in Boston on the morning of the 1st of June, full of excitement and pleasure at the thought of seeing "the inner workings of this wonderful government of ours."

Hester's one thought was that she should soon see her brother again. During the last few weeks a letter had come from the head master at St. Asaph's, deeply regretting the unjust judgment that had been passed upon Neal in suspending him from school. It had since been proved that he was innocent, and the faculty would be only too glad to welcome him back. Mrs. Franklin felt that she could not do too much to atone to Neal for having suspected him, and she longed to tell him so.

"And if I once see him I can persuade him to come back. I know I can!" she said, joyfully, to Cynthia.

The visit was an unqualified success. The Franklin party did a vast amount of sight-seeing, Miss Trinkett being the most indefatigable of all. Indeed, Cynthia was the only one who was able physically to keep up with her energetic little grand-aunt, and even she was sometimes forced to plead fatigue.

Miss Betsey left nothing undone. She journeyed to the top of the Monument, she made a solemn pilgrimage to Alexandria. She was never too tired to go to the Capitol, and her little black-robed figure and large black bonnet soon became familiar objects in the visitors' gallery, while she listened carefully to all the speeches, thrilling or dull as they chanced to be. When the latter

was the case, as frequently happened, Miss Trinkett waxed warm with indignation at the lack of attention paid to the prosy old member by his inconsiderate colleagues.

"Look!" she would whisper to Cynthia; "they are actually reading and writing and talking quite loud to each other while that poor old gentleman is speaking; and some have gone out. How shocking!"

And she would lean forward again in an attitude of renewed attention, and listen to the reasons for or against some very unimportant project.

At Mount Vernon Miss Trinkett's joy and patriotism knew no bounds. She bought little hatchets by the score, and herself drew up the bucket from the General's own well. She was even guilty of breaking off a twig in Mrs. Washington's garden, notwithstanding the signs which informed her that she was doing it under penalty of the law.

"I just couldn't help it," she said afterwards to her nieces, in apologetic tones. "To think of that labyrinth and that box-border being Martha Washington's own, and me with the same thing in my garden at home! It made me fairly thrill to think of Martha and me having the same tastes in common. I knew she'd have let me take it if she'd been here, for I always heard she was real kind-hearted, if she *was* dignified, so I just did it."



"CYNTHIA FRANKLIN," SHE EXCLAIMED, "LOOK THERE!"

But the most exciting day of all was when they visited the Dead-letter Office. Miss Trunkett, interested as she had always been in the mail service, was much impressed. She sat upstairs for hours, and gazed over the railing at the rows of men who were opening and examining thousands of missent letters. She could only be torn away by the entreaties of Cynthia, who begged her to come see the collection of curiosities which had found their way to this vast receptacle.

At the first glass case Miss Betsey stood appalled.

"Cynthia Franklin," she exclaimed, "look there!"

Cynthia looked. There was every conceivable thing in the place, from a beehive to a baby's rattle.

"Do you see?"

"What, Aunt Betsey?"

"There! Look, my own rag doll!"

"Aunt Betsey, it can't be!"

"It is, Cynthia. Don't I know the work of my own hands, I should like to ask? Well, well, I want to know! I want—to—know! Find me a chair, Cynthia. I feel that taken aback I don't know but what I'm going to faint, though I never did such a thing. But do tell! do tell! Oh, this government of ours! It is an age to live in, Cynthia."

Cynthia brought her the chair, and the old lady seated herself in front of the case.

"I do declare if there ain't the very eyes I sewed in with my own hands—black beads they are, Cynthia—and the hair I embroidered with fine black yarn! And the petticoats, Cynthia! The flannel one's feather-stitched. I could tell you what that doll has on to her very stockings. To think that something I made so innocently, away off in Wayborough, for our little Janet, now belongs to the United States government! Well, well, it's a great honor; almost too good to be true. But the little satchel, Cynthia—the satchel that hung at her side with the gold in it, where's that?"

That indeed was missing.

"Well, well, we won't say anything. I'm sure government deserves it for all the trouble it takes, opening all those letters and bundles."

But her family thought differently, and wheels within wheels were set in motion by which the fifty dollars in gold were recovered—the famous fifty dollars, the loss of which had so affected the fortunes of Neal Gordon.

It seemed that in her agitation, after the death of Silas Green, Miss Betsey, though she stamped it generously, had put no address at all on the package, and having sent it off by the half-blind Mr. Peters, the deficiency had not been discovered.

He had taken it to Tottenham post-office, where both he and Miss Trunkett were unknown, and hurried away, leaving the valuable package to the mercies of government.

"And to think that government takes care of things and gives them back to you when you are as careless as all that!" said Miss Betsey. The doll she would not receive.

"No, no," she said; "let it stay where it is. I'll make another for Janet some day. It's an honor I never expected, to have one of my rag dolls set up in a glass case in a public building in the city of Washington for thousands and thousands of the American people to gaze at! Indeed, I want to know!"

The two weeks in Washington finally came to an end, and the Franklins bade farewell to the beautiful city with its parks and circles, its magnificent avenues, its public buildings, and towering Monument.

"Well, well," said Miss Betsey, as she took her last look, "I haven't lived all these years for nothing! I've been to the capital of my country, and I've visited the tomb of Washington. And, Cynthia, now it's all over and we're safely out of the way, I'm real glad I took that twig from the garden. I had a kind of an uneasy feeling about it all the time I was in town, but now I feel better."

When they arrived at Philadelphia Mr. Carpenter was waiting for them at the station. Neal, he explained, was at the lumber-yard; he could not get off at that hour.

They intended going to a hotel, but William Carpenter, with Quaker hospitality, insisted that they should stay under his roof while they were in the city.

"Rachel expects thee," he said to his cousin when she remonstrated; "she has made the necessary preparations."

"But there are so many of us," said Mrs. Franklin.

"There is room for all, and more," he replied, calmly.

Miss Trunkett was much pleased with all she saw, though somewhat surprised when she heard herself called by her given name on so short an acquaintance.

"However, it gives you an at-home feeling right away," she confided to her nieces. "It seems as if I were back in Wayborough with the people that have known me ever since I was born, I wouldn't like to say how many years ago, though not so very many, either."

It was the middle of the afternoon when Neal came in. Hester heard his familiar step coming down the long narrow hall to her room, where she was resting. There was a knock at the door, and she called to him to come in. In another instant his arms were around her.

"Neal, Neal," she cried, "is it really you at last? Oh, how I have longed to see you! Let me look at you."

She held herself away from him, and scrutinized the face which was far above hers.

"You've grown. You are taller than ever. I only come up to your shoulder, Neal. What a big man you are going to be! And you have altered—your face looks different. What is it?"

"Can't say," he laughed. "Don't stare a fellow out of countenance, Hessie; it's embarrassing. Did you have a good time in Washington?"

It was evident that he did not wish to refer to past events, but Hester insisted upon speaking. She felt that something must be said sooner or later, and there was no time like the present. It would be well to get it over.

"Neal," she said, tenderly, taking his hand as they sat together on the sofa, "I never really thought you took the money. I only did for an instant after you ran away. Of course that seemed strange. But, Neal, you will forgive us for thinking so at all. You will come back, won't you, dear? John wants you to as well as I, and you will go to college."

Neal rose and walked to the window. He stood there for a moment, with his hands in his pockets. Then he turned, and, coming back, stood in front of her.

"I'll tell you what it is. Hessie, we've both got something to forgive. I was beastly extravagant at St. Asaph's, and not at all fair and square when I asked you for the money that time. Then, being suspended was all against me, and of course John had a right to get mad. It's awfully hard to swallow the fact that he wouldn't believe me, and he thought I would steal; however, he had some excuse for it. My old pride was at the bottom of it all. You see, I've had time to think it over since I've been here; two months is a good long time. I've been alone a lot, and when you're not measuring boards at a lumber-yard you have plenty of time for thinking over your sins. And I suppose I was pretty well in the wrong, too. I ought not to have run away; I know that."

Now that Neal had reached this conclusion he was courageous enough to acknowledge it.

"And you will come home now, and go to college."

"No, I don't think I will. Cousin William seems to think I do pretty well in the business, and I shouldn't wonder if he'd feel rather badly to have me go. He was very good to take me in. Then I made up my mind I'd stick at the old thing and show Cyn—show some people I'm no coward. Then I'm not very much gone on books, Hessie, and if I went to college I'd want to give a good deal of time to sports and all that, and I'd need a lot of money. Somehow I don't seem to be able to see other fellows spending a pile without doing likewise. I haven't got it, and I am not going to be dependent on you, Hessie dear, much as I know you would like to give me every cent you own. But, on the whole, I think I like better to make my own living. I rather like the feeling of it."

Hester felt that Neal was showing that he was made of good stuff. She was not a little proud of his independent

spirit. She was greatly disappointed that he was not going through college; but, after all, she reflected, there was great wisdom in what he said. She determined to say no more until she had consulted with her husband, but she knew that he would agree with Neal.

"And now where are the girls?" demanded Neal, with a view to changing the subject. "I want to see them."

His sister called them in from the next room, and they had a merry meeting.

"How funny it is," thought Cynthia. "The last time I saw Neal we were like two drenched water-rats on the river at home. Whoever thought we should meet away off here in a strange house and a strange city, where all is so different? I believe things are really going to come right after all, and that day I was perfectly certain they never would. Here is Edith well and strong when I thought she was surely going to die, and mamma has seen Neal and seems as happy as a lark, and Neal himself looks fine. Somehow he seems more like a man. I'm proud of him."

All of which train of thought took place while Cynthia was indulging in an unwonted fit of silence.

Neal soon suggested that they should take a walk, and the girls acceding to it, the three set forth. Neal feeling extremely proud of the two pretty maidens with whom he was walking.

"Philadelphia has an awfully forlorn look in summer," he said, with the air of having been born and brought up a Philadelphian. "You see, everybody goes out of town, and the houses are all boarded up. You're here at just the wrong time."

"We are certainly here at a very hot time," remarked Edith, as she raised her parasol.

"They call it very cool for this time of year," said Neal. "You forget you are farther south than old Massachusetts. It is a dandy place, I think, though I wouldn't mind knowing a few people that are not friends."

"How can you know people unless they are friends?" asked Cynthia, gayly.

"Cynth, what a pun!" said Neal, with an attempt at a frown. "I say, though, it's awfully jolly to have you two girls here, even if Cynthia does keep at her old tricks and make very poor puns. How long are you going to stay?"

"As long as we're bidden, I suppose," returned Cynthia, with one of her well-known little skips, as they set foot on Walnut Street Bridge.

It was six o'clock, but being June the sun was still high above the horizon. A gentle breeze came off the river, and the afternoon light threw a soft radiance over the masts of the vessels which lay at anchor at the wharves, and the spires and chimneys of the town.

They wandered through the pretty streets of West Philadelphia; Neal, happy in having companions of his own age again, laughing and talking in his old way, care-free and fun-loving once more.

To Cynthia the past year seemed a hideous dream, now to be blotted out forever.

She and Neal had one conversation alone together. It was the night before the visitors were to leave Philadelphia, and the two were in the old garden that was at the back of Mr. Carpenter's house. It was not like Aunt Betsy's garden, nor the more modern one at Oakleigh, but the roses and the lilac blossoms suggested a bit of country here among city bricks and mortar.

Neal was very quiet, and Cynthia rallied him for being so, as she herself laughed heartily at one of her own jokes.

"Well, perhaps I am rather glum," said he; "but I think you are horribly heartless, Cynthia, laughing that way when you're going off to-morrow, and nobody knows when I shall see you again."

Cynthia was sobered in a moment.

"Neal, I want to tell you something," she said. "Mamma told me that you have decided to stay here and work instead of going to college, and I admire you for doing it. Of course, it's a great pity for a boy not to go to college, but then yours is a peculiar case, and I'm proud of you, Neal. Yes, I am! You're plucky to stick it out."

"Wait until I do stick it out," said Neal, coloring hotly at the unexpected praise. "But it's rather nice to hear you tell me I'm something besides a coward."

"Hush! Don't remember what I said that day. Just forget it all."

"Indeed, I won't! It is written down in my brain, every word of it, in indelible ink. There was something else you said, Cynth. You said you had faith in me. I mean to show you that you didn't make a mistake. It will be harder work than ever now, though. Having seen you all makes the idea of toiling and moping here pretty poky. My mind is made up. I will stick it out!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

IN THE VALLEY.

THE night has filled the valley up
Brimful of darkness, like a cup;
But day will spill the mists again
Over the brim—in driving rain.

MARRION WILCOX.

A PARSLEY BED.

BY EMMA J. GRAY

"I WISH I could make a little money," said confidential Florence to her friend Annette.

Now Annette was notably practical, and though a diligent student, managed to find time for apparently everything else, money-making included. Indeed, had she not been as enterprising, much of her enjoyment would necessarily have been left out. Her father and mother had many conferences to contrive ways and means to supply their children's needs. And stern necessity made frequent entertainments and many dainty gifts quite impossible. So Florence appealed to the right person, and her friend's advice would apply to any boy or girl who, like Florence, would like to make a little money.

"Raise parsley." And Annette smilingly nodded her bright little head.

"Why, how could I make any money out of parsley?" was the doubting query.

"If, Florie dear, you'll do exactly as I will tell you, you will see. Now listen:

"Next spring have your ground turned to the depth of one foot. And be sure to have it well manured, for parsley loves a rich soil. Some people put soot around the young plants, and think it is very helpful. Before planting your seeds soak them for an hour in warm water. Cover them half an inch with soil, and watch carefully. The ground must never be allowed to become parched, for your parsley would die. Raise as much as you can, and if the supply is greater than the demand, dry some. Cut off close to the roots, and dry in a shallow tin pan in a moderate oven. It will scorch very easily, so look out. When it is dry, powder it in your fingers, and pack in paper or tin boxes. You will find the dried parsley will help out your winter supply wonderfully."

"But, Annette," interrupted Florence, "surely you cannot raise parsley in the house?"

"Why not? Of course you can. During September, and later at intervals, plant seeds in boxes and pots, and place in your sunny windows. It will grow beautifully all winter, and you'll find you can get good prices for it. By-the-way, so that your prices may be honest, inquire in any grocery store, and aim to sell at the same figure. Of course in summer it will be much cheaper.

"About customers. Arrange for them while your plants are growing. Your family and friends will do to stait with, and soon you will find more and yet more. For parsley has such multiplied uses. For soups, fish, entrées, meat, and game, for flavoring and garnishing. You know people must have it. And remember parsley may be cut down to the root again and again, and up it will come bravely each time. But frost is a great enemy. Before its approach gather all you can and try transplanting the roots. They may not always be depended upon, but often they will live and flourish from season to season."

THE EAST-SIDE BOY AND HIS GAMES.

BY REV. JOHN T. WILDS, D.D.

BEING a boy in a crowded city and being a boy in a village are two different things, though boys the world over are always boys. The balance of fun and sport is, after all, in favor of the city lad, the offspring of the tenement-house.

After spending my boyhood in a delightful mountain village, and after being much of a boy, although a man, for years in the crowded tenement section of the East Side of New York, I am inclined to believe that pity is greatly misplaced when a youthful reader of the ROUND TABLE spreads himself in summer days under a great tree, feels sorry for the poor East-sider of New York, and says, "It's too bad he can't be here with me." Right now, my delightful friend under the tree, shouts off merriment ring in my ears from boys who last night slept in a close room, or possibly on the fire-escape, whose breakfast was most meagre because their parents are poor and honest. They are as happy as the day is long. They are happier longer than the day,

most energetic crowd of boys, eager, and intensely excited over a game. The streets and pavements are all marked over with strange diagrams, each one of which tells of a conflict. "Tip Cat" is always popular, but played, as a rule, in the morning; so also is "Kicking the Stick or Can." When the sun is hot they get on the shady side and play "Long Branch" and "War." Later on they have the "Hopping Game" and "Spread the Woman." Then when night comes—and it is not night, for the streets are as light as day because of the electric-light or gas—they dart about as detectives and robbers playing "Relievo."

It will be observed that they play what men do. You may often hear an imitation of the fire-gong, and see boys rush out before an imaginary wagon and engine, and go through the motion of having a fire. Children are rescued, the dead are laid out, medals are awarded for bravery. When the Ludlow Street Jail robbers escaped, the boys devised a jail, and the three noted robbers were impersonated, and escaped. The jailer was in dismay. Detectives and police went forth, climbing on tops of houses, over fences, eagerly searching for the men. And they were successful, be it said to the honor of the boys.

Of course they play baseball. What boy does not? These East-siders have not the green diamond—if they had they would roll over the grass, pat it in love, sit down and look at it a long time before they would play ball upon it. I have taken children to the Park, far up to the Bronx, where everything is delightfully free, and they have sat down and rubbed the grass, and petted it as a child will a tender animal. But they have their ball games and get excited over them, although the diamond is on stone, and not two feet square.

They are always at something, and less frequently in mischief than one would think. They are divided into crowds, each street or block has its gang, and woe be to him who dares encroach. They have chosen leaders whose command they obey. There is a vast deal of honor among them, and I am not sure but that he is somewhat better than the lad that hangs around the country store or goes swimming in the mill-pond of the village.

The following are some of the summer games that engage his attention and keep him out of mischief:

BASEBALL.

because they never go to bed until ten o'clock, and they only go then because the hall light is turned out at that hour, and they don't like to climb up to the top story, or go through a long alleyway in the dark any more than you enjoy going through a graveyard in the night-time.

Necessity keeps the East-sider active. If he lolls on the street the police stir him; if he hangs about a store the keeper chases him away; but they tolerate him when he is playing. Necessity also make him inventive. They make their games and have them in season. They would as soon think of wearing an ulster in summer-time as play top in July. I don't know but that they have a code quite as reasonable as the high-classed youth who patterns after the dude.

Our happy lad of the tenement, until he is fourteen when he leaves school and goes to work, is compelled to play in crowded streets where hundreds of children swarm like bees, and necessarily within a narrow space. But he has broad ideas, and insists upon doing, accommodating the space in some way, whatever others do. The asphalt pavements are of the greatest blessing—far better than roof-gardens, and since we cannot have many parks, they are of greater importance to all concerned than the little squares that dot our city. At evening-time, when the street-organs have not gathered all the girls of the block for a dance, and during the day on the sunny side of the street one may find a

Construct a square having four squares within, each marked as in the illustration. Then construct your score-card after the usual manner. Stand ten or more feet off and toss a penny or piece of lead, which the boys call the lead digger, into the squares. If it touches a line or falls outside he is out. If it falls within one of the squares it counts for so many base hits as the square indicates. For example, if it is on H.-R., it is a score, that being a home-run. If on 2 B., that means two-base hit, which puts him on second base. The rest of the game is like baseball.

BASEBALL.

H.-R.	3 B.
1 B.	2 B.

H. R.—Home-run.
3 B.—Three-Base Hit.
2 B.—Two-Base Hit.
1 B.—One-Base Hit.

TIP CAT.

A two-foot circle is made, or more commonly with the lad of these parts the manhole or steam-escape tap selected. On the side of it is drawn a mark which is called the measuring spot. In the centre of the circle is placed a



stick about four or six inches long, tapered to one end. This is called the cat. The batter strikes this tapered end so that it will fly up, and then bats it as in baseball. The one in the field returns it. If he throws it within the distance measured by the bat from the measuring spot the batter is out. If that is not done the batter measures to the cat, and the number of times it takes the stick to reach it counts so many tallies. The game is limited by a number from one hundred and up.

RELIEVIO.

Make a boundary-line embracing such territory as is wise or as your space allows, across which no player can go. If he does he is captured. Then make a den by drawing a square 3x4 feet.

Divide the players into two equal parts, each side appointing a captain and den-keeper. The two sides are called detectives and robbers. The side being out are the robbers.

The robbers then hide in any place within the boundary. When hid the captain of the robbers cries "relivio!" meaning "ready." The captain of the detectives then sends out his men to search for the robbers. When a robber is found and caught he must not struggle until within six feet of the den, when he can try to get away. The work of the detective is to get the robber within touch of the keeper. If the keeper touches the robber he yields and enters the den. It is necessary for the keeper to stand with one foot in the den. If both feet are placed in the den, or both outside, the prisoners are free. If at any time a robber, not captured, can place his foot in the den and cries "relivio!" he sets the prisoners free. If in his attempt to free the prisoners the keeper simply touches him he is captured. Only one detective at a time can take a robber.

When all the robbers are captured, the sides change.

"SPREAD THE WOMAN."

A hat or tin-can is placed on the ground between a player's feet, whose name is "It." All the other players gather near him for the purpose of kicking the object. If a player kicks the object, and is touched by It, he becomes It. If It chases the one who touched the object, the others may kick it, and then It has to return.

The game has time limit. Each one plays for himself.

LONG BRANCH.

Construct a diagram like the illustration; place a penny on a spot about six inches from lower line, and shove it with the finger for one of the numbered spaces. If it touches a line it is out. If it is on a space, that space is marked by a line first drawn across, as seen on first line. If first line is touched four times a star is made, as seen in second space. If again it falls

on that space a bullet is made, as seen on third space. If the digger is on "Long Branch," it gives a mark to each space. The side that has the most bullets on the stars, as in the third space, wins. The players alternate in playing. The players are equally divided. Two or more may play.

HOPPING GAME.

Make a diagram like the illustration, each square about six inches square, and five for each player. The first player hops around in each space, commencing with



WAR.

"start" and finishing at "end." If he touches the line he is out for that turn. If he goes round successfully, he is

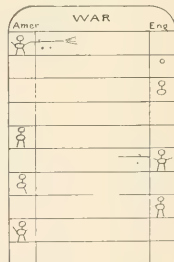
permitted to put his initial or number on the space he may choose. When he is hopping he may rest on both feet at such spaces, but all other players must hop over them. The game is finished when all the spaces are filled, and the one whose name is most numerous is winner. "F. L." has won in the illustration.

FL	CW	AM ^c	FL	JS
JS	AC	AC	AC	FL
FL	CW	FL	JS	CW
AM ^c	FL	AM ^c	JS	JS
AC	AM ^c	CW	FL	JS

WAR.

Construct a diagram like the illustration; place a penny on a spot six or more inches from the last line, and shove or shoot it with the finger. If it touches a line the play is a failure, and the next player takes his turn, but if it stops on a space, you make a round mark in imitation of a man's head. If it falls on the part marked "War," it entitles you to a mark in each space. After the head are formed the body, the legs (one at a time), then the arms (one at a time), then a gun is placed in the soldiers' hands; each play in that space then gives a bullet, so marked by little balls, until there are three; then the next successful play on that space fires the gun, and, of course, kills the enemy. Thus the game continues until one side has all its soldiers killed by the men of the other.

During the war between Japan and China, those two countries were at war every day on the sidewalks of the city. Often I have heard shouts that called me to my window, when I would see the triumphant party rejoicing over their victory.



HOW A BOY CAN COME TO NEW YORK AND GET A SITUATION.

BY H. G. PAINE.

THIS is a question that cannot be answered specifically, or to meet every case. It cannot certainly be answered in a way to meet any case. All that I am going to undertake is to show how some boys whom I have known have come to New York and obtained situations, and by throwing some light on business methods and business chances in the metropolis to help some other boys who may read this to find answers to suit their own individual cases. In the first place I will assume that the boy to whom I am speaking is living in the country, or in a small town, and that he wishes to go to New York for the purpose of getting a position in a mercantile or business house, and that he will be entirely dependent on his own resources as soon as he leaves home. Of course I do not mean by this that he will come to New York penniless. He must, of course, expect to have enough money saved or spared him to live on until he gets a place. But he will expect to support himself as soon as he finds work. On this account, unless he has had some previous experience, or has some special knowledge that he can make useful, he would better stay at home. For he will at once find himself competing against the city boy, who lives at home, and who therefore can work for little and sometimes no wages.

That same word "home," too, is a great stumbling-block to the boy from away. "You don't live at home? Well, I'm afraid we can't engage any boy who doesn't live home," will become a too familiar sentence to the inexperienced lad looking for work in a strange city. Yet this is perfectly natural and proper. "Home" implies some older person to be responsible for the boy out of business hours. It implies the ties of church and of school and of social life. For this reason the country boy who wishes to come to New York and get a situation would better first try to get a situation nearer home. If there is no chance for him in the "general store" close at hand, perhaps in some near-by town he can learn the rudiments of business—of stock, of book-keeping, of attending to customers—for his keep. Then if he is a wide-awake boy, and determined to try his fortunes in a big city, he will perhaps make friends, in so far as he can properly, with the salesmen of the large city commission and jobbing houses who sell goods to his employer. Many of these salesmen are very influential men in the houses where they are employed; some of them are men who find it more profitable to sell goods on commission than to accept partnerships in the firms for which they work. I have known of several boys who have attracted the attention of New York salesmen by their bright and attractive manners, and by their evident knowledge of their business, and have secured employment in New York through their influence. This, however, is not a way that it would be safe for a boy to count on. It is only the exceptional boy who will get to New York in this way.

Sometimes a boy's employer may help him to get a place in New York, if he likes the boy, and has influence with some of the big wholesale establishments, or the boy may have personal or family friends whose influence may secure him the coveted place. This is the age of the summer boarder, and the country boy may be so fortunate as to be thrown every summer into acquaintance with city people who, if they become interested enough, may help him in his ambitions. But, after all, few country boys can command enough influence to get places in the city. The country boy, then, must go to New York armed with the best recommendations that he can obtain from his former employers, and with as much experience as possible. He must also have personal letters from his father or other guardian, and from the pastor of the church which he attends, and perhaps one from his last school teacher as to his mental progress and attainments. Not every business man would ask to see all of these, but it is best to be fully prepared.

If he have some friend to whose house he can go, he will be more fortunate than most boys who come to New York, but he should at least have some known objective point to which to go on his arrival. If there is no friend to whose

house he can go, at least temporarily, until he can find a suitable boarding-house, he should endeavor to secure through trustworthy friends the address of some such house, and, previous to leaving home, he should make arrangements for staying at least a week or two there. If none of these things be possible for him, he may have to depend on the advice of the clergyman to whom his own pastor will have given him a letter. Perhaps there is no better way of establishing a headquarters for himself, a place and people to tie up to, than by identifying himself at the start with the Y.M.C.A. A letter enclosing a stamp for a reply to the Secretary of the New York Branch, Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, will soon put him in possession of a great deal of useful information. Five dollars will make him a member for one year, and give him many advantages, among others, what will be immediately available, a directory of cheap but respectable boarding-houses, and an employment bureau. Unless a boy has exceptional facilities he will easily save the cost of joining in the first few weeks after coming to the city in the advice and opportunities afforded him.

The first thing that the country boy will have to consider is where and how to live. As a matter of fact it is a question which rapidly resolves itself into a choice of hall bedrooms in boarding-houses. For in no other way can he live so well within the income that he is likely to earn. The best way is to spend as little as is consistent with decency and getting enough to eat, at least until employment is secured, and then the style of living can be improved if the wages warrant it. They probably will not warrant it until after a year or two. Good board and clean beds can be secured in New York for as low as five dollars a week, and an occasional landlady will be met who will put up a plain bread and butter lunch to be taken to business without extra charge. This is the kind of landlady for whom the country boy must look. Washing and car fares will amount to a dollar or a dollar and a half more, depending on the amount of clean clothes required, and the distance of his boarding-house from his place of business when he gets one.

The young adventurer having now found a place to eat and sleep in, and where he may leave his satchel, can start out with the knowledge that he must find a place where he can earn at least six or seven dollars a week to begin on. And then he will have nothing over for clothes, repairs, emergencies, and last of all for spending money. Eight dollars a week is about the smallest sum on which a self-respecting boy, well brought up, and accustomed to decent living, can keep himself going. For the first year, if he is well stocked with clothes, he could, perhaps, with a little assistance from home, manage to scrape along on seven or even six, but such an experience would be pleasanter to look back on than to pass through.

Boys beginning at the beginning in large commercial houses generally get about three or four dollars a week if they are in the stock, and from five to seven dollars if they are in the office. But a boy who goes into the stock and learns it, and how to sell it to customers, has acquired a knowledge of a business, while a boy who goes into the office learns how to become a book-keeper only. For this reason a knowledge of some sort of stock is very valuable to the boy from the country. If he can go into a business house and make himself immediately useful, instead of merely helping around while he is learning about the goods that the house deals in, he may be able to earn enough at the start to support himself.

It is the office, however, which is very apt to capture the country boy, because it offers wages on which a boy can at least sustain life. Almost any boy who has worked in a country store has picked up some knowledge of book-keeping, and book-keeping is taught theoretically in many high schools, as well as in the countless business "colleges" of the country. It is not difficult, therefore, for a boy to obtain sufficient knowledge of its rudiments to be able to take the first position above that of office-boy. To fill such a place, however, he must be bright, neat, prompt, attentive, write a good hand, and be quick at figures. Though a boy may fill the bill in all these particulars, and not be

able to find work at once, he will succeed in the end, keep his place when he gets it, and win promotion. He will look through the advertisements for help wanted in the daily papers, and answer all such as seem to come from good houses.

He must, however, beware of a too common kind of swindler—the smooth-tongued man who offers to get a boy a place for a money consideration. He usually works in with a partner who runs a mythical business, and engages the victim at an unexpectedly large salary. The happy boy pays over all his savings to the agent, and suddenly finds himself discharged on some trumped-up charge, or comes down-town next day to find the office locked and employer and “business” flown. Sometimes this game is worked by the “employer” alone, who requires a deposit, usually accurately gauged to the amount the victim has or can raise, as a guarantee of faithfulness in a position of trust. The trust turns out to be entirely on the part of the employé, and he soon finds himself without job or money.

Many business houses, however, never advertise for help—most of them have a list of applications of portentous length, from which they can choose people who come recommended by friends or employes. It is well to make as many friends as you can, and to ask them to let you know of any vacancies likely to occur. It is permissible to go to a business house and to apply for a place. This sort of work is very discouraging, yet I have known of many places obtained in just that way.

I knew a boy, an Englishman, a stranger in the country, who in less than a day's seeking got a place as entry-clerk at five dollars a week in a large notious house. He lived on it, I don't know how, and I fancy he would have difficulty in explaining, for six months, and then applied for an increase. The firm, which was noted for its close methods, refused; and the English lad, who was nearly desperate, simply resigned and walked into the place next door and applied for work. There was nothing for him there, nor next door, but before he had gone two blocks he found employment at seven dollars a week. The firm was doing a large business, which necessitated his staying until seven or eight o'clock two or three evenings a week. On such occasions he received fifty cents supper money. This boy shared a furnished room in Brooklyn with a friend, and took his meals at cheap restaurants. His extra fifty cents was, therefore, clear gain. The boys who boarded did not fare so well. One of them, however, was able to find a boarding-house near enough for him to go to it for all his meals, and so secured the same benefit, and, in addition, all the advantages that come with having a settled home and regular habits. This boy, too, had secured a place with no more influence than that of the roommate his slender finances compelled him to take when he came to the city looking for work. Both of these boys were unusually bright. Though they had to work hard, they found time to study at night. The English boy studied mechanical drawing, and is now a successful designer in an architectural iron-works. The other boy studied medicine, and is now a resident physician in a large hospital. A third boy in the same office is now an editor. A fourth is a successful life-insurance canvasser, and has lately insured the lives of the other three. All four of these boys would rather have been in the stock, but they couldn't afford to live on the low wages they would have had to take. They were too ambitious to remain clerks, and so fitted themselves for other employments. A fifth boy had not sufficient application or ambition to follow their example, and a short time ago he was still a book-keeper, and was making not over twenty dollars a week—not a rapid advance in fourteen years. A sixth boy staid in the office until he was earning ten dollars a week, lived on eight, and saved two. When he had a hundred dollars he applied for a place in the stock. As he had been four years with the firm, and was twenty-one years old, they gave him six dollars a week to begin on. This, with the money he had saved, enabled him to live as well as the year before. The following year he was raised to eight dollars; in six months, to twelve; six months later, to fifteen, and he is now head of his department and buyer for a large import-

ing house. He receives a salary of five thousand a year, and a share in the profits of his department, which amounts to as much. He makes two trips every year to Europe, and has all his expenses paid while he is travelling for the house. Of those six boys, the parents of only two lived in the city.

Thus far I have treated only of the chances in wholesale mercantile establishments, such as deal in dry goods, hardware, and so forth. These, however, form only a small portion of the business enterprises in New York. There are banking houses, manufacturing concerns, publishing houses, insurance companies, and hosts of agents for anything and everything, not to mention the great number of retail stores, all of which employ clerical assistance, and in any one of which the country lad looking for work may suddenly find himself employed. It is a saying, as true as it is old, that it is the unexpected that happens.

I know a boy who had lived all his life in the city, whose parents were people of position and influence. He spent three weeks, working six hours a day, in calling upon every business man he knew, or whom his father knew, or to whom he could get letters of introduction, asking for work, and finally found it through a young fellow of his own age whom he had met casually during his previous summer vacation. So it may be with the country boy. The opening, when it does come, may be in the very opposite direction from that in which he is looking. If he is wise he will slip into it, however different it may be from what he wants. He will at least be earning money, and can keep up his search for what he does want until he finds it. If he is faithful and energetic he will gain the approval of his employers, and be able to take a city reference with him when he leaves for the “something better.”

He may even find that there are unsuspected opportunities in the place that seemed so unpromising to him when he took it. A great deal depends upon the boy. Some boys will rise more quickly in one place than in another. The boy who is bound to rise will get to the top no matter where he finds himself. Few boys would take a position behind the counter in a retail store if they could get anything better, yet some clerks rise to be floor-walkers, and some floor-walkers rise to be buyers, and some buyers become partners and proprietors and amass great wealth.

I know one young man who had a good position in a wholesale hardware house, who gave it up to take a place at lower wages in a retail store. He argued that as the retail hardware business was not one which usually attracted energetic and ambitious young men he would meet with little competition from his fellow clerks. He was right. They knew only one side of hardware, the retail side. He knew hardware inside and out. He soon found that he knew more than the proprietor, and showed him how he could buy to better advantage. Then he said he thought he would go back to his old place, but his employer offered him an interest in the business, and he staid.

I know another boy who had some experience in retail clothing in an interior town. He came to New York, answered an advertisement, and obtained work in a large retail clothing house here. Then he studied clothes. When he had learned all about clothes, he studied cloths. He made friends with young men of his own age who were employed in importing houses and commission houses, and learned the difference between English cloths and French cloths and American cloths. Whenever he could he would go into other clothing stores, price their goods, perhaps try on a suit, and observe their methods. One day a fellow-salesman came to him, and said: “I have just come into a legacy of twenty thousand dollars, and I am going into business on my own account. But all I know is how to sell ready-made clothes. I know very little about cloth, and nothing about manufacturing or buying clothes. If you will come with me and attend to that end of the business, I will give you a two-fifths interest.” That firm now imports its foreign cloths direct, and its American goods are manufactured to its order.

Such are the stories of a few boys whom I know. They show how some boys come to the city to seek employment and found it, and may serve to show the way to others.

THE HORSE OF THE SHEIK OF THE MOUNTAIN OF SINGING SANDS.

WITH the money which they secured from the spoils of the Arab tribe, Ducardanoy, the ventriloquist, and Bouchardy, the prestidigitateur, purchased a fine vineyard at Nouvelle Saar-Louis. The story of the manner in which they had acquired their money passed from month to month among the European population, and at length the Arabs of the town heard it, and repeated it to their brethren of the desert. At times the ex-chiropodists saw strange Arabs loitering in the road before their premises and regarding the house with careful scrutiny, but the garrison was not far away and no acts of violence were committed. It was nearly a year, however, before they ceased to have apprehensions of poniard thrusts in the back or of awaking to find their house in flames.

"It is plain," said Ducardanoy, as they were celebrating the anniversary of their arrival at Nouvelle Saar-Louis by a dinner to their friends, "that those fellows regard us as magicians of great power, else they would have sought revenge before this."

"I don't know about that," said Bouchardy. "Everybody here is well acquainted with our story, and I'll wager that the frightened tribesmen themselves now know that there was nothing supernatural in the entertainment to which we treated them. It is the proximity of the garrison that has prevented them from taking a revenge."

"I would like another encounter with the fellows in trade or in battle," said Ducardanoy. "There would be money in it, there would be money in it." And as if in answer to his wish, there was ushered in an Arab mulatto of the giant stature that characterizes the cross of the Arab and negro. He was a messenger from the Sheik of the Mountain of Singing Sands, he said, and had come to request the professional services of the two gentlemen in the case of the Sheik's horse Sunlight, who was grievously afflicted with a corn on his right forefoot. The chiropodists opened their eyes. Everybody in Algeria had heard of the stallion Sunlight, an animal whom money could not buy, and who was said to wear shoes of gold set with precious stones.

"A corn on a horse's hoof is not the same thing as a corn on a man's foot," said Ducardanoy.

"But we can cure it, nevertheless," said Bouchardy.

"Do not interfere, Bouchardy. You know nothing of surgery of the feet," said Ducardanoy, scornfully. "I shall require more pay for curing a corn on a horse's hoof than I would in the case of a man."

"The Sheik will fill your mouth with gold," said the messenger.

The Sheik's camp was pitched in the open desert, and the men of science vainly looked about in every direction for the far-famed hill against whose western face lay an immense heap of sand that hummed and sung whenever its surface was disturbed and sent sliding downward. The Sheik was himself troubled with a bad foot, due to his imprudently wearing a pair of razor-toed patent-leather shoes presented to him by the General commanding the department, and Ducardanoy was asked to relieve him before examining the golden-shod horse.

"Where is the Mountain of Singing Sands?" asked Ducardanoy, as he finished tying the last baudage on the Sheik's foot.

"We do not always camp in one place, you know," said the Sheik; "but you will see it shortly."

"How so?" asked Ducardanoy, in surprise. "It is not visible on the horizon, and must be a day's journey. How shall I see it shortly?"

"You will see it as the Evil One flies through the air with your soul on the way to the abode of the lost. Mustapha, bring out Sunlight and his consort, and make ready to drag the three infidels asunder."

The chiropodists turned pale as this command was given, and the horses were brought forth, one a dapple gray with gold shoes, the other a dapple gray with silver shoes, and they had not yet uttered a word when the Sheik's retainers advanced to bind them.

"Stop!" cried Ducardanoy. "Why are we to be killed? What is our crime?"

"Do you not remember the time when by your devilish arts you frightened some true believers at the Roman tower and took their property? The Sheik of that tribe was my nephew, and even if he were no kin of mine, you infidel dogs should die for robbing true believers."

"When death is a punishment," said Bouchardy, "it is where the man desires to live and cannot, for if he desires to die, death can be no punishment. Now when you subject us to the slow torture of being pulled apart by these horses, we hail death with delight as a relief to pain, and your punishment has failed."

The Sheik scowled and said nothing.

"Where death comes quickly and without pain," continued Bouchardy, "the desire to live is intense, and death is all that the utmost hate can ask for as a revenge."

"Why do you point out these things to us?" asked the Sheik's vizier. "If what you say is true, why do you point out to us a way to make your punishment more terrible?"

"To show you how much wiser we Frenchmen are than you Arabs. To make you see how hopeless is the design you witless Arabs cherish of driving the wise French from the land. If my sorrow can accomplish anything for the republic, I willingly endure it."

"Let them be shot, and at once," growled the Sheik.

"I crave a boon," said Bouchardy. "We have cured your painful foot, and we have the right to ask a boon."

"If it be nothing that interferes with your death before the edge of the sun touches the horizon it shall be granted."

"It is that we be shot with my revolver, and I be allowed to load it."

The revolver was loaded, and the Sheik himself stepped forth and aimed it at Bouchardy.

Bang!

"Ha! ha!" laughed Bouchardy, and opening his mouth, he dropped out the bullet.

Bang! went a second chamber of the revolver.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Bouchardy again, and again he dropped a bullet from his mouth.

"Ha! ha!" chuckled a big dromedary at the right of the Sheik, and the man turned in startled fright and fired at the animal.

"Ha! ha!" said the dromedary, and Bouchardy stepped up to it, and opening its mouth, produced the bullet.

"Ha! ha!" said the dromedary. "Ha! ha!" said the donkey of the Sheik's favorite wife. "Ha! ha!" said the horse of the vizier.

"Dogs, scoundrels, cowards!" sneered the dromedary.

Bang! But not the bang of the revolver, and the flint-lock of the vizier was smoking, and the dromedary had fallen, and its life blood was pouring out on the sand. Bang! bang! went other flint-locks. Bullets whizzed by Bouchardy's ears, and he did not take them out of his mouth.

"Hold!" came a voice from the mouth of the dying camel. "The curse of Allah is on the tribe. He has loosed the Singing Sands from their place, and they are sweeping over the desert to overwhelm you. Listen!"

Guns that had been raised to the position of aim were lowered, half-drawn swords dropped back into their scabbards, and all listened as a low hum was heard in the distance, and rapidly began to grow louder and nearer.

"I see it," cried Ducardanoy. "Fly! fly!"

The Arabs rushed wildly to their steeds. Bouchardy and Ducardanoy sprang upon Sunlight and Moonlight and spurred away to the north, and the Arabs rushed away to the west, and the hum of the approaching Singing Sands, if it was still sounding, was drowned in the confusion. It was not until they had ridden half an hour that Bouchardy and Ducardanoy saw the Arabs pause in their flight and finally turn northward.

"They have begun to suspect that we outwitted them, and are after us," said Ducardanoy.

"Let them come," said Bouchardy. "There is not a horse in Africa that can catch us."

W. A. CURTIS.

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORT

IT IS TO BE REGRETTED that the New York I.S.A.A., at its meeting two weeks ago, failed to take any decisive action in regard to the formation of a National Interscholastic Association, for an enterprise of this nature requires much time and thought to ensure success, and in order to hold a creditable field day next June preparations for the gathering should be begun at once. We may confidently count, however, on definite action being taken at the meeting to be held a fortnight hence, and then the work will be pushed along rapidly, and the plans hitherto merely talked of will be crystallized into permanent form. That the various scholastic associations all over the country are anxious to have the scheme put through there is no doubt. The Maine and the California associations have already given notice, through their secretaries, of their desire to join a National Association, and similar informal notifications have come from the New England, the Pennsylvania, the Connecticut, and the Iowa associations. I would suggest that all other interscholastic associations whose sentiments lean in this direction communicate informally with this Department, giving the name and address of some member with whom the N.Y.I.S.A.A. committee on preliminary organization may correspond as soon as they organize, and these communications will be submitted to the proper officers of the N.Y.I.S.A.A. in due time.

ONE OF THE QUESTIONS that must come up at the outset, and that as a matter of fact has already come up in the informal discussions of the subject, is whether membership in the proposed National Association shall be restricted to State and city I.S.A.A.'s, or open, as well, to individual schools. It were better at first, I think, that membership be restricted to associations; that is, that the larger body be made up of smaller organizations, which in turn are composed of individual institutions. Then the competitors at the national meeting would represent the best and strongest athletic talent of the State and city leagues—men who had earned their right to compete by having won in their event at their own State or city contest.

SOME SORT OF EXCEPTION could be made in favor of large schools that do not belong to any association, or whose association, should they be members of one, could not for some reason send a team to the national meeting. The question will come up for decision in the case of the Oakland High School of California. This school belongs to the Academic Athletic League of the Pacific Coast, and is imbued with sufficient sporting spirit to wish to come East, and enter the National Interscholastic lists. The A.A.L. might hesitate at undertaking to send a team to New York on account of the expense; but because the A.A.L. cannot send a representative team is no reason why the O.H.-S. should not be allowed to compete. As a matter of fact any team representative of the A.A.L. would be largely made up of O.H.-S. athletes. It is very probable, however, that the A.A.L. will be perfectly willing, and even anxious, to have the O.H.-S. team come East (at its own expense), as the representative not only of the Oakland School, but of the entire Academic League. It could place its reputation in much worse hands. But whatever the A.A.L.'s inclination may be, the organizers of the National Association must formulate some rule that shall cover this and similar cases, or they will find themselves constantly called upon to solve knotty and complicated questions.

THE NEW YORK INTERSCHOLASTIC football season is more backward this year than ever before. There seems to be almost no interest in the game except here and there, and

several schools have announced that they will not even put teams in the field. Harvard School is one of those. The reason given is that the principal considers the game as played now too rough for his pupils. A member of the school, however, asserts that the true reason is that the Harvard scholars are not good enough at the game for the school to stand any chance in the league contests, should it enter. There is a good deal too much of the desire to win "prizes" in most of our local scholastic athletics which ought to be strongly discouraged. It is regrettable to have to admit it, but I am persuaded that if it should be announced that only ribbons would be given as prizes at all future track-athletic games, five-eighths of those who go into the games at present would cease to take any interest in the sports. As a purifier of athletics I think the ribbon system might be a good thing to try.

THE LONG ISLAND ASSOCIATION, like its cousin on this side of the river, has decided to adopt the Yale-Princeton football rules. This is fortunate, because it will save considerable trouble in view of the Inter-City games, and we should always be glad when we can get rid of an element of dispute. For the Fates only know that there are enough squabbles in athletics already without borrowing any from the colleges or anywhere else. And, besides, the Yale-Princeton rules are the most suitable for the schools in this section. In New England it is different, for the presence and influence of Harvard there enter into the question.

THE ST. MARK'S ELEVEN is making every effort to get into form for the game with its old rival, Groton, and in its preliminary games thus far the men have shown up well. White is a veteran, and is playing again at full-back, where he did good work last year. The previous season he was at quarter-back, but his punting makes him a more desirable man further back. Nash is playing right half-back, and Captain Mills will probably play left-half. Nash is a new man on the team, but has improved greatly since the beginning of the season. Hatch is another novice on the first eleven, but had some practice at quarter-back on the second last year, which position he will fill on the first this year. In the line, Watson, right tackle, Hare, left tackle, and Davis, right end, filled the same positions last year. The new men, Watson, Egbert, and Humphreys are all improving fast under good coaching, and there is no reason why the team should not develop into a strong one at the end of the season.

THE CONNECTICUT LEAGUE has been reorganized, and now consists of the following schools: Hillhouse H.S. and Hopkins Grammar, of New Haven; Hartford, Bridgeport, New Britain, and Waterbury high-schools; and Norwich and Suffield academies. The schedule of championship games begins on October 26th, when Hartford meets New Britain, Suffield meets Norwich, Hillhouse meets Bridgeport, and Hopkins Grammar meets Waterbury. The winners of these matches will play on November 2d, and the championship will be decided on the Yale Field a week later.

ALL THE TEAMS OF THE LEAGUE have been getting good practice, and have played a number of smaller games. The Hartford H.-S. team seems to offer the greatest promise at present; but since their defeat by the Springfield H.-S. there has been a notable shake-up. Bryant is playing at tackle again, and Smith, last year's centre, is in his old place. Grant, a new man, is playing guard in Lyman's place, while Lyman has moved up one to tackle. Goodell has dropped back of the line, taking Jenkins' place, who is

laid off. Moreau is holding down right end, vice Twitchell. This new arrangement will probably be in effect when Hartford lines up against Hillhouse on the 2d of next month.

FOR SOME YEARS PAST there have been rumors, more or less well-founded, that certain players on teams of the Connecticut League had no business playing, and hints of pecuniary recompense were not whispered in low tones, but called out loudly. New Britain came in for a generous share of these aspersions, and from all I am able to learn richly deserved them two or three years ago. I believe, however, that a better appreciation of sportsmanship prevails there at present, and I doubt if the other schools in the league will find it necessary to protest any of the New Britain players this year.

COMPLAINTS HAVE BEEN MADE, to be sure, but upon investigation I find that the trouble arises out of the fact that the New Britain Captain has allowed two or three outsiders to play on his team in practice games (notably in the recent contest at Waterbury), rather than to jeopardize his chances of victory by using weak substitutes. I am assured, however, that no such tricks will be played in any championship match. The method ought not to have been adopted even in practice. It is not sportsmanlike, and is cowardly in that the New Britain men are knowingly and unfairly taking advantage of their opponents if they allow players on their eleven who are not in regular attendance at the New Britain High-School.

BY DOING ANYTHING OF THIS KIND a captain not only attempts to conquer his opponents by unfair means and false representations, but he stultifies himself. He admits that he has not men good enough, or is incapable of training players who shall be strong enough, to defeat the eleven with whom he has agreed to play. He therefore secures a few good-natured, able-bodied outsiders, who are the means of earning a victory; but it is not the High-School team that has won. It is a team made up of a few High-School players and a few others. All this sounds harsh when put into cold type. The case seems so different when smoothed over with pleasant words. It is good for sport to have facts put in plain English occasionally. So far there has been no great harm done at New Britain this year, and I hope the players there will soon see the justness of restricting membership on their team to *bona fide* scholars. And, in passing, let me add that there are a number of other captains who may read the foregoing paragraphs to their great advantage, for this criticism is by no means intended to be particular, but general.

NEXT SATURDAY THE NEW BRITAIN TEAM will play the Hillhouse High-School eleven on the Yale Field at New Haven. The game should be of interest not only because both teams are good ones, but because these two schools have not met since the championship game played in the fall of 1893, when New Britain succeeded in defeating the New Haven eleven for the championship of the League. At the time a protest was entered against a player named Wheeler, of the New Britain team, who was charged with being a professional athlete. There is little doubt that Wheeler was a professional, but the charges were not sustained at a later meeting, and the trophy went to the New Britain team.

THE BIGGEST SCORE AT FOOTBALL that the Harvard Varsity ever made against Exeter was 158 to 0. That was in 1886, I believe, and unless I am mistaken it is the record for big scores in a game between two regularly organized and trained elevens. Nevertheless, the P.E.A. team that was vanquished by this enormous score went down to Andover and defeated their rivals 26 to 0. This year Harvard's score against Exeter was 42 to 0, and yet there is little doubt that Andover could easily take Exeter into camp if the two schools should meet. This shows how little teams can be judged by comparing scores. The

Exeter eleven this year is not a good one, and yet the figures of the Harvard game would seem to show that it is. When the play is analyzed, however, the truth is apparent. For instance, at no time during the game did Exeter succeed either in advancing the ball the necessary five yards on four downs, nor were her men able to hold Harvard for four downs, or to compel the Harvard back to punt.

THE PLAY BETWEEN EACH TOUCH-DOWN was almost identical. Exeter would kick off and the ball would be punted back by one of the varsity players. If the crimson forwards got down the field fast enough, as they frequently did, they secured the ball and proceeded with the play until they scored. If a P.E.A. man got the ball then Harvard would force the school-team to lose a few yards, and at the fourth down Williams would punt. Sometimes he would, and sometimes he would not, because the Exeter rush-line was seldom able to hold the college men. As soon as Harvard got the ball on a play of this kind a couple of runs around the end or dives through the centre would net a touch-down. It is surprising that the winning score was not twice as large. Two halves of fifteen minutes only were played. If I remember correctly the 158-0 game lasted two full-time halves, and in those days each half lasted three-quarters of an hour.

NEW LEAGUES ARE SPRINGING UP continually. A few days ago the three most prominent military schools of the West met in Chicago and organized the Northwestern Military School League, which is to consist of the Shattuck Military School, at Faribault, Minnesota; St. John's Military Academy, at Delafield, Wisconsin; and the Michigan Military Academy of Orchard Lake, Michigan. The organization is to cover baseball, football, and track athletics. It is to be a triangular league at present, but other schools may be admitted by unanimous vote. No arrangements have yet been made for baseball or track contests, but a football schedule has been laid out as follows: Shattuck will meet St. John's at Minneapolis or St. Paul the Saturday before Thanksgiving, and the winner will play Orchard Lake at Chicago the week following. This league ought to grow and prosper, for it is just the kind of thing that is needed among the schools of the Northwest to encourage and foster interscholastic sport.

THE INTER-PREPARATORY LEAGUE and the Cook County High-School F.B. League, of Chicago, are at present the most flourishing scholastic associations of the West. They are both strong in members, and some of the school teams are putting up good football. The Cook County H.-S.-F.B. League's schedule is made out as follows:

At Oak Park—Oct. 19, English High and Manual Training; Nov. 2, West Division; Nov. 16, Hyde Park.

At Chicago Manual—Oct. 12, English High; Oct. 19, North Division; Nov. 16, Lake View; Nov. 23, Oak Park.

At Lake View—Oct. 12, Oak Park; Oct. 19, Hyde Park; Oct. 26, North Division; Nov. 2, Englewood.

At Englewood—Oct. 26, Oak Park; Nov. 26, West Division.

At English High—Oct. 5, Chicago Manual; Oct. 9, Lake View; Nov. 23, Englewood.

At West Division—Oct. 5, Lake View; Oct. 12, English High; Oct. 26, Manual Training; Nov. 16, North Division.

At Hyde Park—Oct. 9, Englewood; Oct. 26, English High; Nov. 20, Manual Training.

At North Division—Oct. 5, Oak Park; Nov. 2, English High; Nov. 9, Englewood; Nov. 23, Hyde Park.

THE SEASON OF BOTH the Chicago leagues began Saturday, as the schedules show, the Inter-Preparatory A. L. arrangement of games being in this order:

Oct. 19—Princeton-Yale vs. University, at Lincoln Park; Harvard vs. South Side Academy, at Washington Park.

Oct. 26—Princeton-Yale vs. Harvard, at Washington Park; University vs. South Side, at Lincoln Park.

Nov. 2—Princeton-Yale vs. South Side, at Washington Park; Harvard vs. University, at Lincoln Park.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Nov. 9—Princeton-Yale *vs.* University, at Washington Park; Harvard *vs.* South Side, at Washington Park.

Nov. 16—University *vs.* South Side, at Washington Park; Princeton-Yale *vs.* Harvard, at Washington Park.

Nov. 23—Princeton-Yale *vs.* South Side, at Washington Park; Harvard *vs.* University, at Washington Park.

THE OPENING GAME of the Junior League of Boston proved a walk-over for Newton High, whose eleven defeated Roxbury High, 30-0. The Newton team has greatly improved since Brookline High forced it out of the Senior League, and will be able to give the Brooklinites a hard tussle should they meet again. The team-work, especially, in the Roxbury game was good. Every man knew his place, and played it for all he was worth, and the interference for the backs was excellent. Roxbury, on the other hand, put up a weak game, and their rush-line seemed incapable of shutting off the Newton backs. The Roxbury ends did the best work for the visitors.

THE GRADUATE.

strands, and mass it all over the back of the head. I would simply part it in the middle, and avoid fringes, and bangs, and little curls, crimps, and other attempts at decoration in front. When hair has a natural wave or ripple it is very pretty, and should have its way, but straight hair is pretty too, and girls should be satisfied to wear their hair in the style nature intended for them.

AVOID following a fashion in hair-dressing simply because it is a fashion. Simon says "up," and, presto! a hundred thousand young women alter their way of arranging their hair, and pile it steeple-fashion above their heads; Simon says "down," and in the twinkling of an eye the towers fall. Now any sensible girl can see that the shape of the head, the shape of the face, and the general style of the individual are to be taken into account in her dress, and her hair is an important part of this. Choose a style, and do not change it, except for some reason stronger than a caprice. Do not use oils or liquids of any kind on your head, and never try to change the color of your hair. Whatever its color, it is the one

which best suits you, or it would not be yours. Red, golden, brown, black, flaxen, whatever be the tint, be sure it is the one tint that matches your eyes and your complexion better than any other could.

WASH your hair thoroughly and dry it well once a month. Brush it carefully for a long time every night, and braid it on retiring.

THE girl with thin hair has a harder problem than the girl whose hair is thick. She must beware of straining it back and of braiding it tightly. Loose coils are best for her. The girl who insists on crimping and waving her hair should know that by wetting her hair with cologne before putting hot irons on it she can insure the waves staying in for a long time, and she must not forget that very great heat often applied will kill the life of her hair at the roots.

Margaret E. Langster.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE



This Department is conducted in the interest of Girls and Young Women, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor.

THE prettiest way to arrange your hair? Especially if it is very long, very thick, and a most beautiful color, yet cannot be worn hanging down in braids, because you are too tall for anything so childish, nor fastened up in a graceful Psycho knot at the back of the head, quite near the neck, because it is too heavy, and comes tumbling down at inconvenient seasons. Lovely hair, but an embarrassment of riches, is it not?

If it were my hair, and I were the dear young girl who finds it a bother and a burden, I would coil it on top of my head and wear it like a crown. I wouldn't mind its having the effect of making me look taller, and I would stand up very straight, and look as tall as I could. In my opinion height is a beauty, and I never care about a girl's being tall, except to admire her. Tall girls must mind that they carry themselves well, and do not stoop nor crane their heads forward as if they had lost something and were perpetually looking for it. You remember Tennyson's picture, do you not, a word picture such as only a poet could paint:

"A daughter of the gods,
Divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

If the coronal effect were unbefitting, or gave a feeling of weight on top of my head, then I would braid the hair in several

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NEW YORK.

Commit to Memory
the best things in Prose and Poetry, always including good Songs and Hymns. It is surprising how little good work of this kind seems to be done in the Schools, if one must judge from the small number of people who can repeat, without mistake or omission, as many as Three good songs or hymns.

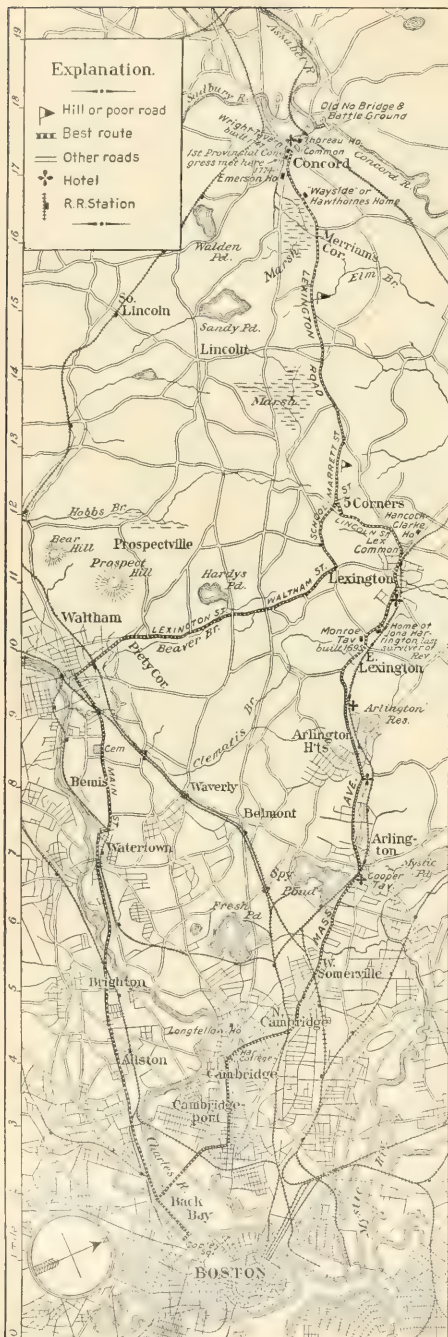
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and accurate Memory work is a most excellent thing, whether in School or out of it, among all ages and all classes. But let that which is so learned be worth learning and worth retaining. The Franklin Square Song Collection presents a large number of

Old and New Songs
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which is sent free on application to the Publishers, there are found dozens of the best things in the World, which are well worth committing to memory, and they who know most of such good things, and appreciate and enjoy them most, are really among the best educated people in any country. They have the best result of Education. For above Contents, with sample pages of Music, address

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If afflicted with
SORE EYES USE **DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**



This Department is conducted in the interest of bicyclists, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

AT the junction of Huntington Avenue and Boylston Street is Copley Square, one of the most artistic spots in Boston, and a very convenient and popular starting-point for cycling trips into the suburbs and the out-lying country. For the ride to Lexington and Concord one should leave the Library on the left, and, continuing through Dartmouth Street, turn to the left into Commonwealth Avenue. At the statue of Leif Ericson turn to the right onto Massachusetts Avenue and pass over Harvard Bridge, a mile in length. After crossing the river turn to the right at Norfolk Street, and then to the left onto Harvard Street. You now pass a section of new asphalt road, and, approaching Harvard Square, keep to the right past the College, with the Common on the left. Among the interesting buildings of the University there stands out the commanding form of Memorial Hall, where hundreds of students board. On the left, at the beginning of Brattle Street, is the old elm, and near by it a tablet indicating the spot where Washington took command of the Continental Army. A few minutes' run out Brattle Street will bring one to the home of the poet Longfellow, opposite Longfellow Park. From Cambridge Common the ride to Arlington and Lexington is a direct road via Massachusetts Avenue. The condition of the road is good. The surface for most of the distance has been macadamized, while the other portions are gravelled and well rolled.

At the corner of Beech Street you come upon the line of march of the royal army which was sent out to capture Adams and Hancock at Lexington, and to destroy the stores collected by the patriots at Concord. From this point on almost every old house has some historic association, and occasional tablets by the road-side mark scenes of heroism. In the vicinity of Lexington the country becomes more rolling. The village itself is two hundred feet above the sea-level. Follow the main street, and pass on the left an old-time house shaded in front by two magnificent trees. This is the Monroe Tavern, where the British officers made themselves at home. On the rising ground to the rear of this house were some of Lord Percy's field-pieces. Shortly after you come to the village green, where the first stand was made for liberty, and where there has been erected a beautiful monument in memory of the first Revolutionary martyrs. To the right, and a short distance from the Common on the road to Bedford, is the old Hancock-Clarke house, in which were Hancock and Adams when the royal troops approached Lexington. From the Common keep to the left on Lincoln Street to the Five Corners. There turn to the right, into Marrett Street, and then turning to the left there is a straight way into Concord by the Lexington road. At Merriam's Corner, not far from Concord, is a stone marking the beginning of the British retreat. Passing this, and entering the village, you come upon the green where stands the old Wright Tavern, a popular place for wheelmen to dine. A run should be made out Monument Street, past the Thoreau House, to the monument which marks the fight at the bridge. It is located on a lane leading from the left of Monument Street, and a sign at its entrance gives you the cue.

In coming back to Boston follow the same route to the Five Corners, and there turn to the right into School Street, and to the right again into Waltham Street. Here

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Fine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tarrytown to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia—Wilmington Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Allentown in No. 825. Philadelphia to New York in No. 826. Philadelphia to Vineland—First Stage in No. 827. Second Stage in No. 828. New York to Boston—Second Stage in No. 829. Third Stage in No. 830. Fourth Stage in No. 831. Fifth Stage in No. 832. Sixth Stage in No. 833.

the rider has before him a long and gradually descending road with excellent surface and good coasting most of the way to Waltham. Keep on the direct road until Main Street is reached, and there turn to the left, following Main Street into Watertown. Then turn to the right into North Beacon Street. This is practically the continuation of Commonwealth Avenue, and the rider can now follow a direct way to Dartmouth Street, where, turning to the right, he passes into Copley Square.

Distances are: Boston to Arlington, seven miles; to Lexington, five miles; to Concord, six miles; to Waltham, nine miles; to Watertown, three miles; to Boston, seven miles; in all, thirty-seven miles.

NOT ENCOURAGING.

A FRENCH paper tells of a discouraging experience an ambitious young tenor once had when trying to show what kind of a voice he had to a manager. After he had sounded three or four notes the manager stopped him.

"There, that will do," he said; "leave me your address. I will bear you in mind in case of emergency."

"What do you call a case of emergency?"

"Well, supposing my theatre got on fire."

"Eh?"

"Yes; I should engage you to sing out, Fire! fire! fire!"

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THE HALLOWEEN WITCHES

BY MAMIE A. DENTON

MILDRED and Naomi Dean sat at opposite sides of a large room; Naomi with her fingers in her ears, and her elbows resting upon her knees, while Mildred gazed out of the window with dreamy eyes. The two girls were in search of ideas for a Halloween party; they were twin witches, born on witches' night, or Halloween, and had given regulation Halloween parties since their babyhood. Now they wanted a change, and after eagerly reading everything on the subject that came within their reach, they had finally decided to "think something out" themselves.

"It's no use," Mildred exclaimed, suddenly. "I can't think of a single thing except that we must have a party. Aren't you blest with an idea yet, Naomi?" she shouted.

Naomi turned slowly, taking her fingers from her ears. "Yes, I believe I am, but I don't know how you will like it. Why can't we have the girls all come dressed as witches, and then we can give a prize to the most bewitching?"

"The very thing, you dear little conjurer! That idea is worth elaborating, and you know I just exist to elaborate your ideas. Now wait till I finish my part."

Mildred ran to her desk, and was soon deep in its mysteries—wonderful things had been known to come from that desk. When she finally arose she handed Naomi two neat invitations, one of which read:

MISS NINA PRESCOTT. You are cordially invited to attend a witches' party on the night of the thirty-first. Each lady is expected to represent a witch. A prize will be given to the ugliest, and a "booby" prize to the most attractive witch.

TWO WEIRD SISTERS OF HALLOWEEN.
(Mildred and Naomi Dean.)

Masks on.

"Oh," said Naomi, when she had read the invitation, "it is too bad not to give the prize to the most attractive witch."

"No," replied Mildred; "witches are supposed to be ugly, and I think the one who wears the finest costume should pay the price of her own vanity. Now read the other invitation."

Naomi read it slowly aloud:

MR. ROY PRESCOTT.—You are requested to act as one of the judges at a witches' contest on the night of the thirty-first, at the home of the
TWO WEIRD SISTERS,
(Mildred and Naomi Dean.)

"What do you think of my specimens?" asked Mildred.

"I think they are very brilliant elaborations," Naomi answered; "but I must see Nina, and caution her not to tell her brother what she is going to wear. Yes, I am glad that none of the rest are brothers and sisters."

On the night of the thirty-first the home of the Deans was brilliantly lighted, and the grounds were full of weird lights and mysterious music. The boys were the first to arrive, and were ushered into the front

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

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parlor, where they were commanded to stay until invited to come out. The girls were shown up stairs to a room where a card with a large white number upon it was pinned to each costume. When the boys were admitted to the back parlor the witches were drawn up in line with masks on, and numbers conspicuously displayed. The two weird sisters, unmasked, and making no attempt to conceal their identity, passed slips of paper to each gentleman, and explained that he must write the number of the one who most nearly represented his idea of a witch, and also the number of her whom he considered the most attractive. One of the boys complained that this was not fair, as they were not allowed to see the faces. When the votes were counted, and the prizes awarded, the signal was given, and the masks were dropped, amid much surprise, laughter, and applause.

The young lady who received the prize as the ugliest witch proved to be one of the most charming when unmasked, and the "booby" was a perfect vision of loveliness in a long red cloak and steeple-crowned hat. She surveyed her pretty face complacently in the hand-mirror which was given as the "booby" prize.

An impromptu programme was rendered, in which the little "booby" recited "The Elf Child," the "ugliest witch" and the "two weird sisters" gave the witch scene from *Macbeth*, and several weird songs were sung by different members of the company. The rest of the evening was given up to fortune-telling, witchcraft, and charms. The young people voted the party a "grand success," and the two weird sisters the most bewitching of all the witches.

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This Department is conducted in the interest of Stamp and Coin collectors, and contributors will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects in their position. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

HOW MANY OF US KNOW where Ipswich, England, is? An exhibition of stamps has just been opened there which must be fine, as English collectors value the stamps exhibited at over \$100,000. A few years ago the New York collectors made an exhibit at the Eden Musee on Twenty-third Street, which probably called the attention of thousands to the "old postage-stamp craze," and led to the making of hundreds of new recruits in this absorbing hobby. Perhaps the same collectors may make another exhibit. If they obtain the assistance of some of the New England collectors the exhibit would be one of the finest ever seen. One gentleman in Maine has a collection valued at over \$200,000, consisting chiefly of the great rarities.

A. T. D.—A surcharged stamp is one which has had a new value or some inscription printed on the face of the stamp. As a rule stamps of a high value are surcharged with a lower value. For instance, Ceylon, in 1886, surcharged the 16, 24, 36, 48, and 64 cents and other stamps "Five Cents." These surcharged stamps were then good for five cents only. Provisional stamps are those which are issued in an emergency, and usually are surcharged stamps.

H. H. C.—The coin dealers ask \$3 each for the commonest dates of the quarter-eagle U. S. The scarce dates are worth many times more. You are not getting the latest coin rate.

INITIALS



TWO GLANCES FROM THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

AT FIRST GLANCE OUR HEARTS ACHED TO SEE SUCH A SWEET LITTLE GIRL SO TERRIBLY AFFLICTED; BUT

A SECOND GLANCE REVEALED THE REAL OWNER OF THE FEET IN THE PERSON OF THE FOND PAPA, WHO WAS THEN SCOURING A FEW MOMENTS TO READ HIS PAPER.

A QUESTION.

WILLIE. "Don't the little Esquimaux boys live on oil?"

MAMMA. "Yes, Willie."

WILLIE. "And do they always have a big lump of sugar after it for dessert?"

"EARLY ENGLISH."

FROM VERY PROFESSORS, Brother Ned,

In the college town,

Was learning "early English."

My! how it made him frown!

While baby sister Annie

Cooed at home in glee,

In purest early English—

'Twas as easy as could be!

SOME Irishmen are naturally stupid, but their mistakes are at times so humorous as to provoke a laugh, which makes one forget the more serious part of the error. Recently a son of Ireland went out rowing on a lake at a famous summer resort. A stiff northwest wind came up, and not being skilful with the oars, in a short time his boat shipped considerable water.

A brilliant idea then seized him, and taking the butt end of the oar he battered away at the planks in the bottom of the boat, finally knocking a hole in them. Fortunately for him a steam-launch with a pleasure party aboard came along and rescued him as his boat sank. Upon being asked why on earth he drove a hole through the boat, he replied:

"An' phwat else would yez do? Sure the boat was half full of water, an' so oi knocked a hole in the bottom to let it out; but, yez see, there was so much more water in the lake that the little bit of a stream in my boat had no chance to get out."

SOME time ago I read a little anecdote of Longfellow which illustrated his love for children. It seems that one little fellow in particular was fond of spending his time in the great poet's library. One day, after a long and patient perusal of the titles (to him great cumbersome works) that lined the shelves, the little chap walked up to Longfellow, and asked in a grievous sort of way, "Haven't you got a *Jack the Giant Killer*?" Longfellow regretted to say that in all his immense library he did not have a copy.

The little chap looked at him in a pitying way, and silently left the room.

The next morning he walked in with a couple of pennies tightly clasped in his chubby fist, and laying them down, told the poet that he could now buy a *Jack the Giant Killer* of his own.

WE hear of veterans who have survived the wars of years ago, but here is a poor old veteran of the civil war, and it is claimed the only one living of his kind. His name is Ned, and he was captured near Washington by a scouting party from General Jubal Early's corps. For years Ned has taken part in the different memorial events and parades of the G.A.R. But during a recent parade in Louisville his declining years prevented his marching to the stirring music of the bands.

It grieved the poor old fellow's heart so that, as a compromise, his comrades provided him with a float, upon which he mounted, and was dragged through the streets, his kindly old head nodding to the time of the band. As you have doubtless guessed, Ned is an old war-horse, and it is said he has missed but one Decoration-day parade, and has reached the ripe old age of forty years.

MOTHER (to Albert, who came home from school looking very blue). "Why, you appear unhappy, Albert. Didn't you learn your lessons to-day?"

ALBERT. "Oh yes, I learned not to be sassy!"

LITTLE Alice heard her father say that her Cousin Jack has the small-pox, and exclaimed, "Oh, papa, I think it's real mean of Jack not to send me any."

PAPA. "Jack, what are you crying about?"

JACK. "The conjurer at the circus to-day took five pigeons out of my hat, and kept them for himself."

TOM. "Papa, I want a bicycle."

PAPA. "Well, Tom, and what will you furnish towards getting it?"

TOM (thinking deeply a moment). "I'll furnish the wind for the fires."

KEPT HIS WORD.

To the pranks played by college boys there seems to be no end, and Professors are still suffering as much as ever from the undergraduate trick. An amusing tale comes from Edinburgh, in this connection.

An examiner at Edinburgh University had made himself obnoxious by warning the students against putting their hats on his desk. The university in the Scottish capital is remarkable for a scarcity of cloak-rooms, and in the excitement of examinations hats are, or used to be, flung down anywhere.

The examiner announced one day that if he ever found another hat on his desk he would rip it up. The next day no hats were laid there when the students assembled. Presently, however, the examiner was called out of the room. Then some naughty undergraduate slipped from his seat, got the examiner's own hat, and placed it on his desk. When the examiner re-entered the hall, every eye was fixed upon him. He observed the hat, and a gleam of triumph shot across his face.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I told you what would happen if this occurred again." Then he took his penknife from his pocket, opened it, and blandly cut the hat in pieces, amidst prolonged applause. What he said when he discovered that he had destroyed his own hat the story does not say.



HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



ENGLISH ELIZA.

A HALLOWEEN STORY.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"WHAT was it that Obed saw?" That question used to be asked by chimney-corners in the great farm-houses of an old New England neighborhood for many years.

For Obed in his boyhood on a certain last night of October, "when the moon was round," had seen a spectacle the account of which filled the minds of many good people with wonder and of simple people with terror. Even the cats and dogs seemed to be uneasy when it was discussed in an awesome tone of voice on old red settles, for such animals seem to share the fears of their masters. "Come, now, Obed is no fool," the work-people used to say.

"What do you suppose it was that he saw? It was proper strange."

Obed lived in one of the farm neighborhoods near Medfield, a town famous in King Philip's war. The place has a fearful legend of a family who were killed by the Indians, and a very curious story of a farmer who saved his family at the time of the Indian attack by rolling out of the cellar a barrel of cider.

It is a quiet town to-day, not a long ride from Boston. It would delight a tired man or an artist; it is old-fashioned and full of rural beauty, a bit of old New England left over, as it were. Great elms throw their cloudlike shadows over the trim and well-kept roads in summertime. The churches, the homes, the farms all show a historic pride. Here great orchards once bloomed; here the Baltimore orioles still swing in the elms, and the bob-

Jinks topple in the clover meadows. Here the lilacs still bloom by door-yard walls, and the people draw water from the round stone wells of the generations gone.

Obed was a "bound boy," as an apprentice lad was called. He was "bound out," to use another old New England term, to a certain Mr. Miller, who was a farmer and a cobbler. This Mr. Miller was named Brister—Bristar Miller—a surname not uncommon in colonial times.

A bound boy was one who was "let out" by his parents or guardian or the "selectmen" to the service of another for a term of years; really, a slave for a limited time. Brister Miller had in his family a bound boy and a bound girl.

The girl's name was Eliza. She had come to Boston from England. Her parents had died, and she had been found a home on Brister Miller's bovery farm. Bound children and boys and girls worked hard in the old times, and had but few privileges. They were sometimes allowed to go to the "General Training," and to share in the husking frolics, and they were always permitted to listen for a time after "early candlelight" to the stories that were told on old red settles in cool weather by the open fires.

As Eliza had come from England she was called "English Eliza." She was a good-hearted, resolute girl. She became a great friend to Obed, whom her warm heart pitied, owing to her own hard and solitary lot.

It was the last day of October. There had been a warm rain, which had kept Obed and English Eliza from the husk heap. The weather had suddenly changed towards evening. A chill had come down from the north, and the family and work-people had gathered after supper around the crackling fire. Mr. Miller sat shelling corn with a cob, and Mrs. Miller began to knit by the tallow candle.

The work-people told stories. These stories were of a strange and exciting kind, and related to the times of the Indian war, or to people with haunted consciences who thought that they had seen ghosts. Young people listened to such tales in terror. English Eliza had never heard these tales before or any narratives like them. She saw that the ghost stories filled Obed with fear, and she pitied him.

On this particular night, after a story had been told that made Obed sit close to an older farm-hand, Mrs. Miller paused in her work, and, lifting her brows, said,

"There, English Eliza, what do you think of such doins as that?"

Eliza looked at Obed, and his fixed eyes and white face nerved her to make a very honest and resolute answer.

"I don't believe in ghosts, marm."

"Why, Eliza?"

"Honest people never see 'em; if they think they do, they find them out. It is folks with haunted consciences that see such things, marm; folks with something wrong, or touched in mind, marm. I wouldn't be afraid to go right into a grave-yard at midnight. Why should I! I never did any one harm. This is an awful night to some folks in England—those who fear a death fetch and have sins on their souls. But to good people this is the merriest night of all the year, except Christmas, only. It is Halloween, marm."

What was the girl talking about? A "death fetch," and merry-making and Halloween?

Mrs. Miller dropped her knitting-work into her lap. The cat, who seemed to feel that there was terror in the air, leaped into the knitting. Mrs. Miller gave the poor scared little animal a slap, and then looking Eliza straight in the face, said,

"Liza, do you speak true? Remember, Liza, that you are a bound girl."

"Never a word in jest, marm. My folks were honest people, marm, and I an honest girl."

"Liza, what is that awful thing that you told about—that death fetch?"

"On Halloween a person goes into the church and says a prayer, and when he comes out into the church-yard he sees all the people who are going to die during the year. An old sexton did it, and he saw himself, marm. A death fetch is a warning, marm. There is no truth in such stories, marm; my mother taught me never to believe 'em, marm,

and she was an honest, Christian woman, marm, and she used to say that a person who always did right had nothing to fear. I would believe my mother's word against the world, marm. She died in peace, marm, and I want to be just like her."

"Liza, what is Halloween?"

Bristar Miller stopped shelling corn. The company on the settle snuggled up close to each other, and the poor cat uttered a faint little "meow," and received another slap from her mistress, which seemed to be comfort.

"Ghost night, marm. The night when good spirits visit their friends, marm. It is All-Hallow eve—the eve of All Saints' day."

"Liza, remember that you are a bound girl."

"I never forget it, marm."

"Now, tell the truth. What do they do on Halloween?"

"They put apples into deep tubs full of water, and bob for them with their heads, marm; and they puts 'em also on sticks like a wheel, and hangs the wheel from the ceiling, with a burning tallow candle on one side of the wheel, and you catch an apple in your mouth as the wheel turns, marm, or else get snatched with the candle, marm, which is more likely, and then you gets laughed at, marm. And you pare apples, and throw the paring over your right shoulder, and it makes the first letter of the name of the man that you are to marry, marm."

Mrs. Miller lifted her hands.

"And you eat an apple before a looking-glass, holding a candle in your left hand, and the one you are to marry comes and looks over your shoulder into the glass, marm. And they tell you to find fern-seed, and you will become rich, marm. But there ain't any fern-seed to be found, marm. And they do lots of things."

"Liza, what do the saints have to do with such doins as these?"

"They like to see young folks enjoy themselves, I expects, marm."

"It is the ghost of the living that seem to come, Liza."

"All the more interesting, marm."

"Oh, Liza! Liza! such things bode no good! Mercy! what was that?"

There came a succession of loud raps on the door.

"I hope that Halloween is not coming here," said Mrs. Miller.

The door suddenly opened with a gust of wind. A tall girl appeared out of breath, and said, "Please, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Hopgood's very sick. Ma wants to know if you'll let Obed go for the doctor?"

"Yes, yes, yes. Obed, you put the horse into the wagon, and go!"

"Yes," echoed Mr. Miller. "Obed, you go!"

Obed's face was filled with pain and terror. English Eliza saw the expression, and she understood it. Obed stood up, but did not move.

"Why don't you go?" said Mr. Miller, severely.

"It is that night?"

"What?"

"Halloween," he added. "And I'll have to go by the way of the grave-yard."

English Eliza's heart was full. "I'm sorry I said these scary things, marm. Let me go with him, marm. I ain't afraid of anything, marm, and I do not wonder that Obed is afraid after such stories as they tell in this new country, marm."

"Yes, Liza, you may go. I can trust you anywhere."

Obed's cords seemed to unloose, and his feet flew. In a few minutes Obed and English Eliza were mounted on the carriage seat, and were soon speeding away towards the doctor's, which was in the centre of the town.

"Now, Obed, you shall keep Halloween. Young people in England sometimes ride on this night by lonely places just to test their courage. Obed, I believe that you have only one fault, and that is what my poor mother would have called superstitious fear. I think it is wrong to tell such stories to children as they have told you in this country. It will mman you."

It was a still cool night. The wind after a changing day had gone down. The moon hung high in the heavens,

now and then shadowed by a fragment of a broken cloud. The road was filled with fallen leaves, which deadened the sound of the wheels. The walnut-trees with their falling nuts sent forth a pleasant odor, and there was a cidery smell about the old orchards that here and there lined the way. They emerged at last from a wood, and came into full view of the old country grave-yard on the hill-side, when something really surprising met their view.

Obed dropped the reins, and Eliza caught them. His knees began to shake, and he chattered, "Prophets and apostles!"

The horse trotted on.

"Whoa! What is that?"

"Go long!" said English Eliza, in a firm voice.

"Turn round—quick," said Obed.

"I can't, Obed; the road is too narrow. And I am on an errand of duty to a sick woman, and I will not do it."

"Eliza, it is awful. I shall go mad if you go on. My brain is turning now."

The sight indeed was a wonder. As it appeared from the road under the hill, a white horse arose from the grave-yard on the hill-side, and stood on his hind legs with his forefeet in the air.

"He is *pawing* the sky," said Obed; "never did any mortal man see a sight like that. He is climbing a shadow. I shall go crazy. Whoa!"

Eliza shook the reins, and said, firmly, "Go along!"

"Eliza, it must be that Halloween. My nerves are all shaken up. I've heard of white horses before. I tell you, stop! We'll get out of the back of the wagon, and run home."

"Never!" said Eliza.

"Well, I am going, anyway." Obed leaped from the wagon, exclaiming, "I'll give the alarm!"

"I am going for the doctor," said Eliza.

Obed flew. It was indeed a fearful tale that he had to tell when he reached the farm-house. We think that there seldom ever was heard a Halloween tale like that.

"It was a white horse, standing in the grave-yard, with his hind feet on the graves and his paws in the sky," said he, "and under him was a shadow like a cloud, and—"

"But where is Eliza?" asked Brister Miller.

"She rode right on after the doctor!"

"And you left her to meet such a sight as that!" said Mr. Miller.

"She would do it; she's onerary. There was no need that *both* of us should go for the doctor!"

Brister Miller called his hired people together, and they alarmed the neighborhood. At midnight a company of men had gathered before the house, who should go and see what this remarkable story could mean.

"I always thought that the girl was rather strange," said Mrs. Miller. "There may be some witchery or other about this Halloween."

Eliza, brave girl that she was, rode firmly towards the hill-side grave-yard. As she came nearer to it the white horse did not appear to be so large as when she first saw it. It was indeed a horse, a live one; it had its forefeet on the lower limbs of an old apple-tree, which limbs were bent downward toward the ground. It was eating apples off the high branches, reaching its long neck up to pick them.

Horses are very fond of apples, and try in every way to get into orchards when they have gained a taste for the fruit. They have been known to unhead apple barrels, and they will eat apples from the lower limbs of a tree, and reach high for the apple limbs after the fruit on the lower limbs are gone. They like sour apples, and in this way become cider drinkers.

Eliza stopped the wagon. She got out of it, and tied the horse to a tree by the roadside. It was midnight—Halloween. She thought of English merrymakings, of the games with apples, of the curious old stories and songs that she had heard on such nights as this in her girlhood. She hurried past the graves and came to the white horse, and said, "Jack! Jack!" The horse seemed alarmed, let his raised body down to the ground, snorted, and trotted away.

Eliza stood there all alone at that still midnight hour.

The moon rode clear in the heavens now; the woods were still, and around her were graves. Did she believe in spirits? Yes, in her mother's, and as soon as she thought of that she recalled that she had been sent for the doctor, and that it was her duty to hurry on. Her heart would have been light, but for her pity for Obed. He had indeed proved a coward, but he had been wrongly taught and trained.

She rode to the doctor's house, roused the doctor, and brought him back with her to the neighborhood, and left him at poor Mrs. Hopgood's, and then rode home.

She was surprised to see a crowd of men before the door. Obed stood among them. They awaited her coming in intense interest, but in silence.

She got down from the wagon, saying, "Some one will have to carry the doctor back again."

"Who will go?" asked Mr. Miller.

There was no response. No one wanted to meet a white horse with his body on a cloud and "his feet in the sky" on this mysterious night of Halloween.

"I will go," said Eliza, firmly.

"Yes, Eliza, you go," said Mr. Miller. "You are a brave girl."

Eliza mounted the wagon seat.

Obed stepped up to her, and whispered, "Say, Eliza, what was it?"

"I will never tell; remember, now remember once for all, for your sake, Obed, I will never tell. You played me a mean trick, Obed; but other people were to blame for it; you never had any one to teach you like my mother. For your sake, Obed, left, as you are, all alone in the world, I will never say another word. Now I have done my whole duty, Obed, and, although I cannot trust you, I will always be your friend."

Obed turned away.

"What did she say?" asked the people.

"She said that she would never tell what she saw," said Obed.

"I shall keep a close eye on that girl hereafter. There may be witches, and she may be one. This is a very strange night, this Halloween." So said Mrs. Miller.

Obed had received an arrow in his heart. "Although I cannot trust you," the words spoken by Eliza haunted him. He went about a dull, absent-minded young man, and the people attributed his sadness to the sight that he had seen in the midnight ride.

Eliza was always very kind to him. She never spoke to him of the night that he had deserted her but once. It was on the eve before she united with the village church.

"Obed," she said, "I have something on my conscience. I owe it to you to say that what I saw on that Halloween night would never have harmed you or me."

This confession added to his depression of spirits. He had indeed been a coward, and forfeited the trust of the best and truest heart that he had ever known.

The Revolution came. A new flag leaped into the air. Obed had heard the cannon of Bunker Hill, and seen from afar the smoke of the battle as it arose on the afternoon of that fateful day.

There was a call for minute-men. A horseman came riding into Medfield, blowing a horn, and calling upon the farmers to volunteer.

Obed started up at the sound. He knew what was wanted.

He called Eliza out under the great elms.

"English Eliza, I am going. I shall never come back. You will never see me again. I shall never come back. Some one must die in this cause, and who better than I? Coward you think me, but you do not know me. I am not afraid to die. We were thrown upon the world together, and I have thought well of you. Don't you remember how we used to go sassafrasing with each other?"

"Yes, Obed."

"And looking for Indian-pipe when we were not looking for anything?"

"Yes."

"And picking blue gentians in the old cranberry meadows?"

"Yes."
 "And listening to the bluebirds when the maples were red; and to the martin birds when the apple-trees were in bloom; and to the red robins, and all?"

"Yes, yes."
 "And we used to sing out of the same book on Sundays."
 "Yes."
 "You remember; I do. Eliza, I want you to make me one promise."

"I always thought well of you, Obed. I would die for you."

"I am going away, and I shall die for the cause. Some day the news will come back to ye that I am dead; that I fell on the field somewhere. I do not know where it will be. Will you forgive me, then, for being a coward on that Halloween night when I was a boy and you was a girl? Promise me that now."

"I forgave you long ago. I believe you to be a brave, true-hearted man, Obed. I think the world of you."

"But you don't know that I am not a coward. You will know. You will forgive all, then?"

"Yes; there is nothing between us now."

"Yes," you say. That word is all that I desire in this world. I am now ready to go."

He fell fighting bravely at Monmouth. Then English Eliza for the first time told the story of the midnight ride on Halloween, and what it was that Obed saw, and she added in tears,

"But he was a brave man, Obed was!"

HER FIRST SEA VIEW.

SHE walked across the glistening sands,
 Beneath the morning skies,
 With tangled sea-weed in her hands,
 And sunshine in her eyes.

Far off—as far as she could see —

The snowy surges beat,
 And once—she laughed delightedly—
 The water kissed her feet.

She tossed her pretty curly head—

Her lips, half-open buds—
 "It's mermaids' washing-day," she said;
 "The sea is full of suds!"

Then part in glee, and part in doubt,
 And wholly in surprise,

She added, "When the wash is out,
 I wonder how it dries?"

MARTHA T. TYLER.

HOW TO FIND AND MOUNT SIGNETS.

THERE is nothing prettier or more attractive, hanging on the walls of one's parlor or chamber, than a group of signet impressions in sealing-wax of various colors, artistically arranged and handsomely mounted; while the

pleasure to be derived in seeking them is quite as keen as that which the coin or stamp hunter enjoys, without the expense attached to them, for our seals cost comparatively nothing. The outfit is simple, consisting of a dozen sticks of sealing-wax in different colors—black, brown, red, gold, white, and green, making a charming combination with any other shades that take the fancy of the collector. A light wooden or strong pasteboard box to carry the articles, a box of matches, a white taper (cut in half for convenience' sake), and, later on, a piece of stiff white card-board (16 x 22, 22 x 28 being good sizes) to mount them on.

Keep in the bottom of the box containing the wax a dozen or more pieces of thick, white, unruled writing-paper cut into ovals, circular, oblong, and square shapes, varying in size from one-half inch in width to two inches in length. This is all that is required. Now for our hunt. As you meet friends and acquaintances notice their rings and watch-charms. When any are discovered with a figure, title, handsome monogram or initial on it, borrow it, and make your impression. This is accomplished by laying a piece of your writing-paper, at least half an inch larger than the seal to be used, on some smooth surface like a table. Then take a stick of wax between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. With the left hand light a match or taper, and bring them together just on the paper where the wax melts sufficiently to drop freely, rub the end of the sealing-wax quickly over the middle of the paper. Then moistening the seal with the tongue to prevent the stone adhering to the burning wax, press it firmly into the hot bed prepared for it, a second or so, being careful to lift it straight up when taken off, thus securing a clean edge. If this is properly done a fine impression of your subject is secured. Repeat this operation several times, taking different-colored wax for duplicates, which will enable you to make exchange with other collectors, who are unable to get these same figures, but have others not in your collection.

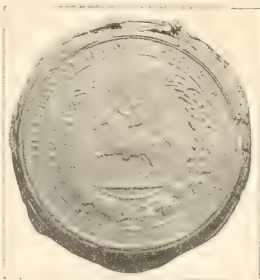
In this manner one is able to secure rare and beautiful heads of men and women, animals, birds, and fishes. These should be placed in a box by themselves carried for the purpose—as fast as taken. When the writer started his group, which was mostly made in Washington, D.C., a few of the young people met one evening at a friend's house and decided to begin together, which greatly enhanced our amusement. Some one suggested we should assemble once a week at each other's homes, and bring our friends with us, so that all could see the impressions and make exchanges.

This was carried out an entire winter, and we found such a course added immensely to our finds and pleasure, as there is no collecting that adapts itself better for club purposes than this for both boys and girls. The capital proved, too, a particularly good field for us, being full of people who had seals gathered from all parts of the world. English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish coats of arms were found, besides quite a variety of exquisitely cut heads in antique rings, gathered from the tombs and curiosity shops of Greece, Italy, and Egypt. In most cities the seals may be found in museums and private collections,

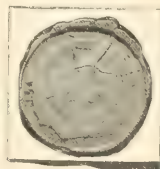
and as the act of making an impression in wax is not injurious to them, and requires but little time, we found people generally very willing to allow it. When a sufficient number of seals are gathered, i.e., enough to fill a card-board, they are mounted by first marking the place where they are to go faintly with a lead-pencil. Begin by making a square-cut line in the centre of the board, a little smaller than the writing-paper which contain the seal impressions. This is for the largest of them, then, according to size, graduating to the smallest.



SCARLETT.



SEAL OF CONFEDERATE STATES.



KNIGHTS OF GOLDEN CROSS.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

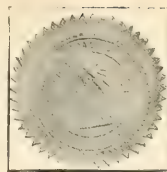
The others may be clustered around the first, which should have the most space about it, with at least an inch of border. When the outlines are all drawn take a sharp knife and, following the pencil marks, cut entirely through the mounting-board.

The seals are placed in their proper position by covering the outer edges of the paper they are on with mucilage and then pressing the card-board on to them, taking care that the seal shows through the centre of the cut space.

For a pretty effect, if the largest seal in the middle is red, surround it by a circle of yellow ones, followed by blue, gold, brown, and black, giving a harmonious whole. Some collectors run a line of blue or red ink about the card-board, with ornamental curves at the corners as a finishing touch.



SHOBATS.



TREASURY DEPT. CON. STATES.



HOMER.

Have it framed in some light wood, like ash, oak, or holly, three and a half to five inches in width, with a glass over it.

SEA RANGERS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "ROAD RANGERS," THE "MATE" SERIES, "SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES," "FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RANGERS HAVE DEALINGS WITH PIRATES.

WHEN the rest of the Rangers were awakened to the fact that there were others on the island besides themselves, they were so certain that Captain Crotty had returned, and so excited over the prospect of being rescued from their unpleasant situation, that but for Will Rogers they would have rushed to the beach at once with shouts of welcome.

"Hold on, fellows," he said, in a low tone. "I don't believe the skipper is down there, for, you know, he never swears—at least we never heard him—while those men are swearing like pirates. The rest of you wait here while Hal and I slip round to that far point, where we can get close to them without being discovered. Come on, Hal."

The other boys were not at all satisfied with this arrangement, however, and the two scouts were hardly out of sight before Mif Bowers said:

"Look here, fellows, I don't see why we should be left behind doing nothing. We are just as anxious to know who those men are as anybody. Besides, supposing they should go off before Will and Hal got to the point. Then we'd be as bad off as ever, and I, for one, am too sick of this plaguey island to be left on it any longer. So I'm going to sneak down a little closer, and make sure they don't get away without our knowing it."

As the speaker started to carry out this intention the others followed him. Only little Cal Moody, who was afraid to go, and almost equally so to stay alone, remained behind. The others had not got more than half-way to the beach before they saw a tall figure coming directly toward them.

"Lie low, fellows!" whispered Mif Bowers, throwing himself flat amid a growth of bayberry and sweet-fennel. The rest of the boys instantly followed his example, and the approaching figure had almost passed them without discovering their presence, when it stopped to listen to a sound of pattering feet and an anxious voice calling in suppressed tones: "Mif! Fellows! Wait for me!" The next moment little Cal Moody ran with a startled cry plump into the stranger's arms.

"Hello!" cried the latter. "What's this? Who are you? and what are you doing here? Answer me instantly, you young rascal, or I'll throttle you."

"Please, sir, I didn't mean any harm," gasped poor Cal, frightened nearly out of his senses. "I'm only a Road Ranger—I mean a sea— That is, I'm only a boy, and the others left me behind, and I got scared, and was looking for them. But I'll go right back, if you'll only let me go."

"So there are others, are there?" remarked the stranger, at the same time keeping a tight hold of Cal's arm. "Who are they? and where are they?"

"Only boys, sir, like me, and we're camping out, and waiting for Captain Crotty to come for us, and we've drunk up all our water, and are 'most out of everything to eat, so we thought, perhaps, you—"

"Where is your camp?" interrupted the stranger.

"Right back here a little way."

"Then come along and show it to me."

So Cal and the stranger started toward the tent, and the hidden Rangers crept after them to see what was to be done with their youngest member; only Cracker Bob Jones sped swiftly away in the direction taken by Will and Hal to notify them that the camp was discovered, and bring them back to its defence in case the new-comers should prove aggressive.

As Will and Hal were moving slowly, and with all the caution of scouts approaching an enemy's camp, Cracker Bob overtook them before they reached the point toward which they were making their way; and, on learning of the new turn of affairs, they hastily retraced their steps.

By this time daylight was appearing, and when the Ranger scouts neared their camp they saw the other boys gathered about a strange man, who did not appear either ferocious or inclined to enmity. In fact, they were all chatting and laughing in the most friendly manner.

As the three late comers approached, the stranger stepped forward, and extending his hand said, "So this is Captain Will Rogers is it? I am happy to meet you, my lad, and glad that I am in a position to offer you some assistance out of your present difficulty. My name is Bangwell, Zenas Bangwell, at your service, and I am the owner of this island, having recently purchased it. I am about to erect a summer residence here, and have just run over from Newport in my yacht *Whisper*, for the purpose of selecting a building site, getting acquainted with the harbor, and so forth. The season being so well advanced, I have got to hurry things, and took advantage of the calmness of the night to strip my yacht of her interior fittings, and fetch them ashore, as I intend to bring over my lumber and supplies in her. Now I am about to return to Newport, which is, as you doubtless know, only a couple of hours' run from here, and if you want to take passage with me I shall be most delighted to have you do so, especially as my young friend here tells me you are all good sailors. That will enable me to leave my crew behind, to begin clearing a place for the foundation of my cottage."

"But," said Will Rogers, doubtfully, "we are expecting some one—"

"Oh!" interrupted the glib stranger, "I forgot to say that I met your friend, Captain Crotty, who was forced to take his sloop, the *Millgirl*, to Newport for docking, and as he cannot be ready for sea under several days, he begged me to bring you back with me, always supposing that you were ready to leave the island. Now as I am in a great

hurry to be off, for I hope to go to Newport and return to this place again before night, I must ask you to gather up your traps as quickly as possible, while I return to the beach and have a boat got ready to take us to the yacht, where you will find breakfast waiting, and, of course, plenty of fresh water. You need not bother to bring anything except your personal belongings, as I shall make Captain Crotty a handsome offer for the camp as it stands, to be used by my workmen. In five minutes I shall be ready."

Thus saying, Mr. Bangwell took his departure, waving his hand pleasantly to the boys as he went.

"Isn't this the biggest kind of luck?" cried Mif Bowers. "I tell you what, Will, you are altogether too suspicious. Now, I didn't think those chaps were pirates or anything of the kind from the very first."

"Well," replied the Ranger Captain, "it may be all right; but I'm not wholly satisfied yet, and I don't know as we ought—"

"Oh, yes, we ought, fast enough," interrupted Mif Bowers. "We'd be great fools if we didn't take this chance, when Captain Crotty has sent for us too. Anyhow, I for one am not going to stay here any longer to die of thirst, let alone hunger."

"Nor I," and "Me, too," shouted others.

So Will yielded to the voice of the majority, and busied himself with rolling up his blankets. If he had not been so very thirsty he might still have argued the question, but no argument could prevail against a vision of the yacht's water-tanks. And, after all, Mr. Bangwell's story was very plausible. If at that moment he could have been present at an interview on the beach between the stranger who had just left them and several tough-looking men who had suspended their work to gather about him, the young Ranger's misgivings would have been replaced by certainties of a very disquieting character. The speaker was saying:

"You see, mates, I suspicioned that some of the kids we heard of as camping out on this island might still be here, so I just strolled up to have a look. Sure enough, I found them, or, rather, another lot, I take it, who are waiting here for some craft to come along and take them off. They are green as grass, though, and I pumped them dry in a hurry. As quick as I found that they are as anxious to get away from here as we are to have 'em, I faked up a yarn about having just bought the island, and being in a hurry to get back to Newport in my yacht for supplies. They claim to be first-class sailors, though, between you and me, I don't believe they know enough to navigate a scow at anchor. It gave me a lead, though, and so I invited them to help me sail the yacht over to Newport, while my crew—you fellows, you understand—staid behind to begin building operations. They jumped at the chance, and will be down in a minute with their plunder. So we want to be ready for them, and set 'em aboard at once without giving them a chance to examine any of this stuff." Here the speaker pointed to a miscellaneous pile of boxes, barrels, and bales, with which the other men had been busy.

"I'll sail far enough with them to get 'em well started," he continued, "and then give 'em the slip some way, and I don't believe they'll know enough to get back again, even if they want to. So we'll get rid of them, and the yacht, too, before the schooner comes, as well as throw any craft that's hunting us off our track, till we've had plenty of time to get clear, for they're certain to sight the yacht and follow her. Oh, it's a fine graft, and we want to work it for all it's worth! So, Scotty, you take the yawl up to the far end of the beach, and I'll take the gig, while you other fellows lie low till we are off."

The plan thus arranged was carried out to the letter, and ten minutes later the Sea Rangers found themselves once more afloat in a natty schooner-yacht, evidently brand new, with Mr. Bangwell at the wheel, and the gig towing astern, while the second boat was being rowed back to the beach by an evil-looking man, who answered to the name of "Scotty."

In his haste to be off, Mr. Bangwell had not waited to get

up the anchor, but had slipped the cable, saying that he could pick it up on his return.

The yacht was not more than a mile outside the harbor, and Mr. Bangwell was just informing Will Rogers that the course for Newport was east by south half south, when the former noticed a dingy-looking schooner approaching them from dead ahead. Without drawing attention to her, he exclaimed:

"By-the-way, boys, breakfast is ready in the cabin, so just tumble down and pitch in without waiting for me. I'll steer till one of you can come up and take the wheel."

The Rangers having quenched their thirst immediately on getting aboard, were feeling more than ever hungry, and so needed no second invitation to breakfast. Thus in another minute Mr. Bangwell had the deck to himself. With a muttered excuse for so doing, which the boys only heard indistinctly and heeded not at all, he drew the companion-hatch and closed the cabin doors. Then he lashed the wheel in a certain position, cast loose the painter of the gig, slipped into the boat, and rowed rapidly away toward the on-coming schooner, leaving the yacht to take care of herself.

CHAPTER X.

CAPTURED BY A MAN-OF-WAR.

THE breakfast that the boys found awaiting them was not particularly inviting, as it consisted principally of a big pot of muddy coffee, a pan of hardtack, and a dish of cold bacon. Still, they were too hungry to be dainty, and so pitched into it with a right good-will.

"My! I should think he had stripped her," said Hal Bacon, gazing about the dismantled cabin. "It's a shame, too. The idea of carrying lumber in such a fine craft as this!"

"Yes. Isn't she a beauty?" cried Cracker Bob Jones, admiringly. "I'd like to cruise in her for a month. If Captain Crotty isn't ready for us, suppose we offer to help bring her back to the island again."

"I wouldn't mind taking a cruise in her," acknowledged Will Rogers, "if only Captain Crotty or some other first-class sailor was in charge, but somehow I can't wholly trust this Mr.—"

"Oh, pshaw, Will!" cried Mif Bowers. "If you aren't the most suspicious chap I ever knew. The man is trusting us, and I don't see why we shouldn't trust him. Besides, what could he do, anyhow, against so many of us? Why, we could take possession of this yacht and run away with her if we wanted to."

"Who'd sail her if we did?" asked Will, laughing at the idea of his Rangers turning pirates in that way.

"Why, we would, of course. I rather guess we know enough by this time, after all the experience we've had, to sail a boat of this size. I know I would, anyhow."

Just here there came such a tremendous flapping of sails, thrashing of ropes, and banging of blocks from overhead that the boys made a rush for the deck to see what was up. To their dismay the cabin doors were not only closed but locked. In vain did they pound, kick, and shout to be released. There was no answer to their cries, though the terrifying racket overhead continued with increasing violence.

"Something serious has happened," shouted Will Rogers, with a very pale face. "Perhaps Mr. Bangwell has fallen overboard, and a squall has struck us. Anyway, we must break open these doors."

But the doors were stout, and for several minutes resisted their utmost efforts. Finally, however, they gave way, and the boys poured on deck. By this time the alarming noise had ceased, for the yacht, which had thrown her head into the wind, had again filled away and resumed her course of her own accord.

The Rangers gazed about them in bewildered amazement. There was no trace of the man whom they had left on deck, nor of the boat that had towed astern.

"He must have fallen overboard and got drowned," said little Cal Moody, in an awe-struck tone.

"He must have deserted us and gone off, though I can't understand why, nor see where he has gone," answered Will

Rogers, as he mechanically stepped to the wheel and cast off its lashing. "There is something wrong about this whole business, and we are left in a pretty pickle. Now the question is what shall we do about it?"

"Go back to the island and wait for Captain Crotty," suggested several.

"Keep on to Newport," advised others.

"But we don't know where it is," objected Sam Ray. "I'd run for the nearest land."

"And be wrecked again. Not much."

"We could anchor when we got near shore."

"No, we couldn't, 'cause we haven't got any anchor. Don't you remember we left it behind?"

"That's so. Well, then, let's keep on till we meet some vessel, and then ask where Newport is."

"We know the course to Newport," suggested Mif Bowers, "for I heard him telling you, Will."

"Yes," admitted the latter. "He told me that Newport lay east by south half south, but I don't believe it. In fact I think it lies just the other way."

"All right, then; let's go that way."

As it seemed to be the general opinion that this was the best thing to be done, Will Rogers, who was gradually getting the hang of the unaccustomed wheel, brought the yacht close on the wind, and ordered all sheets trimmed flat. This much he had learned on board the *Millgirl*. By thus doing, he could lay a course a little north of east, which he hoped would take them to the vicinity of Newport.

The others discussed their situation, the disappearance of Mr. Bangwell, and the probable ending of this most remarkable cruise with unwearied tongues. They still believed themselves to be good enough sailors to handle the yacht, and take her anywhere they chose. At the same time they devoutly hoped that fair weather would hold until they reached some safe harbor, and earnestly wished for the sight of one.

In the mean time Will Rogers was puzzled to account for his inability to keep the yacht on her course. She persistently fell off from it, and seemed to be making leeway almost as fast as she did headway, although a good breeze was blowing. "There must be a tremendous current," he said to himself, "and I guess I'd better head the other way."

So, in imitation of Captain Crotty's well-remembered order, he smug out, "Ready about!" and then put the helm hard down. He did not, however, remember to slack his head-sail sheets, and none of the others remembered it for him. The yacht shot up into the wind all right; but after hanging there for a minute with slatting sails, she gracefully filled away again on her former tack. She had missed stays. Again and again Will tried to get her about, but failed in every instance.

Now, for the first time, the Rangers began to grow alarmed, and to realize that something was lacking in their knowledge of seamanship. Their craft would sail all right where she chose to go, but not where they wanted her to.

"I never heard of a boat acting this way!" cried Will Rogers, finally, and in utter despair.

"Let me try," said Mif Bowers; and, glad to share his responsibility, Will released the wheel.

Miflin met with no better success than Will, and not only that, but became so badly rattled by a sudden puff that heeled the yacht over until her lee rail was under water, that he let go of the wheel in terror, yelling to Will to take it before they were capsized.

Even their hoped-for assistance from other craft failed them; for, though several, all evidently yachts, approached at different times during the day, they all sheered off when near enough to distinguish the signals fluttering from the *Whisper's* mast-heads.

So the unhappy Sea Rangers, growing more and more terrified with each passing hour, sailed all day without making any land or being able to hail a single vessel. By nightfall they were enveloped in a thick fog, the wind had whipped round and was blowing half a gale from the eastward, a heavy sea was running, and most of the boys were so prostrated by sea-sickness that they no longer cared

whether they lived or died. Just before dark Will Rogers and little Cal Moody, who were the only ones not affected by sea-sickness, lowered all the sails, and managed clumsily to secure them.

None of the Rangers had ever dreamed of anything so awful as the long hours of darkness that followed, during which their craft drifted, rolling and pitching furiously, and utterly at the mercy of wind and wave. At length, after what seemed an eternity of darkness and terror, Will Rogers, who, with little Cal cuddled close beside him, was half dozing with utter weariness in the cockpit, was roused into a sudden activity by the unmistakable boom of breakers close at hand.

"Hello, fellows!" he yelled, springing to his feet, "tumble up here in a hurry and make sail or we'll be lost. We're almost on the rocks now!"

This thrilling summons was sufficient to banish even sea-sickness, and a few minutes later the yacht, under mainsail and jib, was slowly drawing away from the dangerous though still unseen reef.

Some hours afterwards a hot sun, scattering the sullen fog-bank, poured its cheery rays over the haggard-looking Rangers, who, in various attitudes of utter misery, occupied the wet decks of the yacht. All at once they sprang to their feet with shouts of dismay and terror, for, out from a low hanging bank of mist, that was slowly rolling away astern, there came a flash as of lightning, and the thunderous roar of a heavy gun. At the same moment, as though it had been cloven in twain by the shot, the fog opened and a United States man-of-war, snow-white and gleaming in the sunlight, loomed up directly behind them, terrible and yet grandly beautiful in its on-rushing majesty.

The Rangers gazed at this bewildering apparition in speechless terror, fully expecting that another minute would see them run down and crushed like an egg-shell. As the monster dashed up abreast of them, at the same time slackening her speed with reversed engines, an officer, hailing from the bridge, demanded to know the yacht's name.

"*Whisper!*" shouted Will Rogers, recovering somewhat his self-control.

"What do you mean by that, you impudent young pirate?" roared back the officer, angrily. "Why don't you heave to? Heave to, sir, at once, or it will be the worse for you."

"We don't know how," sang back Will, while all the others trembled in their bare feet, and almost expected to receive a broadside from the gleaming guns that grinned at them not a stone's-throw away.

"Then lower your sails and come to anchor, while I send a boat aboard," shouted the officer, as the great white ship glided by.

The yacht's crew could not anchor, but they let down their sails by the run, and a few minutes later were approached by a boat from the man-of-war, bearing a brass howitzer in its bows, and manned by a lusty crew of blue jackets.

"Way enough! Oars!" commanded a voice from the stern of the boat, as it dashed alongside, and at the sound every Ranger was thrilled as though by an electric shock. In another moment they had rushed forward, and were overwhelmed with their clamorous welcome the younger of the two officers who had just gained the yacht's deck.

"Mr. Barlow! Sir! I am amazed. What is the meaning of all this?" demanded the elder officer, sternly.

To this Billy Barlow, Ready Ranger, and naval cadet, just now attached to the United States practice-ship *Bancroft*, made bewildered answer: "Why, sir, they are not pirates, after all, but my own schoolmates from Berks. I know every one of them, and can vouch for their character as for my own."

"Then, perhaps," said the lieutenant a little less sternly, but still with a decided trace of suspicion in his voice, "you can explain how they happen to be in possession of the yacht *Blue Billow*, which was stolen from her anchorage in the East River by a gang of thieves four days ago, and run off with the most valuable cargo of plunder ever taken out of New York city. If you or they can explain



"ANSWER ME INSTANTLY, YOU YOUNG RASCAL, OR I'LL THROTTLE YOU!"

this satisfactorily, well and good. If not, it is my duty to clap them in irons, and convey them aboard the ship as prisoners."

"I think I can explain the situation to your satisfaction, sir," said Will Rogers, boldly, "though this is the first we have heard about thieves or stolen goods."

The officer listened with closest attention to Will's story, and when it was finished, he said, with a smile: "Well, young gentleman, I am very much inclined to believe you, and am very glad to be able to carry back such a favorable report to our commanding officer. Mr. Barlow, you will remain, with two men, in charge of the yacht. Make sail and stand off and on within easy hail of the ship."

As soon as the Lieutenant had departed, and Billy Barlow had carried out his instructions, the naval cadet was overwhelmed by a torrent of questions from the bewildered Rangers.

"Why did he call this yacht *Blue Billow* when her name is *Whisper*? How did a man-of-war happen to be sent after her? How did you know where to find us? etc., etc."

"Because," answered Billy Barlow, laughing, "she belongs to Admiral Marlin, who has only just built her. He named her after your play, which he happened to see in Chester; and when she was reported stolen, we got orders to keep a lookout for her during our cruise down the Sound. We heard of you yesterday evening from several yachtsmen, who had recognized your flag; but thinking you were a lot of pirates, had no desire for a closer acquaintance. It's big luck, though, that I happened to be along to identify you, for our first luff is in a towering rage at your sup-

posed insult in telling him to whisper when he hailed you."

The yacht was shortly hailed again, and ordered to follow the *Bancroft* to the vicinity of the island on which the Rangers had so recently camped, and which, to their great surprise, they now learned was not more than a couple of miles away.

As they sailed toward it, with Billy Barlow at the wheel, he asked Will Rogers how it happened that he had been trying to sail close hauled with his centreboard up.

"Why," replied the Ranger Captain, "I never thought of that, and don't believe I should have known what to do with it if I had, for, you see, the *Millgirl* didn't have any centreboard, and so we didn't learn about it."

"Which shows," remarked Billy Barlow, sagely, "that it isn't safe to go to sea, especially in command of a vessel, without a previous and pretty extensive experience in various styles of craft."

"And after you've got your extensive experience, perhaps you won't ever want to go to sea again," laughed Will Rogers. "At any rate, that's the way I feel now."

"I don't care whether you call it extensive experience or sea-sickness," chimed in Mif Bowers, "but I know I've had enough of it to last me a lifetime."

"Last night I promised myself that if ever I set foot on dry land again I'd stay there, and I mean to keep my promise, too," announced Cracker Bob Jones, with an expressive shake of the head.

"I think," said little Cal Moody, "that I'll resign from the Sea Rangers, for I don't seem to care as much about being one as I did."

And this was the opinion of the entire wet, ragged, dirty, barefooted, sunburned, hungry, and generally disreputable looking crew of the yacht *Blue Billow*.

At the island they found the *Millgirl*, with poor Captain Crotty almost beside himself with anxiety. He was so

overcome with joyful emotion at the safe reappearance of his missing charges that, as they thankfully scrambled aboard the old sloop, he could only exclaim, "Waal, I'll be blowed!"

He had met a dingy old schooner sailing out of the harbor as he entered it, and described her so minutely that the commander of the *Bancroft* decided to go in pursuit of her at once. This he did, ultimately capturing her, with Mr. Bangwell and his pals, together with all their plunder, including the handsome fittings of Admiral Marlin's yacht on board.

The *Blue Billow* was sent to New York in charge of prize-master William Barlow and a picked crew of seamen, while the sturdy old *Millgirl* bore her picked crew of laudmen, who no longer had the least desire to become seamen, safely back to Berks.

Here, after showing up at their respective homes, the Rangers met in special session at Range Hall for the purpose of giving honorary member Pop Miller a full account of their recent expedition. The little old gentleman listened with absorbed attention, and when the tale was concluded he exclaimed:

"Marmads, mutiny, shipwreck, cast away on a desolate island, hungry, thirsty, kidnapped, pirates, lost at sea, captured by a mau-o'-war, and safe back home, all inside of one week, is a record what I don't believe can be beat by any other lot of Sea Rangers in the hull world!"—which conclusion is fully shared by every member of the Ready Rangers of Berks.

THE END.

OAKLEIGH.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was four years later, and it was again the day before Christmas.

Cynthia sat in her own room by the bed, which was covered with presents in various stages of completion; some tied up and marked, ready to be sent, others only half finished, and one or two but just begun. Bob, as usual, lay at her feet.

"There!" cried she, as with a loud snap her needle broke for the third time; "there it goes again. I believe I'll give up this wretched frame and all the other things that are not finished, and go to Boston this morning. I'll just buy everything I see, regardless of price."

"You would never get near the counters, the shops are so packed," observed Edith, who was hovering over a table full of lovely articles on the other side of the large room. "Just send what you have, Cynthia, and let the rest go. You can't possibly finish them in time. You give so many Christmas presents."

"Oh, it's all very well for you, with all those wedding-presents and the Christmas things you'll have besides, to think other people won't want them! You don't take half as much interest in Christmas as usual this year, Edith, just because you are going to be married so soon. Now I should never change about Christmas if I were to be married forty times—which I hope I sha'n't be. In fact, I've about made up my mind never to marry at all."

"Nonsense! I think I used to say that myself when I was as young as you are."

"And you're just two years older, so according to that you were saying so this time two years ago, which was not by any means the case, for you were already engaged to Dennis then! In fact, I don't believe you ever said it. Oh, another needle! I'm too excited to work, anyhow. What with weddings and Christmas and the boys coming home, I am utterly incapable of further exertion."

She tossed the unfinished photograph-frame across the bed and leaned back in her chair. Then she began to gather up her work materials. Finally she moved restlessly to the window.

"It is beginning to snow. I hope the boys won't be blocked up on the way. Wouldn't it be dreadful?"

"I suppose you mean Neal. Of course Jack can get out from Cambridge. Ah, here comes Dennis!" and Edith hastily left the room.

"Dennis, Dennis—always Dennis!" said Cynthia to herself. "I wonder if I could ever become so silly? Certainly I never could about Dennis Morgan, though he is a dear old

fellow, and I'm very glad I'm going to have him for a brother-in-law."

Cynthia stood for some time at the window, looking out at the swiftly falling flakes which were already whitening the ground. Bob stood beside her, his fore-paws resting on the window-sill. He belonged to Cynthia now; but she patted his head and whispered in his ear that his master was coming, which made the black tail wag joyfully.

Four years had, of course, made considerable change in Cynthia; and yet her face did not look very much older. Her fearless blue eyes were just as merry or as thoughtful by turns as they had always been—at this moment very thoughtful; and the pretty head, with the hair gathered in a soft knot at the back, drooped somewhat as she looked out on the fast-gathering snow.

She was wondering how Neal would be this time. Dur-



SHE WAS JUST COMING DOWN THE BROAD OLD STAIRCASE.

ing his last visit he had seemed different. She wished that people would not change. Why was one obliged to grow up? If they could only remain boys and girls forever, what a lovely place the world would be! She had hated to have Edith become engaged, and now in two days she was going to be married and leave the old home forever. To be sure, she was to live in Brenton, in a dear little house of her own, but it would not be the same thing at all.

Of one thing Cynthia was sure. She would never marry and go away from Oakleigh; she would stay with her father and mother forever. The next wedding in the family would be either Jack's or Janet's. Jack had overcome his shyness and become quite a "lady's man," and as for Janet—but just then the young woman in question came into the room.

She was eleven years old now, tall for her age, and with her hair in a "pig-tail," but the roguish look in her eyes showed that, like the Janet of former times, she was ever ready for mischief.

She carried a pile of boxes in her arms, and was followed by Willy, who staggered under a similar load, and by Mrs. Franklin, also with her arms full.

"More wedding-presents," Janet announced. "Edith and Dennis have been looking at them, and they sent them up for you to see and fix."

As she uttered the last words one of the boxes slipped, and away went a quantity of articles over the floor—spoons, forks, gravy-ladles, and salt-cellars—in wild confusion, cards scattered, and no means of telling who sent what, nor in which box anything belonged.

"Janet," groaned Cynthia, "if that isn't just like you! You ought to be called 'The Great American Dropper,' for everything goes from you."

"Never mind," returned Janet, cheerfully. "Willy, you pick them up while I see who's coming. I hear wheels. It's a station carriage."

"Is it?" cried Cynthia. "Can it be already?"

"It's Aunt Betsey," was Janet's next piece of information.

"Oh!" came from Cynthia, in disappointed tones.

"Why, who did you think it was?" asked her young sister, turning and surveying her calmly and critically. "Aren't you glad to see Aunt Betsey? And why is your face so very red? Are you expecting any one else?"

"No, only the boys," said Cynthia, busying herself with the scattered silverware.

"The boys! I don't see why your face should look so queer for them."

Mrs. Franklin glanced at Cynthia quickly.

"Come," said she, much to her daughter's relief, "we must go and welcome Aunt Betsey."

The little old lady was as agile as ever. She had come for Christmas and for the wedding, which was to take place on the twenty-sixth.

"I am glad you didn't put it off," she said to Edith when she had kissed her and kissed Dennis, and patted them both on the shoulder. "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day, as I learned to my cost late in life—though not so very late, either. And now I want to see the wedding-presents."

And she trotted upstairs in front of them just as nimbly as she did years ago, when she went up to show her nieces her new false front.

Jack arrived in the afternoon. He was a Sophomore at Harvard now—very elegant in appearance, very superior as to knowledge of the world, but underneath the same old Jack, good-natured, plodding, persevering. He still ran the poultry farm, though he paid a man to look after it while he was away.

The day wore on, night came down upon them, and still Neal did not appear. He was to have left Philadelphia that morning, where he had been living during the past four years. He had grown more accustomed to the confinement of business, he had made a number of friends outside of the Quaker element, and he expected Philadelphia to be his permanent home.

His cousin was apparently satisfied with his success, for

Neal had risen steadily since the beginning, and would one day be a partner. He had come home to Oakleigh every summer for two weeks' vacation, but he had not spent the Christmas holidays there since the year that his sister was married.

This Christmas eve, Cynthia, in her prottiest gown, donned for the occasion, grew visibly more and more impatient, in which feeling her step-mother shared. Mr. Franklin laughed at them as he sat by the lamp reading the evening paper as usual.

"Watching won't bring him," he said when they opened the front door a crack for the twentieth time and then shut it hastily because of the snow that blew in; "and in the mean time you're freezing me!"

"Papa, how can you be so prosaic as to read a stupid old newspaper Christmas eve?" cried Cynthia, as she caught the paper out of his hand, tossed it aside, and seated herself on his knee.

"Seems to me my little daughter looks very nice to-night," he said, looking at her affectionately. "She has on a very fine frock and some very superior color in her cheeks."

"Well, it is Christmas eve, and the fire is hot," explained Cynthia.

"Ho!" laughed Janet, "that isn't it! You began to get bluish when you thought the boys were coming this morning. You thought—"

"Janet," interposed Mrs. Franklin, "run up stairs quickly and get the little white package on my dressing-table, dear. I forgot to put it in the basket. You can slip it in."

For the old Oakleigh custom still obtained, and the presents were deposited in the basket in the hall.

Janet, her explanations nipped in the bud, departed obediently, her love of teasing overcome by her desire to see, feel, and even shake the "little white package," which had an attractive sound.

And at last Neal arrived. The storm had begun at the south, and there had been much detention; but he had finally reached his journey's end, and here he was, cold and hungry, and very glad to reach the friendly shelter of Oakleigh.

From the moment he came in Cynthia found a great deal to do in other parts of the house—things which seemed to require her immediate and closest attention. She left her mother and sister to attend to the wants of the traveller, and beyond the first shy greeting she had very little to say to him. When there was nothing left to be done she devoted herself to Aunt Betsey. But as soon as Neal had appeased his appetite the excitement of opening the presents began, and the assumption of indifference to his coming was no longer necessary.

On Christmas afternoon Neal asked Cynthia to go out with him. The day was clear, the sleighing fine, and he anticipated having an opportunity for a long talk with her, uninterrupted by the claims of relatives. It seemed to him that there were more people than ever who received a share of Cynthia's attention. He would like to have her all to himself just once.

Very much to his chagrin, however, Cynthia, who accepted his invitation with apparent cordiality, insisted that they should go in the double sleigh, and that Aunt Betsey and some one else should go too.

"It would be very selfish and quite unnecessary for us to go in the cutter when Aunt Betsey is so fond of a sleigh-ride," she said, severely.

Neal grumbled under his breath, but could say nothing aloud, as Miss Trinkett was in the room. To be sure, when they drove off, Cynthia sat in front with him, while his sister entertained her aunt on the back seat; but it was not by any means the same thing as going with Cynthia alone would have been.

That young woman, with apparent unconsciousness of his dissatisfaction, chatted gayly about the wedding, the various bits of Brenton gossip, and everything that she could think of to keep the ball of conversation rolling. Somehow it had never before been so difficult to talk to Neal. She wished that he would exert himself a little more.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

"How do you like the idea of being usher," she asked—"you and Jack and four others, you know? Tom Morgau is to be best man, Gertrude and Kitty Morgan are to be bridesmaids, and I maid of honor. But, Neal, did you hear the story about Tony Brounson?"

"No; what?"

"Oh, he did some terrible thing not very long ago. He forged his uncle's name, I believe. It got into the papers at first, and then it was all hushed up, and his father paid the money. But wasn't it dreadful?"

"I should say so! But it is just what one might have expected Brounson to do, Cynthia."

And then Neal relapsed into silence again, and Cynthia determined that she would make no further effort at conversation. If Neal would not talk he need not, but neither would she. And after this, with the exception of Miss Betsey's voice from behind, nothing was heard but the jingle of the sleigh-bells until the drive was over and they were at home again.

The wedding the next day passed off well. The bride looked lovely, as all brides should, and Cynthia was as pretty as, if not more so than, her sister. After the ceremony at the church there was a reception at the house, which, notwithstanding the winter aspect without, looked warm and gay in its dress of Christmas-greens and wedding-flowers.

Edith was upstairs in her old room, and her mother and Cynthia were putting the last touches to her toilet when she had changed her dress to go away.

"Mamma, I want to say something to you," she said, putting her arms around Mrs. Franklin's neck. "You know how I love you now, and you know only too well how hateful I was to you when you first came to us. I look back on it now with horror, especially the day you heard me say it was so dreadful to have the Gordons come. I want to tell you, mamma, that next to Dennis the coming of the Gordons was the very best thing that ever happened to me in my whole life!"

Mrs. Franklin could not speak; she could only kiss her and hold her tenderly.

Cynthia said nothing aloud, but she thought that the coming of the Gordons was the very best thing that had ever happened to her, without any exception whatever. Dennis, in her eyes, was of minor importance.

The bride and groom went off amid a shower of old shoes, and then the guests slowly betook themselves to their homes. It was the first wedding at Oakleigh for many years, and it was celebrated in a manner befitting such an important occasion. Some of the intimate friends staid during the evening, and when they left, the family, tired and worn with excitement, separated early.

The next day Neal went to see some of his former friends. He was absent several days, for he had been granted extended leave, and was not due in Philadelphia until the 2d of January.

It seemed very lonely and strange at Oakleigh after the wedding was over. It was the first break in the family of that kind, and Cynthia could not become accustomed to it. She thought that accounted for the unusual fit of depression which seized her the morning Neal went away, and which she could not shake off, try as she would.

Edith and Dennis were to return the last day of the year, and spend a short time at the old homestead before going to their new house. Neal also was to come back that day, and Cynthia found herself longing for New-year's eve. She did want to see Edith so much, she said to herself a dozen times a day.

And at last New-year's eve came, and with it the absent members of the household. A merry party sat about the supper-table that night. Cynthia was the gayest of the gay. Her contagious laugh rang out on all occasions, but, indeed, everybody laughed at every one else's joke, and particularly one's own joke, apparently without regard to the amount of wit contained therein.

As the evening lengthened Cynthia grew more quiet. The last night of the year always impressed her with its solemnity, young though she was. She left the others where they were sitting about the fire waiting for the

clock to strike, and wandered off to the dining-room, to the library, up stairs—anywhere. She could not sit still.

She was just coming down the broad old staircase when Neal suddenly appeared at the foot. He had been waiting for her. He was to go back to-morrow, and he had determined to speak to her before he left.

She paused a moment in surprise, and the light from the Venetian lantern which hung in the hall shone down on her soft curly hair and young face as she stood with her hand resting on the banister. Neal thought he had never seen so lovely a picture.

"I want to speak to you, Cynthia," he said, leaning against the carved post at the foot of the stairs and effectually barring the way. There was nothing for her to do but to listen. "I have tried for ages, ever since I came, and you never will give me a chance."

"Nonsense! You have been away. How could you expect to talk to me if you went away?"

"I know; but I had to go. Besides, you wouldn't have let me if I had been here."

"Let us go back to the parlor. It is almost twelve."

"No, I want you here."

Cynthia was about to reply defiantly, but something in Neal's eyes made her drop her own. She stood there in silence.

"Cynthia, do you remember that day on the river in the rain?"

"Yes."

"Do you remember what you called me then?"

No reply.

"Tell me, Cynthia; do you remember what you called me?"

"Yes," very low.

"You called me a coward. Do you think I am one now?"

"Oh no."

"But you also said you had faith in me, Cynthia; and in Philadelphia that spring I told you I was going to prove to you that I was worthy of your faith. Do you think I have, Cynthia?"

"Yes, Neal."

He said nothing for a minute. Then he glanced at the old clock in the back part of the hall. It was five minutes of twelve.

"Come to the hall window, Cynthia," he said, taking her hand; and Cynthia went with him. "That other New-year's eve we stood here and looked out on the snow just as we're doing now. Do you remember?"

"And I made good resolutions which I never kept," said Cynthia, finding her voice at last. "Oh, Neal, my bureau drawers are just as untidy and my tongue is just as unruly as ever! I make the same good resolutions every New-year's eve, but I always break them. You were wiser. You would not promise that night when I wanted you to, but you have done a great deal better than if you had."

"I would not promise when I should have done so. But won't you return good for evil, Cynthia, and promise me something? Promise me that before many more New-year's eves have come and gone you will be my wife! For I love you—love you, Cynthia! I have loved you ever since that day on the river—indeed, long before that! Hark! the clock is beginning to strike. Promise before it stops."

And Cynthia promised.

And the old clock struck twelve, as it had done thousands of times before, and the old year died, and for us the story is finished. But for Neal and Cynthia a new year and a new life were dawning, and for them the story had but just begun.

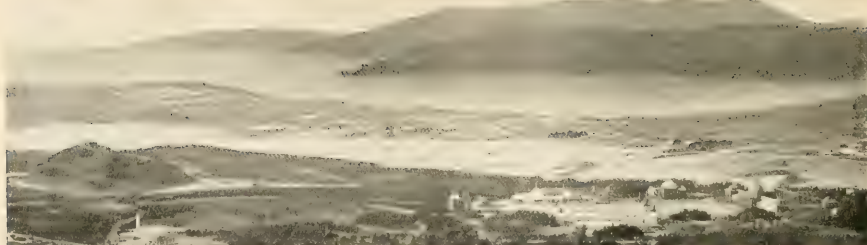
THE END.

RATHER ODD.

"PAPA," said Jimmieboy, "you are the nicest man in the world."

"And you are the nicest boy in the world," said his father.

"Yes; I guess that's so," said Jimmieboy. "Isn't it queer how we both managed to get into the same family."



Point Lobos, Sutter Heights, Mortar Battery

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

Mining Fort Station, Point.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

BY YATES STIRLING, JUN.

"A STRANGE fleet is in sight to the westward." This is the startling report of the telephone from the Farallone Islands, situated twenty-eight miles nearly due west of San Francisco. The General receives the report without a sign of the anxiety he feels, and continues his study of the huge maps before him. He is contemplating the vast amount of work that has been accomplished in the last three months since war had been declared. Then San Francisco had been a defenceless city at the mercy of the most insignificant enemy; now it is as near impregnable as human skill and ingenuity can make it.

The General takes a lingering look at the maps on his desk; running over the different forts, he sees with pride that there is nothing left undone.

On Point Lobos, the southern cape of the outer harbor, on high bluffs, are three 16-inch rifles mounted on disappearing carriages, the guns, in the loading position, being behind breastworks of earth and concrete. In this position the guns are sighted, then going up to the firing position above the earthwork for only a few seconds on firing, and then recoiling to their position of safety. On the high land between Point Lobos and Fort Point are two 12-inch and two 10-inch rifles in Grueson turrets, the armor consisting of eighteen inches of Harveyized nickel steel. The turrets are

segments of a sphere, and are manipulated similarly to those on a battle-ship. A little higher up is one of the two formidable pneumatic guns, the explosion of whose shell within twenty yards of a ship would send her to the bottom. At Fort Point, the southern cape of the Golden Gate, in earthworks of old design patched up and strengthened, are four 10-inch rifles with disappearing carriages. On the northern cape of the Gate, Point Bonito, are three 16-inch rifles mounted in a similar way. The second pneumatic terror is also at this point, commanding the entrance to the Gate. Point Diablo is fortified with three 12-inch and two 10-inch rifles on disappearing carriages, and Lime Point will defend the harbor with four 10-inch rifles mounted in the same way. The outer harbor seaward of Fort Point and Point Diablo has been well mined, making it impossible for a vessel to enter in safety even though she had escaped the tons of steel hurled at her. The cables from the mines are led to a central station on the bluffs back of Fort Point. If by chance the enemy's ships should ride over this hidden explosive, the simple pressure of a key in this station would send them all to destruction. At the mine station are two observers, who, by an instrument similar to a range finder, discover from time to time the position of the enemy on their chart. When the unlucky vessel is over a mine the key is pressed.

On Sutter Heights is a heavily armored tower, the inside of which to an inexperienced eye would appear like a central telephone station. It is the General's headquarters in action. From here he and his staff will direct and control the battle. This is the brain of the intricate fortifications. The nerves run to every battery and central station, making it but the work of a minute to transmit orders to any point. Before another half-hour has slipped away everything is activity within the forts. The wires from the General's tower are busy with the many orders transmitted.

Actual hostilities began months ago in the East, but as yet have not laid their cruel hand on the Pacific slope. New York has been the scene of most of the strife. While the army has been making the Golden Gate a fortress, the navy has not been idle. All the fighting ships on the coast have been collected, and the work on the new ones so expedited that a formidable fleet has been massed in the harbor. The *Oregon*, the only first-class battle-ship of the West, cleared for action, the Admiral's blue flag flying at her truck,



HE SEES THE FAMOUS "OREGON" COME RUSHING DOWN TO THE FIGHT.

is lying behind Alcatraz Island; made fast to the different mooring-buoys by slip-ropes is the rest of the Pacific fleet. The *Monterey*, low and formidable, is nearest the island, barely distinguishable against the dark land; her heavily armored turrets, bristling each with two great 12-inch rifles, are a menace to any battle-ship. The *Monadnock*, a double-turreted vessel, is close to the *Oregon*; in her turrets she carries two 12-inch and two 10-inch rifles, and inside of her dark hull are brave men who will show the enemy that the American monitor is as deadly a foe as of old. The *Olympia*, *Philadelphia*, *Baltimore*, *Charleston*, *Bennington*, and *Yorktown*, all protected cruisers, are equally ready to do battle with any of the enemy that it is their duty to encounter.

The foreign fleet is now in sight from Sauto Heights. A glance through the powerful telescope tells the General it is the enemy—six first-class battle-ships and eight cruisers, for the belligerent country depends upon the capture of this rich city to defray the heavy expense of the war.

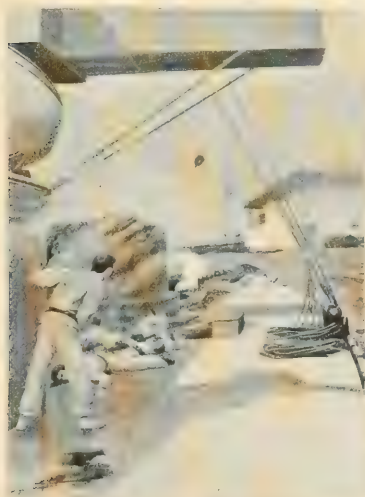
They are approaching in double column, the battle-ships leading. Nearer and nearer they come. The range-finders at the different batteries show the range is rapidly diminishing. News has reached San Francisco, and the high bluffs about the city are thronged with an excited crowd. The blue-coated regulars have dispersed from the little knots about the guns, and have gone to their stations, and stand ready at the command to open the greatest battle the West has ever seen. On the ships of the enemy come, majestically cutting the smooth sea, throwing the silvery spray upon their bare forecastles, over which their heavy turret guns are to soon speak.



ANOTHER IS FORCED TO STRIKE THE WHITE FLAG.

"Four miles, sir!" reports one of the General's aides. The batteries at Lobos and Bonito are ordered to open fire. The six big 16-inch rifles thunder forth their challenge almost simultaneously, and nearly three and a half tons of steel go speeding toward the approaching enemy. All eyes are turned seaward, and are just in time to see columns of water thrown up close aboard the on-coming ships. Again and again the heavy batteries speak; shot after shot goes on its deadly flight, making havoc on board the silent vessels. The fleet is approaching at nearly fifteen-knot speed; it will take them but eight minutes to reach the range, when tons of gun-cotton will be sent out to meet them both above and below the peaceful sea. They are heading directly for the entrance. What can be their intention? Will they dare attempt to run the forts? Do they suppose the harbor is clear of mines and they have naught to fear save the guns? The range-finder dials point to 4000 yards from the Gate. All the guns on the forts are blazing forth fire, but the gunners' aims are poor, and the better part of the shots are fruitlessly plunging up the sea in the vicinity of the enemy. One well-aimed 16-inch shell strikes home on the nearest ship; her armor is pierced, and she has become unmanageable and drops out of the advancing column. Nearer and nearer comes the fighting. At last the dreaded puffs of smoke dart from the battle-ships' turrets, and the shells are coming screeching ashore, tearing up the earth in the fortifications. With a glass one of the aides is scanning the sea at the entrance to the harbor. An exclamation escapes him as his glass focuses on some object of interest; with a finger trembling with emotion he points out to the General two small red flags, barely distinguishable on the water's surface, midway between Point Lobos and the nearest ship. A glance shows it to be the flags on the Sims-Edison controllable torpedo. Out it goes at a terrific speed; nearer and nearer it approaches its intended victim. Harmless enough look these small pieces of bunting, but underneath the water not many feet lurk nearly five hundred pounds of deadly gun-cotton. It has passed astern of the leading ship. Will it run out its scope and fail? A small column of water is seen to ascend from the flags, and the next moment the second battle-ship is nearly engulfed in a mighty explosion. The first charge tears the torpedo net; the second makes one less ship to attack the batteries, for she is fast sinking. The gun-cotton has exploded against her steel hull. A cruiser drops out to render assistance.

An explosion that seems like an earthquake to those in the fortifications tells that the first gun-cotton shell has exploded near the enemy. One of the leading battle-ships heels over and slowly sinks beneath the waves; her seams have been opened by the force of the explosion. The enemy now is in irregular formation, more nearly like



"PREPARE TO RAM."

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

double echelon; they are pouring in a scathing fire on all the batteries. As they approach the torpedo range they starboard and stand out to sea, bringing to bear their after turrets. Some of their shots have committed awful havoc ashore; gun after gun has been dismounted, one of the pneumatic guns has been struck by a shell and is a total wreck. The remaining controllable torpedoes have failed.

The pneumatic gun on Point Bonito is aimed at the nearest ship, but a mile and a half away; the gauge on the accumulator shows the air pressure is sufficient. The lever is tripped, and the quarter-ton of gun-cotton, with a whir, is hurled on its errand of destruction. The eye can distinguish the aerial torpedo as it soars to the height of its trajectory, and then majestically and swiftly steals down toward its helpless prey. Will it explode? It strikes the water a few yards from the target, but the looked-for explosion does not follow; the fuse has failed. The next minute every gun of the enemy is trained upon this terrible weapon, knowing that if the shell is again let loose their ships will be like chaff before this tremendous power. The enemy is now confident of victory. Signals go up on the flag-ship, and in a very few minutes the old formation is resumed, and once again they head for the harbor.

The firing becomes hot and furious; broadside after broadside belches forth from the enemy's steel sides; a few shells go wide into the city, and dense columns of black smoke from the buildings set on fire lend a more awesome aspect to the picture depicted.

The observers at the mining-station are nervous with the suppressed excitement within them. The ships of the enemy plot on their chart only eight hundred yards away from their mines. Will it be their fortune to decide the fate of the Golden City? The ships still advance. Soon they will be over the mines. A pressure of the key under the hand will discharge tons of the hidden explosive.

But the enemy has stopped. What does this foretell? Five hundred yards from the mines the ships are nearly motionless in the troubled sea lashed to foam by the ploughing of so much steel.

All the batteries are now doing splendid work. Explosion follows explosion on board the intruding ships. Two cruisers are unmaneuverable and on fire; they drift onto the rocks almost within a stone's throw of one of the batteries. Suddenly torpedoes shoot from the bow tubes of the leading ships, and a few moments afterward tremendous columns of water are seen to rise from the bay, and the next second the sound of a mighty discharge reaches the expectant ears of the defenders of the Gate. The officer at the mining-key knows from the spark that jumps across under his hand that the enemy has countermined and the harbor is clear. The struggle has come to such close quarters that the rapid-fire and machine gun fire lends its sharp cracking report to the dull roar of the heavy guns.

But the foe has stopped too long! The mortar battery on Lobos has gotten his range. Suddenly with a whir a column of smoke rises in the air just over the bay, and a bunch of 16-inch mortar shells falls upon the battle-ships' unprotected decks. One shell strikes over the boilers of one of the ships, penetrating them a second later, the explosion of which rends her asunder; and where this powerful steel-clad had been but a moment before is but the hissing foam of troubled waters.

The General sees the fight has now reached the critical point; the cruisers have dashed ahead and will soon be within the harbor. Many of the batteries have been put out of action by the well-aimed shots of the enemy. The navy is needed, but the telephone connection with the station has been severed; the signal has not been made. Time is precious. A few minutes more, and the whole fleet will be within the bay of San Francisco, and, without the batteries, will be more than a match for the few United States ships.

An exclamation involuntarily escapes from the General's lips as he sees the famous *Oregon* emerge from behind Alcatraz Island, and come rushing down to the fight.

The small fleet was thought too valuable to hazard against such as the enemy brought. The plan was not to expose

it till the signal was made. But the Admiral, behind Alcatraz Island, has been pacing up and down the deck of his battle-ship, tugging at the restraining bonds, growing more and more impatient as the cannonading has become more furious. The crews of the ships feel the inactivity keenly; anything is better than this suspense. Why does not the signal come? The Admiral will wait no longer, but slips his moorings, regardless of consequences, and appears in the nick of time with his fleet to bar the entrance to the bay.

The *Oregon*, *Monterey*, and *Monadnock* engage the two remaining battle-ships. There is no sea-room for manœuvring, and the rapid way in which the Yankee guns are served shows that they are more than a match for their huge enemies. The cruisers have closed in for the death-struggle; every weapon of modern warfare is being employed; two ships of the foe and one of his opponent's have been torpedoed, and in another moment one of ours rams their biggest battle-ship. The General on shore can almost hear the command, "Prepare to ram." It is so quickly and skillfully executed. The forts have now become inactive, fearing to fire lest by chance one of their own ships might be struck.

The enemy suddenly begins to retreat, leaving two of his ships on the rocks, while another is forced to strike the white flag.

Night has come on. The sun has an hour ago gone below the western horizon. The evening fog-bank comes in and mingles with the battle smoke about the silent batteries, which only a short time before were the scene of bloodshed and war. The brave defenders may sleep in peace in their blankets and hammocks. The pride of the enemy has been humbled, and the beautiful city of San Francisco is safe from torch and shell.

SHARK-CATCHING IN MID-OCEAN.

BY A. J. KENEALY.

THE *Rajah* made good progress south, the northeast trades blowing her thither swiftly. We were fast approaching the belt of calms, squalls, rain, and variable winds known to sailors as the " doldrums."

The skipper had four coops of fat ducks which he tended with loving care. He just doted on them stuffed with sage and onions, and while they were being roasted he used to hang about the galley enjoying the savory odors that escaped from the oven. One morning while it was raining as though the gates of heaven had been opened wide the Captain thought he would give his pets a treat. The ship was heeling over considerably, being close-hauled on the starboard tack, with all her flying kites dowed to the puffy breeze. He ordered the lee scuppers to be plugged up, and as soon as a sufficiently large pool had collected on deck, he liberated the ducks so that they might enjoy the luxury of a fresh-water bath. The ducks were delighted, and demonstrated their joy by noisy quacks. The pigs in the pens forward responded with joyous squeaks. The cocks and hens in the long-boat joined in with a merry chorus of crows and cackles. The combined music was that of a barn-yard.

The ship heeled over until the scuppers were awash. The weight of all the fresh water on deck as the ship inclined to the squall and rose on the next wave was thrown against a lee port aft near which the ducks were disporting themselves. Now it happened that the lashing of this port was only of span-yarn, rotten at that. The wash of the water against the port parted the lashing, swung the port wide open, and away went a dozen of the ducks into the sea with a great whir of wings and clamorous cackling.

One of the sailors closed and secured the port before any more of the birds escaped. Then the rest of the watch came aft, running helter-skelter at the hurried hail of the mate, and drove the rest of the flock into their pen. Had there been the slightest chance of capturing the runaways the Captain would have backed the main-topsail, hove the ship to, and lowered the quarter-boat.

Meanwhile the wind had died out. The sails flapped lazily against the mast, and the ship rolled sluggishly on

the heaving bosom of old ocean. The clouds rolled away, and the pitiless burning sun shone down on the deck and dried up all the moisture on wood and rope in a few minutes. It was one of those sudden meteorological changes so common in equatorial latitudes. An awning was rigged up over the man at the wheel. The skipper put on a huge *topee*, or Indian pith helmet, to shelter his head from the sweltering rays which made the pitch boil and bubble up in the seams of the main-deck, and promised plenty of work for the carpenter's calking-irons.

The ducks, obeying a sort of homing instinct, I suppose, swam up to the now almost motionless ship, and continued their sport nearly within a stone's throw. Suddenly a bright idea struck the skipper.

"See the lee quarter-boat clear for lowering!" he shouted to the second mate. Then he put his head down the cabin skylight and ordered the steward to bring up his breech-loader and a lot of cartridges. The boat was lowered and manned. A side ladder was rigged; the Captain with his gun descended and took up a position in the bow, from which he directed operations. The cockswain seized the tiller-ropes. "Shove off let fall give way!" he cried, all in one breath, without any regard to punctuation, so excited was he, and in such a hurry to get within gunshot of the ducks. If he could not catch them alive, he meant to have them dead.

The boat was headed for the flock. When within easy range the skipper let them have it right and left. His aim was so good that he brought down three. It took some time to pick them up, which gave the scared flock an opportunity to get out of gunshot. None others, as it happened, were fated to fall victims to the deadly breech-loader of our sportsman-skipper. The dorsal fins of six sharks were observed sticking up above the surface of the water, and converging from different directions on the doomed ducks. Sharks are abundant in equatorial waters, and they follow ships for miles. Some of them are very large. All are voracious and ugly customers to tackle.

The way those sharks gobbled up those ducks was a sight to behold. They were disposed of in three minutes. The Captain was terribly angry. He tried to revenge himself by peppering the sharks with shot, but it is doubtful if the leaden pellets made the slightest impression on their tough hides, even if he succeeded in hitting them.

The boat pulled back to the ship, and was hoisted to the davits. The calm continued. Four of the sharks came up alongside, eager for more ducks. Such appetizing fare was seldom theirs. Stray garbage from passing ships, flotsam from the fore-castle, composed the diet upon which they usually depended in addition to their steady prey of fish. The Captain brooded over the loss of his ducks for some time. Then he made up his mind to have a little shark-fishing, and thus combine revenge and recreation.

He sent below for a brand-new shark-hook with a sharp and cruel barb. To the ring of the hook was attached a stout chain a fathom long. A shark's teeth are so sharp and strong that they can bite through the stoutest rope with singular ease. To the end of the chain the skipper bent on a two-and-a-half-inch manilla line, and having impaled a four-pound piece of pork on the hook, hove it overboard, with the remark that he intended to have a slice of fresh shark for supper.

The sharks were playing about the rudder on the lookout for any stray trifles that might come along their way from a sailor down to a beef bone. They are not at all fastidious or dainty. It was my first experience of shark-fishing, and I was a keen and interested observer. The water was so clear that I could watch every motion of the four monsters as they swam slowly about, each one attended by his own particular body-guard of pilot-fish—pretty little creatures shaped something like perch, with blue vertical stripes. Ichthyologists declare that these fish attend the shark for the purpose of preying upon the parasites that infest him. This may be a true explanation, but I cannot understand how it is that a hungry deep-sea shark, that will snap up anything living or dead, permits these plump little fish to play unscathed about his enormous jaws. There are other curious things about these



AWAY WENT A DOZEN OF THE DUCKS INTO THE SEA.

pilot-fish that naturalists cannot explain. They only attach themselves to the pelagic species found in deep water; there are always five or seven of them to each shark, never an even number; they stick to the shark while he is floundering about in the water with a hook through his jaws, but as soon as he is hoisted above the surface of the sea they immediately disappear. Nobody knows what becomes of them.

I have had several good opportunities of studying the habits of sharks, and have always been curious about them. As a matter of fact, very little is known concerning the ocean variety, which is quite distinct from that of the shore.

No sooner had the pork plashed into the sea than one of the rapacious monsters made a rush for it. The remarkable velocity of this fish was surprising to me, who had never before seen a deep-sea shark in his native element. The water was so beautifully limpid that his every action could be accurately observed. I thought he would gorge the bait immediately, but he did not. When he came up with it, he made a sudden stop. Then he sniffed at it with an air of expectant and suspicious curiosity. The next thing he did was to turn his tail to it contemptuously, and swim away a considerable distance.

"Watch him make a dart for it now," said the skipper, who was an old hand at shark-catching.

Like a flash the hungry fish went for the tempting bait, turning over so that he might grasp it more conveniently with his wide and cruel jaws. In an instant it was engulfed in his maw. And then there was such a floundering and thrashing in the water as I had never before seen. The fierce shark, maddened with the pain of the sharp hook, made frantic but fruitless efforts to escape. He snapped savagely at the strong chain attached to the hook, with the sole result of damaging his own cruel-looking teeth. Meanwhile the fish had been dragged forward to the star-board gangway in spite of his wild struggles. A running bowline was sent down the line that held him, and as the shark was hoisted over the side it was passed over his body and hauled taut round his tail, in order to control the movements of this his most formidable weapon. Instances have been known of a blow from a shark's tail breaking a man's leg on the deck of a vessel immediately after being hauled in over the side.

This fish in question was gigantic. It took eight men to hoist him inboard. "Chips," the carpenter, stood by with a keen axe, and as soon as Mr. Shark's struggling carcass was landed on the deck, with one powerful blow he severed his tail from his body, and thus incapacitated him from mischief. From time immemorial it has been the ship carpenter's privilege and duty to cut off the tails of all



"WATCH HIM MAKE A DART FOR IT NOW," SAID THE SKIPPER.

sharks captured during a deep-sea voyage, and the cook generally despatches him much after the fashion of a Japanese when he performs on himself the queer right of hari-kari.

"Chips," said the skipper, addressing the carpenter, "before you cut that shark up, just pull that rule out of your pocket and measure him. He seems quite a big fellow."

And a big fellow he proved to be, measuring 30 feet 8½ inches long. The Captain said he was the largest one he had ever seen, but the chief mate declared he had once captured one that measured 38 feet, and he had sailed with a skipper who had hauled one in-board that was fully 40 feet in length. As a matter of fact, specimens of pelagic sharks are displayed in museums that exceed 40 feet, but they are very rare. In Florida varieties of fossil sharks have been dug up whose length "over all" averages more than 50 feet, but these are now happily extinct.

Seafaring men are not as a rule a bloodthirsty race, but they look upon sharks as their natural enemies, and against them they wage relentless warfare; and whenever one is hooked they rejoice with an exuberant pleasure, and will sacrifice their watch below in order to see him cut and carved. There is also much curiosity with regard to the contents of his interior. I once had for a shipmate a man who swore hard and fast that he once found in a shark a ship's chronometer that was still ticking. He was quite a truthful man too, but somehow I never believed that yarn. Of course a shark is one of the most ravenous and rapacious of fishes, and queer articles have undoubtedly been discovered in their stomachs.

Inside the one just caught there were two of the Captain's ducks, and not a morsel of anything else, which probably accounted for the greed with which he swallowed the four-pound chunk of briny pork. It is a tradition among sailors that sharks will not bite at a piece of beef, and I never heard of one being hooked with any bovine bait. In this the shark shows excellent taste and judgment, for the "salt junk" served out to seafarers is by no means a succulent or dainty dish. As a matter of fact, I have known a sailor to whittle out of it a fair model of the hull of a ship, and to dry it in the sun for two or three weeks, when it would come out for all the world as hard as a block of ma-

hogany, which it resembled — and this too after the beef had been boiled for hours in the cook's coppers!

The Captain ordered the cook to cut off the fins and prepare them for his own particular use after the Chinese fashion, the almond-eyed Celestials esteeming them as an especial dainty. Then he carved two long cutlets from the back, which he also ordered to be cooked for his supper. The rest of the huge carcass he surrendered to the crew. The boatswain cut out the heart of the shark, which was still palpitating, and placed it in a tin dish. He told me it would continue to beat till sundown, when it would suddenly

become motionless. I did not believe him, and told him so, but he prophesied truly. I watched that throbbing heart pretty closely for several hours. It beat firmly and regularly until the upper rim of the sun disappeared beneath the western horizon. Then it made a sudden stop, and became limp and pulseless. This may seem a yarn fit only to tell to the marines, but it is gospel truth on the word of a sailor. I have told the story to scientific men, but they have pooh-pooed at it, and declared it to have been impossible. But then it was not to be supposed that they would know anything about sharks, having got all their knowledge from musty books instead of from the sea itself. Old sailors who have crossed the line will, however, corroborate me as to this phenomenon.

The carpenter claimed the backbone, which he fashioned into a quite handsome walking-stick by impaling the finest sections of the spine on a slender bar of steel. And I may as well tell you that the "shark walking-canes" so frequently offered in South Street by impostors disguised as hardy mariners are as a rule made of sections of ox tails, prepared in a very cunning manner, and well calculated to deceive the inexperienced.

The Captain gave me the jaws, which were immense. I boiled them all night in a big kettle until all the flesh fell off them and they shone like ivory. I preserved them for many years as a souvenir of my first deep-sea voyage and of the first shark I had seen hooked.

The tail was nailed in triumph to the end of the flying jib-boom, replacing one of much smaller dimensions that had long braved both wind and weather. Sailors think that a shark's tail at the extreme end of a ship's "nose-pole" is the harbinger of good luck. While these things were being done the rest of the shark's carcass was thrown overboard for his mates to gorge upon. The only people aboard the *Rajah* that ate shark for supper that night were the Captain and the spinner of this yarn. The skipper feasted on the fins, followed by a big dish of cutlets. Of the last-named delicacy I partook very sparingly, I warrant you, being actuated less by appetite than by curiosity. Not being an accomplished ichthyophagist like my Captain, I am forced to confess that I found his flesh to be not only flavorless but coarse.

HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

fact, I should strongly urge every Captain of a school team to refuse to arrange games with any institution where the professor habit prevails, and to retire from any contest in which the opponents propose to play an older man. A few years ago there was a school team in Pennsylvania that won most of its baseball games simply because the pitcher was so much superior to any school pitcher the team ever met, and so much better an all-round player than any school-boy could be, that their opponents had no chance. That was not sport. There was no glory in those victories. The school team did not win. It was the professor against the field. He was a graduate of Williams College, I think, and had been the crack pitcher of his year among college baseball teams. But I think that he no longer performs for that school, and I believe that the boys there have a truer appreciation of the ethics of sport now, and fight their own battles on the diamond and on the gridiron.

IT IS ALL VERY PROPER for instructors who were athletes in college to give the scholars at the school they teach in the benefit of their experience by coaching the players, and even by going out on the field and playing against the first school team. But they should always play against the team, not with it, except for the purpose of demonstrating a play. By coaching the school players they are doing much good for the school team and for sport. But by joining the school players in games against other schools they do injury both to the players and to the cause of sport.

THE ABSURD REPORTS WHICH APPEARED in some of the New York daily papers concerning the injury received by Captain Mynderse, of the Betts Academy team, in the recent game against the Berkeley School eleven, only serve to corroborate the statements made by this Department two weeks ago. Fortunately Mr. Ely, the coach of the Berkeley team, came out promptly with a statement to the effect that the boy was not at all seriously injured, and that he returned to his school the next day with his companion players, and was not, as reported, laid up in the hospital in a critical condition. In closing, Mr. Ely remarks: "Any team of school-boys who are properly looked after and cared for while playing the game, and who are physically fit to play it, need have no fear of doing so, nor need their parents have any fear that their sons will be permanently injured or incapacitated from pursuing a collegiate or business career from injurious effects sustained upon the football field." Mr. Ely is perfectly right; and let me add that boys who are not properly looked after while playing the game, or who are not physically fit to play it, should not be allowed on the field.

THE MOST PROMISING ELEVEN in the New York League, up to date, is the Berkeley School team. Bayne has been made Captain instead of Irwin-Martin, and he will, no doubt, put more life and snap into his men. The change is a good one, for Martin is a good deal of a back number in scholastic athletics, and has thoroughly outgrown the class of players who properly belong on school teams. The protests against him on the score of age will probably again this year pop up with persistent regularity in the meetings of the U.S.A.A. Martin ought to get a certified copy of his birth certificate from the Bureau of Vital Statistics, and settle this disputed question once for all.

THE LEAGUE GAMES began last week, and the schedule is divided into two sections, as the baseball schedule was:

FIRST SECTION.

- Oct. 22.—Cutler School vs. Hamilton Institute.
- Oct. 29.—Trinity School vs. Columbia Grammar School.
- Nov. 5.—Hamilton Institute vs. Trinity School.
- Nov. 12.—Cutler School vs. Columbia Grammar School.
- Nov. 19.—Cutler School vs. Trinity School.
- Nov. 22.—Hamilton Institute vs. Columbia Grammar School.

SECOND SECTION.

- Oct. 25.—Barnard School vs. De La Salle Institute.
- Nov. 1.—Barnard School vs. Berkeley School.

- Nov. 8.—Berkeley School vs. De La Salle Institute.
- Nov. 29.—Championship game, winner first section vs. winner second section.

Should there be a tie, the deciding game will be played on November 26th at the Berkeley Oval, where all the championship matches are to be held.

THE BROOKLYN SERIES BEGAN almost a week earlier than the New York games, and will be continued in this order:

- Oct. 16.—Adelphi Academy vs. Bryant & Stratton.
- Oct. 19.—Adelphi Academy vs. Pratt Institute; St. Paul's School vs. Bryant & Stratton.
- Oct. 22.—"Poly Prep." vs. Bryant & Stratton; Boys' High-School vs. Bryant & Stratton.
- Oct. 26.—Brooklyn Latin School vs. Bryant & Stratton; "Poly Prep." vs. Pratt Institute.
- Nov. 2.—Pratt Institute vs. Boys' High-School; St. Paul's School vs. Adelphi Academy.
- Nov. 5.—Brooklyn Latin School vs. Boys' High-School; St. Paul's School vs. "Poly Prep."
- Nov. 9.—St. Paul's School vs. Pratt Institute.
- Nov. 13.—"Poly Prep." vs. Boys' High-School.
- Nov. 16.—St. Paul's School vs. Boys' High-School; Pratt Institute vs. Brooklyn Latin School.
- Nov. 20.—"Poly Prep." vs. Boys' High-School; Brooklyn Latin School vs. Adelphi Academy.
- Nov. 23.—Brooklyn Latin School vs. St. Paul's School.
- Nov. 26.—"Poly Prep." vs. Adelphi Academy.

THE GAME BETWEEN LAWRENCEVILLE and the Princeton Varsity showed considerable improvement on the part of the school team; but it also emphasized the fact that the end players are still weak, and that both quarter and full back can be materially strengthened. On the whole, the playing was sharp, and the work of the team as a unit showed that it was made up of good stuff that will, no doubt, be moulded into shape by the time of the Andover game. The tackling and breaking into Princeton's interference were good, but the men were slow at the start off. Their own interference did not form in time, and as yet the defensive work is far inferior to that of last year's eleven.

AT THE HOTCHKISS SCHOOL, Lakeville, the outlook for football is good, notwithstanding the loss of such men as Cheney, Conner, Sheldon, Spencer, Gray, and Wells. Many players who were raw last year are developing well, and some good new men have come in. The line is heavier than last year, and will be better, but the ends and backs are light, averaging perhaps 140 pounds. Hixon, centre, plays a strong and steady game, and may always be depended on. Reiland, left guard, though he puts up a stiff game, is apt to lose his side much ground by off-side plays. Brown, right guard, makes good holes and breaks through well, but runs poorly with the ball. McCormick, left tackle, is playing well, and runs with the ball with force, but is inclined to be overconfident, does not follow the ball closely, and is consequently out of many plays. Cook, right tackle, is playing hard, but has much to learn. Crane, right end, although very light, tackles well but is apt to be blocked off by the interference. Savage, left end, breaks up the interference well, but is a little weak in tackling.

MCKELVEY, AT QUARTER-BACK, makes an excellent Captain, passes accurately, and shows good judgment in the generalship of his team. Warner, half and full, hits the line well, and plays a strong defensive game. Ellsworth, left half, runs around the ends well, but is weak in tackling. Warner must learn to punt better in order to hold his position at full back. At present the team plays a better offensive than defensive game. In offense the line-men block well and make good holes, but in the defense they do not break through quickly enough, and do not follow the ball as well as they should.

AS THE SEASON ADVANCES and the teams of the Connecticut League get into form, the struggle for the championship seems to be narrowing down to a close fight between Hartford High-School and Hillhouse High of New Haven, with the chances slightly in favor of the former. Hartford played a strong game a week ago against the Yale Freshmen.

THE GRADUATE.

THE
PUDDING
STICK

G WENDOLINE writes that she wishes to know the secret of being popular. "I'd like to be a popular girl," she says, "a girl beloved by everybody."

Now that I have said all this, I must add that you would far better be unpopular your whole life through, than to make a study of the thing merely for the sake of ambition or vanity. He that saveth his life shall lose it, says the best of Books, which means that one who does anything for purely selfish — which are always purely low — motives, will in the end be sadly disappointed.

Margaret E. Langster

IT is said that boys living in and about San Diego, California, are making money catching horned toads for the Hawaiian government, which is said to be importing them to destroy an insect which is ruining many crops in the island. The government want 5000 toads, and is paying the boys \$1 a dozen for them.

TOD FORREST was one of those kind of boys that, when asked to exhibit the contents of his pockets, could produce the oddest lot of trash.

He stood one afternoon lazily hanging on to a split rail fence, gazing idly over the fields at a distant wood. "Well," he muttered, "I reckon I've got to gather some of those 'ere nuts, after all. Let me see. 'Holly eve' comes to-morrow, and the boys won't let me in on the games unless I do, so here goes."

Heaving a sigh, he climbed over the fence and made for the woods. He penetrated deeper among the trees than usual, and after going some distance he found himself on higher ground and in a new spot. A large chestnut-tree thick with burs stood near the centre of a small knoll. It was the work of a few minutes, and he was safely perched in a fork of the branches, breaking open the burs with his knife and filling his pockets with the nuts. He had filled two of those capacious maws, when he was startled by a deep growl. There beneath him,

Tod could always find the humorous side of things, however, and it seemed that one of the burs he had thrown down had lighted on the bear's nose and stuck there, tickling him.

It made the bear snort and growl in the most ludicrous fashion. This was a short-lived matter, for through an incautions giggle on Tod's part the animal discovered him, and started for the foot of the tree. Now a bear can climb a tree about as good as any one, and Tod knew it, but lazy as Tod was, he had a mind for emergencies, and seizing a handful of chestnuts, he threw them at the bear. This second interruption attracted the animal's attention, and he began devouring the nuts, evidently something he was exceedingly fond of. After that to keep the bear out of the tree Tod was obliged to throw down handful after handful of chestnuts, the meanwhile despairing of his situation. He searched his pockets, and, lucky thought, there among the trash were two small rifle cartridges.

Selecting two of the largest nuts, he bored a hole in them and inserted the cartridges. Waiting until the bear had finished his last handful and stood greedily eying him, he gently threw the loaded nuts to the ground. Anxiously he watched as the bear nosed around in search of them. In a few moments one of them was found, but before the greedy animal nuzzled on it he secured the other. Now it was funny, but the bear seemingly wanted to tantalize Tod, and lifting his head, stood looking at him without attempting to chew the loaded chestnuts. Tod was scared, and tears came into his eyes. The bear made one or two steps towards the tree, and then hesitating, sat back on his haunches, with his eyes on Tod, and commenced chewing.

Suddenly a very comical look of surprise came over that bear's face, and almost instantly an explosion took place. Tod claims that the bear jumped six feet into the air, and when he fell back on the ground again he never waited an instant to learn what happened him, but scampered off in the funniest lumbering fashion. Tod waited till he thought it was safe, and climbing down, made tracks for home. The boys let him in at the games on Halloween to hear him tell his story again, as they had by that time substantiated it by the blood tracks of the bear.

HUBERT EARL.

HUBERT EARL.

AGAIN, a really popular person must have courage. Courage enough to be a leader. There are only a few leaders in any city, or school, or other corner of the world. Most people are followers. I heard of a leader this morning. She went to a boarding-school a long way off from home. Among the teachers there was a little shy Miss Somebody whom the girls did not like. They made fun of her prim manner and her queer tow-colored hair, and a sort of mincing walk the poor lady had, and they did not see that she was really a very learned woman who could teach them a great deal if they would attend to her. Maria Matilda observed the state of affairs, and decided that it was unjust, so she championed the little teacher. She sent flowers to her desk. She listened respectfully when Miss Diffidence was in the preceptor's chair. She began to be very fond of her, and discovered that Miss Diffidence was really a dear, only frightened out of her wits, among a crowd of unfeeling girls. Before long Maria Matilda changed the whole situation, and, she being a born leader, the rest followed her willingly. I need not add that Maria Matilda is popular, *very* popular.

ANOTHER requisite for the popular girl is *savoir-faire*; she must know how to do things. Any one of us can have this power. It is a mere affair of paying attention, of will, and of considering it worth while to be able easily, in whatever place you are, to do the right thing, in the right way, at the right time.

CHARM of speech, charm of look, charm of manner belong to the popular girl. Do you know how she acquires charm? By simply being genuinely interested in those about her. When she talks to you she looks you in the face. She has nothing to

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BICYCLING.

Editor will be pleased to answer any question on the subject. Our maps and tours contain much valuable data kindly supplied from the official maps and road-books of the League of American Wheelmen. Recognizing the value of the work being done by the L. A. W., the Editor will be pleased to furnish subscribers with membership blanks and information so far as possible.

THE map this week is of Boston and its vicinity, and the reader in using it on the road must remember that a great many streets in the city have been omitted here, and in many places it is impossible to put the names of streets, owing to the necessity for covering so much ground on a small map. Every macadamized or asphalted street is, however, represented on the map. The object in publishing this map is not so much to tell a rider how to get about in the city, i.e., in "old Boston," as to give him an idea of what roads to take in order to reach certain suburbs and to follow certain bicycle routes which we intend giving in the Department in the next few weeks. The city of Boston is eminently suited for bicycle riding owing to the beautiful parks which are either finished or in course of preparation at the present moment. As a usual thing, the starting-point for a trip in the vicinity of Boston will be laid at Copley Square, which is at the intersection of Boylston Street and Huntington Avenue. The best way for reaching any of the suburbs or towns to the north and west is to run through any street from Copley Square to Commonwealth Avenue, proceeding thence to Massachusetts Avenue, turning right and crossing the Harvard Bridge, thence proceeding through Cambridge on North Avenue to Arlington, Medford, Malden, etc.

TO REACH CHESTNUT HILL, Brookline, or Brighton, Common-



wealth Avenue should be followed across Massachusetts Street to Beacon Street, thence out Beacon Street. Any of the suburbs further westward, such as Newton, Wellesley, Jamaica Plain, etc., can be reached over one of the best roads that was ever made for bicycle riders, i. e., through the new park that has been built along the course of Stony Brook. To reach this you proceed across Massachusetts Avenue on Commonwealth Avenue and turn left into the Fenway, and follow what has been named "The Fens" by keeping on any of the roads inside the park, such as the Riverway, Jamaica Way, through Leverett Park, around Jamaica Pond, thence out through the Arnold Arboretum, and from there taking what direction is desired on the country roads. This run through "The Fens" and Leverett Park, which in time will be extended from the Arboretum over to Franklin Park, and thence to South Boston, will make one of the pleasantest short afternoon bicycle rides in America. It will have the advantage of never being monotonous, because there are many variations to the route, allowing you to wind about in the park, cross different bridges, and leave or enter it at many different points.

TO REACH MILTON, DORCHESTER, QUINCY, etc., there are many routes, the shortest of which, though not perhaps the best, being to leave Copley Square, to Commonwealth Avenue, to Massachusetts Avenue, turning to the left and proceeding thence straight across Boston, out Massachusetts Avenue to Five Corners. From Five Corners the rider should turn to the right, proceeding by Boylston Street to Upham's Corner, thence by Columbia Street to Franklin Park, turning to the left on Blue Hill Avenue, whence he can either run to Hyde Park or Milton, or, turning into Washington Street, and proceeding by Milton, to Quincy. Probably the best road, though somewhat longer ride, is to run out over the Fenway, Riverway, and Jamaica Way, across Franklin Park, and thence to Milton.

NOTE.—Map of New York city asphalted streets in No. 809. Map of route from New York to Tarrytown in No. 810. New York to Stamford, Connecticut, in No. 811. New York to Staten Island in No. 812. New Jersey from Hoboken to Fine Brook in No. 813. Brooklyn in No. 814. Brooklyn to Babylon in No. 815. Brooklyn to Northport in No. 816. Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie in No. 817. Poughkeepsie to Hudson in No. 818. Hudson to Albany in No. 819. Tarrytown to Trenton in No. 820. Trenton to Philadelphia in No. 821. Philadelphia in No. 822. Philadelphia—Winnsboro Route in No. 823. Philadelphia to West Chester in No. 824. Philadelphia to Atlantic City—First Stage in No. 825; Second Stage in No. 826. Philadelphia to Vineland—First Stage in No. 827. Second Stage in No. 828. New York to Boston—Second Stage in No. 829; Third Stage in No. 830; Fourth Stage in No. 831; Fifth Stage in No. 832; Sixth Stage in No. 833. Boston to Concord, 834.



This Department is conducted in the interest of stamp and coin collectors, and the Editor will be pleased to answer any question on these subjects so far as possible. Correspondents should address Editor Stamp Department.

PLATE-NUMBER COLLECTING is booming. The newest development is the issue of priced catalogues of the 1894 varieties, both with and without water-marks. As yet no one has ventured to price any of the earlier issues, but the demand for them is already greater than the supply.

A NUMBER of correspondents ask how many stamps are taken from each sheet in

plate collecting. Usually three, and care must be taken that the stamps are not torn apart and that the margin is kept attached. The usual form of imprint on the sheets of the present issue is the following:

Bureau, Engraving & Printing.

149



Some collectors keep the imprints from top, bottom, left, and right sides, but most are content with one only. Plate No. 89 is the rarest of all so far.

THE PITTSBURG LIBRARY has set apart an alcove for philatelic literature. The other American libraries will probably soon be obliged to do the same.

F. SCHÖNTHALER.—The U. S. silver dollar of 1800 is worth \$2. The trade dollar is worth bullion value only.

F. M. L.—The 1845 dime is worth 20c.

H. J. LEAKE.—Confederate bills are very common, and I therefore advise their collection, as it is comparatively easy to get a very large number by the expenditure of little money, and they are very interesting to all Americans. The dimes of 1829 and 1833 are sold by dealers at 25 cents each. Your half-dollar is worth face only. Mexican coins are worth their weight in silver only.

GEORGE FRANGE, JUN.—The 5-cent U. S. Internal Revenue is the ordinary kind, of which many millions were used. It is sold by dealers at 2 cents.

C. E. A.—I cannot undertake to look over a large lot of common stamps when a little study on your part would enable you to fairly understand them yourself. It would not be fair to you. One of the great merits in stamp-collecting is that it trains the eye as well as the mind.

S. HALL.—I cannot advise you about joining the A. P. A. Personally I am not a member.

PHILATUS.

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HARPER'S ROUND TABLE

Chapter Programmes Again.

One of the chief reasons that juvenile clubs often disband for lack of interest because nothing is laid out for them to do. In the first place, let it be said that those Chapters succeed best which adhere to one or the other of the following policies:

1. Choose some older person to direct everything, and then obey implicitly the suggestions laid down by that older person; or, 2. Resolve the Chapter into a committee of the whole. Let all have a voice. Agree upon a programme, and then follow it. The thing to be avoided most is the running of the Chapter by a few of its members.

After the routine business have a subject for discussion. Select this subject a long time in advance. Name some particular phase of it, and appoint one member to open and lead the discussion. Then have three-minute talks, and urge each member to speak. Doing so is admirable practice. If others fail to get much from what is said, the speaker will himself get a good deal, because he acquires the habit of thinking on his feet.

A good subject for a whole winter is American history. In order to have a definite plan in its study take up the "Federal Principle." That might do for the opening evening. Tell the member who is to open it to consult Moore's *American Congress*, and learn how James Otis, in the Massachusetts Assembly, made the first suggestion that the colonies get together—furnished us with the Federal principle itself. Find out who Otis was, and what became of his resolution when it got to the Virginia House of Deputies. Getting down to the time of the Revolution, on later evenings, find out why the Articles of Confederation failed—because they had too little Federalism in them.

Another subject which Chapters might take up is American politics. This is a good topic for ladies as above title for a basis, and get your arguments from the newspapers. Learn the structure of our local, State, and national government.

Another topic is the study of men and women of the past and present. Secure the exclusive use of a good biographical dictionary. Require each member present, under penalty of a small fine, to give the name of some famous man or woman, and tell why he or she is known to the world. This exercise will broaden your mental horizon wonderfully. For instance, Herbert Martin, when his turn comes, says he has found many interesting things in the life of Carver. How many members of the average Chapter can tell who Carver was? Yet he was a modern man of the first rank.

Plan something to do, and your Chapter is likely to be interested in it. To find out what that something shall be, consult your members, and follow their wishes. Then get outside help from older persons, not to tell you what to do, but to aid you to do that which you yourselves have chosen to do. Such a course will make a strong and profitable Chapter. Thousands of men of affairs will tell you, if you ask them, that one of the greatest sources of help to them in their later years was the knowledge and enthusiasm that they acquired in these juvenile societies.

The Word Hunts.

Not the slightest injustice will be done to any competitor in the "Word Hunts," because full rules were not published with the first announcement. Judges will cut out of all lists obsolete or other prohibited words, and the chances of success will not be lessened because such words were inserted. Do not roll your lists.

A Special Offer.

Teachers, students, superintendents of Sunday-schools, Ladies, members of the Round Table, and others willing to distribute ten to seventy-five Prospectuses and personally commend HARPER'S ROUND TABLE, will receive, according to number of Prospectuses distributed, bound volumes of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1893, gold badges of the Round Table Order, packet of fifty engraved visiting-cards, bearing their name, with copper plate for future use, rubber stamp bearing their name and address, nickel pencil resembling a common nail, or silver badge of the Round Table Order. This offer is restricted to one person in a town or

neighborhood. In applying, state how many circulars you can place in the hands of those sure to be interested in them, what are your facilities for distributing them, and what prize you seek. Apply early.

For an In-door Evening.

The season of the year approaches when in-door parties are held. At these parties riddles are often called for. Several members send us some riddles. We group them here, with answers, that you may use them if you have need:

For no crime did I come to my end,

No rope round my neck was ever tied;

Though no jury decided my fate,

I was hanged from a tree till I died.

Answer: Absalom.

I was a baron bold and bad,

A follower of King John;

I lost my place, I lost my power,

And all my wealth was gone.

My story, told in jingling rhyme,

Familiar is to all:

For I'm only * * * * *

The * * * that had a fall.

Answer: Humpty Dumpty. Egg.

My first a party leader is,

A river is my second,

Whoever bears my third will still

A man of mark be reckoned.

An emperor, in sad disgrace,

Knelt barefoot at the portal

Of him whose name my whole betrays,

In churlish and state immortal.

Answer: Bill-Dee-Brand. Hildebrand.

I'm a very busy person

About this time of year;

At morning and at night-time

I'm almost always here,

But at high noon I steal away

To come again at close of day.

Answer: Jack Frost.

The Helping Hand.

At the approaching Christmas-time cannot the Ladies, the Knights and Patrons assisting, hold some fairs in aid of the School Fund? As a rule, these fairs prove the most successful of any plan so far followed. There is some work connected with such undertakings, but there is also much pleasure. Would you speak to your friends about it at once? See what they say and what they will do. You will find all willing to help. What is needed is a leader. Won't you take the lead—set the ball rolling?

Prizes for Pen-Drawings.

Members are asked to bear in mind that we cannot send proof of the prize story promptly, as several of you ask us to do, since the Story Competition does not close till near the end of December. It is the first prize story that contest that is to be illustrated. We have about fifty requests for the proof, so the contest is to be a spirited one. With the proof, to be sent to contestants early in January, there will be mailed-hints about size, etc. The sum of \$10 is offered for the best illustration. Contestants select their own subject. Those who wish to try for the prize should ask for proof. If, after you receive the proof, you think you cannot successfully compete, you merely throw the proof in the waste basket. Better try in the contest. You risk nothing.

By-the-way, do you remember the spirited illustrations of Mr. Roosevelt's *Heroes of America* published last summer? They were the professional work of Mr. F. C. Yohn, who, as an aspiring young man, and then living in Indianapolis, tried in one of our pen-drawing contests, winning a first prize.

How Did the Gypsy Know?

Years ago an old gypsy called on my grandmother and wanted to tell her fortune. My grandmother didn't believe the gypsy's power to tell of future events. But the gypsy persisted. Finally, grandmother declared she had no money with

which to pay her. "Yes," said the old gypsy, "you have five dollars hid in that old clock."

Well, my grandmother consented at this exhibition of the gypsy's supernatural powers. And then the gypsy told her, among other things, that she would have great trouble, leave Georgia, and then away down South, and be left a widow, and then years after go back to Georgia. Now, the strange part about this is that the gypsy's prophecy was literally true. My grandmother, sure enough, went away down on the Gulf coast, and her husband died soon after of paralysis, and now, seven years after he died, she is on her way back to Georgia. How did the gypsy know?

UNATILLA, FLA.

HARRY R. WHITCOMB.

Prices of the Order's Badges.

The new badges are an exact reproduction of the rose, in the centre of which is claimed to be the original "round table" of King Arthur. You will find a picture of the top of this table on the back of the 1896 Prospectus, and the centre of it at the bottom of the Patent. The prices of the badges are: Fanny leaves or the rose, in silver, 10 cents; that is, 8 cents for the badge and 2 cents for postage; of the rose, in gold, 85 cents, with nothing added for postage. All are in the form of stick pins. Members are not required to purchase badges. We offer the silver rose as payment for giving to your friends, whom you are sure will appreciate them, fifteen Round Table circulars. The offer is open to all members.

The Order's Handy Book.

Have you the Table's "Handy Book"? It has thirty-six pages, most filled with useful facts. Full information is given about the Order and the School Fund; and there are values of rare stamps and coins; lists of words often misspelled; athletic records of 1895; books that all ought to read; information about gaining admission to West Point and Annapolis; populations of cities; rules of etiquette, etc. You may have copies for yourself and for your friends for pennies. Some members get copies and give them to fellow students in Sunday-school and day-school classes.

A Question for You.

In the nineteenth line of the First Book of Virgil, the first two words are *Intonere poli*. The translation, as I have it, is "the poles resound," meaning that the earth echoes with the heavy thunders. Now will somebody please explain to me how the ancients knew there were poles without having some idea of the roundness of the earth? Almost the same expression is used in the 39th line, as follows, *Et corus cinerare polum*, etc.

SCHAGHTICOOK, NEW YORK.

ALFRED C. BAKER.

A Venetian Night at Newport.

On an evening recently Newport Harbor presented a fine appearance. Of all displays ever given in Newport this was the most beautiful. The procession started at half past eight. There were boats of every description. They were decorated with Chinese lanterns and colored electric lights. Among the most noticeable decoration was the United States flag with a search-light behind it. It looked as though it was painted on the sky. Across Thames Street were electric lights constructed in such a way as to read:

1895.

Welcome Yachtsmen.

The Y.M.C.A. had a triangle made of Japanese lanterns. There were also pictures of the *Defender* made of cloth and outlined with electric lights. It is estimated that there were between 25,000 and 30,000 lanterns used. A great many lights were constructed in such a way as to make the whole outline of the boat show. There was red fire and green fire burning all the time, also many fireworks and two search-lights to brighten up the harbor. The sky had a reddish tint. The naval reserves had a sea-serpent about seventy-five feet long. Old Father Neptune took them easy on the back of the monster. The serpent looked very docile, and its eyes stuck out, taking in the grand display.

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHESTER GLADDING.



Any questions in regard to photograph matters will be willingly answered by the Editor of this column, and we should be glad to hear from any of our club who can make helpful suggestions.

ABOUT OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

OUR annual Photographic Prize Competition has, as usual, attracted a great deal of attention, not only from members of our Camera Club, but from many who wish to become members in order to enter the competition, for as this is the first time that the ROUND TABLE has opened a photographic competition to all amateurs without regard to age, the interest is much more widespread.

In order, however, that the younger members may not feel handicapped by being obliged to compete with older ones, there is a competition opened for them the same as in former years, and any who have not passed their eighteenth birthday may enter this competition. There are three classes—marines, landscapes, and figure studies. A correspondent asks if pictures of paintings or engravings would come under the head of figure studies. Pictures of pictures will not be admitted to the prize competition. All pictures must be original, not copied from any other picture. This would not prevent any one using a picture as a suggestion of grouping or arrangement of the subject. Take, for instance, the well-known picture by Marillo, "The Fruit Venders." A photograph of this picture would not be admitted in the prize competition, but one might take two children, pose them as nearly as possible like the children in the picture, and then photograph. Such a picture would be an original picture, but not an original idea.

Another question that was asked was if the pictures must be marked, or if one must send a separate slip of paper with name on, etc. Rule VII says that "pictures must be marked with the name and address of the sender, the class to which it belongs, and the statement whether the artist has passed his or her eighteenth birthday." This means that the picture must be marked, and by the picture is understood the card on which it is mounted. The best place to mark a picture is on the back of the card mount.

In regard to the size of a picture, a picture taken with a 4x5 camera is meant, though a trimmed print is a little less than this dimension. The picture must not be trimmed enough to bring it down to 3x4, as, of course, that would bar it from the competition.

Competitors may send pictures to each class, and they are not restricted as to number.

The students of the Illinois College of Photography are going to enter the competition. As this is the only college of photography in the United States we shall expect to see some very fine work.

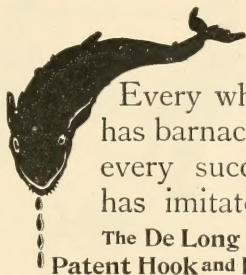
Will Sir Knight Robert H. Sanders, Jersey City, New Jersey, please send street and number. A letter addressed to him at Jersey City has been returned to the editor marked, "Not Found." If Sir Robert will send address the letter will be forwarded to him at once.

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A luxury is "Anything which pleases the senses and is also costly or difficult to obtain."

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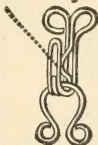


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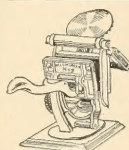
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A precious collection it is, indeed, both of old and new, this "Christmas in Song and Story," with its nearly three hundred Songs and Hymns and Carols, each in its musical setting. "Where can another such garner be found, so rare, so choice, and so full?" Twenty-two full-page illustrations, of Christmas subjects, from Nast to Raphael. The literary selections are long, but each is complete. "To have these seven crown jewels brought together into one diadem," says *Christ in Culture*, "is alone worth more than is asked for the entire work, to say nothing of its rich setting both musical and pictorial." Large quarto, crimson cloth, \$2.50. Address

Harper & Brothers, New York.



THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF TWO YOUNG HEATHENS WHO LEARNED TO SKATE.

I. THEY TIED THEIR QUEUES TOGETHER, SO THAT IF EITHER BROKE THROUGH HE WOULD BE RESCUED BY THE OTHER. II. IT SEEMED DELIGHTFUL UNTIL— III. ONE OF THEM SLIPPED AND BOTH FELL. IV. BUT AFTER A LITTLE PRACTICE THEY GOT ON QUITE NICELY, WHEN— V. THEY BOTH BROKE THROUGH, AND— VI. THEIR CAUTION AND FORETHOUGHT PROVED THE MEANS OF SAVING THEIR LIVES.

A TIMELESS TOWN.

THE old proverb says that time was made for slaves. It is certainly true that it was not made for Alsacians, if the following story told by a traveller lately returned from Alsace be true. Says he: "On my return from Beichen, I looked upon the beautiful villages of the Lewen Valley, and being a tourist who likes to poke his nose into everything, I turned, by chance, into the church at Kirchberg. On coming out I took out my watch to regulate it by the clock in the church tower. But there was no clock to be seen. Hence I went into the village inn, and there asked the time. But my host could not oblige me. 'I can't tell you exactly, for, you see,' he said, 'we have no use for clocks. In the morning we go by the smoke rising from the chimney at the parsonage up on the hill. The parsonage people are very regular. We dine when dinner is ready. At 4 P.M. the whistle of the train coming from Massmunster tells us that the time has come for another meal, and at night we know that it is time to go to bed when it is dark. On Sunday we go to church when the bell rings. Our parson is a very easy-going man, and he doesn't mind beginning half an hour sooner or later.'"

FORCE OF HABIT.

FORCE of habit impels us to do a great many ridiculous things. That clever little compendium of wit and information, *Tit Bits*, well illustrates this fact with a story of a railway porter, living in Lancashire, who was in the habit of frequently getting up in his sleep, and from whose actions it was evident that his daily occupation was ever present in his mind. One night he jumped up hurriedly, ran down to the kitchen, vigorously opened the oven door, and cried out, "Change here for Bolton, Bury, and Manchester."

A PROPER RETORT.

A GOOD story is told of a self-respecting carpenter who was sent to make some repairs in a private house. As he entered the room in which the work was to be done, accompanied by his apprentice, the lady of the house called out, "Mary, see that my jewel-case is locked."

The carpenter understood, and, as he was an honest man, he was indignant. He had his opportunity, however, and he used it. He removed his watch and chain from his waistcoat with a significant air, and gave them to his apprentice.

"John," he said, "take these back to the shop. It seems that this house isn't safe."

SOMETHING WRONG.

It was a very cold morning, and Bobbie came rushing into the house very much excited.

"Mommer," he cried, "there's something the matter with me. Please send for the doctor. I'm breathing fog!"

A DOG STORY.

A LONDON dog story is apt to be a hard sort of a tale to believe, but it is never lacking in interest. The latest is of a dog who takes a daily walk with its mistress. The animal has observed that at a certain crossing the policeman stops the traffic to allow his mistress to pass over. The other day the dog went out alone, and when he came to the crossing he barked to attract the policeman's attention. The policeman observed what the dog wanted. He stopped the traffic, and the dog walked solemnly across.

A MISTAKE.

"Now, Jimmie," said his teacher, "let us take up the alphabet. There are in all twenty-six letters."

"Hoh!" giggled Jimmie.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the teacher.

"You're trying to fool me," said Jimmie, "bout them letters. Our postman has more'n a hundred every morning."

